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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOLUME X.

JULY TO DECEMBER



TORONTO

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AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK I.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER XX.

PETER SCONE CONSIDERS HIMSELF SLIGHTED.

THE adjourned inquiry into the death of one Adam Halfday, late brother of the Order of St. Lazarus, took place on the following morning, and did not occupy much time, or arouse a great deal of curiosity. Mabel Westbrook gave her evidence calmly, and in a few words related the fact of a large sum of money being due to Adam Halfday, and of her special mission from America to pay it into his hands. He had died from excess of joy, and the county newspapers in due time made out their sensational paragraphs concerning it, with more or less exaggeration of the details.

Adam Halfday was buried that afternoon in the quiet churchyard of Datchet Bridge, with Brian and Dorcas for chief mourners. Mabel had desired to be present, but she was far from strong; yet the morning's duties had wearied her more than she had bargained for, and she was content to sit at the window of her room and watch the funeral party pass into the churchyard.

It was a strange funeral in its little way, and the villagers and their children marvelled at the stern face of the grandson, and wondered why he looked to right and left of him so much, as if expectant of an interruption to the service, or of a mourner who might be present somewhere in the background, and whom he was anxious to discover. He had not shed one tear over the coffin of his grandfather that those who watched him could perceive. "A rare hard bit of stone that man is," more than one worthy soul at Datchet Bridge declared later in the afternoon. He had more feeling for the living than the dead, for when the excit-

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able Dorcas, who was sobbing and wailing as though she had lost all that had made life dear to her, pressed to the grave's verge with faltering steps, he drew her arm through his for her support.

There was a third mourner in the churchyard, or at least one man who had craved a holiday, and come his score of miles to do honour to the funeral of old Halfday, and the restless eyes of Brian noticed him amongst the crowd. When the funeral was over this man lingered in the churchyard, watched the process of filling-in the grave, and being naturally loquacious, told the sexton and his man a great deal of Adam's life and his own. He was in the middle of his narrative, when Brian Halfday, having seen his sister to the inn, returned to the graveside, touched the man's arm, and drew him reluctantly away.

"You have had enough of this surely, Peter Scone?" he asked.

"I always said I would see the last of him. I promised myself that I would," replied Peter, shaking his skeleton's head to and fro, "and I have done it. I left early this morning in Simpson's pigcart on purpose to see the end of him."

"I have to thank you for coming all this way," said Brian.

"He should have been buried in the Hospital," said Peter Scone, "and I ought to have had my black wand and walked before him, and the brothers should have followed in good order, and all things been straight and proper. Poor Adam has been cheated out of a fine funeral for a very so-so affair, mind you, Master Brian."

"I could not have given him a grand funeral, Peter, had I had the inclination."

"Hasn't he died rich somehow?" said the old man querulously. "Hasn't he come into lots of money?"

"Who told you?"

"The people about here."

"No one else?"

"No one else."

"You have not heard anything of this before to-day, or before your arrival here?" asked Brian, still doubtfully.

"No. Who was to tell me anything about it?"

"You will know in time."

"You might have called and told me yourself, Master Brian," said Peter, in the same aggrieved tone of voice. "I was an old servant of your grandfather's. I knew him when he was a young man; I knew him when he was rich and proud, and hard and hateful; and when he was poor and disagreeable—awfully disagreeable."

"Do you remember his son—my father?"

"I should think I did," was the answer. He was a weak ninny, was William. A poor wisp of a fellow, whom nobody cared for. Nobody missed him, but his wife, when he slipped away from Penton one fine morning."

"How many years is that ago?"

"In the winter of 18—, some sixteen years since," Peter answered promptly. "I mind the time well, because he came to my house the night before, and borrowed three pounds five of me. Ah! I had money to lend then—those who get rich by Adam's death will perhaps remember what Bill Halfday owes me."

"They shall do so, Peter," said Brian; "one good turn deserves another."

"Just as one bad turn deserves another," added Peter maliciously.

"That creed is not taught you at St. Lazarus," said Brian.

"It is taught me by a good many things in this world," replied Peter Scone, nodding his head slowly and emphatically, "and what St. Lazarus teaches me is neither here nor there. The man who vexes, wrongs, or slights another must expect vexation, wrong and slight in his turn—that's what I say, sir."

"Then you are too old a man to say it," answered Brian; "think of it again when you get home, Peter, and are at your prayers."

"I'll think of it again over a glass of rum and water if you like," said the old man, with a leer that would have become Silenus on his face.

"You can have what you please."

"Thank you, Master Brian. It has been a dry sort of funeral; not that I have a right to complain," he added, coming to a full stop to express his final opinions on the subject, "for I was not asked to follow Adam. No one asked me—nobody thought of me—not even Dorcas, who has often hidden in my room out of the way of Adam and his crutch, which he did throw about a good deal in his tantrums—not even Dorcas Halfday."

"There has been trouble here, Peter; we

have hardly had time to think of anything."

"I dare say—I dare say," said Peter half incredulously, "it is not worth speaking about, any more than I am worth thinking about. I am an old man, and past my time altogether. Why should anybody trouble himself concerning me?"

"Come, Peter, you must not make a grievance of this," said Brian heartily; "it did not strike me that you or any of the brothers would care to follow my grandfather to his grave, and I did not think that you and he had been particularly good friends even."

"We weren't good friends," answered Peter; "he wouldn't be good friends with anybody. But as an old servant of his firm—head cashier was I, Master Brian, before you were born—he respected me as much as he respected anybody at St. Lazarus. And that's not saying a great deal," he added, after a moment's further reflection on the subject.

They had passed from the churchyard across the road into the inn by this time, and Peter Scone made straight for the bar, and gave his order for rum and water to the landlady.

"This gentleman will pay," said Peter; "having come into property, he will stand treat to-day, Mrs. Bennett."

"Let him have what he likes," said Brian to the landlady.

"You'll drink with me?" asked Peter of our hero; "you are not too proud to drink with me, I hope?"

"I am not in the mood for drinking, Peter."

"Feel too much in the stirrups, perhaps?"

"I am not elated at my fortune," said Brian; "I am tired and dispirited, in fact."

"Drink's good for that kind of complaint, I have heard," replied Peter Scone; "you'll take one glass with me, surely?"

"No, I can't drink now," said Brian very firmly.

"*Your* good health, then, Mr. Halfday," said Peter, gravely surveying Brian over the rim of his glass of rum and water.

"Thank you."

"I was going to say, 'and long life to you,' but I can't recommend long life. It's a mistake, and a failure," Peter observed; "it's a heap more of disappointments and slights when a man's grown too weak to bear it—that's what long life is."

He drank his rum and water after propounding this new theory, and said—

"I'll be going back by the carrier, like a mouldy parcel, in half an hour or so. And talking of parcels, I'll take mine, Mrs. Bennett, if you'll be good enough to give it me, and the flowers too."

"Here they are," said the landlady, passing over the bar a large brown-paper parcel, neatly fastened together, and a bouquet of hothouse flowers of considerable proportions.

Brian regarded the articles with some degree of astonishment.

"What are you going to do with these?" he asked.

"I was told to give them into Miss Westbrook's hands with Mr. Angelo Salmon's compliments. They're books for her to read, and this," holding up the bouquet, "was cut this morning from the Master's conservatory. It's a beauty, ain't it?"

"It is an odd time for a man to send flowers," said Brian frowning.

"They are not for you," replied Peter quickly, "I am to give them to Miss Westbrook."

"The waiter will show you the room. You will find Dorcas there also," said Brian.

"I shall be glad to shake hands with Dorcas—a fine, high-spirited girl she is. I always liked her," was Peter's comment here; "she wouldn't have been too proud to drink my health, I know," he muttered to himself.

"You need not stay too long with Miss Westbrook," said Brian, "she is not well to-day."

"Oh! I'll take care," was the querulous reply; "I won't trouble her too long with my society, depend upon it. And yet," he added, "I could talk to her for hours about old times—her father and her grandfather—and all I know about them, couldn't I? That James Westbrook, when he got rich, might have thought of me a bit. I was a faithful servant to an unlucky house, but nobody ever thinks of me."

"You'll find Miss Westbrook up-stairs," said Brian, moving to the door of the inn, and, looking anxiously up and down the road, finally proceeding at a smart pace, and for half a mile, along the highway to Penton.

Suddenly he turned and walked as quickly back to Datchet Bridge.

"He has played me false, as I felt he would do last night," he said, "and I may learn of his treachery at any moment. If he had not stolen away like this! If I could only see him now!"

At the inn again, and glancing upwards, as if by instinct, at the window of Miss Westbrook's sitting-room. On the little table in front of the window was a vase with Angelo Salmon's bouquet already installed therein; he could see it very clearly from the roadway, and it turned his thoughts in another direction with singular celerity.

"That Angelo Salmon's a big fool," he muttered.

CHAPTER XXI.

BUSINESS POSTPONED.

A MAN with a wonderful sense of his own importance, or a man readily disposed to take affront, was Peter Scone, the senior brother of St. Lazarus, for Brian had scarcely delivered himself of his uncomplimentary criticism on the unoffending Angelo, when Peter emerged from the inn into the roadway, with a very sour expression on his withered countenance.

"I'm going back now—and the sooner the better," he said to Brian, as he tottered by him.

"The carrier's cart is not in sight yet."

"I can walk down the road and meet it, I suppose," he snarled forth.

"Certainly. I will go with you," said Brian.

"I don't want any company," replied Mr. Scone; "talking's bad for me at my time of life."

Brian Halfday took no notice of this hint, but walked on by the side of the old man.

"What has the carrier charged you for this journey, Peter?" he asked.

"Two-and-sixpence, because I'm a friend."

"I don't like your coming to the funeral at your own expense," said Brian, "and if you will allow me to pay your fare, I shall be obliged."

"I am too poor to say no," answered Peter.

Brian placed half-a-crown in the man's hand, which closed upon it, and disposed of it in a side pocket in his liberty-coat.

"Thank you," said Peter; "when the family comes into its rights, I hope the money I lent your father will be paid back, with interest."

"I have no doubt it will," said Brian; "my father is in England, and you will see him shortly."

"Your father—in England! Now to think of that."

"It's not worth thinking about at present," was the answer.

"Oh! but it is," cried Peter, "for I don't see my way so clearly to my money now."

"Why not?" asked Brian earnestly.

"Your father was not a man to pay anybody when I knew him," said Peter.

"When I was a lad he left Penton. I only have a misty recollection of him at that time," said Brian mournfully; "a faint impression of a little kindness and a great deal of neglect stands for 'father' in those days. What kind of man was he, Peter?"

"Well, he was a better temper than the rest of you," said Peter frankly; "he took things easily, and let things go by him in an easy fashion, too."

"Careless?"

"Yes."

"But honest? A man of some degree of principle?"

"I don't recollect any principle in him," answered Peter, "and I don't fancy there was a great deal of honesty in making off with my three pounds five."

"That was a loan."

"For a few days he said, but then Bill Halfday always was a liar."

"I am sorry to hear it," murmured Brian.

"Speaking the truth was quite out of your father's line. I dare say he took after *his* father, whose waspish tongue is still at last," he said, pointing to the churchyard. "Ah, well, you are a queer family, and none of you too civil. There's bad blood in the Halfdays."

"Yes, we're a bad lot," assented Brian.

"And as for that Dorcas," cried the old man, suddenly remembering a recent indignity which had been proffered him, "if I ever forgive her, I wish I may die!"

"Has she said anything this afternoon to disturb you?" inquired Brian.

"Has she said anything that is kind, or

gentle, or respectful, do you think? Is it her way?"

"Sometimes," replied Brian; "not very often."

"She told me I was wearying the lady with my talk—that I was all talk—and had better be gone. That I had made the lady cry speaking of her father and grandfather,—as if a woman could not cry without melting away. She—she actually said," he added, trembling with passion, "that she would take me by the shoulders and put me out of the room, if I did not go. The like of that to me! You hear—you hear how I have been treated—I, who have been jolted to pieces in a carrier's cart coming to see the last of Adam!"

"You must not mind Dorcas," said Brian kindly, "she says more than she means when the ill temper is in her—and that is only like humanity in the lump, Peter. The lady—Miss Westbrook—is easily fatigued. She is recovering from an illness—a severe shock to her system—and Dorcas is very careful of her."

"So it seems!"

"What did the lady say to the books and flowers?" Brian asked carelessly.

"That she was very much obliged to Mr. Salmon. They're the words, I think, but your hateful sister has almost put them out of my head," replied Peter, "and that it was very kind of him to think of her."

"Ah! yes," said Brian, "but perhaps he could not help that. Good day, Peter. A pleasant journey back to Penton."

The carrier's cart was in sight, and Brian Halfday turned and marched rapidly away from it, passing into a side lane which led to the Downs, up which he ascended to his own cottage quickly and persistently. Here he walked to and fro in a restless, wild-beast fashion until nightfall, when he locked the door again and went down to the inn at Datchet Bridge.

At the inn a message awaited him. Miss Westbrook would be glad to see him for a few minutes.

"She should have gone early to rest to-night," he said. He went up-stairs, however, and knocked at the door, and her soft voice from within bade him enter. He passed into the room, and found Mabel in the chair where he had left her last night. There was a faint but friendly smile of welcome for him as he entered.

"Where is Dorcas?" were his first words.

"She has gone to lie down; she is tired out with the excitement of the day."

"She is easily excited," answered Brian.

"I am unwilling to intrude upon your grief this evening, Mr. Halfday," Mabel said; "but I was uncertain whether your duties in Penton might not take you to the city before I saw you again."

"Madam, I have no great grief at my heart," confessed Brian; "no sorrow that weighs me down, so far as Adam Halfday is concerned."

"Why have you kept away from us all this time, then?" asked Mabel half reproachfully, half curiously.

"I did not think I should be missed; I have been to my house on the Downs," was the reply.

"You left me last night in suspense," said Mabel, "and before you go away, I wish to speak of Dorcas, and of——"

She stopped as Brian raised his hand.

"Let us leave business till to-morrow," he said candidly; "I have not the heart for it to-night."

"You will hasten away to-morrow morning without listening to my arguments," said Mabel.

"I think not," he replied; "I shall not be pressed for time."

"I have an idea, Mr. Halfday, that you are postponing this out of consideration for me," she said; "if so, it is a mistaken kindness, for I am well and strong to-night."

"I may have more news for you to-morrow."

"More news! Not bad news, I trust?"

"I am waiting for a message from Penton, and I think the morning will bring it to me," he answered, and Mabel was too quick not to read the evasion in his words.

"It *is* bad news," she exclaimed; "now, what has happened to cast me into shadow again? Is there never lightness or brightness to come to me in England?"

"I do not say bad news," replied Brian; "but it concerns the money in Penton Bank, and——"

"Oh! the money, the money," she cried scornfully; "why do you strong, hale men think so much of money, or believe its loss or gain to be the misery or happiness of life? I was taught better than that in my American home."

"I hope so," answered Brian.

"I do not want it back. I should be glad if you would never say a word concerning it again," she said. "There can be no friendship between us whilst this money question is for ever rising to the surface."

"Yes; we quarrel about that," was the slow reply.

"If it were lost to-morrow, it would not give me one minute's concern, save for yourselves."

"For Dorcas and me?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"I do not see;—but there, there, this is business after all, and I would get away from it," said Brian.

"Now, please do not begin to walk up and down the room, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel entreatingly; "you have no idea how it fidgets me."

"I beg your pardon," Brian replied. He had reached the window by this time, and was facing Angelo Salmon's big bouquet in the vase upon the table. He scowled at it, as he came to a full stop.

"Young Salmon must have fancied you were going to the opera to-night," he said suddenly.

"Are you fond of flowers?" was Mabel's quiet response.

"In their seasons, and in proper places," he replied.

"They add sweetness and beauty to a lady's boudoir at all times."

"Do you call this three-cornered room a boudoir?" said Brian disparagingly.

"Scarcely; but it was the best refuge that could be found for me at Datchet Bridge. I shall always remember it gratefully."

"May I ask the reason?"

I have met much kindness in this part of Pentonshire, and I have friends, I hope."

"If you are charitable enough to consider me a friend, Miss Westbrook, I will ask you to reserve your judgment till to-morrow," said Brian mournfully.

"Oh! that dreadful morrow—which never comes, however. What next?"

"You will distrust us Halfdays again; and it is natural that you should," said Brian; "you do not know how you will despise us all presently!"

"You are in a morbid frame of mind to-day, and that is natural also. You have lost a——"

"Relation," said Brian, interrupting her; "but I have said already, I do not mourn for him. Had he been a better man, a kinder or an honester one, I might have grieved bitterly."

"You are of an unforgiving disposition."

"I don't know," he replied; "people say so, I believe. I am hard enough."

He recommenced his perambulations, and Mabel said—

"You are anxious to be gone, I perceive. I will not detain you further, if there is no chance of talking of business to-night."

"I am in an unsettled mood—restless and savage and discontented. I own it," cried Brian.

"But you will not tell me the reason? You keep me in a suspense which will rob me of my sleep," said Mabel.

"No, no; don't say that," said Brian, very solicitously now; "there is nothing to distract you. It's only the money, after all—and you don't care for money?"

"Not a bit," was the frank confession.

"And I am thinking the worst of some one whom I may be suspecting unjustly," he continued.

"Dorcas?"

"No."

"Mr. Angelo Salmon?"

"Confound Angelo Salmon!" said Brian irritably; "what put that milksop into your thoughts again?"

"Mr. Halfday!" exclaimed our heroine.

"I beg pardon—I apologize—I am very rude to you; I forget I am in the presence of a lady," stammered Brian. "I am totally unused to ladies' society; I am a bear—let me go away to my den on the hills."

"Yes, you are seriously disturbed to-night," said Mabel, thoughtfully regarding him, "and it will be well for you to get home and rest, Mr. Halfday. You are unwell?"

"I never was better in my life," he answered, "but I have offended you by my roughness?"

"Not at all," said Mabel, "for I think I understand you."

"I had no right to speak slightingly of Mr. Salmon; I forgot myself. He is a friend of yours," said Brian, "and a genuine, simple-hearted fellow, I have every reason to believe. There, is that the *amende honorable*, Miss Westbrook?"

Mabel smiled assent.

"Then I will go home before I commit

myself further by saying something absurd and unnecessary. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mr. Halfday. You do not wish to see your sister?"

"She is asleep, I think you told me?"

"Yes."

"I will not disturb her," he said. "Neither will you let any one else disturb her, Miss Westbrook, I am sure."

"What do you mean?"

"Some one might ask to see her," said Brian musingly; "it is not unlikely."

"The some one of whom you have spoken?"

"Yes."

"She is not fit to see any one to-night," said Mabel; "she has been completely borne down by her grief."

"Yes," said Brian, "I did not give her credit for having so much affection for the old man. Good-night again."

"Good-night," she repeated; "have you any books at your house on the Downs?"

"Not any. Why do you ask?"

"You may be indisposed to sleep, and some of these volumes——"

"May assist me," he concluded for her, and with one of his rare smiles flickering over his face.

He walked to the open packet of books which Mr. Salmon had sent that day by the carrier and Peter Scone, stooped, read the titles on the backs, and said contemptuously—

"Trumpery novels, and weak-minded verse. No, thank you."

"Here is a volume of the Rev. Gregory Salmon's sermons," said Mabel drily, "you will find that more solid reading."

"I'll take that," said Brian, seizing the book; "it will be solid enough for any mortal man, I have no doubt. It never struck me that Gregory Salmon had an original idea in his head, and here's a whole book full of ideas!"

"You do not like the Master of St. Lazarus?"

"He is a ——" Brian paused, his knit brow relaxed, and his eyes became full of a new softness; "he is a friend of yours, Miss Westbrook, and I have not a word to say against him. For the third time, good-night."

He bowed and left the room.

"That is a very singular young man," mused Mabel, after he had withdrawn, "and he will take a long time to understand."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LETTER FROM PENTON.

AT eight o'clock the following morning, Brian had left his home, and was at the post-office at Datchet Bridge, a little shop which combined with the postal duties of Her Majesty's Government, the sale of groceries, tobacco, and haberdashery to the natives of the district. Letters for the tenant of the house on the Downs had always to be called for at the post-office, it being no man's mission at eighteen shillings a week to carry letters to the outaway habitation perched amongst the hills.

The morning's mail had arrived, and there were letters awaiting Brian Halfday, as he had anticipated. The postmaster passed them over the counter with a "good morning, Mr. Halfday," to which Brian took no heed in his eagerness to receive news from his native city. He snatched at them unceremoniously, and walked to the door of the shop, on the threshold of which he came to a full stop.

There were half a dozen letters for him, five appertaining to business at the museum, and the sixth enclosed in a long blue envelope, which he tore open eagerly. His was a face certainly dark with displeasure as he read, from beginning to end, the epistle for which he seemed to have been waiting. When he had finished the perusal of it, he turned to the first page and read it carefully through for a second time, the furrows deepening in his forehead, and the thick black eyebrows drooping ominously over his eyes.

"It was to be expected of him," he said as he folded the letter, and became aware that a gentleman was facing him on the grass-grown path, and waiting politely for his leisure.

"Good morning, Mr. Halfday. I am very glad to meet you," said Angelo Salmon.

Angelo was neatly, even trimly dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, and four inches of spotless shirt-cuff displayed beyond the wrists of his coat. He wore patent boots, and straps to his trousers, and had

evidently paid considerable attention to his general "get up" that morning. A beau of Bond Street could have scarcely looked more resplendent by the side of this dandy of Datchet Bridge.

"Good morning," said Brian, gruffly.

"I thought I would not interrupt you whilst you were reading your letters, Mr. Halfday," Angelo continued, "but upon my word I am very glad to meet you, as I have said before."

"Have you any business with me this morning?"

"Not any. But I thought you could tell me how Miss Westbrook is to-day, how she got over all the excitement of yesterday, and then, you see, I need not trouble her for an hour or two longer."

"I see," said Brian, as he put the letter in his breast-pocket, and buttoned his black coat carefully over his chest.

"I never remember suffering so intensely as I did yesterday," Angelo Salmon went on, "sick headache, and a pain in the chest all day."

"You're bilious," Brian remarked.

"Oh dear, no, Mr. Halfday, it was pure anxiety concerning that young lady whom I have the honour to call my friend," said Angelo; "she had taken so strong an interest in your grandfather, and his death was so terrible a shock, and then this inquest, and she so weak. They might have postponed the inquest six or eight months, don't you think? and given Miss Westbrook time to come round, and take change of air, and so forth. There was no occasion for hurry."

"Did you arrive here this morning?" asked Brian abruptly.

"No, late last night. I came disguised lest any one should recognise me and tell her I was in the village."

"And give her another terrible shock—yes," said Brian.

"I had promised to keep away till the inquest was completed. I had given my evidence some days since, but I could not rest a moment after four o'clock yesterday afternoon, so I came here," said Angelo. "I called on the landlady of the inn last night, and she told me Miss Westbrook had seen you after the funeral, which I hope you enjoyed—I mean, which I hope went off very well—that is, without anything particularly afflicting, you understand."

"It went off very well, thank you," answered Brian drily. "Which way are you going?"

"I am going towards the green, I think," replied Angelo with hesitation, as if doubtful of his future steps.

"I am going in the other direction," said Brian very decidedly.

"Indeed," said Angelo, with a little start, and his face flushing very red. "Ah! I am afraid I'm in the way, and so soon after your bereavement too?"

"Yes," muttered Brian, "you are too soon."

"But you have not told me how Miss Westbrook is."

"Getting strong rapidly."

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Angelo. "I am really much obliged to you, too, Mr. Halfday, for this good news."

"Why it should be good news to you in particular, I scarcely comprehend," asked Brian sharply, "unless you have a greater right to thank Heaven for her better health than anybody else?"

"No sir; no greater right," said Angelo. "I trust that there is nothing in my manner which has suggested that I have. I would not for the world have such a question asked of me again," he added with less confusion and more dignity.

"Upon second consideration, Mr. Salmon, I am sure I had no right to ask it," said Brian, more gently; "but your manner was peculiar, and I—well, I am in one of my worst tempers this morning!"

"I am sorry to hear it. *Your* manner also struck me as peculiar, if I may be allowed to say so," said Mr. Salmon, "for when I saw you here, a few days ago, it suggested itself to me—almost suddenly, as it were—that I should like to know more of you."

"You are very kind," said Brian, becoming grave again.

"I mean, to see you more often—or rather to see if I could gain upon you by degrees, and become almost your friend. You would be surprised to hear I have not a friend in the world out of my own family."

"Indeed."

"People do not take to me very readily," added Angelo sadly, "or I do not take readily to other people. I hardly know which."

"Friends will play you false, or borrow your money—you are better without them," was Brian's misanthropic advice.

"Have you not any friends?" inquired Angelo.

"I find my friends in my books, and they never betray me."

"Yes; but apart from books——"

"Apart from books I have no friends."

"She said so."

"Who said so?" asked Brian, turning suddenly upon his companion; "who has dared to speak of me as friendless. Dorcas?"

"Miss Westbrook and I were speaking of you a few days since, that is all," replied Angelo; "and Miss Westbrook certainly said that you appeared to her to be a desolate young man."

"It's an odd word—desolate!" said our hero thoughtfully; "but it is pretty close to the truth."

"I happened to allude to myself in some way; I scarcely remember in what way now," Angelo continued, "but I know Miss Westbrook said that she thought I should be the better for a male friend who was strong-minded, and manly, and fearless, and all that."

"And she recommended me?"

"Or some one like you," replied Angelo; "I know she mentioned you as a firm, self-reliant man."

"She compliments me," said Brian, more thoughtfully than ever.

"It is at my expense a little," added Angelo, with a feeble little laugh; "but I don't mind that. I know I'm more like a great girl than a man; they think so at home, I fancy. But chambers in town, and travelling to America, have done me a great deal of good lately. I seem to know the world now."

"It is a bitter knowledge very often," replied Brian, "and I would not follow it too closely in your place. As for friends—they will be no good to you. As for myself, I am of a different sphere, and unfit for you."

"I do not quite understand."

"I have not time to explain," answered Brian.

"I am detaining you," said Angelo very quickly; "probably I shall see you again before I drive Miss Westbrook to Penton."

"Oh! does she leave to-day?"

"I don't know. I am going to ask her if she feel well enough to undertake the journey," said Angelo; "my father and mother, and myself, don't like the idea of her remaining in this place."

"Will she return to the Hospital as your guest?"

"I hope she will—for a few days at least."

"I shall see you again, I dare say," said Brian; "good morning."

Angelo re-echoed his "good morning" as Brian walked away from him. He went slowly and in a purposeless way towards the village green, whilst the curator dashed on at almost a headlong pace towards the churchyard.

"That man is softening," muttered Brian, as he strode on; "heaven and earth, what a friend to recommend to me! If Miss Westbrook had been in better spirits, I should have thought she had been jesting with us both."

He turned into the churchyard, and then stopped suddenly, with his hand upon the wicket gate. Mabel Westbrook was there; she was standing by the new grave wherein all that remained of Adam Halfday was buried.

"It is as well there—perhaps it is better there—that she should hear the news," Brian said as he went towards her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BY THE GRAVE OF ADAM HALFDAY.

MABEL WESTBROOK was too deep in thought to notice the presence of Brian Halfday in the churchyard, until that gentleman was close upon her. Then she turned and saw him.

"It is kind of you to come here, Miss Westbrook," Brian said in rapid tones, "but I scarcely comprehend the motive for it. *He* was no friend of yours—he was an enemy to your family."

Mabel had extended her hand towards him, but he did not see it, or affected not to see it—it was doubtful which—and, with a slight heightening of colour, the hand fell back to her side as she replied.

"Should I bear him malice now?" she asked.

"No, no—but why do you come to his grave?" rejoined Brian; "what is the use of it? where is the necessity?"

"I thought I would come," said Mabel; "I can scarcely explain the reason, except

it is that my dead grandsire's wishes lie very close to my heart still."

Brian lost his temper at once over the old subject.

"You have no right to regard them," he cried, "based as they were upon a wretched mistake. It is your duty even ——"

"Do not begin again, please," said Mabel, interrupting him; "everything is settled between us. I am going to take back the money, and there is an end of the complication."

"There is no end to it, Miss Westbrook," answered Brian, "and that is why I must speak to you in this place. It is most fitting that here you should learn what a hateful, despicable, mean, money-grasping, grovelling race we are."

Mabel shrank at his intensity of utterance, at the bitter vehemence with which this tirade against his race was hissed forth.

"The news for which you waited has reached Datchet Bridge?" she asked curiously.

"Yes."

"And it is bad news?"

"It is bad news, indeed," said Brian,

"Is that why you would not shake hands with me just now?" inquired our heroine.

"I was unworthy to touch you, madam," answered Brian, in deep humility, and with a strange tremor in his voice; "I have betrayed your trust in me—I have taught my own father to be your enemy—I have robbed you!"

"Oh, this is the money question again, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel; "well, please explain for once and for ever. 'Your own father!' what does that mean?"

"I saw him the night before last," replied Brian; "he stepped across my waking life again, like the grim spectre that he is, and I told him of the money like the fool that *I* was!"

"Your father—yes, that is strange," murmured Mabel; "but could you have kept him in ignorance of the truth, and was it worth the effort?"

"I might have bided my time—I should have waited for a while—I should have left him to discover the facts for himself," said Brian. "I might have done a hundred things save put in his hands the weapon with which he strikes you down."

"I am not stricken down," said Mabel, who had turned somewhat pale, "only you alarm me—you, you look so fiercely at me; it is your father of whom you are speaking, remember."

"He is a villain."

"Still his son should not be the first to declare it to a stranger."

Brian paused, and looked down.

"I accept the reproof, Miss Westbrook," he said; "you are more of a Christian than I am—I have been ill-taught and ill-trained, and this is the result."

"Shall we go away from here?"

"I would prefer your remaining for a few minutes, but you are tired."

"No, I am not tired," Mabel answered.

"I will not rave in this mad fashion again," said Brian, "but I have been deceived, and I have helped towards my own deception. My first thought was of you, madam, when he stood before me in his rags and squalor, and of the power that he would exercise by right of birth to claim the money paid in error to my grandfather. I trusted him too quickly; I was anxious he should hear the truth from my lips before a distortion of it should raise vain hopes in his heart, and I sought to bind him by an oath to keep his promise of restitution."

"You did not?" asked Mabel anxiously.

"No; I would not listen to him when I saw the look upon his face in the starlight," answered Brian. "I knew what was to follow before I received this letter."

"From him?"

"From *his solicitor*," said Brian contemptuously, as he opened the letter, which he had taken from his pocket. "I will read it to you."

"But ——"

"It will not take a moment," said Brian; "it is brief enough."

He dashed through the epistle in his old rapid way, but it is uncertain if Mabel Westbrook followed him completely:—

"288 Cloister Street, Penton,
"June, 18—.

"Sir,—I beg herewith to inform you that my client, and your father, Mr. William Halfday, has entrusted to me the entire management of his affairs, and the procuring for him the necessary letters of administration to the estate of his father, Adam Halfday, late of this city, and of the Hospital of Saint Lazarus, adjacent. I am further desired by Mr. William Halfday to inform you that he intends to act fairly and

equitably by all those who do not needlessly interfere with a matter which he leaves entirely in the hands of his legal adviser and

"Your obedient servant,

"RICHARD EVERSHAM.

"Brian Halfday, Esq.,

"Datchet Bridge."

"Here is the gauntlet thrown in my face, and I must fight," said Brian, as he tore the letter into fragments, and scattered them over his grandfather's grave.

"Can you not trust to what your father says?" asked Mabel.

"Trust that man," exclaimed Brian indignantly, "who has already deceived me, and who is weak enough to think his silly promise of fair dealing can juggle me at the eleventh hour like this. Trust him, madam! I will fight him to the death as though he were my bitterest enemy. I will make him prove he is William Halfday; I will dispute his claim inch by inch in a court of law, and, granted that *he* is the William Halfday of sixteen years since, I deny his right—he, a vagabond and a deserter from his family—to take that money, which his own father would have never left to him. I will ask you to support me by your story of how the money was placed in Penton Bank, and then I will tell this poor weak mortal's history afterwards."

He pointed to the grave, and Mabel said—

"You would be acting very unwisely, Mr. Halfday. I know nothing of the law, but I am wise enough to see the impossibility of your resisting your father's claim to the estate."

"Here, on his father's grave, I swear——"

"No, no," cried Mabel with alarm; "if you have any respect for me don't say another word. You are angry, and know not what you are doing. In resisting this claim you will bring about your ruin."

"I do not care for that."

"Let him have the money; it will come in due course to Dorcas and you," Mabel said; "let it drift away for ever, rather than that any act of mine should create enmity between a father and his children. I came to help the Halfdays—it was a promise to a dying man; don't say that, despite the utter failure of my mission, you will add to my regrets by a foolish course of action. I ask you not, for my sake."

"For your sake, Miss Westbrook, I would venture a great deal, and sacrifice much But it is for your sake I would act in opposition to this scheme," he answered.

"I shall want all your courage and assistance in another direction—not in this."

Brian looked at her with surprise before he said—

"I am completely in the dark."

"You must remain so for a while, although I am not successful in my mysteries," said Mabel, smiling at his bewilderment. "But I have had letters this morning also, and they influence my whole after-life."

"For the better, I hope."

"I have to wait a second communication, and then I may come to you as to a friend in whose good faith I can rely."

"It is all for the worse, I am afraid," said Brian moodily, "or you would not seek advice and help from me. Surely you——"

"Don't guess," said Mabel very quickly; "I would rather you did not think of this at at present. I should not have spoken if it had not been that you were anxious to fight a hopeless battle for me, at a time when in a fairer contest you might be of invaluable assistance."

"I trust I may."

"Till then, let there be peace, and judge not this William Halfday—your own father—too harshly in this matter yet. Let the money go to him, and await the result of his inheritance."

"That is your wish?"

"I wish it with all my heart."

"I will wait," said Brian, "but not in any hope of his doing justice to you. You have rewarded the wrong-doers, and you should consider me as one of them."

"Why you would make me rich, if you could."

"With your own money—what a benefactor!"

"Shall we go away from the churchyard now?" asked Mabel, "or do we misunderstand each other still?"

"I don't know if I understand you," said Brian, very earnestly regarding her, "or if you will not for ever remain a mystery."

"As a woman always is," said Mabel almost saucily.

He took no heed of her interruption; he went on in the same deep, earnest way—

"But this I know—that you have been thoughtful and unselfish, and that your rights have been sacrificed to wrong and ra-

pacity without a protest on your side against it."

"I promised——"

"That as long as you lived you would see after us Halfdays," said Brian; "enrich us, study us. Now let one of the family promise something in return."

"Oh! no more promises," cried Mabel; "you are so quick to resolve, that I don't know what you may say or do."

"Very little on this occasion, Miss Westbrook," said Brian mournfully, "save to re-echo that promise of your own, and with a stronger reason for it. It is said in Penton that I am an irritable, half-made visionary, an obstinate and hard brute, a man with no consideration for the opinions of his fellow-men when they clash with his own. Well, I promise from to-day to sink my individuality, my crotchets, my pride, my convictions, everything, when they are opposed to yours. As long as *you* live, I am your slave in very gratitude, and you may command me how you will. And commanding me not at all, seeing me no more, passing away as it may appear to you for ever, I, Brian Halfday, will still be dreaming of you, planning what is best for you, watching you, so long as you are living on this earth. I take this right from to-day, without claiming any right of friendship with it, or deeming myself worthy to be thought your friend, and I swear it on the grave of this poor sleeper."

"It is a foolish promise," said Mabel, "and I am undeserving of it. I—I wish you had been sillent."

"You do not trust me yet?"

"I do; but oh! you are so strange a man. I am afraid of you," she said timidly.

"I have raved too much," replied Brian gently; "will you forget it, and take my arm back to the inn? You are trembling, I think?"

"Perhaps I am not so strong as I ought to be," she said, taking his arm, and walking slowly away from the grave.

"And you trust me at last?" asked Brian.

"Shall I give you a proof of it?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you my new mystery?"

"If you will."

"I came to England a rich woman—to-day I am a poor one."

"Ha! This is the bad news, and you have let me——"

"Why, you are going to reproach me already?" said Mabel, laughing at him.

"Your pardon—but for God's sake tell me what has happened."

"There have been money failures in America, and my American securities, that is my fortune in the bank of which my father was a principal—collapsed completely yesterday."

"Great Heaven!"

"What will become of me after the storm is over, I don't know," she said; "something from the wreck will float to shore, perhaps, and, if not, I must look out for a new home or a rich husband."

"Here is Angelo Salmon coming towards us," said Brian Halfday in a low tone.

"Poor Angelo," responded Mabel Westbrook.

"I will leave you;" said Brian, "I have not finished all my work at Datchet Bridge."

"I shall see you again before I leave?" she asked.

"You go to-day, then?"

"Yes."

"To the Hospital—or the Mitre?"

"To the Hospital. It is less expensive," she said, laughing again.

"You bear misfortune lightly, Miss Westbrook," said Brian, "but then you are young, and do not know what misfortune really is."

"Yes, I do," was the reply; "but then I cannot fret over the loss of my money. I care for it as little as you do."

"I am very fond of money," answered Brian; "it is a failing of the respectable family to which I have the honour to belong."

"It is a big story!" she replied.

She smiled brightly as she left him and went towards Angelo Salmon, who was waiting at the gate, a mute, curious, but resplendent being. Brian stopped and saw the meeting, the friendly greeting of Mabel, the pleased and blushing countenance of the young man whom she addressed. He did not move until they walked away together—he raised his felt hat in salutation to them as they looked back at him, and Angelo Salmon elevated his own silk castor in the air. Then he turned and went off at his customary railway-train rate of progression.

"Yes; it is as long as she lives!" he said again.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

"A FALLEN FORTUNE."

CHAPTER I.

THE SALMONS HEAR THE WORST.

TEN days later in the life of Mabel Westbrook, in the fair, bright summer weather which had come to Penton, the full details of a fallen fortune reached her whom it most concerned. It was the old story of the money market. There had been a terrible panic, a commercial crisis, a collapse, and Mabel Westbrook's inheritance had been swept away in the storm.

The bad news reached Mabel in the morning—it was waiting for her at the breakfast table, and the stout heart of the little woman, "who did not know what misfortune was," as Brian Halfday had told her, throbbed not with any extra pulsation as she broke the seal of the envelope. She read her letter very carefully and coolly, and then smiled across the breakfast-table at the Reverend Gregory Salmon, who was reading his newspaper with his eyes screwed round the corner at her.

"Good news from America?" he inquired, as he met Mabel's glance.

"No, bad news," said Mabel; "some people would say very bad news."

Angelo Salmon and his mother turned towards Mabel full of interest and sympathy at once.

"Did you say bad news, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Salmon, always easily discomfited. "Oh! I am very sorry. Nobody ill, nobody hurt, I hope!"

"Only somebody heavily hit—is not that the correct phrase, Mr. Salmon, to express certain trouble?"

"I believe so," said Angelo. "It might mean an offer of marriage from a gentleman deeply impressed; he would be 'heavily hit,' Miss Westbrook, you know."

"Poor fellow—yes, he would indeed," replied Mabel Westbrook laughing; "well, my letter contains no sentiment, and only one hard fact."

"You are not going to leave us," exclaimed Angelo, and his colour actually faded away at the suggestion.

"Have I not trespassed on your kindness too long?" she rejoined.

"Impossible," said the enthusiastic Angelo.

They had been ten happy days to him, ten days to be looked back at for ever, with the woman he loved a guest in his father's house. They had been ten days too much for the rest of his life, but he was not aware of that at the present hour; he felt only suddenly miserable and desolate at the bare thought of his happiness vanishing away.

He had been a quiet, grave, unobtrusive young man during Mabel's stay at the Hospital, and no one was aware of the deep draughts of pleasure which he was taking down by wholesale into his heart at the mere sight of Miss Westbrook, and in the simple consciousness of her being near him, and regarding him as a friend. He was too timid a man to allow the evidence of his affection to escape—too much afraid of the consequences which might ensue from any precipitate step on his part. If he were rash, he would assuredly lose her, and if he waited patiently, somebody would certainly walk off with her under his nose, and hence all before him was uncertainty, despite the satisfaction of the present hour. And now the hour was closing for him, and Mabel Westbrook was going away; he was sure of it by her answers.

"It is bad news, indeed, that will take you from us, Miss Westbrook," said the Master of St. Lazarus politely.

"I wonder whether it will take me back to America," said Mabel, thoughtfully.

"For a trip?" inquired young Salmon, nervously.

"For good."

"I—I thought your idea was to—to settle down in England?" Angelo asked in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, but ideas change rapidly in a world that spins round rapidly too," answered Mabel; "and if I have my living to get, I must go back to old friends and old associations, and find my best chance amongst them."

"My dear madam," said the Reverend Gregory Salmon, "you don't mean that ——"

"That I have lost all my money," said Mabel very phlegmatically, "yes, I do."

"I am amazed—I am sorry—I am dreadfully shocked," remarked Angelo's father; "dear me, now, who could have possibly foreseen this!"

"I have been waiting for the full particulars during the last ten days," said Mabel, "and here they are."

She passed the letter to Mr. Salmon, who took it from her.

"Ten days ago, you knew it then?" said Mr. Gregory Salmon.

"I knew that my grandfather's bank had stopped payment; that big honest bank to which he had pinned his faith so firmly. It is as well," she added, "he died before the crash came."

"But there will be something saved from the ruin?" inquired the chaplain.

"I have grave doubts of receiving a halfpenny," replied Mabel.

"Bless my soul, it is most extraordinary," continued the Reverend Gregory Salmon, crumpling his newspaper together violently in his excitement, "and to think that with this terrible catastrophe hanging over your head for the last ten days, Miss Westbrook, you could talk and sing and treat matters lightly; it's amazing to me. I should have had a fit with suspense—I must have gone off to a better world."

"Probably I shall feel more sorry in good time," replied Mabel, "but the loss of the money is no affliction to me yet. I have have been nominally in possession of it for three months; literally speaking, never in possession of it at all. It is not like losing a fond hope or a dear friend."

"Hopes and friends, young lady, will follow the money," prophesied the Reverend Gregory Salmon.

"False hopes and false friends only—and the sooner the better," said Mabel, shrugging her shoulders.

"Ahem! yes. Of course in a world like this——But dear, dear me, it is so very extraordinary! For ten days to know this and to keep it a secret from us—excuse my retiring into the study for a few minutes to peruse your letter. I am utterly bewildered."

Mr. Gregory Salmon bustled out of the room with one fat white hand pressed to his forehead; had the calamity of the money loss been his own, he could scarcely have displayed more surprise and excitement. Mabel Westbrook went to the window of the room, sat down, and resumed the fancy-work upon which she had been engaged at an earlier hour that morning. Angelo Salmon, pale and with his mouth half open, remained at the table; Mrs. Salmon, after a moment's consideration, followed Mabel to the window.

"My dear child," she said, putting her little fat arm round the slender neck of the girl, "you do not know how sorry I am!"

"Yes, I do," answered Mabel, smiling up at her.

"You will trust in Gregory—Mr. Salmon, I mean," she said; "he is a far-seeing, clever man, Mabel, and will know what is best for you."

"I think I have made up my mind to trust in myself, being a conceited young person," said Mabel; "but there, I will tell you presently. I am very busy now."

"Purse-knitting too," said Mrs. Salmon cheerily; "that does not look as if you had given up all hope."

Mabel laughed merrily, but did not reply. Mrs. Salmon continued her protestations of sympathy and attachment, and Angelo stared across at the speaker in the same vacuous way. Presently a servant entered to inform Mrs. Salmon that her husband desired to speak to her in the library for a few minutes, and then the elder lady withdrew, the breakfast-table was cleared, and Angelo rose, stretched his long limbs, and walked slowly towards the recess of the window where Mabel Westbrook was ensconced.

"I can't tell you all I feel about this, Miss Mabel," he said, stammering a great deal during his address, "or how it takes me off my guard like—and floors me, if you will not object to so vulgar an expression. For I am floored completely."

"Like your poor father," said Mabel drily.

"Yes, he is very much upset; is he not?"

"Very."

"He will not get over the shock quickly," said Angelo; "he is an excitable man, and the surprise has been a great one."

"My life has been passed lately in surprising people," said Mabel, thinking of Adam Halfday, "and you English people are so completely interested when money is in question."

"You speak as if you were a foreigner," said Angelo.

"I feel more like a foreigner to-day than usual," answered Mabel, "and less of the English girl that I fancied I might grow to be."

"I don't quite understand you," Angelo remarked; "but——"

"Please don't try to understand me," said Mabel interrupting him, "it will not do for a gentleman of your position in life to make a study of a lady who has no visible means of subsistence. Your father will prove this more clearly to you."

"Oh! Miss Westbrook——"

Here he stopped, as her musical voice rippled off into pleasant, unaffected laughter at his astonishment.

"You will think me a very bold young woman to tell you this," said Mabel, "but misfortune has the privilege of speaking frankly sometimes."

"If any——"

She would not allow him to continue. He was obedient to her commands, and a look controlled him into silence.

"I want you to do me a favour," she said.

"Certainly. Anything—everything," he answered with alacrity.

"I want you to go for a stroll across the meadows for an hour or two."

"With you?" he asked timidly.

"Oh! no," she replied, "I am busy this morning, and cannot afford the time for a long walk, which would do you a deal of good."

"I am really quite well, Miss Westbrook, I assure you," was his reply.

"You are pale," said Mabel.

"Yes—but——"

"And I wish you to go very much."

"Yes—but—will you not tell me why?" were the words he contrived to stammer forth at last.

"Not this morning," said Mabel, shaking her head.

"When I see you again, then?"

"When I see you again—very likely."

"I don't mind getting out of your way, or going anywhere you wish," said Angelo, "of course not. Still I should like you to understand before I go this morning——"

Once more, the inexorable Mabel cut him short in his oration.

"It is impossible that this important business will allow me to understand anything fresh just now," said Mabel quickly.

"That's it!" exclaimed Angelo with renewed excitement, "I knew you were grieving and suffering, and—and so on."

"Not I," said Mabel confidently.

"And I did want to say, that having a fortune in my own right, from my poor deceased grandmother, and not knowing what to do with one-twentieth part—What's this?"

Mabel had put the purse which she had been making into his hands, wherein she left her own hand warmly and confidently.

"Something to keep your money in," she said, laughing again, "will you take it for my sake?"

"Have you been really making this for me?"

"Yes—it is not much of a keepsake—I should say, a present, is it?"

"I will treasure it all my life, Miss Westbrook."

"You can't do that, because it will wear out too quickly," said the practical Mabel, "and now good morning. Thank you for all you would have said in the way of offering me a loan, if I had the time to 'negotiate' one, as the phrase runs. Yes," she added in a different and more earnest tone, "thank you very heartily for such kind thought of me, Angelo."

She withdrew her hand from his and left the purse within his grasp instead, and he walked slowly from the room, as he knew that she wished him to do. He walked in dreamland nevertheless, and his heart—his secret heart—was light, not heavy, for all the money losses which had come to Mabel Westbrook. She seemed nearer to that heart now, and she had called him Angelo for the first time in his life—and life was surely brightening and becoming something that he could comprehend more clearly, in its new solemnity of love and responsibility of care.

As he went across the quadrangle towards the archway beyond, he looked towards Mabel at the window, who smiled brightly and waved her hand towards him—even kissed her hand to him in a light, graceful fashion, that was French-like in its way, although more English in its honest impulse.

"God bless her," said Angelo, "I am glad she is not cast down by her trouble. I will take her for a drive this afternoon."

CHAPTER II.

CHANGE OF TACTICS.

GOOD Mrs. Salmon found her lord and master still a prey to excitement in

the library, whither a forced retirement had not conduced to any of that composure of which he had gone in search. The Master of St. Lazarus was curled up in his arm-chair with Mabel's letter in his hands.

"Did you want me very particularly, Gregory?" asked Mrs. Salmon as she entered, "because I hardly like to leave poor Mabel at present."

"Yes, I do. Poor Mabel indeed!—a pretty nice mess we have made of this poor Mabel business," he groaned forth.

"Why, what have we done?"

"Acted like a couple of fools, Mrs. Salmon," said her husband. "But will you shut the door, and sit down for a moment?"

"Certainly, Gregory."

Mrs. Salmon closed the door, and took a seat which her husband had indicated by a somewhat imperious wave of his hand. She waited for his communication, and her round blue eyes and half-open mouth gave her a stronger resemblance to her son at that time.

"We have been very indiscreet, Mrs. Salmon," continued her husband; "we have believed this young woman's statements as to her position in life, and we have been deceived."

"I don't remember her making any statement, Gregory, and if she had—"

"My dear, don't interrupt me," said the Master, "at all events, you and I and Angelo have become, as it were, on terms of intimacy with Miss Westbrook, who, after all, is penniless."

"Poor thing!"

"Who after all may be an adventuress, Mrs. Salmon—a long-headed, designing young woman."

"I will never believe that," said his wife firmly; "I don't think, Gregory, you can look me in the face and say that that's your conviction."

"Mrs. Salmon," said the Master, "I don't know what my conviction is. Here is a stranger, clever and fascinating we will grant, who meets with Angelo in America, sees how weak and trusting a young fellow he is, becomes his friend, arrives with a letter of introduction from him, settles down in our circle, confuses us with a cock-and-bull story—for presumably it may be a cock-and-bull story—of restitution to Adam Halfday, is made our guest, and then tells us one fine morning that she is as poor as a church mouse, and has kept that fact from us for the last ten days."

"She wished to be sure of the truth, Gregory."

"She wished to remain here and ensnare our Angelo, that's the only truth I can see, ma'am," affirmed the Rev. Gregory Salmon. "Here is a poor, young, handsome, sharp woman, and a rich and impressionable young man, and we, like two fools, have, without a single inquiry, done our best to throw them together, and make a match of it."

"Oh, Gregory, don't be so harsh and uncharitable. You can't think all this—I'm sure you can't," said Mrs. Salmon, bursting into tears.

"I have said, Mrs. Salmon, that I do not know what to think," replied her husband, speaking very slowly and deliberately now; "but I am a man in my right senses, and the whole matter strikes me, at present, as an ingenious and elaborate plan, most skilfully carried out. But there is no occasion to make that noise over it, Mrs. Salmon, that I can possibly see."

"Mabel is such a dear g—g—good girl," sobbed Mrs. Salmon.

"Yes—a very dear girl to us, if we don't keep our eyes open," replied her husband, "and that is all I will ask you to do, madam. Miss Westbrook," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper, "must be got out of this house as soon as we can gracefully do it—she must return to America, if possible, and as quickly as possible—and I will take upon myself to put Angelo on his guard. There is no harm done; the mine has been sprung before its time, I think. I will answer for Angelo's good behaviour under these trying circumstances, if you will get that young person out of the establishment."

"Do you mean to-day?"

"To-day!" echoed Mr. Salmon, "of course I mean to-day."

"Oh, dear, I don't see how to manage it."

"One woman can always talk to another. Tell her we are afraid she must feel herself in a false position among us now—say something kind of course, but be very firm, and hint that *I* have thought it for the best also, and after serious consideration of the circumstances which have arisen. You may tell her I am sorry too—and you will not hint in any way that we have the least suspicion of her."

"I haven't," said Mrs. Salmon.

"And you may leave Angelo to me. Thank Heaven, he is a character that I thoroughly understand, and completely influence. His weakness of disposition has been to us a trial before this," said the Master, "but, after all, it proves a blessing. He is a child, and to be talked out of a fancy like a child."

"Yes—that's true," assented the wife, "but I would not say a word against Miss Westbrook to him."

"I would not say a word of disparagement of Miss Westbrook to any living soul," affirmed Mr. Salmon, who had a bad memory, and regarded his better half from a soulless point of view, like a Mahommedan.

Mrs. Salmon shed a few more tears over Mabel's new position in life, but she was not prepared to argue the point very deeply with her lord and master. The reverend gentleman had a strong will of his own, and she had never had any strength of purpose to boast of. She was a passive female, with a good but flabby heart, and disputes and troubles were out of her way, and distressed her too much to face with philosophy. Perhaps it was all for the best that Mabel Westbrook was to leave the premises—she was certainly poor now—and Angelo's position could always secure him a bride from one of the best families in the country. She was very sorry, nevertheless, and it was all very dreadful, and she had grown fond of Mabel, but probably it was the wisest course to get her out of the house.

"Have you left Angelo alone with Miss Westbrook?" asked Mr. Salmon suddenly.

"Yes, I have."

"Go back, please, and tell him that I want him," said Gregory, "it will not do to leave those two together. God bless me, I should not wonder if he has not already offered to lend her all his money."

And this was not very far from the truth, as the reader is aware.

Mrs. Salmon departed, and in two minutes reappeared.

"Angelo is not with her, Gregory," she said; "one of the brothers tells me that he has just gone across the meads."

"I'll follow him and settle this at once," cried the energetic Master; "a few words will do, and they had better be said, for all our sakes."

"Well—perhaps they had," assented Mrs. Salmon with a sigh.

The Reverend Gregory Salmon was following in his son's track a few minutes afterwards. It did not take long to discover the young man. Angelo had given up at the second meadow, and was lying, full length, on the grass, under a big elm tree, and in company with three thoughtful cows who had got there also out of the heat of the sun. They moved politely and sedately away as the Master of St. Lazarus arrived, but Angelo did not perceive the movement or the cause of it. He was far gone in his own dreamland, and unaware of the presence of his father. He was face downwards, with his elbows in the grass, and his hands clutching his well-shaven cheeks, and before him lay a purse, bright with steel and gold beads, and which was evidently the object of all his attention and admiration. Romance had opened out to him, when grim Reality threw its shadow across the path of his rejoicing.

"Angelo," said Mr. Salmon.

"Ah! father, is that you?" said Angelo, sitting up and quickly putting his purse out of sight.

"Yes, it is I. I have come for a little serious talk with you, my son."

"Concerning Miss Westbrook?" said Angelo quickly.

"Yes. What made you think so?"

"I don't know," answered Angelo; "perhaps because I can't get her out of my head, and fancy she must be in everybody else's. I am glad it is about Miss Westbrook."

"Are you, though?" said the father, "why?"

"I don't care to speak about anything or anyone else."

The Reverend Gregory Salmon eyed his son somewhat doubtfully.

"You will not like my way of speaking of her perhaps, Angelo," he said, "but you will not misinterpret my reason for it."

"I hope not," answered the son.

"Shall we walk across to the next field?"

"If you like."

Angelo rose and joined his father.

"Proceed," said Angelo, with a gravity and firmness for which his sire was wholly unprepared, "and you will be careful what you say, for her sake—and my own."

(To be continued.)

EVENING IN EARLY SUMMER.

THE brightness of the day is past,
And azure clouds give place to gray,
The twilight shadows gather fast—
Come, let us watch the "parting day."

See in the west, where linger yet
The glories of the sunset sky,
Purple and gold and crimson met,
Now blend their colours, fade, and die.

The shadowy light grows fainter still;
Soon will be hidden from our sight,
The lovely face of Nature, till
She fresh appears with morning's light.

The air is fragrant with the breath
Of sleeping flowers, on which the dew
Lies lightly, as a snowy wreath
Hangs from the crest of mountains blue.

Each little bird has sought his nest,
Hung in the whisp'ring leaves among,
Save one who, e'er he takes his rest,
Warbles for us his evening song.

Sweet summer day, thy loving task
Is ended with a perfect grace;
While in thy sun the flowers bask,
Each hour new beauties we can trace.

But needful night, with restful calm,
Enfolds each bud in dewy bliss,
And sweet they sleep in fragrant balm,
Till wakened by the Sun-god's kiss.

The winds are hushed, the river rolls
In placid waves which murmur low;
It is an hour when sainted souls
Might leave their heaven and walk below.

Oh ! sainted soul of one most dear,
 Where art *thou* amid these realms of space ?
While we with desolate hearts are here,
 Art looking on the Father's face ?

Art walking in the streets of gold,
 While we must tread life's rugged ways,
And all our days and years be told
 Ere we may win thy perfect peace?

So still and holy is this hour,
 We feel thee near, and almost see
The brightness of that distant shore
 Reflected from the crystal sea.

Now over all the silent land
 Cometh a calm, a stillness deep ;
While darkness, with a noiseless hand,
 Robeth our mother earth for sleep.

Rest well, green earth ; may angels keep
 Kind watch and ward o'er thee and all
Thy many children while they sleep,
 Guarding that nothing ill befall.

Rest well, dear one, with snowy crown
 Of lilies twined about thy head ;
Ere long we too shall lay us down
 Beside thee in thy narrow bed.

Oh ! may I, when my life is done,
 And darkening shadows gather near,—
When lower, lower sinks the sun,—
 Then may I view without a fear,

The night of Death draw on apace,
 When fades the last expiring ray ;
Then blessed angels take in peace
 My soul to dwell in endless day!

OTTAWA. M. L. S.

FORCE AND ENERGY.

BY GRANT ALLEN, B.A.,

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DURING the last fifteen years the views of scientific men with regard to the relation between the powers of the universe have been growing constantly clearer. The labours of Mayer and Helmholtz in Germany, and of Joule, Grove, Thomson, and Tyndall in England, have led gradually up to the differentiation of force and energy; while Dr. Balfour Stewart's little work, in the International Scientific Series,* has embodied the latest developments of thought upon the subject in a popular and comprehensible form. But even that valuable book has hardly carried out the differentiation to its furthest limits, or given a final definiteness to the conception of those antithetical notions with which it deals. The mistiness appears not to have lifted itself fully out of the mental horizon; the concept of the two great powers which divide the universe seems not to have been realized and assimilated in all their separation and antagonism. Perhaps a pair of definitions, given by two of our best-known authors, will make this more apparent than pages of criticism. Professor Tyndall says, "Let us employ, generally, the useful and appropriate term *energy* to denote the power of performing work."† And so, too, Dr. Balfour Stewart, almost echoing his language, "Let us define by the term *energy* this power which the rifle-ball possesses of overcoming obstacles, or of doing work."‡ These are the only definitions of energy given in either volume; and I think every reader will feel that there is in both a certain lack of conciseness and scientific rigour, due, not indeed to any want of those qualities in their authors' minds, (for it is hardly necessary for me to add my meed of admiration to the world-wide fame of those great thinkers), but to the present unsettled and transitional state of scientific opinion upon the subject. I trust, therefore, it may not be unbecoming for one who is not a physical specialist to jot down the aspect in which this question presents itself to his mind.

The conclusion to which all late speculations seem to point is this. There are two powers in the universe, of opposite nature to one another—force and energy. Of these, force is attractive, or *aggregative;* and energy repulsive, or *disjunctive.* Both are indestructible; or, in other words, the sum total of each in the kosmos is always a fixed quantity. But while force (or aggregative power) remains always inherent in, and inseparable from, each atom of ponderable matter; energy (or disjunctive power) is capable of being transmitted from one atom of matter to another, or from matter to that hypothetical imponderable substance which we call æther. As a result of these properties, it happens that the dynamical formula for the kosmos, in its existing phase, is this: force is aggregating ponderable matter, immediately round certain centres of unknown number (the stars), and ultimately round the common centre of all solar and sidereal systems; while energy is being dissipated through imponderable æther; this process being locally interrupted or retarded wherever the energy dissipated (as radiant heat and light) from one mass is intercepted by the surface of an adjacent mass, on which it initiates sundry changes, known as storms, ocean currents, chemical reaction, organic life, &c.

Such are, briefly stated, the main proposi-

* "The Conservation of Energy." I may as well acknowledge here, once for all, my obligations to this volume, without which the present paper would probably never have been written.

† "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion," 2nd edition, § 154, p. 140.

‡ "The Conservation of Energy," p. 13, § 18.

tions which it is proposed in this paper to expand and justify. And the point to which I would call special attention is the conception of energy as a *disjunctive* power, counterbalancing force, and co-operating with it, to produce that perpetual rhythm of phenomena which we observe in the universe around us.

Before proceeding, I must beg the reader to observe that throughout this paper I invariably use the words "force" and "energy" in the senses above assigned to them; and that when I wish to express the notion of that property which they both possess in common, of initiating or destroying motion, I employ the neutral term "power."

Force, then, can act either between masses, in which case it is called gravitation; or between molecules, in which case it is called cohesion; or between atoms, in which case it is called chemical combination. There is yet a fourth case of force, called electrical combination, of the exact nature of which it would be premature to say much. Opposed to these are four forms of energy—that between masses, due to their tangential motion, and called centrifugal power; that between molecules, called heat; that between atoms, called chemical separation; and that between the positive and negative electricities, called electrical separation.

Furthermore, energy has two states, the one called potential, the other kinetic: potential energy is that of passive separation; kinetic, that of active movement. Each form of energy—molar, molecular, atomic, electrical—is capable of assuming either the potential or kinetic state. Potential molar energy is seen in a stone perched on a mountain-top; kinetic molar energy, in the same stone when falling. Potential molecular energy is seen in two molecules in a state of tension; kinetic molecular energy, in the same molecules rapidly vibrating: potential atomic energy in two atoms of different sorts in a state of chemical freedom; kinetic atomic energy in the same atoms rushing into union under the influence of chemical affinity. And similarly with electrical energy. Again, the sum of the two states is constant; that is, whenever potential energy disappears, an equivalent amount of kinetic energy replaces it, and *vice versa*.

The following scheme will make this classification immediately apparent:—

A. Forces or Aggregative Powers.	B. Energies or Disjunctive Powers.	
	(*a.*) Potential, or Passive.	(*b.*) Kinetic, or Active.
1. Molar attraction. (*Gravitation.*)	Molar separation. (*Visible energy of Position.*)	Molar motion. (*Centrifugal power, &c.*)
2. Molecular attraction. (*Cohesion.*)	Molecular separation.	Molecular motion. (*Heat.*)
3. Atomic attraction. (*Chemical affinity.*)	Atomic separation. (*Elements in a free state.*)	Atomic motion. (*In the act of combining.*)
4. Electrical attraction.	Electrical separation. (*In a Leyden jar.*)	Electrical motion. (*In the electric current.*)

Now a kosmos composed entirely, viewed on its dynamical side, of force alone, could possess no motion, no change, no life. It would consist simply of an aggregation of atoms, packed around a common centre in a perfect sphere, every atom chemically combined with those for which it had affinity, and every molecule cohering perfectly to its neighbours on every side. Supposing such a kosmos, endowed with aggregate power only, for a moment to exist, or to be suddenly created, in a state of nebulous diffusion, then it must, by the laws of its constitution, gravitate to its common centre; and as no counterbalancing power is present, *ex hypothesi*, to prevent its doing so immediately, there seems no reason to doubt that it would arrange itself into a single spherical cohering mass in the shortest period at which gravity could act.*

On the other hand, it is obvious that a kosmos consisting entirely of atoms endowed with energy (of the potential kind) would be in a state of perpetual separation, molecular, chemical, and electric. There would be no

* I say *spherical* advisedly, as centrifugal power, which causes actual gravitating masses to assume the oblate spheroidal shape, belongs to the opposite, or energetic class of powers.

force to draw together the various elements of which it would be composed. It would, therefore, though more diffused, be as changeless as that endowed with force alone.

But in the kosmos as actually existing, we find both these powers side by side, producing a constant re-arrangement of particles according to a certain definite plan. Force is perpetually aggregating matter round many subordinate centres, and ultimately (as I shall endeavour to prove further on) round a single galactic centre; while energy is being dissipated into surrounding space. How this re-arrangement takes place is our next consideration.

Energy being equivalent to separation, the law of the conservation of energy amounts to this: that the sum total of separation in the kosmos is always the same, whether that separation be between masses, molecules, atoms, or the positive and negative electrical factors. If two masses stand apart from one another, as the earth and the sun, or a ten kilogramme weight suspended by a string, and an iron plate beneath it, they possess potential molar energy, in virtue of such separation. If the earth fell into the sun, or the weight upon the iron plate, heat would be generated proportionate in a known ratio (J) to their masses and their previous separation; that is, molecular separation would take the place of molar. Now, intermediate between these two forms of energy would be the kinetic state; which is thus seen to be the mode through which one form of energy is transformed into another, and through which, as we shall see hereafter, all the energy now possessed by ponderable matter is being transformed to imponderable æther. The exact amount of one kind of energy, which is equivalent to a certain unit of another kind, is a question for mathematical physicists, and has been fully dealt with by Mayer, Joule, and Thomson. The point to which attention is here directed is this, that *some* kind of separation invariably replaces another.

The primordial form of all energy is potential energy of visible position, or, as it might be better termed, of passive separation. But energy in this form is essentially unstable. Force tends to draw together any two bodies, however placed; and unless it be counteracted by some form of kinetic energy, will do so immediately. If we throw up a stone into the air, when it has reached the dead-point, it possesses energy of visible position: but it does so only for an indivisible portion of time; force begins at once to draw it downward again. Only when another form of force, such as that of cohesion, balances gravitation, as in the case of a rock perched on a mountain-top, or a weight suspended by a string, is energy of visible position lasting and stable. Now, all sidereal bodies in the universe are similarly situated to the stone in the air: by virtue of their separation from one another, they possess energy of visible position. But if they possessed that kind of energy only, they would rush together at once, and the molar separation would be transformed into molecular; in other words, they would assume an enormously high temperature, and a greatly diffused state. Some other kind of energy, then, must be keeping them asunder. What is this? I think the consideration of the solar system will give us the solution. Here we see a large central mass, the sun, and a number of minor masses, the planets. These latter all possess energy of visible position relatively to the sun, in an ascertained ratio of their mass and their distance from it. Suppose they were at rest, and were to fall into it, then their energy of position would be transformed into heat, or molecular separation. But they are not at rest: they possess a kinetic energy, which prevents them from falling into the sun, and this is centrifugal power. Now the question arises, "How did they get this centrifugal power?" Obviously not, as some people seem to think, from their rotary motion. This is a curious *hysteron proteron*. If I twirl a ball on a string round my head, the ball possesses centrifugal power; but it got that energy from my hand which twirls it. The sun, however, does not twirl the planets. The energy makes the rotary motion, not the rotary motion the energy. Whence, then, did it come? The answer to this question leads us into the very heart of our subject. In order to arrive at it, we must glance at the history of the kosmos from its earliest manifestations.

Whatever metaphysical view we may adopt regarding the origin and nature of the universe, all modern positive science agrees in commencing its phenomenal history at a stage when it consisted of a congeries of diffused nebulous atoms. Whether there were or were not an eternity of earlier

stages is a question with which we have now nothing to do, though I may touch upon it in another connection further on. Taking the universe, then, in this its earliest ascertainable stage, all the energy it now possesses in various shapes was then potentially present in the diffused and separate state of its atoms, as energy of passive separation; while all the force it now possesses was then existent, as at present, in the tendency with which every atom was endowed to unite chemically and mechanically with every other. And in this higher generalization of the indestructibility of power, are united the two subordinate ones of conservation of energy and persistence of force. It will now, perhaps, be evident in what sense the primordial form of all energy is that of visible position. The atoms of the universe may be supposed to have originally stood off from one another in a state of mechanical, chemical, and electrical separation. But this state could only have existed for a second. Whether we regard the universe as having been thus created, or as so existing through the agency of previous and hitherto incomprehensible conditions—and I allow that we have here reached the utmost verge of our intellectual horizon—we cannot but suppose that the force with which it was endowed would at once begin to act upon its atoms. An aggregation would thus necessarily set in towards certain common centres, a point for whose mathematical bearings I can only now refer the reader to Laplace;* and for whose wider philosophical reasons I must direct him to Mr. Herbert Spencer's chapter on the Instability of the Homogeneous†. If, now, we take one of these separate aggregations into which the differentiating kosmos would divide itself—say our own solar system—we shall see that as the atoms of which it was composed clashed against one another, under the influence of the force of gravitation, and chemical and electrical attraction, a large part of their potential energy would assume the form of heat: that heat, in fact, the unradiated remnant of which is now being given off by the sun, and, more slowly, by the molten nucleus of our own planet. But a portion of the energy thus metamorphosed would remain as kinetic molar energy; which, as the mass gradually changed from the spiral to the spheroidal condition, would assume that definite direction which we know as centrifugal power. It is not necessary to trace the evolution of the planetary bodies through its various stages; it will be clear that each nebulous ring, as it was left behind by the retreating nucleus, owed its separation to the centrifugal energy thus generated; and this will be equally true, whether we accept the theory of Laplace in its naked form, or in the modified shape given to it by Mr. R. A. Proctor. Thus, then, both the existing heat of the sun and planets, and the centrifugal power which causes their various rotations, with those of their satellites, is derived from the original energy of passive separation, variously modified by surrounding conditions.

It will now, I think, be evident to the reader that neither masses nor molecules (and we may probably infer that the same is true of atoms and electrical factors) can retain the separate state, except by means of actual motion, which in the case of masses is rotary, and in the case of molecules is supposed to be vibratory (though there are certain reasons, too long for parenthetical insertion, which lead some physicists to suspect that it is rotary in *all* cases). Two masses or two molecules freely suspended in space will rush together at once and assume the closest possible union, unless actual motion, either of centrifugal power or of heat, prevent them. We shall see hereafter that both motions are tending perpetually towards extinction, relatively to the bodies in which they exist, through communication of their energy to the surrounding matter, or to the ætherial medium. For the present we must direct our attention to a still wider application of the foregoing principles.

What is thus true of our system as a whole, and of the various molecules composing it, will in all probability be equally true of the kosmos at large, towards which the solar system may be said to bear somewhat the same relation as that borne towards itself by such a system of atoms as we call a molecule of protein. The various sidereal bodies composing our galaxy possess energy of visible position in virtue of their separation from one another. But if they possessed that form of energy alone, they would rush together in the shortest period at which gravity could act, would transform

* "Système du Monde, vol. ii. chaap. x

† "First Principles," 3rd edition, chap. xix.

it all into kinetic molecular separation or heat, and would begin radiating off that heat (for reasons which we have presently to examine) into surrounding æther. That they do not do so can only be explained, it seems, by supposing that what is true of each solar system is also true of the galaxy as a whole: namely, that all the bodies composing it are prevented from falling together by a spiral or rotary motion similar to that which is set up in each aggregating nebula or solar system, and due to the same causes. This *à priori* hypothesis is rendered all the more probable by observations on proper motion, especially that of double and multiple stars, which show, *à posteriori*, that such motion is, in some cases at least, a *vera causa*, and one which we know otherwise to be quite adequate to counteract, while it lasts, the attraction of each mass upon the other.

But if energy and force are both indestructible, how comes it that matter is gradually settling round common centres, and ultimately round a single kosmical centre? The answer to this question is to be found in the yet shadowy relations between matter and the unknown *something*, æther. No atom has any tendency to be deprived of any portion of its force. But every atom tends always to change its potential energy into kinetic, and to part with a portion of its kinetic energy to every other atom with which it comes in contact. If two masses, call them A and B, possessing mutual energy of position, be left free to act, they will rush together; but their molar energy of passive separation will be replaced by molecular energy of actual motion or heat. However, this transformed energy will not all continue to exist within the limits of the now united body A B, to which it originally appertained. The molecules, rapidly vibrating, will come into contact with other molecules, either of adjacent material bodies, such as the atmosphere, or of the ætherial medium; and they will impart to these molecules a portion of their motion, which will thus be diffused on every side into surrounding space. The particles of the body A B, being deprived of that form of energy which kept them asunder, will draw closer and closer together, under the influence of force (called in this aspect cohesion); and if the process be not interrupted from without, by the integration of fresh energy, it will continue until the body is deprived of all its energy, and occupies the minimum of space, if any,* into which its molecules can be packed.

Similarly with a centrifugal power. Any body revolving round another in virtue of this energy (say the earth round the sun) is constantly coming in contact with molecules of æther, to which it imparts a portion of its energy, which is thus radiated off into space. For each measurable unit of energy so lost, the earth approaches a proportionate unit nearer the sun, under the influence of gravitation; and if this process be not interrupted from without, it will continue to communicate its energy and to approach nearer and nearer, until it finally has lost all its centrifugal power, and glides (not falls) into the sun. It is true that, as has been suggested, this energy may be from time to time recruited by meteoric showers, and similar accelerating causes; still, as all these are finite in number, it will none the less happen that any body so situated will ultimately have communicated to the æther all its energy, and will gradually unite with its primary. Upon this point, again, more hereafter. Enough has been said to show that in this case, too, energy will ultimately be transferred from matter to æther.

As to chemical and electrical separation, the two remaining forms of energy, they, being of the potential class, are evidently of their very nature unstable and fugitive. They are usually produced by artificial means, and can only, for the most part, be artificially preserved, often with great difficulty. If nature be allowed to work freely, chemical elements in an uncombined state will almost invariably combine with other elements for which they have an affinity, and less stable compounds will be exchanged for more stable; while again the positive and negative electricities will always rush together, unless forcibly prevented. In either case, as they change from the potential to the kinetic state, the separation which before existed between the atoms of the electrical factors will re-appear as heat; which will as usual be radiated off into space. We thus see that every kind of energy tends to change from the potential to the kinetic

* I add this saving clause for those who hold Boscovich's theory of points, or Sir William Thomson's vortex-rings, on either of which theories we must suppose that the matter would be crowded out of existence.

state, and then to pass away from matter into æther, in the act of generating ætherial undulations, which are carried off presumably *ad infinitum*, through the inter-stellar and extra-galactic spaces.

To render these conceptions clearer, let us apply them briefly to the existing state of our own solar system, with special reference to the planet on which we live. Here we have a central mass in a state of radiant heat; that is, of rapid molecular kinetic energy, caused by the precipitation of atoms out of which it has been aggregated. As these atoms have collected round their centre, their energy of passive separation has been exchanged for that of heat. The rapidly vibrating molecules are now, and have ever been, constantly giving off to the surrounding æther waves of energy, which are passing away into the space on every side in ever-widening concentric spheres. Simultaneously with this loss of energy, force is perpetually drawing in its skirts and lessening its diameter. Some ninety odd millions of miles away from it is a lesser mass, of about $\frac{1}{1,400,000}$th of its volume. This lesser mass was once, like the greater, a source of radiant heat; but now it has radiated away the greater part of the energy from its superficial molecules, though those of its centre are still probably in rapid motion of heat, and occupy far more space than they would do in a state of quiescence. Of course this central energy is still escaping, though slowly. On the surface, as energy has radiated, force has built up most of the atoms into compound molecules, and most of the molecules into solid coherent bodies. But a minute portion of the energy which is ever escaping from the sun in the above-mentioned concentric waves, falls upon that part of the earth's surface which is from time to time turned towards it in the course of each diurnal revolution. Here it occupies itself in working out local separations, which slightly counteract the effect of those forces which have been slowly engaged in aggregating the matter of the earth. Falling upon the atmosphere, it causes separation of its atoms of the nature of heat (though by convection only); and hence result the phenomena of that enlargement of its volume which is known to us through trade winds, monsoons, &c. Falling upon the ocean, it prevents it, in tropical and temperate latitudes, from freezing or assuming the aggregated solid state; and it raises large masses of its surface, as vapour, to a considerable height; which masses, there losing their energy once more by radiation, are again precipitated on the surface as rain. Falling on the solid land, it exhibits its separative power, by disintegrating the stable compounds which it finds there, and either reducing them to their elements, or rebuilding them in less stable combinations; among the most noticeable of which are those composing animal and vegetable organisms. Finally, falling upon the molecules of matter in certain special conditions, it produces that electrical separation, the reaction from which is known to us as thunder and lightning.

And here we see how it is that energy, really equivalent to disjunctive power, has come to be considered chiefly from the purely anthroponistic point of view, as that which "performs work." Being ourselves small collections of atoms, bound together in unstable combination, on the outer crust of the earth, we direct our attention chiefly to those little changes which are effected amongst its superficial molecules. We see that if it were not for this reflected energy, borrowed from the sun, hardly any changes would take place upon the earth. A very few unusual phenomena, such as those of earthquakes, volcanoes, and geysers, are due to the slow escape of the earth's internal energy, and the consequent collapse of the superficial crust through the force of gravitation. But all the common phenomena of every-day life—winds, rivers, combustion, animal and vegetable growth—are due to the energy which falls upon the earth from the sun. Thus the practical consideration of energy as that which performs work, overlies the theoretical consideration of it as separative power. But if we look closely into the matter, we shall see that force is just as much requisite for the performance of work as is energy. In a single-action steam-engine, the gravitation which pulls down the piston when it reaches the dead-point, is as necessary as the heat which elevated it to that point: and the attractive force of chemical affinity which draws together the atoms of carbon and oxygen, is as necessary as the energy of passive separation which before divided them, or that of molecular motion into which it is transformed in the boiler: in short, in every case it

is the interaction of the two powers which performs the work.

What, then, becomes of the energy which is intercepted by the earth on its transit through space? Is it retained here permanently, or does it, like other energy, tend to be diffused through the ætherial medium? In answering this question we must remember three points: first, that its total quantity is relatively small (only $\frac{1}{2,000,000,000}$th of the whole amount emitted); second, that it affects only the superficial molecules; and third, that a large amount of it is immediately returned, and only a small portion works changes of a chemical, electrical, or organic sort upon the earth. Every twenty-four hours the heated sides of the world are turned away from the sun to the comparatively unenergetic æther on the remote side, and give off the greater part of the heat they have received during the day. In Sahara, where few organic changes occur, and there is little vapour of water in the atmosphere to retain the heat, the whole amount received during the day is transferred so rapidly at night, that ice has been known to form. Elsewhere the heat is also given off, though less conspicuously. But a small remnant of radiant energy has been transformed during the day into energy of visible and of chemical separation, in the decomposition of certain stable compounds, which reappear in the unstable forms of hydrocarbons and other constituents of living organisms, and are raised in the plant, the tree, and the animal, to a position of visible elevation above the mass of the earth. Organic life, then, must be viewed as a local interruption of that process of integration which force is everywhere bringing about on the earth, the solar system, and the kosmos at large. And here I must venture to differ, with all deference and humility, as a scholar to a master infinitely his superior in knowledge and grasp, from Mr. Herbert Spencer, to whom I need hardly acknowledge my obligations, so obvious are they throughout. Mr. Spencer regards the living organism as an instance of integration: I must rather consider it as an essentially transitory case of disintegration. Solar energy unlocks the elements bound together by chemical affinity in the atmosphere, the rocks, and the water; lifts them up to a height of visible elevation above the earth's surface, and endows them with actual motion of sap and blood, of limb and muscle. Let us see in detail how this is effected, remembering always that energy exists in chemical elements in a state of separation; while, in the state of combination they have yielded up their energy, and are locked together by the force of affinity. If we were to shut a man up in an air-tight room for twenty-four hours, and supply him with food; at the end of that period, when he had eaten all the food and breathed all the air in the room, it would still contain all the chemical elements which it originally possessed. Yet the man could not continue to live for an indefinit period under such circumstances. And why? Because life is a manifestation of energy; and though all the matter is there still, all the energy has been given off as heat, and is being radiated into space. Carbonic anhydride, a relatively stable unenergetic compound, now replaces the free oxygen of the atmosphere and the comparatively unstable carbon of the organism. The energy of chemical separation, which they possessed in their uncombined state, has been dissipated as molecular motion.*

In order to re-energize the elements and continue the man's life, vegetables must be introduced into the room: solar energy must be allowed to act upon them; that energy must, in their leaves, once more deoxidize the carbonic anhydride; or, in other words, produce energy of chemical separation between the carbon and the oxygen: the man must eat and digest the vegetables, and a second time combine the carbon with the freed oxygen: heat, and all the phenomena of animal life, must thus be produced; and so on *ad infinitum*. But a perpetual renewal of energy is necessary for the continuance of these processes. The leaves of the plant fall and are withered; decomposi-

* Or rather, some portion of it; for a part is retained in the compound form, as "latent heat." When we speak of stable and unstable compounds, we mean those which have retained relatively small or large amounts of energy. So much is occasionally retained, that a very small extra integration of energy is sufficient to overcome the affinities. Becquerel found instances where compound bodies, "whose constituents were held together by feeble affinities, such as iodide of nitrogen, were decomposed by the vibration occasioned by sound." (Grove, "Correlation of Physical Forces," 4th edition, p. 133.) So the formation of an unstable from a stable compound is a case of the integration of energy; while, in the passage to a stable from an unstable one, energy is dissipated.

tion sets in; the unstable compounds give place to more stable ones; and the contained energy is liberated as heat, to find its way at last to that interstellar limbo, whither all the energy of the kosmos is tending. Similarly with the animal: it is perpetually disintegrating and giving off its chemical constituents in more stable forms; heat replaces the chemical separation; and that heat, like the other, goes off to increase the "great waste-heap" of the universe. And, sooner or later, plant and animal die: the elements composing them are set free; new compounds are formed: and again the energy is dispersed into space. But day by day new energy is imported from the sun to effect the same changes over again: and day by day the old energy, that has done its work here, is turned loose upon the æther, to diffuse itself for ever towards infinity.

But not quite all of it at present. Some small portion remains here, locked up for a time in air and water, in wood and coal, as potential energy of the atomic kind. We may explain this peculiar fact by the analogy of molar energy in a stone. If I lift a stone to the top of a wall, it may either topple over at once, in which case its potential energy is converted first into kinetic molar (actual motion), and then into heat; or it may, if placed in equilibrium, stand there for an indefinite period, its energy remaining all that time of the potential sort, because the force of gravitation is counterbalanced by that of cohesion. Somebody must give it a push before it can tumble off. Just in the same way, energy may separate chemical compounds, and build them up into the isolated forms of diamond or charcoal, of pure iron or free oxygen: and then these bodies, possessing energy of chemical separation, may remain in that uncombined state for a considerable length of time, under favourable circumstances. A piece of pure phosphorus is in the condition of the stone left to support itself in the air: the moment it comes into contact with oxygen, it combines with it, and gives off its chemical separation as radiant energy. But a piece of charcoal is in the condition of the stone perched on the wall; it will not combine with the oxygen if left to itself. So, when you bring together the free oxygen and the charcoal and ignite them, you do something which is in some way the analogue of pushing over the stone; and then force draws together the two into carbonic anhydride, while the energy is given off again as heat. Thus, sooner or later, even in these exceptional cases of stored-up energy, force ultimately wins the day, and the disjunctive power follows all its kind through the ætherial medium. Just at the present stage of the world's history, we are busily engaged in so dispersing the vast stock of energy laid up for our use in the carboniferous period. The sun's rays at that time de-oxidized large quantities of carbon and hydrogen, built them up into trees, and left in them a store of energy in the form of chemical separation. When these trees fell, they would in ordinary circumstances have decayed; that is, would have united with the atoms around them for which they had affinities, and have given off their energy to surrounding space. But, falling under water probably, they were isolated from any free oxygen with which they could combine, as is now the case in the bogs of Ireland; they were then compressed under superincumbent strata; and have thus been preserved to our day as "bottled sunshine," constituting vast reservoirs of available energy.

But if combustion be essentially a body parting with its energy under the force of chemical attraction, how comes it that before combustion can be set up, fresh energy from outside must be integrated? As the carbon and oxygen are placed in juxtaposition, why do they not immediately combine in the case of coal, as in the case of animal organisms? This seeming paradox may be explained again by the analogy of the stone on a wall; its potential energy cannot be converted into kinetic, unless energy from without, such as a push with the hand, or a puff of wind, give it a start. Otherwise, it is not brought within the sphere of possible action of the force which affects it, namely, gravitation. Now we must remember that chemical affinity is a force acting only through very small distances. Let us illustrate this by the case of cohesion. If a piece of iron be left freely suspended in the air, it will fall to the earth under the pull of gravity, no matter what distance may separate them; because gravity is a force which acts through relatively *great* spaces; but if two pieces of iron be placed together, they will not cohere unless absolutely smooth, because cohesion is a force which acts through relatively *small* spaces. If, how-

ever, we heat the two pieces, then the motion of their molecules brings them into such close contact, that as they cool down they cohere perfectly. Similarly with coal and oxygen; we may suppose that they never approach near enough to one another to come within the sphere of their mutual attractions. But when we bring them under the influence of heat from another source, we may imagine that the atoms are so far agitated as to come within that sphere; and then they rush together with that immense disengagement of radiant energy with which we are so familiar in our grates. It is just the same with the decomposition of organic matter. Meat in winter, though very unstable, does not decompose, because there is not a sufficient amount of molecular motion to bring its atoms into close connection with those in the atmosphere for which they have affinities; while in summer it rapidly decomposes, because solar energy overcomes its weak affinities, and thus brings it within the sphere of new ones. And so again, in every chemical reaction we know that a certain amount of heat is required before any compound, however unstable, will yield up its existing combination and form a new one. In short, in every case of relatively stable potential energy, there must always be an integration of new energy from without, in the kinetic form, before the contained energy can be liberated.

All the energy possessed not only by living organisms, but also by the water and air of our earth (either in the form of "latent heat" or of chemical separation), is now seen to be due to solar radiations. When we say that the atmosphere is a mechanical mixture, and not a chemical compound, we mean that the atoms composing it are still in their separate energetic state: when they combine, they yield up most of their energy, and the force of chemical affinity locks them together.* And this will explain the interesting fact, shown by Professor Tyndall in a series of beautiful experiments,† that while the heat-absorbing capacity of the elementary gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, is *nil*, or very nearly so, that of their compounds is very great. Oxygen and nitrogen, mechanically united as atmospheric air, show no absorption of radiant heat; whereas the same atoms, chemically combined as nitrous oxide, absorb it as 355 to 1; while ammonia absorbs as 1195 to 1. These facts, translated into terms of energy, I conceive to mean that the elementary gases in their state of separation, having already a high specific energy, are incapable of integrating the radiant heat from other bodies; whereas the compounds, having given off energy in the act of combination, are in a position to receive it from other sources. We have consequently no reason to doubt that when the solar energy has all been radiated into space, and none any longer reaches the earth (supposing that epoch to arrive before the earth's orbital motion has brought it into the sun), not only will organic life cease, and water assume the solid form, but the atmosphere, too, will yield up its energy, and be precipitated as a solid mass, under the influence of the absolute zero of temperature,—that is, the total absence of energy.

And here I would point out that all these transformations suggest a single general conception which has been hitherto overlooked. It has been usual to speak of kinetic energy as if it were the normal form, and of potential as if it were a peculiar modification; in short, energy has been identified with *motion* rather than with *separation*. We shall see, however, if we look more deeply into the question, that kinetic energy is only the transitional stage by which energy is transformed from one of its states, molar, molecular, atomic, or electrical, into another; and, viewed still more comprehensively, it may be regarded as an incident in the transference of energy from ponderable matter to the ætherial medium. In the original diffused state of matter, it possessed universal potential energy of every sort—that is, actual separation of masses, molecules, atoms, and electrical factors: in the final aggregated state, matter will possess no energy of any sort, but will have handed it all over to the æther. Kinetic energy (motion) will have been the vehicle by which, through radiation and ætherial friction, potential energy (separation) will have been handed over from the one to the other.

Finally, I shall examine two passages from a couple of our greatest scientific

* I say *most*, not *all*, because of course they retain a small amount at any temperature above the absolute zero.

† "Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat," Memoir II., § 5, seq.

writers, in order to show that confusion of thought has actually resulted from the neglect of the conception of energy as essentially *disjunctive*, which is advocated in this paper. I choose them purposely from the very deepest thinkers, not in any spirit of carping criticism, but as slight slips which I may have the good fortune to correct. And I choose the second of the two, because it leads up to the final question of all, an answer to which may be fairly expected here, —To what end is all this kosmical process tending? Is the universe bound on the road towards an all-pervading and eternal stagnation, or towards a new birth of countless evolutions, to be repeated through endless cycles of infinite time?

Professor Tyndall says, "I have seen the wild stone-avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down the declivities, with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen snow-flakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce, from aqueous vapour, a quantity, which a child could carry, of that tender material, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone-avalanche I have ever seen, and pitch them to twice the height from which they fell."* Now, any one who reads over this passage carefully, will see that it expresses the exact opposite of the real fact. The aqueous vapour in its uncondensed state did indeed possess the amount of energy which Professor Tyndall mentions, but this energy was not *exerted* in the formation of the snow; on the contrary, it was *liberated* and turned loose upon space. To raise the snow to aqueous vapour again, would require a fresh integration of the same enormous amount of energy: it is in the production of the vapour, therefore, not of the snow, that energy is exerted. Force turns vapour into water, and then into ice, when energy is liberated: energy turns the ice back again into water and vapour.

The second passage which I shall examine, is from that profound and encyclopædic philosopher who has been the first in the history of our race to attempt the vast task of systematizing the whole circle of existences, mental and physical, past, present, and future,—I mean Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is this passage which suggests the question above alluded to,—What is to be the final fate of the material universe? Kant, the predecessor of Laplace in the nebular hypothesis, finds in each system of worlds, (I quote for brevity's sake the admirable *résumé* of Professor Huxley†), "indications that the attractive force of the central mass will eventually destroy its organization, by concentrating upon itself the matter of the whole system; but, as the result of this concentration, he argues for the development of an amount of heat which will dissipate the mass once more into a molecular chaos such as that in which it began." Mr. Herbert Spencer has worked out this idea with his usual thoroughness and perspicuity in his chapter on Dissolution.‡ I can only find room for a short part of his argument, and must refer the reader for details to Mr. Spencer's own pages. After quoting Helmholtz's calculation § of the heat-equivalent for the energy of actual motion and visible position possessed by the earth relatively to the sun, he says, "from ethereal resistance is inferred a retardation of all moving bodies in the solar system,—a retardation which certain astronomers contend, even now shows its effects in the relative nearness to one another of the older planets. If, then, retardation is going on, there must come a time, no matter how remote, when the slowly diminishing orbit of the earth will end in the sun; and though the quantity of molar motion to be then transformed into molecular motion will not be so great as that which the calculation of Helmholtz supposes, it will be great enough to reduce the substance of the earth to a gaseous state."‖

Now it is plain that the orbit of the earth can only diminish just in proportion as the centrifugal energy which it possesses is given off to the retarding æther; the retardation being in fact the converse side of the transference of energy. For each unit of energy transferred, the earth will approach a proportionate unit of space nearer the sun. By the time, then, that all the earth's energy has been dissipated, except the

* "Heat a Mode of Motion," § 181, p. 155.

† "Lay Sermons," p. 240.

‡ "First Principles," 3rd edition, chap. xxiii.

§ "Popular Scientific Lectures," English translation, p. 178 (American Edition).

‖ "First Principles," 3rd edition, § 181, p. 528.

small amount that is just sufficient to keep her revolving round the sun, she will be separated from his surface by a minimum of space. It is true that friction against the photosphere, or collision against his surface, as when a cannon-ball grazes the surface of water, might not improbably reduce the earth to a gaseous state; but Mr. Spencer's argument would demand, as will be seen from the next paragraph, that not only the remnant of centrifugal energy, but also the original energy of position, should be so converted; which is clearly impossible, that energy having been already communicated to the æther. In fact, the "dissolution" thus contemplated would only be local and temporary; as the sun would at once begin to radiate off the heat thus added to his total, and to draw in his skirts to a corresponding extent. So that the ultimate aggregation is really accelerated by this apparent exception: for the energy which would have been but slowly dissipated as centrifugal power by friction, is rapidly dissipated as heat by radiation.

Mr. Spencer, however, continues his argument a little farther on, in relation to the galaxy generally. "If so relatively small a momentum as that acquired by the earth in falling into the sun, would be equivalent to a molecular motion sufficient to reduce the earth to gases of extreme rarity; what must be the molecular motion generated by the mutually-arrested momenta of two stars, that have moved to their common centre of gravity through spaces immeasurably greater? There seems no alternative but to conclude, that it would be great enough to reduce the matter of the stars to an almost inconceivable tenuity—a tenuity like that which we ascribe to nebular matter."* And after a further development of this idea, he sums up the question with reference to the kosmos at large as follows: "If stars concentrating to a common centre of gravity, eventually reach it, then the quantities of motion they have acquired must suffice to carry them away again to those remote regions whence they started. And since, by the conditions of the case, they cannot return to these remote regions in the shape of concrete masses, they must return in the shape of diffused masses. Action and reaction being equal and opposite, the momentum producing dispersion must be as great as the momentum acquired by aggregation; and being spread over the same quantity of matter, must cause an equivalent distribution through space, whatever be the form of matter."† Now this would be true enough if we conceived the stars as gravitating towards one another in straight lines, unrestrained by any energy of centrifugal power (though, even in this case, part of their energy would be dissipated as ætherial friction, and thus after an infinite number of cycles, the same result which we are contemplating would be brought about). But we have already seen reasons for believing that the sidereal bodies are prevented from rushing together by centrifugal energy. As in the solar system, then, so too in the galaxy, before the various bodies composing it could aggregate, they must have dissipated all their energy, and when they meet at their common centre, they will probably unite with a minimum of shock, quite insufficient to produce any very violent disintegration of their molecules. They cannot possibly have communicated their energy to the æther, and yet retain it in their own masses. So that the general conclusion to which we are led is this: aggregation by means of force can only take place after energy, having passed from the potential to the kinetic state, and then from matter to æther, has been disipated into space: in every solar system, and in the sidereal system generally, all bodies are slowly dissipating their energy and aggregating round their common centres; and when, in each system, and in the kosmos as a whole, such dissipation is completed, there will be left a central inert mass of ponderable matter, reduced to its least possible dimensions (if any), surrounded by a space filled with æther, through which waves of energy are being propagated to infinity.

The only hypothesis upon which I can suppose Mr. Spencer's theory of dissolution, followed by re-evolution, to be true, is one which may seem at first sight a little grotesque, but which will serve better to illustrate my meaning than any other I know of. For clearness' sake we will confine our attention to our own solar system, and will suppose that no other exists. We will then imagine the space in which it moves to be exactly

* "First Principles," § 182, p. 533.

† Ibid., p. 535.

spherical, and to be bounded by a perfect reflector of energy. We have here a "closed system," such as is nowhere known to exist in nature. All the space inside this hollow reflecting sphere is filled with æther. The radiant energy given off by the sun and planets as they cool, and the energy communicated to the æther by the planets in the course of their gradual approximation to the sun, pass outward through this æther toward the reflecting sphere. Meanwhile, the matter aggregates, first round the minor centres of the planets, and then finally round the centre of the whole system, the sun. At last, all the matter has been packed into a minimum space in the very centre of the sphere, and all the energy is coursing through the æther, and surging against the reflector which confines it. Here it is once more driven back, and begins to set inward again in waves of ever-increasing density toward the centre. Arrived once more at the surface of the now solid globe, which contains the de-energized matter of the system, it sets up disjunctive motion of its molecules and atoms, until it has a second time expanded it to its original dimensions. As soon as all the energy has been re-integrated, and the matter has assumed the nebulous state, we may conceive the reverse process to commence, and a new evolution to succeed. And so the alternate rhythm might continue unaltered from eternity to eternity.

Now, manifestly absurd as this hypothesis is when applied to our solar system, it is possible that something analogous to it may be true of the galaxy at large. If we regard space and æther as absolutely infinite, then we have no alternative but to suppose that energy will go on for ever coursing through the boundless void; but if we imagine the æther to float in empty space, and to be limited in extent, then we might suppose the outer verge of æther to act as the imaginary reflector of the preceding paragraph. Or we might fancy space as filled with many galaxies, each floating in its own æther, and each undergoing a similar rhythm. In that case, we might picture to ourselves the waves of energy from each galaxy as clashing at their contiguous edges, in a sort of meeting of the cosmical tides, and thence turned back again toward their centres as before. But any such speculations involve the concepts of infinite space and time, in dealing with which we deal with symbols which cannot be rendered into terms of consciousness, and on which, consequently, no reliance can be placed.

I set down this last fanciful speculation for what it may be worth, as many would not willingly give up the belief in a perpetual alternation of evolution and dissolution. But, for my own part, I must confess that when I reflect upon the limitations of our conceptive faculty, the relativity of our knowledge to our nervous organization, and the consequent necessity which we are under to represent to ourselves all the modifications of the kosmos in terms of our sensations; when I consider our absolute ignorance of the real nature of an atom, of the relation between matter and æther, and of the mode by which energy is propagated through the intellectual medium; it seems to me that we have done quite enough, when we have traced out in phenomenal symbols the evolution of the kosmos from its state as a diffused energetic nebula, to its state as a concentrated de-energized mass; and that any inquiry into its earlier or later modifications, if such there were or will be, lies beyond the range of our existing faculties.

In conclusion, I shall only add, that some errors and misconceptions at least are to be found, no doubt, in the preceding pages. It could hardly be otherwise, when the ground to be covered was so vast. I trust, however, that they will be forgiven by those who may detect them, if the general views enunciated here be found correct. To original experimental researches I make no pretence; I only generalize upon the data furnished by others. But I have endeavoured to systematize what seemed to me scattered and nebulous. I trust my paper may be accepted in this light, as giving a clearer conception of the real relations between the great powers which form its theme.

BALLADS OF THE SCAFFOLD.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR., ST. JOHN, N. B.

LESS than forty years ago, a public execution was looked upon by the vulgar masses of society as a diverting spectacle—a free exhibition to which all might attend, as one goes to a theatre or visits a circus. The affair was well advertised through the columns of the local newspapers, and on the morning of the day set apart for the "hanging," lumbering waggons and huge carts from the outlying districts might be seen coming into town laden with spectators dressed in holiday attire, and armed with hampers well provided with solid and liquid nourishment, the latter element predominating largely. These vehicles with their living freights were on the ground, occupying available territory in full view of the ghastly instrument of death, and within hearing of the dull sound of the carpenter's hammer, as he drove his nails deep into the rafters, and uttered his ribald jest, long before the grey morning mist had lifted, and the sun appeared to warm the cold, dark earth. As the hours sped by and morning broke, additions came rapidly to the convened concourse, the preparations on the gallows were completed, the hollow sound of the death-bell fell like a knell upon the air, the condemned criminal tremblingly marched to his doom, and the coarse crowd below for the moment ceased its loud laughter, and jostled and swayed about like a mighty ship battling with the busy waves. Then, after the customary "dying words" had been uttered by the doomed man, and the hangman had finished his work, and a lifeless body hung in full view, the excited people indulged in riotous disturbances of the peace, and in the face of death enacted the most horrible scenes, unequalled since the days of the monster Jeffreys.

Fortunately for civilization, public executions have in a measure been abolished. They never were calculated to check crime, nor intended as fearful examples to the populace. Drinking, blasphemy, fighting, and bloodshed have been the result, and low jests and vile profanations have been among the attendant evils which always characterize the exhibition of the executioner's finishing stroke to the wrong-doer's career. The crowds assembling in earlier days were invariably composed of the members of the lower ranks, though at times, in rare instances, men of mind and intellect were found enjoying this propensity with them to the fullest extent. Thus, we hear of the celebrated wit and humourist, George Selwyn, who died about eighty years ago, a famous man in his day, and the companion and friend of such men as Horace Walpole, Lord Carlisle, Henry Lord Holland, Lord Abergavenny, and others of equal power and brilliancy, actually *enjoying* public executions. Selwyn's passion for these spectacles amounted to a mania, and numerous well-authenticated anecdotes are related of him anent thereto. At one time, when Lord Lovat lost his head, Selwyn, having attended the decapitation, was rallied on his want of feeling by a party of ladies, to whom he gave excuse: "Why," said he, "I made ample amends by going to the undertaker's and seeing it sewed on again." This was a fact, and it seems all the more surprising, because Selwyn was a man of rare benevolence and tenderness of nature. His wit was of the most subtle character, and his humour was always distinguished for its delicacy and polish. Horace Walpole, in 1750, writes of this curious gentleman as one "whose passion it was to see coffins, corpses and executions."

When that great statesman, Lord Holland, distinguished alike for his marvellous blunders as well as for his varied and brilliant attainments—a man resembling the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, in some respects, and in other features appearing like the intellectual Fox—lay upon his death-bed, he uttered, perhaps, one of the neatest *bon-mots* on record *àpropos* of Selwyn's ruling passion. Being informed that George had been inquiring for him, he said to his servant, "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am

dead, he will be glad to see me." When Selwyn went to a dentist's to have a tooth drawn, he dropped a handkerchief on the floor as the signal for the work to begin.

Of course, as was the custom in old times, when every event was marked by the work of the poet and the poetaster, like, in our day, everything, whether it be a dinner to a noted individual or a supper to a special embassy, a poem must be read on the occasion and an oration be spoken. The executioner sang his songs, and the penny rhymester sold his ballads, and terrible inflictions and halting rhymes they were. These poems and ballads have been handed down from generation to generation, and in several instances are typical of the age in which they were penned. Thus those of the Elizabethan era and before it are of such a nature as to render them unfit for quotation. In later days, however, there is nothing beyond a coarseness and crudeness of style to be found in these ballads of the scaffold. They usually give short biographical sketches of the condemned, with an epitome of the deed committed, and a few moral reflections at the end, thrown in for the guidance of the depraved, and as a warning to all evil-doers.

Ainsworth, in one of his historical novels, represents the executioner of the epoch described in the tale as sitting in his lonely room in the Tower, sharpening his axe and crooning to himself, in his old, curious, tuneless way, a little death-song, a sort of requiem for the departed. A famous man was this same executioner—a royal beheader—a man who had taken off the heads of many noted and historical personages. The night after poor ill-fated Lady Jane Gray lost her head, the old man sang, half meditatively, in his room, as he polished his glittering axe—

"Lady Jane laid her head upon the block,
Quietly awaiting the fatal shock;
My axe, it severed it quite in twain—
So quick and true, that she felt no pain."

And here is the epitaph of another finisher of the law, the man who is supposed to have cut off the head of King Charles the First for thirty pounds sterling, all in half-crowns; Richard Brandon was his name:

"Who do you think lies buried here?
One that did help to make hemp dear.
The poorest subjects did abhor him,
And yet his king did kneel before him;
He would his master not betray,
Yet he his master did destroy,
And yet as Judas—in records 'tis found,
Judas had *thirty pence*, he *thirty pound*."

Brandon inherited his office from his father, who in turn received his wretched position from Derrick, a creature who gave his name to a kind of crane, employed by sailors principally, for suspending and raising heavy weights. Derrick accompanied Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, to Cadiz, on an expedition. While there he committed some outrage and was condemned to death, but Essex pardoned him at the last moment, and he was restored to liberty. By a singular revolution of fortune, when Derrick, through the instrumentality of Essex, became Court hangman, it subsequently became his duty to decapitate his preserver and patron. A contemporary ballad, called "Essex's Good Night," represents the unfortunate nobleman as saying to Derrick:

"Derrick, thou know'st at Cales I saved
Thy life— * * * *
As thou thyself can testify.
Thine own hand three-and-twenty hung,
But now thou seest myself is come;
By chance into thy hands I light;
Strike out thy blow, that I may know
Thou Essex loved at his good-night."

In "Hudibras" we find this epigram on the execution of Hugh Peters, by Dunn, who succeeded the Brandons. Dunn was followed by the notorious Jack Ketch, whose name, as we find in Macaulay, "has during a century and a half been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office:"

"Behold the last and best edition
Of Hugh, the author of sedition;
So full of errors, 'twas not fit
To read, till Dunn corrected it;
But now 'tis perfect—ay, and more,
'Tis better bound than 'twas before.
Now loyalty may gladly sing,
Exit rebellion, in a string;
And if you say, you say amiss,
Hugh now an Independent is."

So much for the poesy of the executioner.

The poetry of the scaffold requires, in this connection, some mention. I have by me a number of the most singular and curious ballads ever published. These were picked up, or bought from hawkers and ballad-mongers who prosecuted their calling at the foot of the gallows. They form quite a motley and quaint collection, and might ap-

propriately enough find room in a second volume of curiosities of literature. Here is one descriptive of a brutal crime committed, like Eugene Aram's, in a lonely wood. The victim was a young girl, and her murderer was a man who had hitherto borne an unsullied reputation. He had held a high professional position, and was a member of an old and very much esteemed family; and when the story of his guilt was told, it struck a pang into many a heart. The whitened bones of the skeleton of the murdered girl were by accident discovered by some coloured children, in the forest, half-hidden by tangled brushwood; and the evidence, circumstantial at first, by the merest accident turned at a breathless and decisive moment, and broadly revealed the murderer in full light. He was adjudged guilty, condemned to die, and soon after was executed. The ballad-mongers had struck off a batch of verses, and they were sold about the streets and hawked from door to door. I quote a few verses :—

"Come now to me, both one and all,
A story I'll relate,—
The sorrow it is to us all,
The truth I now must state.

"Some negroes going through the wood,
For berries were intent,
In hopes of finding some for food,
Onward their footsteps bent.

"Nor could we judge their great surprise,
When bones lay on the plain—
There, right before their wondering eyes,
A human being slain.

"They there concluded not to tell,
For fear they'd come to harm,
But did come out which happened well,
Tho' causing much alarm.

"Then officers went out from town,
Intent to find some clue,
And through the day they also found
A child was murdered too.

"The bodies had been some time dead,
Because the flesh was gone,
Or else some foxes had been fed,
Which could not then be known.

* * * *

"Toward evening they prepared for home,
With what remains they found,
And to the coroner made known
How they were scattered round.

"The court was opened; oh! how sad,
How mournful was the sight—
The fragments on the table lay,
Of bones so spectre-like.

* * * *

"And now his trial-day has come,
And crowds do go to hear;
Their eyes are fixed upon the one
A murderer's name does bear.

"The sentence was that he must die
For the deed that he has done,
The day is drawing very nigh
On which he's to be hung.

"And now a word to all I'll speak
And may you list to me:
All those who the commandments break,
Let this a warning be."

The next story of a murder done is that of a young man of much promise and of good abilities, who, led on by intemperance, was tempted to commit a harrowing deed of blood. In a drunken fit he killed his wife, and, maddened by liquor, dashed out the brains of his infant daughter, who lay in the cradle, smiling in its sleep. The plea of insanity was of no avail, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The author of the ballad written in commemoration of the event "reserves copyright and the right of publication." This is chiefly of the highly moral, reflective tone, and although there are thirty-six verses in all, these few will suffice to show the reader the general scope of the whole. We will open about the middle, where he speaks of the "young man:"

"And he with talent rich and rare,
A moral life have led;
Few young men get so large a share
Of knowledge in their head.

"Esteemed by men his talents were,
His power to draught design,
Lost to the world these talents are,
His plans no more will shine.

"How dreadful, awful, is the thought,
That genius so bright
Should expiate the crimes he wrought,
His life on scaffold's height.

"O young man shun the maelstrom's verge,
That gently draws you in;
Till in the vortex of its surge,
You're lost in shame and sin."

The reader will appreciate these tuneful utterances. The poet has a happy way of

struggling with words, and making long lines fit short ones.

Most of these *poems* are given to the public anonymously, though occasionally we come across one which bears the name of the bard who wrote it. This one is marred by a little too much poetical license and grammatical elasticity, to say nothing of typographical inaccuracy. It is the song of a girl who "done a fearful thing." We are told :

"She had five hundred dollars too,
Left by her father it is true ;
She got the money when in need,
And then she done the awful deed.

"But little did the poor thing think,
That she was just upon the brink
Of death, by one just by her side,
Whom she supposed her living guide."

Last words were often treasured up, and "confessions" of a murderer were usually sold for twenty-five cents a copy, with a portrait of the criminal emblazoned on a yellow cover on the outside. These "confessions" were generally revised by some one, and had the merit, at least, of being evenly worded, and some attempt at literary excellence was even aimed at by the compiler. I have the confession of a murderer, done into verse. It was never revised, but was printed as originally written. The author occupies a prominent position on the front page, and his face wears a pleased and benign expression, as if he were contemplating the receipts likely to accrue from the sale of his pamphlet. After asking his audience, in much the same manner as Mark Antony addressed the ancient Romans, when they assembled to bury Cæsar, to "lend an ear," until he a "story could relate," he dashes right into his subject, and winds up thus :

"Two long months and better
He morned within these granit wals
He bored all with patients
Till death did on him call.

"He requested to be taken
All from his native town
Where his aged parents
Would not see him hung.

"He walked out upon the galles
So noble and so brave
He vews the plesent land around him
And then he vews his grave.

"He calls his aged father
And takes him by the hand
Says father, dearest father
On you i leaves no blame
It by me own misconduct
I brought my self to shame."

In concluding this paper, an instance may be given of the work done sometimes by the prisoner in the lonely hours of his solitude. I have a short poem written in a prison by a physician of culture and refinement—a man who enjoyed for many years the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, until in an evil hour he was tempted to do a deed, the penalty of which was death. I can remember the day on which he was hanged, many years ago. It was on a clear, bright St. Valentine's morning. At eight o'clock the death-bell tolled, and a convulsive shudder passed through each spectator. A little later and the body was cut down and delivered for interment to the proper authorities. The doctor was a man who was loved by all; he had a fine literary taste, and shortly before his death he handed to an acquaintance the following verses. They have never been in type :

"Slowly an ancient long grey-beard
Strolled by a grassy mound,
With a heavy heart and a feeble step
A tiny grave he found—
And on this sward the old man sat—
And tears fell on the ground.

"The birdlings piped their tender lays,
And here the ivy clung,
The murmuring pines took up the strain,
The poplar tall had sung,
The gentle weeping-willow wept—
And there the cypress hung.

"No sculptured slab the story told
Of one who slept below,
But an old man bent with the weight of years,
And locks white as the snow,
Knelt on the earth and falt'ring sobbed,
A requiem of woe.

"Wild flowers from a withered hand
Bloomed on the narrow bed,
And a broken heart and an aching soul
Commingled with the dead—
The darkening sun rolled to the west,
As onward evening sped.

* * * * *

"The stars lit up the purple plain ;
The old man still was staying
By the grassy mound of his deathless love,
And silent prayers seemed saying—
But when the morning sun arose,
Death took old grey-beard praying."

DROWNED.

BY A. W. G., TORONTO.

DOWN in the depths of the tremulous ocean,
Rocked in her sleep by its slumberous motion,
Dreamlessly, heedlessly, lies my love Edith.

Lulled by the murmur of o'erpassing billow,
Seaweed her coverlet, coral her pillow,
Guarded and shrouded from view lies my Edith;

Bride never meant for the ocean's caresses—
Rude in its toying with her auburn tresses,
Cold in its kiss on the cheek of my Edith!

The ocean is fickle! It ceaseth not wooing
With smiling, with sighing, with treasure out-strewing.

The ocean is false! And it loveth not any—
For can it love well that embraceth so many?

O swift is the change when its love sees abating!
O wild is the might of its merciless hating!
Trust not its gentleness, feignèd now, Edith!

Above me the sky holdeth stars, purely gleaming
In scorn of the ocean that stole thee, and seeming
To miss thee, and search for thee in it, dear Edith;

A sister of theirs have they lost in thee—greater
Is my grief than their grief, for sooner or later
Is little to *them* ere they find thee; but, Edith,

The moments to me are as though Time were trying
To stop in its desolate course, and stay, lying,
As I would do, lovingly near to thee, Edith.

Ye waters that glisten and glance in the moonlight,
Surrender the maiden, who was, as the noon, bright!
Hear me, and heed me, and rise to me, Edith!

Still the winds whisper—they bring me no tidings,
Still the waves quiver—their smiles are deridings;
Spite them, and through them, I come to thee, Edith!

SOME JOTTINGS ON FREE THOUGHT AND KINDRED TOPICS, FROM A PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY GEORGE HAGUE, TORONTO.

THERE are, at times, both confusion of language and cloudiness of conception when the subject of Free Thought is discussed. Free Thought, under one aspect of it, is but another name for indecision. Thought, in this sense, ceases to be free, so far as a particular subject is concerned, when fixed conclusions thereon have been attained. Under another aspect, Free Thought is the power of forming conclusions without constraint from external authority. Considered in this light, all thought must be called free; for, however possible it is for one man to put constraint upon another man's actions, it is beyond the power of any man, or any set of men, to interfere with the freedom of a man's thoughts. It is obviously impossible to make a man think anything, or believe anything, against his will. Our acts or speech can be known and controlled; but thought is purely for the man himself, and it is as impossible to control it by external agencies as it is to know it. Thought, in fact, can only be influenced by thought; spirit by spirit; intellect by intellect; reason by reason; each in its own order. The influence of thought upon thought is various in its degrees, rising from the barest perceptible pressure to irresistible constraint. We speak of an appeal as overwhelming, of an argument as irresistible; and the language is accurate. But for the soul to be thus moved is an exercise of freedom, not an abnegation of it.

It is evident that the practical work of life, to a very large extent, must be the outcome of fixed conclusions. Certain things must either be known, or believed to be true, before we can act. A recluse in his closet may indulge in any airy speculation that pleases him, without either harm or good ensuing. But the moment he enters the stage of practical life, he must act upon definite beliefs and opinions. Even in his condition of a recluse he is not absolutely exempt from this necessity. We cannot, for example, either eat or drink, without a fixed opinion as to the quality of certain articles of diet Doubt, followed by its natural consequence, inaction, would speedily result in death. In the very prime and fundamental conditions of life, therefore, a fixed conclusion is essential to our being.

To object to a philosophy of life such as Christianity is, and to a rule of living such as it lays down, in the name of Free Thought, is a *non sequitur;* shall I say, an absurdity? It would be just as reasonable to object, on the same ground, to the conclusion that the square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. The demonstration of this in the geometry of Euclid is a conclusion that binds the mind. After arriving at this, thought, so far as it is concerned, is no longer free. Looking at any conceivable system of philosophy, we may object to it on the ground that it is not reasonable, not proven, or not true; or we may suspend our conclusion pending an examination. But to object to it on the ground that its adoption will prevent freedom of thought, can only indicate that little thought has been exercised in stating the objection; for such an objection would lie against any conclusions on any conceivable subject. The object of thought should be to arrive at truth. But when truth is arrived at, the mind is bound by it. For the very act of receiving truth implies that this thought, and no other—this conclusion and no other—is to be received. Truth, like *noblesse, oblige.* When, therefore, a system of life and morals is declined on the ground that thought should be free, at all times, and on all subjects, the conclusion is inevitable that it is not truth that is sought by the objector.

If such an indifference to fixed conclusions were carried into the practical concerns of life, it would put a stop to living.

Men could not buy and sell. They could not eat and drink; they could not take medicine when sick; they could not marry nor give in marriage. In every one of these some practical conclusion must be reached before action is taken. Doubt is not an unpleasant state of mind when we are not called upon to act. But in the sphere of action, doubt is horrible. And all experience shows that the only rational course for a man to pursue, in either the secular or spiritual sphere, is that of Tennyson's friend—

> " Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
> But ever strove to make it true :
>
> " Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last he beat his music out.
> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.
>
> " He fought his doubts, and gather'd strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> *He faced the spectres of the mind,*
> *And laid them; thus he came at length*
>
> " *To find a stronger faith his own.*"*

Doubt, in fact, either in temporal things or in spiritual, when carried to its legitimate consequence, results only in death. Free Thought, therefore, is properly only a way-station in the journey where truth is sought as the end. When truth is attained, the function of Free Thought ceases.

It has been objected to Christianity that the life which it inculcates and develops is based on the recognition of the natural evil of humanity, of the necessity of a radical change by Divine interposition,—call it "spiritual machinery" if we will,—of the fact that such an interposition has taken place, and of the availibility of this machinery to every man who needs it. It is particularly objected that this machinery is to be laid hold of by faith, and that, according to Christianity, any efforts of humanity to elevate itself are futile. That the whole scheme of a man's life, and his whole future destiny, should hang upon his acceptance or rejection of certain doctrines, is said to be unreasonable, not to say unfair. Faith, or its opposite, cannot have such consequences. Let us examine these objections in the light which practical contact with the world throws upon them.

The faith upon which so much stress is laid in the Christian system, largely consists of confidence in a person—not simply in the reception of bare doctrine. The same faith which we have in men, in the secular sphere, is, in the spiritual sphere, applied to the chief and prince of men, the God-man, Christ Jesus. This is the faith that is asserted to carry virtue and power; and in the workings of this subtle spiritual mechanism the intellect and the will are equally active. Hence this faith has a moral quality. Personal confidence, when exercised in the secular sphere, is one of the most potent factors of life. That all modern commerce rests upon it is evident. The infinitely multiplied operations of finance rest almost wholly on what is called "credit." But credit is nothing more than the exercise of faith by one man in another. Such faith, in fact, is the mainspring of civilized life. As civilization is developed, the sphere of faith is enlarged. The savage needs some small degree of faith even for his mode of life. But as savagery and mere solitaryism disappear, and men rise to the exercise of the arts of government and commerce, they have more and more need of the co-operation of their fellows, and of the exercise of faith in them. The sphere of actual personal knowledge, and personal ministry, becomes more and more circumscribed. Every step in this development is a step resting more and more on faith in man, and finally almost the whole platform of life has this foundation. Faith in the men that serve us, or whom we serve; in those who gather and prepare our food; in those who furnish for us clothing and dwellings; in those who take care of our money, and in those to whose care we commit ourselves when travelling in regions unknown to us; the faith by which we ride in vehicles whose motion we cannot control, sail in ships whose construction we never witnessed; take medicine, which for aught we know, may kill; sign documents which may ruin us;—this faith in man, I say, is so potent, so penetrating, so far-reaching, so constant, that life could not be passed without it for a single day.

Were we to engage in the difficult and often delusive work of self-introspection, we might sometimes doubt whether we had as much of this faith as is asserted to be neces-

* "In Memoriam, xcv."

sary. But when we examine other men—a much easier thing to do—we judge a man's faith by his actions. Does he lodge money with Bullion the banker? He has evidently faith in him. Does he sell goods on credit to Smith the storekeeper? He undoubtedly trusts him. The practical test of faith, no matter whether its sphere is secular or spiritual, is always action. In secular life, as in spiritual, faith without works is dead; that is, it is not. The thing supposed to be faith is a mere pretence, and sensible men would laugh at the assertion of its reality. The ground of faith in men (which is an entirely distinct mental operation from belief in records) is generally testimony confirmed by experience. I want a physician. My friend A. recommends B., stating that he has found him skilful and attentive. His testimony is the first, but it is only a slight element of faith. If I make the trial, and find from experience that B. is a veritable healer, and no sham, my faith assumes a very positive and definite shape. I have confidence in him; and this faith is my salvation, so far as this life is concerned. For all disease has in it the seed and potency of death. In this business of life-saving, there is a double operation. There is, first, the skill of the physician, the fruit of long accumulations of observation and study—a wealth-fund of experience. But to make this available for me, there needs on my part such an amount of confidence as will result in placing myself entirely in his hands, renouncing my own opinions. For a physician can bear no mixture of operations. If my life is to be saved, there must be an entire abandonment of any method except the physician's. No benefit can come without self-renunciation. I must die to self and live through my physician, or I cannot be saved.

In Christianity, or, to speak more definitely, in Christianity as revealed in the New Testament, this principle of confidence is made the foundation on which the whole superstructure of the Christian life rests. The "faith" of the New Testament is the putting of the soul entirely into the hands of the Divine Physician, and He, like the physician in the secular sphere, demands the renunciation of self, and the surrender of the soul to Him in order to salvation. The enormous potency of an entire casting of the soul upon Him is apparent at a glance. For this is to appropriate to one's self all the faculty and power which He possesses. In His office of Priest and Mediator, He first puts the soul on a right foundation with the Divine Judge. Then, whatever of spiritual influence is required to reanimate a dead spiritual faculty and form a new man of pure and noble purpose—that also is found in Him. "Virtue" flows from Him. "The light is the light of men." And this operates rationally and philosophically. The influence that Socrates exerted over Alcibiades and Xenophon in his own measure, that influence does the Lord Jesus Christ exert over them that trust in Him in His measure. The difference is less of kind than of degree. Christianity is culture in itself, and it proceeds to build up the edifice of a true and noble character by assimilation to a perfect model. "We behold as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, and are changed into the same image from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord." The "edification" of the New Testament is the building up, on Christ the foundation, of a character in which everything that is virtuous, honourable, and of good report, is manifested. The Christian man, possessing first this certain and all-powerful principle of faith, adds to it the generic quality of goodness, then knowledge, then self-government, then patience, then right worship of the Deity, then love to the brethren in particular, and finally love in general.* If this is not a true soul-culture, the thing does not exist. It has adequate reasons, and proceeds by adequate methods. And, thus proceeding, many have come to know with Tennyson—

> "That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

In this culture, knowledge plays an essential part. Ignorance is not the mother of Christian devotion; it is the mother of superstition only. Lies and imposture will flourish in its rank soil, but not such truth as was taught by Christ and His apostles, and is taught by those who hold fast by their teaching now. This truth is embodied in a series of writings which are now gathered, as a whole, into the book called the New Testament. These writings may be studied by men of culture in the form in

* II Peter, i, 5, 6, 7.

which they were originally written; and it may be fairly claimed that men of culture shall so study them before criticising them. Such study would require careful attention, and careful attention would undoubtedly save them occasionally from palpable mistakes.* Certain it is that those who have studied it most constantly, and have most thoroughly wrought it into the fabric of their life, have most confidence in it. It was said by the Great Teacher, that if any man would *do* the will of God, he should know of the doctrine whether it is divine or human. And in matters of morals and conduct, this is the only method that yields results worth noting. To a certain extent all practical science rests on the same principle. So does all legislation. But it is certain that those who have put Christianity, as revealed in the New Testament, to a practical test, are so fully satisfied that they would rather part with life than with it. Years of experiment, in all the varying circumstances of life, only confirm their faith. They may doubt when young. To pass through a process of intellectual doubt is a common experience amongst young men, even while holding to Christianity as a practical rule. But it is almost invariably the case that, with increasing experience of life, enlarged knowledge of men and things, and a wider acquaintance with the world and themselves, the things which once perplexed their reason and staggered their faith are seen to be parts of a great harmonious whole, instinct with the deepest and truest wisdom. The universal regret amongst Christians (here one may appeal to knowledge) is, that they have not more fully and unreservedly followed it. And the universal testimony is, that in those times when the soul has rested in it most confidently, and followed it most implicitly, there has been most light, and virtue, and fruit.

The question of Miracles is simply a question of a personal and conscious power, operating for an adequate reason. That there is Force is indisputable. That this force, in its ultimate form, is one, and stable, and homogeneous, is a conclusion reached by the profoundest thinkers of the advanced school of to-day.* If this stable and homogeneous force is conscious, then it is competent to produce the results we call miracles. One of these thinkers,† repudiating the Scriptures as a revelation, has nevertheless reached the conclusion that the power of the Universe is "a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Here is a conscious personality operating for an end which none but such a personality could appreciate. Now, whether this conclusion is true or false, it is certainly impossible to prove it not true. Any negative is difficult of proof; but of all negatives this is the most impossible (if such an expression may be allowed), to prove that the power of the Universe is not conscious. In the face of a vast amount of positive evidence in the affirmative, to prove absolutely and scientifically that consciousness is not one of the modes of the ultimate force of the Universe, implies a knowledge far beyond that of any human intellect. The intellect that knows enough to prove that, is an intellect to be worshipped. But if the conscious personality of the power of the Universe cannot be disproved, then miracles *per se* cannot be disproved. And the *rationale* of Biblical miracles is this—that they are the working of the conscious power of the Universe for an adequate reason. The Being—the mysterious I AM—whose essence is represented as unknowable,‡ but whose relations are revealed, is represented as "a Power working for righteousness." And the distinction between this and the doings of Jupiter or the gods of Olympus is that the latter are not so represented. It is not pretended that they work for righteousness. They are magnified men, and, truth to say, they are such men as we should be sorry to

* For example, in an article in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the parable of the Unjust Steward was referred to as showing an approval by the Saviour of roguery and chicanery. A man of literary culture, reading the parable, even in English, would scarcely fall into the mistake of confounding the "lord" referred to in the 8th verse with the narrator himself, the Lord Jesus Christ. Certainly, if he read carefully, and as a literary man, he would see that it is the lord or master of the steward that commended him, not the Lord Jesus. In modern language he would have said, "Although the rascal has cheated me, I cannot but commend his forethought." To represent the parable as indicating approval of roguery by the Lord Jesus Christ, is a violent straining of its language. One may add, also, with much sadness, that it indicates a bias that is painful to witness.

* Herbert Spencer. "First Principles," chap. xiii. § 115.

† Matthew Arnold.

‡ Job c. xi., 7, 8.

admit into our homes. Certainly we do not want incarnations of Jupiter or Venus in our drawing-rooms, or of Mercury and Bacchus in our counting houses. We get them, unfortunately, at times; but they are our grief. But the miracles of the Scriptures are for righteousness. Retribution for wrong-doing, the carrying on of a purpose of planting and establishing a people who should be ruled on righteous principles; the healing of the sorrows and wounds of humanity,—these are the purposes of the great works that are represented to have been wrought by the "Power." The *rationale* of every event is not always clear, but the purpose is plainly revealed. And these miracles were not a setting aside of the *laws* of nature, for the very essence of the sign, or marvellous work, is that the properties of matter meanwhile remain unchanged. Else there would have been no wonder at all.

An alleged historical event may be disproved by the testimony of credible men, having no interest in the denial, who were on the spot at the time and saw nothing of it. Or it may be disproved by the demonstration of its impossibility. The latter kind of disproof, however, cannot be satisfactory without being absolute. The reasoning must be strict and mathematical to be conclusive. As to disproof on the ground of improbability, this is an extremely unreliable method. History is full of improbable events. Our own times have been fruitful—on both sides of the Atlantic—in events that were antecedently improbable in a very high degree. It is always (says a French proverb) the unexpected that happens. No one can read Whately's book on the non-existence of Napoleon without a conviction that no argument from improbability can lie against Scripture history.

Now, of the two methods of disproof, we have no record of any Scripture miracle being disproved by the first.§ No credible witnesses who were on the spot at the time have testified that these things did not come under their observation. And alleged disproof by the second is most incomplete. It mainly rests on the supposed absolute uniformity of nature. But the absolute uniformity of nature cannot be proved scientifically. A high degree of probability is all that can be attained. The argument is as fatally defective as the proposed defence in an assault case; against the testimony of the one man who had seen the deed done, the defendant said he could bring five hundred who would swear that they *had not*. And the ordinary uniformity of the operations of what we call nature is not impugned by the Scriptures. This uniformity is strongly asserted and fully illustrated in Scripture itself. But the word uniformity, as used by sceptical reasoners in this connection, is a misnomer. What is really meant, if we analyze the thought, is the blindness, or deadness, or absence of a conscious will, from nature. This certainly cannot be scientifically proved. As to the narrative of the flood, if reasoners would pass by mere human comments, (and commentators are sometimes mere learned fools) and go to the word itself, they would find both adequate power and adequate reason. And the impossibility of specimens of all the species of animated nature being housed within the ark, can only be proved when it can be demonstrated that genera and species were as numerous four thousand years ago as they are now. No man who has any scientific knowledge, and is aware of the difficulty that besets the question of genera and species, will assert that this can be proved. The whole human race are represented as being at that early age confined to the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris; and certain it is that all our *knowledge* (using the word advisedly) of the races that now people the earth leads us finally up to that region as the centre of dispersion. That region was the whole inhabited world of the time, and there is nothing in the narrative to contradict the supposition that only that region was submerged. A depression of the country between the Persian Gulf, and the Black and Caspian Seas, combined with continuous rain, would account for all that is described. The waters of these seas would unite. The land would gradually disappear, and even the top of Ararat

§ It is extremely unsafe to infer that events of a religious character did not happen, because ordinary historians make no reference to them. The preaching of Moody and Sankey in London, last year, made some little commotion, and one would have thought it an event to leave an impression even in a secular chronicle; but the summary of events for 1875, in the London *Times*, elaborate as it was, made not the shadow of a reference to it. How easy, a century hence, to infer that it was a mere myth!

would be no more seen. The description of the phenomena is that "the fountains of the great deep"—evidently the sea—were "broken up," and "the windows of heaven were opened." On the supposition of a conscious Power working for righteousness, we have all the forces requisite for the production of these phenomena, and an adequate reason for their exercise.* As to the difficulty of getting the animals into the ark, considering the impossibility of proving the absence of adequate power to impel them, we may remember that it is also impossible to prove that their numbers rendered it impossible. The same reasoning will apply to the falling of the walls of Jericho. It is not disproved by the testimony of men who were there at the time, and it cannot be proved impossible. An inaccurate reader of the narrative has stated that the Scriptures represent Rahab as escaping, notwithstanding she was in her home on the wall at the time. Closer attention would have prevented this mistake. The narrative states that Joshua had sent forth the woman, and got her away.

There is this finally to be said. The miracles of Scripture are fruitful in the highest instruction. The narratives themselves have been proved, and are now being proved, to work for righteousness. There are eternal principles underlying them, and vast numbers of persons now living can testify that their lives have been consciously influenced for good by lessons drawn from these events. The writers of the *Fortnightly* and the *Westminster* probably do not know this; and very naturally; for these things take place in a society in which they never mix. Their world is another sphere altogether. As one of themselves wrote some years ago:* "These things cannot be surely deduced, as is too often fancied, from certain fixed rules and principles which may be learned *à priori;* they depend in a great measure on observation and experience, on knowledge of the world, and of the characters that move and act there." Now, the men of this school do not and cannot live in the religious world; for which reason, to quote further from the same author, "whole spheres of observation, whole branches of character and conduct, are almost inevitably closed" to them. They might be inclined to doubt, therefore, that the lessons deducible from Bible miracles were appreciably affecting the lives of thousands of people now living. But no one who has mixed much in the religious world could doubt it for a moment.

And this leads on to another branch of thought. The longer a man lives, the more thoroughly does he appreciate the saying, that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. And this saying may be expanded into the realm of thought, for certainly, as we live longer and acquire a wider range of observation, we see how true it is that one-half the world does know what the other half *thinks*. And if we are ready to learn by experience, we come to be more careful of assertions about men and things of whom we have not the knowledge which comes by actual contact. Writers will sometimes talk incautiously of "the world's opinion," or the "sentiment of the age," or the influence of "modern thought," imagining, honestly enough, no doubt, that the circle of men and books in which they revolve comprises all of "the world" or "the age," or of "modern culture" that is worth caring for. But as experience and observation are enlarged, they usually become more and more chary of committing themselves to assertions respecting "the age," or "the world," or "the universal sentiments of mankind." For travel as we will, we only live and think in a little world of our own, after all. It is only a very few things that any man really understands. Even such a fearful book-devourer as John Stuart Mill only digested a few things out of the enormous masses he read, and there were whole realms of life, which cannot be got at by reading books, of which it is evident he knew nothing. In Herbert Spencer's great work, where he lays down with so broad and firm a hand the principles of his new philosophy, there is a chapter on religion. Nothing can be more marked than the difference between this chapter and those in which he treats of Force, Space, Time, and Evolution. In these he treads with the step of a giant; in the other he is feeble, commonplace, and most inexact. There is scarcely a page in which one who has made religion a special study in its complicated developments, would not have to mark sentence after sentence with "not true" or "not proven." The reason for the difference is evident enough. Nothing is more common

* The above, of course, is simply a suggestion of what is possible, amidst other possibilities.

* Greg, "Literary and Social Judgments."

than for literary men of eminence—even such as the famous old philosopher of Chelsea—to be marvellously ignorant of the life of the world at their very doors, while they take a most perfect grasp of the life of past centuries. Carlyle was wonderfully appreciative of the Puritan life of Cromwell's days, and put a very broad seal of approval on it. Yet this is a life which has now, and has long had, in its essential principles, thousands of counterparts in the men and women of his own city. He declared, however, that this life was dead in these modern days, and mourned over the fact. In this he spoke according to his light. Of the religious life of the London of this day, he is, to adopt a mild word, singularly unappreciative. If one were to use a phraseology as vigorous as his own, we should have to say, blindly ignorant.

Men of a certain literary school are fond of saying that "the age" is becoming increasingly sceptical. Scepticism, it is said, prevails in all literary circles, and has penetrated even to the august purlieus of the peerage. Even a Duke has written a book in disparagement of Christianity. Men in these days do not hesitate to *avow* their unbelief. Religious ideas are becoming increasingly weak in their hold upon the best minds of the day, and the time is apparently approaching fast, when none but very young men and old women will cling to the Bible as a divine revelation, or to Christianity as a supernatural system. Yet, along with all this, we find numbers of men, not at all deficient in power of vision or range of observation, to whom this present working world is an age of extraordinary religious force, both of belief and action. The world, as they see it, is becoming filled with religious books. No mortal man could read a quarter or a tenth part of the ever-advancing multitude. They pour from the press in England, Germany, and the United States in an increasing stream, and constitute a whole literature in themselves. Yet the immense majority of them are avowedly mere satellites revolving round the great central sun, *The Book*, which is in itself a religious microcosm. To read even the Christian periodical literature of the day would far more than occupy the time of any one man. Religion—that is, the Christian religion, in its many developments, more or less true and pure—seems to them the grand force and chief factor of modern life. And unless observation and experience wholly deceive them, that development of it which is represented, say by Moody and Sankey, is proving itself 'the power of God' to the salvation of multitudes. The agencies at work in London alone have lifted up many thousands of men and lads from rags and misery to cleanliness, industry, and intelligence, during the last twenty years. These are the invariable concomitants of earnest Christianity, as many observers know it. In speaking thus, the observer might be thought somewhat enthusiastic. But he is, at any rate, speaking of the world in which he lives. He may be presumed, therefore, to understand it. And if, out of many observers, one such, of mature years, were asked whether religion—that is, the Christian religion—is more of a dominant force now than formerly, say forty or fifty years ago, or whether its influence is on the wane, he would certainly reply that religion appeared to be enormously more influential now than in his younger days. The extent of the awakening of the dormant force of religious life in the Church of England alone has been incalculable, and not in one school of thought only, but in all. Religious thought, culture, and life within the Establishment in England is inconceivably more potent at the present day than it was thirty or forty years ago.* An observer might fairly ask—When were there so many men and women in the highest walks of life taking an active part in church life and church work as now? When were so many peers of the realm known as earnest Christians? And certainly these men are no simpletons. The Duke of Argyll is unquestionably on as high an intellectual level as the Duke of Manchester. Mr. Gladstone's culture might be put beside that of Mr. Frederick Harrison, and not suffer much by the comparison. If scepticism is bold, religion is certainly very bold too. It manifests itself in a thousand ways entirely unknown in former days. It was never more bold, more daring, more self-sacrificing (especially among those who work apart from the ordinary spheres of the

* This awakening is not confined to the Establishment or to England. The very fact of such a cultured community as Edinburgh being so moved by Moody and Sankey proves the existence of an extraordinary amount of religious susceptibility, along with such culture.

church life) than at present. Those forces of Christian philanthropy which go down to the depths to rescue men from the slums of vice are marvellously aggressive and marvellously successful in these days. Such an observer might call attention to the fact, that in Canada itself there are at the present moment more than a thousand lads, an immense majority conducting themselves well, all of whom have been rescued from the lowest depths by the force of Christian benevolence, set in motion by one devoted lady. And the force was simply and purely Christian, and of the strictest evangelical type. Illustrations, however, need not be multiplied. The truth appears to be that every phase of life takes on in these days a more pronounced form. Whatever view we may take of the relative positions of good and evil, it is certain that if evil is prominent and bold, the forces of goodness are so too.

One or two more jottings and I have done. One of the most curious instances of this want of appreciation of the thoughts of other people has been furnished in a recent comparison between Aristotle and Ezekiel. Aristotle, it is said, would be almost perfectly at home in modern life; Ezekiel would find himself in another world. Now, there is no more certain fact than this, that the teachings of Ezekiel's prophecy are potent forces in the lives of multitudes of people in England and America to-day. The prophet, if living, would find himself read in thousands of churches, and could, in them all, listen to teaching based on his own stirring appeals and trenchant denunciations. And if the rugged old man were here in person, he would find abundant scope for his powers of reproving evil and exhorting to righteousness, in the daily doings of the stock exchange, the clubs, the taverns, and many other scenes of modern life. Aristotle's influence on modern thought, after all that has elapsed since the time when he held undisputed sway, would be exceedingly difficult to estimate. But it is certain that if he would find himself at home at the Athenæum; Ezekiel would be equally at home in the Churches. He probably might not approve of all he saw, and it might do some good, here and there, to have an Ezekiel testifying.

Modern culture is a very large word. It is enormously diversified both in substance and in form. All the educational forces and agencies of the day must be included in it. All literature has a reasonable claim too. And certainly the multiplied teaching agencies of Christian churches ought not to be excluded. If anything less than this is meant by modern culture, then the word is used in a non-natural sense; some technical and narrow signification is attached to it. The school represented, say, by the *Westminster Review* or the *Fortnightly* cannot claim to include the whole compass of modern thinking. If modern culture be considered under the figure of a circle, sceptical thought is certainly only a small arc of it.

THE CREEK.

WHISPERING, plashing, rippling, dashing
Merrily over its pebbly bed,
Its mimic cataracts foaming, flashing
In golden gleams from the sky o'erhead;
Drooping elms and bending beeches
Glass themselves in its limpid stream,
As it seemeth asleep in shadowy reaches,
Where ferns are waving and herons dream;
Yet ever onward the creek runs free,
Singing the song that it sang to me.

In the fragrant breath of the dewy morning,
Merrily soundeth its woodland song,
Catching the light, as if darkness scorning,
In meshes of gold it dances along;
Over the pebbles, in happy gushes,
The wavelets are hurrying, crystal clear,
And it sings to the child, 'mid the long, tall rushes,
A song that he stops from his play to hear,
And falls asleep in a happy dream,
To the lullaby of the woodland stream.

With a pensive murmur its song is flowing,
When the noonday heat stills the morning breeze,
In ripples soft, through the rushes going,
And blends its song with the whispering trees.
To the maiden who sits by its margin, dreaming,
It murmurs the notes of a sweet love-song,
And her face with a smile and a blush is beaming
At the name it breathes as it glides along;
Till love and thought and fancy seem
Lost in the song of the tireless stream.

In the shades of evening, so fast descending,
Still murmurs the stream to the evening breeze,
While the trembling shadows are o'er it bending,
And the dusk steals down from the clustering trees.
The old man sits where the shadows quiver
Solemnly over the dusky stream;
And he seems to hear, in the tiny river,
The echoes of life's long fevered dream;
And it whispers to him of the mighty sea
Whither both are tending—the stream and he.

So, ever rippling, whispering, plashing,
O'er its pebbly bed it murmurs along,
Dark in the shade, in the sunlight flashing,
And ever singing the same low song.
So it sang to the Indian, as there he wandered,
Chasing the deer in its coverts dim;
Perchance he heard, as he stood and pondered,
The Spirit's voice in its murmur'd hymn.
So it sang till the child grew to white-haired age,
Till the maiden had turned o'er life's last page,
Till her dream had faded in long-dried tears,
And its memory passed with the passing years;
And still, like Time's river, it ceaseth never,
But, full of Life's present and echoes past,
It seems to sing of the great forever;
Yet it finds its home in the ocean at last,
And hushes its tiny, troubled song
In that mighty music, so grand and strong,
Where all earth's tones seem to mingle calm
In the solemn rhythm of the ocean-psalm.

FIDELIS.

AROUND LAKE ONTARIO:

NOTES OF A HOLIDAY CRUISE.

BY F. F. MANLEY, M.A., TORONTO.

OUR hopes and strength had been buoyed up through a toilsome Easter Term, and finally through a weary month of Examination, by the expectation of that long and pleasant excursion which had been *in prospectu* for almost a year. The practicability of the scheme had been first discussed while on an expedition of the same character, though of smaller dimensions, at a similar time in the preceding year. Making a crew of four, we at length determined that it was quite within the bounds of moderation to attempt what some people might imagine not only perilous, but impossible, viz., a cruise around Lake Ontario in an open boat of eighteen feet keel. The question naturally arose, "How do we intend to subsist while on the journey?" This was finally settled by our determination to camp on shore each night, and procure provisions sufficient to last until our next landing; and this method of procedure was afterwards found to be highly satisfactory.

All things were at last in readiness to start. And here I may be allowed to give a short description of our frail craft, as she left the dock of her builder, at nine o'clock on the morning of June 29th. She was about 19 feet in length from stem to stern, and belonged to that class of boats known as "Double Luggers"—that is, carrying one square or "lug" sail at the fore, and another, of nearly the same size, at the mainmast. Both masts were capable of removal, and as the sails were made much too large for the size of the boat, they could be quickly "reefed," which reduced their size about one-fourth. At the bow was the quarter-decking, under which could easily be stored that portion of the "stock in trade" which required to be kept dry. Of this may be mentioned one good-sized tent, the requisite bedding, four large overcoats, and the valises containing the changes of clothing, including the "paper collar" and those other little items which tend to complete the ubiquitous "Sunday clothes," while here and there might be seen protruding a ponderous volume of Macaulay, or a less weighty duodecimo containing the terrific breathings of Huxley or Nicholson, not forgetting the yellow covered "Shakespeare," or the tin-encased pack of "fifty-twos," wherewith to beguile equally our critic, our fossil-hunters, or our living authority on the drama and whist! Also encased in a neat tin was our "Chart of the Lake," which we were fortunate in procuring before we started, and which, being perfectly correct, was found a most valuable assistance while coasting. There was also on board a good gun, which, however, as game was very scarce, we had little occasion to use. The saucepan, tin cups and plates, knives and forks, &c., completed the cargo in the fore part of the boat, not omitting a few groceries, such as tea, sugar, pepper, and salt, and also twelve loaves of Toronto bread, which, when well cared for, keeps moist for seven days at least; the whole being covered completely by a large macintosh overcoat. Glancing now towards the stern, we first notice two large valises (water-proof), each containing a change of clothing for two; besides ammunition, fishing tackle, and other small items for which there could be found a place. In the stern itself, from beneath the tiller-seat, could be seen an iron handle, which being followed up would ultimately bring you to a frying-pan, light and well-made, and afterwards known as the "Mainstay of the Republic." Beside it, and quite out of danger, reposed a good railway globe lantern, for which, as well as the macintosh, we had to thank a friend at home, who, if possible, would have gladly accompanied the expedition. There were also at hand two pairs of oars, with which we all became very well

acquainted before we again reached home, since, as the boat was comparatively light, rowing for an hour or two was considered nothing worse than exercise.

Having set sail from Toronto, we determined on making the port of Whitby as soon as possible, and the prospects were that we should arrive about noon, as we were sailing under a fair wind. But off Scarboro' Heights we were for half an hour becalmed, and then the breeze freshening suddenly, compelled us to take, for the first time, to the reefs. As the wind still increased, we sailed under the reefed foresail very comfortably, and without incident, until off Frenchman's Bay, when, hunger making its appearance, we fell to the small lunch which had been happily prepared at home, and which was now none the less happily disposed of. As we had been sailing during this performance, we were now in sight of our port, which we made about one o'clock, and soon succeeded in pitching our tent on a strip of land separating the harbour from the Lake. And now the cry was "dinner," and for dinner we quickly prepared; and here we made our first, and, as it proved, very auspicious forage, for at the first farmhouse at which we arrived we were luxuriously regaled with milk, and sent on our way rejoicing at the thoughts of a dozen fried eggs and a few slices of that fine ham which we had brought from home. Before the foragers arrived at camp, our cooks had the tea made and the ham almost fried. I say "our cooks," for we seemed to have come to the tacit understanding that two should act as foragers, while the other two should attend to the culinary department. Thus, with the ham and eggs, together with well-made (?) tea, milk, and bread, we made, as each confessed, a grander meal than we had ever made before. Then came the question as to washing the dishes. This we accomplished—turns being taken each day, and the operation taking place at the close of each repast.

As we wished to visit Whitby, we agreed to stop here over-night, and in the cool of the evening to walk to the town, a distance of two miles; so, after tea and a plunge into the Lake, we set out for town at about seven o'clock; while one remained to take care of the camp, as he stated,—in reality to have a sound sleep, in which state we found him on returning at ten o'clock. Our chief object in visiting the village was to send home news of our safe arrival, which was necessitated by the strong blow we had experienced on the trip down. Having succeeded in filling the post-box with our four postal-cards (of which we had laid in a plentiful supply), and in purchasing a few luxuries in the shape of beef-steaks and strawberries, we retraced our weary steps campwards, and were soon wrapped in the gentle arms of Morpheus.

The expectations we had formed as to sleeping under canvas were more than realized, for, notwithstanding the novelty to most of us, we could not have slept better had we been at home. As long as we kept ourselves perfectly dry, there was not the slightest trouble to fear from the cool night air; and as we always took the precaution to spread on the ground the sails of the boat, and over these the macintosh, covered finally with our great coats, the danger from that quarter was entirely obviated; and happening at Whitby to strike on a fine piece of tenting, our first night's experience was highly satisfactory.

Our original plan had been to rise always with the sun, and set sail as early as possible, in order to take advantage of the fine, soft land breezes, lasting from about eight o'clock in the evening till that time in the morning. We followed out this plan at Whitby, but I am sorry to say that as each succeeding day added its length to our log, we became more and more negligent in this respect. Having taken farewell of Whitby, we intended, if possible, making Bowmanville harbour on the next run. At first, the wind being light, we hardly expected to do so, but towards noon the breeze rose considerably, and enabled us very easily to pass the port of Oshawa; and, rounding Raby Head, the highest piece of headland we met during the cruise, to come in to Port Darlington, by which name the harbour of Bowmanville is known. The wind continuing fair, it was thought advisable to take advantage of it, and proceed on our cruise, which we did, until off Newcastle, when the sea became so high that we concluded to run for shore and have dinner. We were not very fortunate in obtaining a camping place, as the harbour itself, above the wharves, is lined with marsh on both sides, so we were compelled to row back along the shore of the lake for a short dis-

tance, where, in the face of a very high surf, we ran on the beach, and succeeded, though not without some difficulty, in obtaining a fair landing. We—that is, the half of the crew known as the "foragers"—then set off for something of a substantial nature, while the "cooks" prepared what we had on hand already. After looking in vain for Newcastle, we were at last rewarded by the sight of a tavern, near the dock, to which we instantly repaired. At this port we saw the remains of the ill-fated *Sphinx*, lying at ease in the harbour, completely rigged, and looking quite seaworthy, if she had never been so before; so much so that we would have gladly exchanged our craft for her. After procuring some good cheese and miserable crackers at the inn, we returned to obtain relief from the ham and a few eggs, off which, with our cheese and tea, we made a first-class dinner. Not intending to stop in so barren a district, we had not pitched our tent, but had hastily constructed with the sails a small awning in one of the fence corners, under which we could comfortably enjoy our noon-day siesta. After whiling away the remainder of the afternoon with Shakespeare and a hand or two at euchre, and finally by an apology for a supper, we thought it high time, as the sea had sufficiently abated to permit a launch of the boat, to proceed on our way, which we did about six o'clock, knowing that we could easily make Port Granby, the port of Newtonville, in an hour or two. It was on this trip that sickness first appeared in the person of one half of our foraging party, but being only a slight affair, he soon recovered enough to join in the chorus around the camp fire, as well as the grand chorus around the dinner table.

Hitherto our craft had been leaking slightly, and we attempted to remedy this after landing at Port Granby, by sinking her in about three feet of water near the end of the dock, in order to close up any seams that may have been started by allowing her to stand for some time in the sun. After filling her with water, and tying her securely to the dock, we went to bed expecting to find in the morning our boat entirely recovered from her indisposition. But alas! we had forgotten one essential point—that the mail steamer passed along in the morning not far from shore, sending quite a swell towards the beach. Unhappily, in the dead of night, our craft experienced this test of her stoutness. When we awakened in the morning we found that, apparently, each great wave of the swell caused by the steamer had dashed the bow of the boat against the woodwork of the dock, and that the front piece was knocked off, leaving the framework of the keel altogether bare, so that we expected she would leak, and cause a homeward turn to our trip already. We at length recovered the piece which had been broken off, floating near the end of the dock, and also found that she did not leak at the injured spot after all; so that the breakage only proved a matter of defacing her personal beauty, and perhaps a slight decrease of her speed. After breakfast a start was made for Port Hope, which could only be reached by rowing, as we deemed it inadvisable to strain the boat by sailing till, with the assistance of a boat-builder, we had discovered her real injuries. After a very pleasant row of two hours we arrived, at about 8 o'clock, and pitched a temporary camp at the bottom of the cliff, on the shore, about one mile east of the harbour. It was agreed that the "chief cook" and myself should take the boat into the harbour for repairs. This we set about doing, and were soon "steaming" up that narrow strip of water which flows through the town, being greeted here and there with the cry of "Where's the beak of that boat?" or "Cobourg Lobsters!" The meaning of the last remark we have not yet been able to discover, but we attributed it to the rivalry subsisting between these brotherly towns.

After a good deal of trouble (it being Dominion Day, and every one enjoying themselves), we found the only boat-builder of which the town could boast. After eyeing our hulk, he thought he could patch her up in two or three hours, which turned out to mean six. However, he made a good strong job, and one with which we were entirely satisfied. A few hours were spent "doing the town," by the end of which time we expected the boat would be finished; but this not being the case, we marched homewards—that is, campwards—laden with provisions, and perspiring very freely. After dinner the "assistant cook" and "forager" were despatched to bring home the boat, but they were so long detained that it was nearly dusk before we started for Cobourg. Soon after leaving,

there was every appearance of a coming storm, and when opposite Gull Island it was thought advisable to land and camp for the night; and having found a suitable spot it was not long before we were settled down for the evening. A scanty supper was soon prepared, and we were quickly wrapped in our blankets for the third night; and although the trains passed not more than fifty yards from our tent, we were no more disturbed by their thunderings than by the steamer which passed a mile from shore.

We hoped to make Cobourg bright and early in the morning, and then to proceed towards Presqu' Isle in the evening. However, we were again counting our chickens too soon, for we had forgotten that our chronometer had been broken while winding-up at Port Hope, and required "fixing," and that jewellers might not be more punctual than boat-builders in fulfilling their business promises. Owing to some time being lost on account of the rain of the previous night, Cobourg was not reached till about ten o'clock. On arriving, I was deputed to carry the watch to the town watchmaker; while there, to procure an abundance of fresh bread, and the same to bring back to the boat, which would await me at the wharf. This was accomplished, and we then set sail for the nearest landing-place down the coast, where we were to land, and procure dinner at the nearest farm-house. After this, having frequently visited Cobourg before, I remained in charge while the rest proceeded to inspect the town and to bring back the chronometer. And here I cannot help saying that if the jeweller whom we employed cannot repair a watch better than he did the one in question, he had better betake himself to higher latitudes, where they do not use such articles, for after this it never ran for more than five hours at a time. This state of things might have been endured had we nothing but daytime, but we had our fair proportion of night, and no one was found willing to volunteer to awaken just at the moment when the "chrono" desired to be again wound up, for perhaps the sixth time in twenty-four hours. The result was, that it often took a rest for two or three days at a time, and we sailed and performed our duties by nature's clock—the sun. After dinner we had a treat in store, which was to call on a good old south-of-England farmer, with whom I had always stayed while near Cobourg; and his farm being close to the shore, we had been looking forward to the visit. Three of us set out, leaving the second cook to take care of the camp, and after walking about half a mile arrived at the farm-house, when we found that our would-be host and his wife were both on a trip to New York. We were consequently thrown upon the hospitality of the daughter, which was found none the less sincere and profuse. We regaled ourselves for a time on the best of the land, in the shape of bread and cream and cider, for which the farmers of Devonshire are famous; and to complete the destruction, we carried off four bottles of splendid four-year-old, which for excellence could only be compared to champagne. Thus laden we arrived at the camp, and as evening was approaching, and being somewhat behind our anticipated distance for four days' sailing, we at once made ready for going on our way. The wind, which had been till this time quite fresh, now suddenly died away, and we had no alternative but a muscular row of an hour or two. The night drawing on faster than we expected, we had not gone more than three miles before we were compelled to run ashore and pitch our tent for the night.

Next morning, after breakfast, it was decided to take advantage of a beautiful breeze, to make a good run. We lost no time in setting sail; and running straight before the wind, determined to make Presqu' Isle before we again landed. The breeze, after an hour's sailing, became quite a stiff wind, and still rising, necessitated at first the reefing of the sails, and shortly afterwards of running under a reefed foresail. We thus passed Grafton and Colborne, though at too great a distance to obtain a fair idea of their appearance, except that there seemed to be a good deal of shipping going on at the latter port. About one o'clock we reached a fine beach in Shoal Bay (as it was called on our chart, although no one in the neighbourhood recognised the name)—a fine piece of water between Presqu' Isle proper and the mainland, about two miles in length from east to west, and a mile wide from north to south. Here we determined to obtain a good dinner, if we should have to walk a mile to purchase it. However, we fell in with a nice farm-house at about half that distance

from the boat, where we obtained, at nearly our own price, eggs, milk, and bread; also a promise of more bread as soon as it should come from the oven. After dinner, and a good rest under a temporary covering from the fierce sun, we returned to the house at evening, when we were further delighted to notice, carefully placed in a shining tin beside the bread, some fine white cakes, which the good lady of the house kindly offered to let us have, still desiring us to mention our own price. As a general rule, the farmers, and their wives or daughters, with whom we had to deal, were very much of the same style as the lady in the above instance, always very kind, and fully appreciating the fact of our being far away from home, and (as we were often told) from "maternal, care;" in fact, often so kind as to put themselves to inconvenience, and then absolutely refuse to receive any compensation. Sometimes they would have us take the last pound of butter or the last loaf of bread in the house, saying they would have churned or baked at such a time whether we took it or not. Of course, we met with others who were, I was about to confess, more than our match; but they generally, in one quarter of our crew at least, "caught a tartar." These we took great delight in annoying. One woman, for instance, wanted twenty-five cents for a pound-and-a-half loaf, and although we were very badly in want of bread at the time, we told her we would sail to Montreal for it sooner than submit to her imposition.

But, resuming: towards evening we settled down to row across the bay to Presqu' Isle Bluff, and as there was not a breath of wind, we accomplished this in about an hour, part of which was consumed in searching along the shore for a good landing-place, which was at length found on the east side of the Bluff. This island, called the Bluff, seems to be formed of stratified rock, which crops out on the lake side, and is covered with a rich dark soil, affording a good field for the agriculturist, which we found had been happily taken advantage of; as, on landing, we were not more than ten feet from a beautiful field of peas, while the whole place was equally well cultivated. We were not long in finding out the proprietor of this fine farm, who received us with the greatest of welcome and hospitality, requesting us to come up and make his house our own; at the same time introducing us to his wife, who was as full of welcome as himself. This spot seemed the most comfortable of any we had yet visited; the inmates had been married only a few months, and looked none the less happy, and it was not long before we were quite at home. Towards evening we received a visit in our tent from our host and hostess, who came laden with cakes, just baked, butter, and some maple syrup procured from the fine maple bush we saw on the other side of the Bluff. In return we offered them of our best, which was, luckily, our remaining stock of Cobourg cider; and after spending an hour or so in homely chat, they bade us adieu. Being rather early for turning in, the remainder of the evening was whiled away with songs, accompanied by the flute, which was our only available instrument of music; said songs being composed chiefly of choruses, one of which would, if written, appear somewhat like the following:—

"In Springfield mountains there did dwell
A lovely youth, I knew him well,

With a

Humble, bumble, snickery grin,
Nosey, lincum boo."

After this preliminary verse, any one was at liberty to add some remarkable feature of this "lovely youth," the sketch again terminating with the previous chorus.

It was now Saturday morning, and a heavy rain had set in, which compelled us unwillingly to remain still longer the guests of our friends of the Bluff. They nevertheless were loud in their invitation to remain over Sunday, adding, that it was so seldom they saw any visitors, that our arrival, although unannounced, was a source of great pleasure; the kindness of which remark we could thoroughly appreciate, as four very hungry *voyageurs* could easily create a panic in any average farm-house larder; and as our host stoutly refused to be in any way requited for his attentions, we were, to say the least, in very peculiar circumstances. To make matters worse, a violent sea from the east set in, which entirely precluded the idea of our getting away. While talking with our host, we discovered, much to our surprise and delight, that the piece of land separating the Bay of Quinté from the lake on this side was only a mile in width, and

that we could easily obtain a portage across, and not only avoid sailing around the broken coast of Prince Edward county, but enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Bay, from Trenton to Picton. After taking a farewell of our friends, and expressing a hope that we might yet have the pleasure of returning their kindness, we set sail on Sunday morning, thinking that a further stoppage on the Bluff would be trespassing on good nature, and wishing to reach Brighton in order to attend church. After a beautiful sail around Presqu' Isle proper, passing the fine lighthouse there, we found ourselves in Presqu' Isle Bay, the natural harbour of Brighton, (the entrance to which is well defined by buoys), and as soon as possible pitched our tent on a beautiful piece of meadow-land at the north end of the Bay. Towards evening we rowed across to Brighton, leaving our tent locked as best we could, hoping to reach a church. After having procured some bread, and sent home news of our safe arrival, we returned to camp, and were soon sound asleep.

"Off to the Portage!" was the cry, bright and early, next morning; and off we started. Unfortunately, however, after a brilliant run of about ten miles we found ourselves, to our intense disgust, in the south end of Weller's Bay, at Consecon, when we should have been at Carrying Place, in the northern portion of the Bay, where the Portage was, and which we had foolishly passed an hour before. The journey was speedily retraced, and our boat was soon on a farmer's waggon which we were lucky enough to procure at once; and thus, for the sum of one dollar, we were safely set down in the waters of Quinté. The native who transported us was very loud in his asseverations regarding the necessity of a canal at this point; but whether for his country's good, or because it would certainly pass through his farm, is a question into which it would be impertinent to inquire. Mr. Biggar, the member for the county, whose residence we passed on the road, stated he was using his best endeavours to draw the attention of the Government to the point in question. It was the generally expressed opinion of the crew, that had the people of Chicago such a chance of advancement, and progress close to their very doors, they would not wait for Government, but would dig the canal themselves in a month.

The reader may now picture us sailing on a fair wind down the Bay of Quinté, admiring the beautiful and changing scenery of Prince Edward County—now an orchard covering twenty acres, then a field of grain as level as a table-cloth, and a magnificent bush in the background; the whole forming the surface of a beautiful declivity, commencing at the water's edge, and extending back as far as could be seen. Passing Trenton, with its great saw-mill puffing out its white smoke against a blue sky gathering for a storm, and other mills along the Bay, surrounded by their millions of feet of lumber ready for shipping; and passing just astern of the yacht *Dauntless*, with its pleasure party, we knew we could not be far from Belleville, at which we arrived after another half-hour's sail, finding a good camping ground a mile and a-half beyond the town. Having pitched our tent, we rowed back to the town, arriving about eight o'clock p.m. However beautiful Belleville may have appeared by the light of day, we were not at all enamoured of it at night; for on landing we ran into something which might, by a lively stretch of imagination, be called a "wharf," but the like of which it would be difficult to find, for of all the muddy entrances to a place, we seemed to have dropped on the worst. After a short walk around the town, during which we gathered a stock of provisions, we set off for our boat, and it was not long before we were snugly ensconced in that movable mansion which was now fondly called "home."

Next morning we paid another visit to the town, and then, returning to the tent, whiled away an hour or two by a little trolling, but without much success. We were expecting that any moment the storm, which had been brewing for the previous two days, would burst upon us. And burst it did at last, resulting in one of the grandest sights of the kind we had ever witnessed. First, betaking ourselves to the tent for shelter, the next business was to cover the bedding in the middle of the tent with the macintosh; and, knowing that we should most certainly be soaked, we adopted the novel and not always practicable expedient of relieving ourselves of all our clothing, and placing it in the heap which we intended to keep dry. The storm broke more fiercely than could have been imagined. No sooner would a flash light

up the surroundings, already nearly as dark as night, than the accompanying roar would peal so close that we expected every moment to see the tent-pole struck by the lightning. But, with such terrific strength, the storm could not last long, and it cleared away in about five minutes, having in its march blown our tent inside out, and twisted the pole to the ground, notwithstanding that our united strength was exerted in its behalf. The rain continued for some time, but did not deter us from procuring a grand supper, on the comfort of which we passed a very pleasant night, rising at four o'clock as if nothing had happened to hinder our progress.

Sail was set at 5.30, and direction taken down the Bay under a fair wind, passing Shannonville, and Mill Point, at the mouth of the Napanee River. Here, the Bay taking a decided turn backwards towards the south, the wind, which had before been fair, became a stiff side one, and its effects were duly experienced as it came in gusts down the hill sides which line the coast of Prince Edward county. The result was the boatswain's cry, "All hands at the reefing point!" We had been sailing for two days without the correct time, which was at length procured by hailing the wheelsman of the schooner *Sassacus*, of Oswego, as we passed astern of her, tacking up the Bay towards Belleville. Landing for the last time on Prince Edward county to take dinner, we enjoyed a delightful plunge from a temporary wharf at which vessels call for cordwood; and here was also relished the first feast of wild raspberries, which we found almost of the size and flavour of garden berries; thus increasing the golden opinions already formed of the county as an agricultural district. Setting sail again, Fredericksburg, about twenty-six miles west of Kingston, was reached, and being satisfied with the day's run, we were soon under cover and sound asleep. We were up next morning before the sun, in quest of provisions, and aroused some of the neighbouring farmers from their slumbers, for which we were not at all thanked, being told to obtain provender next door, and so on, until we happened to espy an old gentleman, an earlier bird than his neighbours, and who therefore "caught the worm," if our slight purchase of bread, milk, and eggs might be so called. We were cordially invited to a seat beside him on a fence, while his men were milking the cows; and after telling him some of our adventures, and listening to a few of his own, we struck our bargain, and went our way once more in peace. The purchases were soon converted into breakfast, which was none the less enjoyable for the morning's walk, and soon after the sails were set against a light headwind, which, freshening and shifting to the south-west, enabled us to enjoy the sail immensely along Amherst Island, as far as Bath. Opposite to this town we made a landing on the Island for dinner, a portion of which we soon procured near at hand from a good farmer's wife whose friendship was larger than her means, and who would only consent, after long pressing, to receive payment for a dozen and a-half of eggs which she had gathered up. After our appetites, which were becoming keener with every additional mile, had been satisfied, and a nap indulged in, we proceeded, hoping to make close to Kingston that evening; but after sailing till about six o'clock, the wind died quite away, when it was decided to try a little trolling, taking turns at the oars. Thus we succeeded, while passing the Three Brothers Islands, in hooking two or three fine bass.

After taking a little refreshment on board, we rowed quietly along, seeking a landing-place, till about 9.30 o'clock, when one was found, not greatly to our liking, but satisfactory under the circumstances, for we had nearly given up the hope of finding a retreat, and were expecting to pass the night in the open air, on the boat. As the islands were now becoming numerous, owing to the rocky nature of the country, we experienced more difficulty in landing than heretofore, so it was decided henceforward always to effect that part of our duty before sunset. Rainy weather next day precluded the idea of an early start, and some time was spent in fishing, which was very good in this part of the lake. The rain clearing off, we set sail, or rather rowed, to Kingston, a distance of about three miles, passing on our left the Asylum and Penitentiary, and finally putting into the mouth of the Rideau Canal. Here we left the "sloop" in charge of a boatman, and went up to the city. Being five o'clock, there was not much time to spare in order to get away that evening; but as very little time was required to see all to be seen in the "old stone city," we set

about laying in a fresh stock of provisions, and about seven o'clock proceeded to our camping-place on Wolfe Island, which was soon reached, thanks to a stiff S.W. breeze.

Next day Pitt's Ferry was reached, a village further down the river, on the north channel—that is, between the mainland and Sir John or Howe Island, one of the largest of the "Thousand;" and it was deemed advisable to spend the Sunday there. The farm on which we landed belonged to a gentleman with whom we soon became quite at home. Next morning he drove us to church, and during the drive told us that the Prince's Prize, the highest graduating reward from the University of Toronto, was at that time on his table at home, having been won by his nephew, who, sad to relate, had since died. We had little expected to meet this remembrance of our *Alma Mater*, far away on the banks of the grand old St. Lawrence, among the rocks and channels of the Thousand Isles, and the recollection turned our minds for the instant to the many like rewards which may now be found, from the Atlantic shores of the Southern States to our own wild and unsettled Manitoba, and we thought of their deserving winners, some of whom had already found an early grave, while others were struggling manfully in the troubled sea of life, bringing credit alike to themselves and to their University.

While here we came to grief, inasmuch as our frying-pan dissolved the partnership hitherto existing between itself and the handle. Luckily our host turned out to be a very Cyclops in his way, possessing a small forge and other vulcanic appliances, by the aid of which the pan and handle were reunited, and we were sent on our way rejoicing. Under a stiff breeze we were not long in making Gananoque, always enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Islands, through multitudes of which we were now passing. Their real beauty can be appreciated only by the sufficiently near approach which can be obtained in a small boat. Rockport was next passed, a small village on the Canada side, opposite Alexander Bay on the other; when the wind blew a gale, compelling a run into a small bay in Grenadier Island.

Our next run was for dinner, and noticing a neat white house on the Island, it was of course expected to be the very place wanted. Accordingly, the writer, in his capacity of "chief forager," was detailed to negotiate for victuals, which he at once proceeded to do. Knocking at the door with characteristic modesty, the request was given to enter, when he delivered his small oration for bread, &c. But he was not to meet a Joseph in this land of Egypt, for he was at once face to face with a woman whose Yankee proclivities shone clearly out on her face.

"I don't make a business of selling bread!" said she, with the usual accent, emphasizing the word "selling."

"You're very kind, indeed," was the reply, "but I would rather pay for it."

"Waal, if you get any round here, I kinder guess you rather will pay for it!"

"Thank you; produce the provender," said I, fumbling at the same time for the "lucre."

She produced a pound loaf and demanded twenty-five cents. This was going too far, so, opening the door, the "chief forager" inquired of the crew if they would "go" a quarter for that loaf? The expected answer was received, and the bread accordingly replaced on the table unbought. We were soon glad that we had not squandered our means in riotous living, for we met a "lady," on the Canada side, quite the reverse of our late American friend, and were soon in the midst of a hearty dinner, camping on the mainland near the end of Grenadier Island.

Next morning, Brockville and Maitlandville were passed; and Prescott, the turning point of our career, was reached about four o'clock. We then went across the river to about two miles beyond Ogdensburgh, where we pitched our tent, expecting to remain two days. The following morning we walked in to Ogdensburgh, leaving the "White House," as we now termed the tent, to the mercy of the wide world. The two "cooks" walked to Fleckville, not far from the city, in order to call on a friend who had been expecting their arrival every day, leaving the "foragers" to view the sights, which having been done, the ferry was taken to Prescott, opposite, where we expected to find letters. Having procured these and devoured their contents, we saw Prescott at a glance, and again returned to Ogdensburgh, surprised to mark the striking difference between the two places. Prescott seemed dead, or if alive, only kept so by its being the junction of the Ottawa Railway with the Grand Trunk; while its rival across the

river, although much the younger place, and enjoying no greater natural privileges, seemed all activity and life. Nearly all its streets are avenues, and its business places beautiful indeed, everything appearing so clean and tasteful, that for once we had to confess we were ashamed of Canada, and more particularly of Prescott. Another heavy thunderstorm came on in the evening, but we managed to keep dry, though not without the loss of a good deal of sleep. In the morning we started off, intending to keep the north shore as far as Gananoque, in order to purchase there a stock of provisions. On leaving Prescott the wind was dead ahead, so we were compelled to take a turn at the oars until the wind should shift. In due course we reached Brockville, where we landed to make purchases. The wind having abated, it was deemed prudent to row for a short distance, keeping for a time to the American shore. Shortly after leaving Brockville (and we were loath to leave so beautiful a place), the monotony of our labour was relieved by a hunt. Towards evening we noticed an old duck paddling along the river with her progeny of ducklings at her heels, seemingly learning how to behave themselves on their future element. We expected quite an easy conquest, but by the aid of feet and wings they completely defied our most strenuous endeavours, and finally made good their escape; the result of the chase causing no little chagrin, especially to the oarsmen. Tired with the exertion, we joyfully hailed a camping-place, in a small bay in the river, called Put-in Bay. Here we remained for the night, and having smoked the mosquitoes from the tent, were soon fast asleep.

The next morning we spent in renovating our disordered and disintegrated apparel, which duty, by dint of perseverance and loss of blood, we succeeded at last in accomplishing to a passable extent, and after a grand plunge in "Father St. Lawrence," we again took the line of march towards home. Grenadier Island was now passed on the south side, the north having been taken previously. Looking for a place where we might procure dinner, we espied what we thought, though with a slight misgiving, a suitable one. But our appetites were keen, so we steered boldly for what turned out *not* to be a farm-house. Upon coming close enough to shore to be heard, we inquired o a youth, who from his auburn locks might have "fired the Ephesian dome," if we could obtain anything to eat there, never for a moment supposing that our motives could be misunderstood; but judge of our surprise when he introduced a "child of larger growth," who politely informed us that they had just finished dinner (comforting intelligence), and had nothing left but a few crusts, to which we were quite welcome. The young lady of the place, coming upon the scene of action, saw at a glance how matters stood, and, after apologizing, politely replied that they had just arrived, and not having their cooking apparatus in working order, were none too well supplied with provisions themselves, but that we might procure some at the next island. Having forgiven Brother Jonathan for his sister's sake, we began to gaze at one another's personal appearance, and to tell the truth our loose manner of dress was not calculated to elevate us in the opinion of the neighbouring community, so we made the best of the small stock of provisions we had on board. Shortly after, we fell in with an island covered with large blue and black whortleberries, the excellence of which we were not slow in appreciating, thus attempting to make amends for the meagre previous meal.

We then set sail for Rockport, which we had passed on the down journey, hoping this time to be able to procure some provisions there; but after inquiring at every place in the village and finding nothing, we set sail, and found a small store on the north shore, where we gladly purchased a good supply of bread, crackers, eggs, &c., and at once proceeded to camp on one of the many small islands which are clustered in that part of the river. Next morning, the wind being very light, and dead ahead, we rowed as far as Gananoque, about eight miles distant. This we performed in about two hours, greatly enjoying the beautiful scenery, which is grander here than at any other part of the river. Our course was next towards Wolfe Island. The river at this point is very wide, Sir John's Island lying between the north channel (that by which we had gone down) and the middle channel, in which we now were, though, thinking there were only two channels, we concluded that we were sailing in

the southern; thus mistaking the south shore of Sir John's for that of Wolfe Island. Before the result of our error had assumed any gigantic proportions, we, being rather dubious, made inquiries of an approaching pleasure-boat, and found, to our dismay, that what we had taken for the American mainland was, in reality, the north shore of Wolfe Island; and that instead of being in the southern channel, and thus keeping to the American shore, we were in the middle one, and making straight for Kingston, which place we were doing our best to avoid. The result was that we were forced to beat backward to the eastern extremity of the Island, and the wind having died away, we rowed, in order the more easily to make a pleasant landing-place, and a good camping-ground for Sunday. After much trouble the latter was obtained, and we landed, though with difficulty, on account of the shallow water and the prevalence of small rocks. We were again fortunate in meeting a very hospitable owner to the territory, a man most of whose available time was spent in ferrying passengers from the Island to the mainland and back. We were rather surprised to hear from him that the whole of Wolfe Island belongs to Canada, as it is at least three miles from our side of the river, and not more than one from the other; but we were told that, on account of the channel of deep water, the boundary falls below the Island. It seems to be a beautiful piece of land, very fertile, and the largest of the Thousand Islands, everything combining to render it much to be desired by any nationality.

On Monday morning another terrific storm was experienced, the violence of the wind making it necessary to turn out and brace up the tent, which, by means of ropes, we succeeded in doing. The storm subsiding, we once more slept, and about 9.30 a.m. set out with a fair wind to round Cape Vincent, and sail once more on our old friend, Lake Ontario. As we passed quite close to the dock at the Cape, the backwash formed a heavy chopping sea, which we were afraid might produce some trouble; but the good craft *Nancy Bell* weathered it out, and we were not long in making a point on the Cape known as Tibbett's Point, where there is built a very strong lighthouse, which, from its prominence, must be a great boon to navigators in that part of the river and lake. We now again had recourse to our old companion, the chart, which had been lying idle, but not forgotten, for two weeks in its tin case; and passing the light, made for Peninsular Point, after rounding which we had a splendid run to Sackett's Harbour or thereabouts, having noticed at a distance the Duckling Isles and another group called the Galloos. Here we camped for dinner, at a point near a farm-house. Starting again, we made Stony Point, landing about eight o'clock near the fine lighthouse, which is quite an ornament to the place. Next morning we were obliged to obtain provisions from the lighthouse keeper, as there was no other house in sight; and we learned that we were not a great distance from Oswego. We soon started with a fine wind, keeping about a mile from the shore, which here runs nearly north and south for twenty miles, thus forming one of the most peculiar coasts on the lake. The land for the whole distance terminates at the shore in lofty white sandy cliffs, with here and there small openings leading into an inland bay, of the existence of which one would not without landing become aware, as they were never more than fifty yards broad, though often leading into bays of at least three square miles in extent. These bays, or rather lakes, consist chiefly of fine marshes, with a small river, whose course could easily be detected. The largest of them is called "Big Sandy Bay," into which the increasing wind forced us to make our way, not knowing whether there was, at the opening, water sufficient to float the boat. The breakers could be distinguished rolling over the bar formed by the constant wash of the lake, and only one narrow spot of about six yards in width seemed to offer any hope of a safe passage. It was accordingly thought advisable, while one managed the sails and another the tiller, that the other two should undress and be prepared for any emergency, in order to prevent the capsizing of the boat, should she go aground. However, no accident happened, and we had the pleasure of seeing her ride safely through, and enter the deep water beyond. Landing, we took dinner and tea, and towards evening rowed across to "Nine Mile Point,"—that is, nine miles from Oswego. On this trip we were forced to trust solely to the pole-star and compass, as it became quite dark, and we were now striking across Mexico Bay, formed

by the coast here making a sudden turn from due south to nearly west, and were completely out of sight of land. The Point was reached and tent pitched about 11.30 p.m., and having rowed altogether about eight miles, we were quite ready for a good spell of sleep. An early rise next morning was dispensed with, owing to the lateness of the hour of retiring. However, sail was set about 10.30; but alas! on empty stomachs, this being the first landing-place we had yet struck, at which we could procure no provisions, on account of the scarcity, not of the victuals, but of the victuallers. An oasis was soon reached, where our exorbitant appetites were appeased, and we once more set sail with cheerful faces, "westward in the path of the setting sun." The wind veered round to the S. W., and blowing rather stiffly, we were forced to put ashore and remain till nearly noon. We obtained a rich treat of wild berries at this resting-place; but this was more than counterbalanced by one of our number getting a badly bruised face by tripping over an old, half-buried log. Having thoroughly regaled ourselves at this inviting spot, we rowed for about three miles, in order to reach a good landing-place for dinner; the which having been got through, we headed for Oswego.

This place was reached at six o'clock, and our toilet having been thoroughly attended to in the boat, we were quite ready to "do the town;" at the same time inwardly thanking our stars that evening would lend its welcome aid in sheltering our not too luxurious *tout ensemble* from the scrutinizing gaze of the Oswego populace. We always had an idea that Toronto possessed at least two very fine elevators; but on entering the Oswego river we had to confess that in this respect Toronto was literally nowhere; for rising—I was about to say to the clouds—on either side, were a dozen of these useful but ugly structures. The "Metropolitan" was pouring forth its contents into the hungry-looking barges, with which the river seemed to be packed; the "Merchants'" receiving a fresh supply from a propeller, only too glad, one would imagine, to give forth its cargo that it might add another foot or two to its already gigantic stature; and the "International Farmers'," so vast as nearly to take one's breath away. Our craft was soon moored alongside the crib-work which lines both sides of the river, and left with her "cargo" in charge of a boy, who was also caring for a schooner, under whose stern our "giant" was securely hidden from hungry eyes. We were soon in the heart of the city, or town—its bustle certainly classing it with the former; its size with the latter. Purchasing the necessary stores, admiring the fine draw-bridge which crosses the river in the centre of the town, writing home touching our safe arrival, and returning to the boat, passed an hour away very easily. Our intention was to reach a camping-place as soon as possible, being now half-past nine; but noticing, on again entering the lake, that a fine land breeze was springing up, it was determined to make the most of it. So we sailed, enjoying the beautiful moonlight, till about 12 o'clock, when Nine Mile Point was reached, that being its distance west of Oswego.

Next morning, the 23rd July, we set sail, and with a light wind made about eight miles along the coast, and rested till evening, expecting to meet with another land breeze. Having made a hearty meal, and enjoyed a good sleep, towards nine o'clock the anticipated breeze began to be felt; and under its influence we reached Little Sodus Bay. It was 12 o'clock next day before another move was made, when, with a fair and not too heavy wind, we were enabled, by sailing all the afternoon, to reach a small place called Pultneyville. We had now passed, along the coast, Little Sodus, Blind Sodus Port, and Big Sodus Bay, the former and latter of which seemed to present excellent harbour advantages, especially Big Sodus, where a white and a revolving light mark a narrow and well-sheltered passage into an expansive bay beyond. Supper was procured at Pultneyville after a little trouble. The gentle land breezes were then again invoked, and advantage was taken of them until 1.30 a.m., when we arrived about a mile east of Charlotte, the port town of Rochester, at the mouth of the Genesee river, and two miles west of the entrance to a large but unnavigable body of water known as Irondiquot Bay—having sailed in all about fifty miles, the longest run yet made in one day. The next morning, the 25th, with a stiff wind from the south, the Genesee mouth, with its two piers, each 2,000 feet long, was reached. By rowing, we arrived at Rochester about 12 o'clock.

Here we expected the long looked-for letters from home, whence we had not heard since leaving Prescott.

After thoroughly enjoying the many beautiful sights of the clean and well-built city, and laying in a good stock of necessaries, we took the street cars to the head of Lake Avenue, where we had left the boat in charge of a boatman. We were then about 200 yards below the Falls, which are really beautiful, they alone well repaying us for the visit. The wind had now strangely gone round to the north, and we were thus again compelled to row to get to the mouth of the river. Its scenery is truly magnificent; the hills rising to an enormous height on each side, and being covered with lofty, thickly-foliaged trees. Having again arrived at Charlotte, we purchased a supply of bread and, what at this time was a great treat, some beefsteaks. Then, having viewed the smelting works carried on there on a very large scale, we once more set out along the coast, and reached Braddock Point at about eight o'clock, and at once proceeded to camp, plainly seeing the approach of a storm. We were no sooner in ship-shape than a heavy shower of rain came on, and with it a far worse visitor, in the shape of a huge swarm of mosquitoes. Against these relentless and bloodthirsty foes every remedy was tried—the tent being filled with smoke—but all to no purpose; which was not surprising, for we were found to be encamped not far from the edge of an immense marsh, the usual swarming-ground of these pests. The storm soon abated, and it was decided, although 11 o'clock, to set sail rather than remain to be eaten alive. By the light of the moon, which now came out in full, we started for a more auspicious landing-place; but the marsh extended along the shore for about eight miles, separated from the lake by about a quarter of a mile of sand beach. As this was our first Sunday on the water (it being now 2 a.m.), we were anxious to go ashore as soon as possible; but the barrenness of the coast rendered the design impracticable. In fact, it was 7 o'clock before a spot with the slightest chance of approach was discovered. Here we cooked and ate breakfast, and again set out, to reach, if possible, a settled and accessible locality.

This was at length found at a point called the Devil's Nose—a very appropriate termination, the reader will no doubt think, to the Sunday morning's work. We had by this time left our enemies, the mosquitoes, twenty-three miles in the rear, and succeeded in making a landing on a piece of sand stretching back from the water about twenty yards, to the base of a continuous cliff, twenty feet in height, indented here and there with openings—the outlets for small streams after a heavy rain or thaw. With this bleak spot we were destined to become thoroughly acquainted. After pitching the tent—which, owing to the looseness of the soil, was a difficult task—a hearty meal was indulged in; and then, to make amends for the rest lost to us through the mosquitoes on the previous night, it was resolved to take a noon-day *siesta*. This having been indulged in, the next thing on the programme was tea, rendered very agreeable by provisions procured at a large farmhouse about half a mile from the shore. On the evening of the 26th we were again visited by a slight touch of sickness, the captain, *alias* the chief cook, being this time the victim; but with the best nursing afforded under the circumstances, the dreaded visitor was soon driven from the camp, with the hope that he had paid his last visit for the cruise. The next day was ushered in by a strong wind, and consequently a heavy sea, from the north, completely crushing any hopes of an embarkation that day, which later on was rendered more disagreeable by a heavy fall of rain. This state of affairs unhappily continued during the next two days; the sea becoming so high on the evening of the 29th, as to compel us to erect barricades and dykes, in order to prevent the flooding of the tent. Having gathered together all the logs and loose wood near the beach, these were covered with sand, and we thus at length succeeded in arresting the onward career of the now tremendous waves. It was out of the question to move the tent. We were placed exactly at the base of the cliff, which barred further retreat in that direction; while a removal to the summit would have been exceedingly hazardous owing to its exposed position. There remained then nothing but a steady fight against the waves. We could not, however, have been blockaded in a more auspicious neighbourhood; for we here met the most hospitable people it had yet been our good fortune to visit. They frequently, if not always, refused to take compensation for the provisions with

which they loaded us on our several foraging expeditions. We were thus placed, in one respect, in a very uncomfortable position, for it was next to impossible to revisit where we knew similar treatment would result; and we were thus compelled to scour the locality for quite a distance around, in our endeavours to discover a fresh market. So, in the midst of the greatest plenty we were more stinted than at any other stage of our progress; verifying the saying as to being killed by too much kindness. Next day, the 30th, we set sail about 6 p.m., and succeeded in reaching within two miles of a small but excellent harbour, known as Oak Orchard, the port town of Albion, on the Erie Canal and N. Y. Central Railroad. Here we were again compelled by the weather to remain for the whole of the next day. On August 1st the sea was very high in the fore part of the day, but the wind going down completely towards 3 p.m., we were glad to take to the oars. The next trip landed us in a beautiful orchard, where we put in from a storm, and remained the night.

We were now fast approaching our well-known Niagara district, and could almost sniff its welcome atmosphere. While sojourning during the Sunday, we were regaled by the owner of the territory with a stock of revenue tales. How a lugger was wont to come from Darlington laden with rum, and how by a series of plots the officer of the revenue was hoodwinked and the liquor safely landed. A grand Sunday repast was here enjoyed, consisting of ham, eggs, green peas, and cherries,—the latter two courses being culled from the adjoining fields and orchards. As our cash had gradually become low, more had been telegraphed for at Oak Orchard, and we now found ourselves reduced to a solitary dollar,—the last of its race. It was thus with doubtful minds that we proceeded, in quest of provisions, toward the nearest domicile, — the manor-house of the farm on which we were camping. The question "Could we get some milk and eggs?" was answered by a joyous "O yes!" and then our souls were at ease; for out came the milk in the largest black tin, the eggs in a handkerchief. "What would they be?"—hoping that our friend the proprietor would now appear and set our palpitating hearts at rest. "Forty cents!" Oh, mighty dollar!

Monday was hailed with delight, for it brought a wind which carried us past Golden Hill, past Yates's Pier, to within 27 miles of Niagara, and we camped that night —petrels as we had been before, owls as we were then — on a high bluff. The following day brought us to within four miles of the Niagara River, and on Wednesday Niagara was visited; for here it was expected we should receive the required remittances from Toronto. But we were doomed to disappointment, so after posting letters a start was made for Beamsville, where we were certain to obtain an increase of funds. We came up at the old pier opposite Beamsville, and leaving the boat in charge of the first mate, proceeded as rapidly as possible to the post office of that illustrious village.

"Any letters for F——r?"

"Of what ship are you, Capt. F——r?"

"The *Nancy Bell*."

"Registered letter for you!"

Being now fully supplied with "the necessary," it was found, strange to say, that there was no time left for its use; for it was now the 5th of August, and we were to be in Toronto on the 7th. To accomplish this feat entailed the most difficult performance of the whole cruise; but we had accustomed ourselves to look upon 50 miles as a mere nothing, so it was decided that the task should be performed at all hazards, and—that the circumnavigation might not be broken—that the coast must needs be kept within sight until our arrival in port. With a head-wind, the first stretch of the journey was accomplished by rowing; and thus,—rowing when necessary, sailing when possible,—passing Port Dalhousie, giving Hamilton a wide berth, landing for refreshments near Oakville, and keeping close to the shore for the rest of the course, Toronto —good old Toronto—was reached at about six in the evening.

We thus arrived home after a cruise of nearly six weeks, during which time about 700 miles had been traversed, and grand old Ontario girdled in a manner as interesting as it undoubtedly was novel. The *voyageurs* were, of course, very proud to be able to state, both to those who had prognosticated success, and to those who had at the outset been very dubious as to the result, that during the whole trip not a gallon of water had been shipped over the

gunwales of the gallant little craft. It is to be hoped that this may prove a pioneer excursion to many of our Toronto youth who have leisure to spare during the summer months, and that the time may be as pleasantly spent by them as it was by the crew of the *Nancy Bell*.

AT THE WEIR.

BY ALICE HORTON.

O DAPPLED salmon, swimming from the sea,
To seek the rest where quiet waters be,
Have any told thee of the strife that lies
Between thee and thy calmer destinies?
Of weirs to scale and many a baffled leap,
Before the rest is gained where quiet waters sleep?

Sweet is the sailing up the summer-stream;
Behind, the sea is lying like a dream;
Far, far behind, the cruel, crested waves
Tumble and riot in the old sea caves;
But thou—deem not thy trials over-past,
There is to come a fiercer than the last.

Thou hast to learn the pain of vain endeavour,
The pain of those that strive, and fail for ever,
The pain of those that fall on stones, and cry
O weary, weary striving—let us die!
We are too bruised and spent to rise again,
Sweet is the rest,—for those who may attain!

Attain? And are there those? Then why not *thou?*
Die not, poor fish, but venture bravely now;
Rise to the leap, and so forget thy pain,
For true endeavour shall not be in vain!
Ah, bleeding, conquering, now I see thee glide
By willows, weeping on the river-side.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. R. CORSON, ITHACA, N.Y.

AMONG the many "isms" that, in the general fermentation of thought and opinion, have risen to the surface, Spiritualism seems to some, in spite of its millions of representatives, the most repugnant. The two great powers that rule the civilized world, Science and Religion, unite in deriding it; there is no derogatory epithet they are not ready to bestow upon it, partly from a certain condemnation *de parti pris*, and partly from a sense of loyalty to a time-honoured piety and its stereotyped belief; and yet, despite its repeated *exposés*, the obnoxious thing grows in strength, spreads its doctrines in all parts of the globe, and gives to the world a new and already vast theological literature. Surely this fact alone ought to command to some extent the serious attention of the observer of the moral phenomena of the present day.

It is not the least surprising that a phenomenon that comes in such "a questionable shape,"—so *en-dehors* all propriety, all orthodox opinions of what should constitute spirit-life,—should be so stigmatized and defamed.

In every great prophetic epoch of history, sacred and profane, we find the Herod-principle endeavouring to crush the revolutionary idea born within its realm. Lowly independence, defying in its simplicity the arrogance of human wisdom, has ever been a thorn in the flesh of the learned world, and all redemptive movements have had to suffer the crucifixion that was to vitalize their cause. Spiritualism, however, in these better days, has had all the chances of growth any new movement could desire. The rebuffs it meets with occasionally are amply compensated for by generous acknowledgments and signal successes; and though in many quarters it still calls forth a smile of pity or contempt, it stands, nevertheless, a recognised power in the eyes of some of the ablest thinkers of our time. Its future is therefore in its own hands; it must stand or fall according to its own inherent truth and consequent vitality, and its adaptiveness to the spiritual and moral growth of the individual and of society.

Among the strong testimonies in its favour, appears, in the October number of the *Westminster Review*, 1875, the following:—

"Religions are not made, they grow; their progress is not from the enlightened to the vulgar, but from the vulgar to the enlightened. They are not mere products of the intellect, but manifest themselves as physical forces too. The religion of the future is in our midst already, working like potent yeast in the minds of the people. It is in our midst to-day with signs and wonders, uprising like a swollen tide, and scorning the barriers of Nature's laws. But however irresistible its effects, they are not declared on the surface. It comes, veiling its destined splendours beneath an exterior that invites contempt. Hidden from the prudent, its truths are revealed to babes. Once more the weak will confound the mighty. . . .

"Spiritualism will establish, on what professes to be ground of positive evidence, the fading belief in a future life—not such a future as is dear to the reigning theology, but a future developed from the present—a continuation, under imposed conditions, of the scheme of things around us. . . .

"From the unexampled power possessed by this new religious force of fusing with other creeds, it seems likely, in the end, to bring about a greater uniformity of belief than has ever yet been known."

Dean Stanley and the Rev. Mr. Haweis might be quoted to the same effect. On the scientific side, meanwhile, Messrs. Crookes and Wallace testify to the genuineness of spiritualistic phenomena. The former owes even his recent valuable discovery of the radiometer to his spiritualistic investigations. While endeavouring to secure evidence of the movement of inert matter

poised in a vacuum, in the presence of a medium, he detected mechanical movements due to the action of light, which led to the production of this little instrument, which not only demonstrates the conversion of light into mechanical motion,* but by the addition of electrical attachments, forms by far the most perfect photometer or light measurer which has hitherto been produced. In a recent lecture on the subject, the eminent physicist frankly acknowledges the source of his discovery, and is not ashamed to say at the conclusion that "all the results he had exhibited had been obtained in consequence of his examination of an anomaly (Spiritualism) contrary to all ordinary experience. Anomalies were of the utmost value to men of science; they were gateways leading to new researches, and to the establishment of reputations."

All this may prove nothing in favour of Spiritualism, but it certainly goes to show that the subject has excited sufficient interest to engage the attention of men whose scientific reputation is established and unquestioned.

There are, no doubt, many cases in which one or other of our senses may, for the time, testify only to deceive us; but where several persons of recognised integrity of character, sound judgment, and a scientific, not mystic, turn of mind, have so familiarized themselves with the phenomenon as to be able to investigate it in all its bearings, and thus place themselves above the suspicion of having "their faculties suspended by awe," it seems that we are hardly justified in distrusting the evidence of sense in regard to it; for, as remarks a distinguished divine: "In some circumstances our senses may deceive us; but no faculty deceives us so little or so seldom; and when our senses do deceive us, even that error is not to be corrected without the help of our senses."† That, despite the most minute and careful investigations of the subject by scientists of marked ability, the mystery remains still unsolved, is no reason that it is unsolvable. This circumstance goes rather against the investigator, who may not be using the right means to accomplish his object. We need to employ other means than Tyndall-analysis to penetrate the veil that hides spiritual truths. The application of science to spiritual things is like trying to discover the motive power of a complicated machinery through the Kantian philosophy, instead of using its legitimate instruments—hammers and screw-drivers. Nor are spiritual phenomena likely to be determined by electric batteries, or ropes and cages.

These modes of investigation can at best only serve to establish the honesty or dishonesty of a medium. The communication itself, to be free from suspicion, must, after all, bring its own truth with it. Whatever, therefore, this unknown force, attested by such authorities as the above, may yet be called, it is at present an undeniable force; and if, as Coleridge says, "there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truths as yet below the horizon," were it not better, instead of deriding it, to hold on to it, and, "wait in patience for the explanation of the rest?" There is no telling what, in these absurd dark *séances*, may not yet come to light.

It is, however, chiefly the phenomenal side of Spiritualism that shocks conservative religious thought. It is certainly next to an insult to impose upon a devout and rational mind the absurd idea that Divine truths can be revealed to the human race through "prancing and gyrating tables." But to the philosophic mind nothing should be absurd. The question is not whether it is dignified in a spirit to use pieces of furniture to communicate with his brother spirit in the flesh, but whether it is a fact; and if so, our preconceived notions of spirituality will have to give way to it. That "the existence of a disembodied spirit must be supersensual, and that it is impossible for anything supersensual to produce sensible evidence," is undeniable; but it does not follow therefrom that a disembodied spirit cannot, by some means to us as yet unknown, project, under certain conditions and by the power of will, an image, consisting, it may be, of those very "films of matter that evade the touch, and are visible to the material eye, and audible to the human ear." The spiritualist does not believe that the shadow he sees,

[* Mr. Crookes's conclusion has been questioned by some scientists who have repeated his experiments, on the ground that the motion in question may be due, not to light, but to radiant heat. The objection seems to us futile, radiant light and heat being identical in their physical basis.—ED. C. M.]

† "Tillotson's Works," Sermon xxvi.

or the rap he hears, is the spirit proper; he allows it to be a mask, an as yet unexplained force exercised upon the air and surrounding objects by means of electric currents or magnetic influences. Intelligent experiments have shown that this communicating force claims to be of spiritual agency; and so long as nothing has yet proved the contrary, it is not altogether unreasonable to credit it as far as it goes.

Much of the absurdity attached to the phenomena vanishes when we examine the belief upon which they are based. The spiritualist believes that "the visible and invisible" worlds are as intimately related as the spirits and bodies of men. The latter is conceived to be the animating soul of the former, from whose vital centre emanate all the mysterious forces displayed in the outward creation. By the law of their relation, their elements commingle, and by the force of mutual attraction their respective inhabitants associate together. All men, and indeed all gradations of form and life in the natural world, are influenced by super-terrestrial causes, and hence all life, as revealed in organic forms, depends on a perpetual influx of vital principles from sources invisible, spiritual, and divine.* The student of the Swedenborgian doctrine will find that the tenets of Spiritualism are, in the main, the same as those of the Swedish seer. Spiritualists believe in one God, Divine Love and Wisdom, omniscient, self-existent, the Primal Cause from which all things proceed according to Divine order. They generally regard Christ as a natural, spiritual, and divine man, and the Saviour of all those who allowed themselves to be guided by His teachings and His example. They do not believe that the sinful soul is susceptible of a sudden conversion, and experiences a radical change through death. It is what it is, what its earth-life has made it, strong or feeble in good—evil being in their eyes but a negation—and they believe that it is the degree of the soul's assimilation with the divine spirit that will determine its heavenly bliss. In regard to the Bible, they conceive it to be so far the word of God as the Spirit that giveth life can communicate through the imperfect medium of human language; that the divine influx reaches us through imperfect channels; through Moses in the form of law, through Jeremiah in awful warnings, through David in holy Psalms, through the Apostles in practical spiritual truths; but more or less beclouded by the medium and his time, leaving it to the advanced spirituality of successive generations to read the text more and more comprehensively. It is evident that, if a belief which imposes upon the human race the necessity to lead a true life if it would reap happiness hereafter, could become an experimental conviction, it would prove an immense moral lever in the world.

We believe the inspired apostle who declared that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit," and the able expounder* of this text, who says "that if God's existence be not thrilling in every fibre of our heart, if the immortal be not already in us as the proof of the Resurrection, the law of Duty be not stamped upon our soul as an Eternal Truth, unquestionable, a thing that must be obeyed, quite separately from all considerations of punishment or impunity, science will never reveal these." No; science will not, but love will. Early Christianity held in reserve for its Thomases, signs and wonders; and if in those primitive days the man of weak spiritual apprehension was helped by these outward means, why may not the modern sceptic? Science has demonstrated away from under his feet all ground for a hope in immortality, and leaves him floundering in a sea of probabilities, unmanageable problems, and despairing negations. The Christ-principle is swallowed up in a deluge of scientific claims and literary religion. Before this apotheosis of annihilation, which the vanity of science glories in, what refuge is there against moral lawlessness? Whom will the materialist ever persuade that it is noble to work unselfishly for one's race? What human soul can take an interest in a race that has no future? and what is that race good for?

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his article on "The Immortality of the Soul,"† whilst admitting that the clergy are cornered by the men of science, says that "apart from

* "Rational Spiritualism," by S. B. Brittan.

*Frederick Robertson.

† CANADIAN MONTHLY, May, 1876, p. 408.

Revelation there is enough to make a man reflect seriously before he finally determines to act on the belief that there is no hereafter." We ask what is it, if it is not the very thing the spiritualistic theory rests on, that profound wisdom as revealed in the simple confidence of the little girl of Wordsworth's "We are Seven," which puts to naught all the accumulated logic of the present day. But whilst this intuition is strong in some, it is weak in others who crave a more objective evidence. Grant that this objective evidence is encumbered with rubbish: many a pearl has been picked out from a rubbish heap. The miner in search of gold must handle much sand and mud before he finds the coveted metal. The spiritualist puts up with much that is worthless to obtain the least indication of the reality of the Beyond. The husks he is accused of feeding on are to him, in themselves, an indication of the generous grain; and, even were they empty, being hungry he considers it wiser to partake of what he can get, than to fast at the risk of total starvation.

But surely there must be something in that frank laugh that goes up at our expense from spiritualistic quarters:

> "As though they held the corn and left us only chaff,
> From garners crammed and closed, and we indeed are clever,
> If we get grain as good by thrashing straw forever."*

But to conclude. The signs of the times are of too portentous a significance to allow the least to be passed by unobserved. Spiritualism, with all its gipsy appearance, may for once read us a true prophecy. Its philosophy and curious phenomena point indubitably to the ultimate absorption of science in religion—in a physical religion, full of realities, such as Swedenborg has so scientifically set forth in his spiritual states, and which, recognising the spirituality of matter, the impossibility of spirit divorced from matter, will, through the (as yet) mysteries of electricity and magnetism, reveal in the end, to the riper mind of the future man, the hidden bonds that unite the apparently perishable to the obviously imperishable.

* Browning's "Fifine at the Fair."

TWILIGHT.

WHEN the sun hath sunk away to his rest,
Unto earth-mother crept each flower,
Before the dark hues of night descend,
And the sorrowful welcome it as a friend,
Comes the grey, calm, twilight hour.

Like a spirit borne on the sigh of the wind,
It speaks in a tone sweet, solemn, slow;
You may listen in vain for a single word,
For the voice of the twilight is never heard,
It is only *felt* in the world below.

It comes with a soft and healing touch,
It lays its hand on the aching brow,
Like the wind's sweet breath in the leafy bowers,
Or the moonlight flooding the dreaming flowers
With its softest, tenderest glow.

Then the day cares have folded their restless hands,
As tho' even *they* could wanly smile,
Whilst we put away from us all our pain,—
Tho' it may wake with the night again,—
And the heart is at peace for a little while.

Montreal. MAPLE LEAF.

THE LIFE AND LESSONS OF A SPIDER.

BY T. T. J., QUEENSVILLE, ONT.

ALTHOUGH my name is Arachne, I am only a spider. Do not be disappointed at this, kind reader, for heathen mythology declares that I was once what I am not now.

In years gone by I was a fair young virgin in the Province of Lydia. My father's name was Idmon, and our home, the perfection of happiness and peace, was at Colophon. He was celebrated as a dyer of purple, and I seemed to have inherited his ingenuity, perseverance, and skill. The maidens of Lydia delighted in all manner of household work, but I had the honour of being the inventor of spinning and weaving. Others soon copied from me, and a spirit of rivalry sprung up amongst the fair ones of Lydia. However, I soon surpassed them all, and felt happy, joyous and free, as the virgin queen of the maidenly art.

Unfortunately my success made me haughty and disdainful, as is too often the case with favoured maidens. In my pride I became presumptuous. O, if I had only been contented with my unrivalled success, and had not listened to the sweet rippling tongue of ambition! But I was infatuated, and did not know what the wise man had written: "A man's pride shall bring him low." To the astonishment and terror of all my companions, and, in fact, of the whole country-side, I sent a challenge to the great Minerva Athena, goddess of the fine arts, to compete with me at my favourite employment. They tried every means to dissuade me from my rash intention, but I was deaf to every entreaty. Even when the goddess accepted the invitation I did not fear her presence, nor did I for a moment imagine any evil results.

When the time came I felt nerved for the occasion, although the odds seemed to be all against me. We had each our distaff and loom, and I took for my pattern the amours of the gods. After we had woven till the shades of evening were gathering around us, it was pronounced that I was the victor, the champion spinner and weaver of creation. I felt my bosom heave with pride when I heard these welcome words, and I stood disdainfully watching the angry countenance of the defeated Minerva. Alas, that I should have so completely forgotten myself, and the might of her who had just opposed me! I have no doubt that it was my sinful conduct then, more than the fact of victory, that proved the forerunner of impending ruin. It is one thing to excel in skill, and another to surpass in power. I was champion of the one, but she was mistress of the other. My sun had risen steadily with my ripening maidenhood, until on that day it had stood at its zenith, but, now it was soon to set for ever. Minerva was the goddess of war, and wisdom also, and she soon displayed her shrewdness, as well as the refinement of her cruelty. She had been planning as she sat on the ground, exhausted, beside her broken distaff and shattered loom, whilst I had been exulting as I stood, fanned by the evening breeze, and drinking in the plaudits of an admiring multitude. At last she arose and stood before me. Her black eyes glittered and her lips quivered with half-suppressed emotions of malice and rage, as she suddenly seized hold of my faultless pattern and tore it into a thousand shreds. Then striding up to where I stood, she took a part of my loom and with one stroke felled me to the earth. As my senses were leaving me, I heard the shouts of the multitude, and not knowing whether they were cheers or jeers, I fancied that their approbation of me had turned into loathing and contempt.

When I returned to consciousness I found that I was alone, and that the shades of evening had faded out into the gloom of a starless night. O, how miserable I felt! Struck by the great Minerva, and now the goddess of gods against me! Pride and ambition had been my counsellors, and like Ahithophel of old, when most needed, their suggestions were weighed in the balance

and found wanting. How could I return to my home and the friends of my youth whose counsel I had contemned? My existence was now a reproach to myself, and to die would have been inexpressible gain. Would that she had killed me when she struck me in her irrepressible rage; then the pity of the living would have followed me to my virgin tomb.

I resolved to die. Gathering up the shreds of that fabric so hateful to me now, I twisted them into a strong and suitable rope, intending to make the means of triumph the instrument of my death. Yes, I could not help thinking that I was twining together the fond hopes of brighter days—the transient realizations of triumph, and the burning thoughts of despair into a threefold cord not easily broken. The deed was soon accomplished. The limb of a blasted oak was a noble gallows-tree. Shrivelled by the withering stroke of the lightning's fork, it was a fit emblem of my blighted anticipations, and of my awakening from my dreams of fame and glory. The gnarled limb, the twisted rope, and the running noose soon ended the brief existence of Arachne.

What followed, when the spirit, houseless and homeless, fled from its earthly abode, must not be told; but Minerva, though unseen by me, witnessed all that happened, and by her immortal touch soon recalled the wandering spirit to its former habitation.

O, cruel, cruel Minerva! Her compassion for me was the fulness of inhuman barbarity. Why did she not let me alone?

When I was once more conscious and able to recline on the ground, she bent over me, and hissed forth, in the fulness of her unrighteous triumph: "Cursed be thou, Arachne, for seeking to contend with me. Hearken to thy fate. Day and night this shall be thy lot, for thou shalt spin thy life away!" She unravelled the rope, and spread it on the limb and trunk of the tree, when it changed into a spider's web. O! how sadly did I regret my rashness when it was for ever too late! I felt a mighty revolution in body, soul, and spirit. My form and beauty, my desires and affections, were all so changed that I could have put an end to my existence again, if it had been in my power. I looked up, and I thought I could see the once beclouded face of Minerva brighten with a look of demoniac triumph, when I lay before her a miserable, loathsome insect—for Arachne is now only a spider.

Yet with the dawn of my new life came new desires and other enjoyments. As soon as Minerva had left me to myself I put forth the instincts of my new nature, in order to satisfy the cravings of a voracious appetite. The knowledge of the past was so confused, and the tenderness of my feelings so seared, that what I had considered to be cruel in the spider before, I now thought was both right and proper. I could tear the flies into pieces, or suck their life-blood, with pleasure and satisfaction instead of wanton cruelty. My greatest trouble was to catch them. If I had been possessed of wings, or if the flies had had none; if I had had opportunities of seizing them at any other time but on the wing, I should have been a terrible scourge to them. As it was, and still is, I have often been without a meal, and know from hard-earned experience what it is to feel the pangs of a gnawing hunger. I soon found that it was safest to live in some dark corner, where the flies would not suspect my presence, and the broom of the thrifty housewife could not reach me. I soon learned also that I could spin beautiful thread, perfect in its fineness and finish, which was a marvel to myself.

Minerva had triumphed; her words were true. What was before a recreation, now became my daily avocation.

My spinning jenny is wonderful and simple—not at all like those intricate machines that I have seen in factories called by that name. I have lived in many of these busy homes, and must say I rather like them, for the din and dust are favourable to my daily work. And, as I have been sitting watching for a passing fly, I have wondered at the enormous size of the threads made, compared with the minuteness of mine. I have even spun my web beside their finest fabrics, so that they might make comparisons; yet no one ever said: "How far Arachne surpasses us all!" Neither did they see the skill of our Divine Creator in enabling me to weave a finer and more perfect texture than the most consummate ingenuity of man could devise. If I had all the cogs, belts, and pulleys within me that a spinning jenny must have, I should never have made a single gossamer snare to entrap the heedless fly. In place of all that dreadful machinery, I have six spinnerets at the lower extremity

of my abdomen, each shaped like a cylinder, and each enclosing about a thousand tubes. From each of these tubes issues a single strand, which, united with all the others, makes what is seen and known as the spider's thread. For the purpose of uniting them, there are little nipples at the end of my abdomen that yield me a substance like glue. With it I can cement the different strands together. It also enables me to fasten the thread to any substance against which the breeze may have blown it. As an instance of this, let me tell you one of the many adventures that I have had in trying to earn an honest and peaceful livelihood :*—

Some time ago a naturalist caught me in his garden, where I had spun my web in the bright hope that some of the great fat and lazy flies sporting there might fall to my lot. He carried me, bruised and half dead from fright, into his curiosity-shop of a study, and set me down on a slip of paper. In a little while I mustered courage to look about me. I found to my great dismay that the piece of paper was in a basin of water, and escape seemed impossible. So the thoughtful face bending over me evidently believed, as with a curiosity deepening into interest it watched my every movement. I walked around my prison island, and stretched my arms out as far as I could on every side, but could touch nothing but the water. As the paper sailed about it came to the side of the vessel, and I tried to climb the slippery wall of my dungeon, but found my efforts of no avail. Then I tried another plan, which caused the face above me to pourtray the greatest surprise. I raised myself on my legs, and elevated my spinnerets as much as I could. Then I spun threads which, being quite free at the one end, waved about in the air until they fastened themselves by their stickiness to some books on a stand about twenty inches distant. Finding them all secure, I fastened the other ends to the paper, and embarking on my gossamer pontoon, soon made good my escape. Thus my all-wise Creator has given me a mucilage which has often been my preserver.

For the purpose of uniting the different strands, or of dividing them into two or more threads at pleasure, I use two claws of either of my hinder feet, which are toothed like a comb for the purpose. The third claw on either foot is used whenever I want to wind up any superfluous thread that I do not need, so that none of it may be lost. In common with all others of spiderdom, I have sufficient material within to make at least six or seven good-sized webs, and to keep them in repair. After that is exhausted, I must either die of starvation or rob some of my younger neighbours of what they may have woven. So that with us wilful waste would certainly make woful want.

I often deplore my helplessness, although it is wrong for me to do so when I consider the other insects around me. The fly has its wings, and the beetle its covering and claws. The mosquito has its blood-sucking bill, and the bee its poisonous sting. But here am I, wingless and stingless, with many enemies and but few protectors. My skin is so tender I can hardly bear to be pressed. My legs are seemingly so imperfectly attached, that the gentlest pull dismembers them, and the one-half of my body is only united to the other by what would appear to be a slender thread. My main defence is a liquid which I can eject from my mouth, and which has the power of paralyzing insects much stronger and far more formidable than myself :—

> " Still I have skill to seize my prey,
> And always food for every day,
> Caught in my airy snare ;
> For helpless as Arachne seems,
> Our great all-wise Creator deems
> Her worthy of His care."

It has gratified me to think that, even though I am so helpless, I have often been of use to man, the lord of creation.

One instance, I remember, took place years ago, when in my wanderings I happened to be in Scotland. I was living at the time in a little cabin, and had concluded to form my web amongst the rafters. Beneath the chosen spot was a bed, and one day I noticed a soldier reclining upon it. I let myself down a little from the roof by my thread, and then, wanting to reach a rafter some little distance off, began swinging myself backwards and forwards. It seemed that as I began, the Scottish chieftain was watching me and counting my movements. I had a trying time of it, but every swing I made brought me nearer to

* Taken from the *Family Treasury*.

the beam, so that on the seventh occasion I caught it with a mighty effort, and quietly began my web. It so happened that this soldier had lost six battles in trying to restore Scotia's freedom, and felt like giving up in despair. However, my efforts gave him hope and courage. And as Bruce had never gained a victory before this, so ever afterwards he hardly lost a battle.

Man is said to be born to trouble, and certainly I have been doomed to the same. I have often had to run for my life, and see with sorrow my beautiful web torn from its fastenings by the broom of some meddlesome housewife. On one occasion I happened to stroll into a house where an overpetted monkey was a great source of danger. He was not content with driving us out of the stable where he was kept, but he would often pull out great stones from the wall to get at us. Seeing the vigilance of this horrid monster, the mistress of the house would let him run up the window curtains, and everywhere, so that we had to beat a retreat altogether, for between the maid's broom and the monkey's appetite we had neither peace nor quietness.

I have been driven about from post to pillar all my life, until I know not where a resting place can be found. Once I thought I had succeeded. It was in a fashionable church, and when I heard the artistic choir and a few others singing—

"O land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
That I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell in peace at home?

"No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home!"

I thought I had found my rest, my sheltering place and home at last. My retreat, however, was noticed by a young lady* who had the kindness not to disturb me. I give the circumstance in her own words, cheerfully forgiving her for calling me a male, when I am still Arachne:—

"Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say:
'Here we shall have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent.'

"Each chose his place and went to work;
The light webs grew apace;
One on the sofa spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and so half-dead,
He sought another place.

"'I'll try the pulpit next,' said he,
'There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies!'

"He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting-brush the sexton came,
And spoilt his geometric game,
Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

"At length, half-starved and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbour,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed the fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labour.

"'How is it, friend,' he asked, 'that I
Endured such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?'
''Tis plain,' he answered; 'not a loss
I've met since first I spun across
The contribution box.'"

However, I was soon forced to leave my peaceful abode, for the time came when the box was to be emptied of its consecrated contents.

It would certainly, to my own mind, be an interesting study to retrace the steps that I have taken through life. On one occasion I had the pleasure of gazing at the Royal family from behind a gilded cornice in their home at Osborne. I also heard Her Majesty read from Scripture a passage during her devotions that struck me as being remarkable:—"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." In fulfilling Scripture, however, the time is not taken into account, and an officious maid, a few days afterwards, nearly put an end to me, as she was brushing the corners, instead of gathering the gossip at the stair-head. I have no patience with this class of humanity, and I can safely infer they have just as little with Arachne. Better, for me at least, if they would leave the nooks and crannies to their natural occupants, and learn how their neighbours are scandalizing them behind their backs.

But a feeling of aversion towards us is

* Alice Clark.

not peculiar to housemaids alone. I hear remarks continually, about the cruelty and barbarity of the spider, which are certainly unmerited. We are as God made us, and we do what He has commanded us. Consequently, the doing of the righteous will of God cannot be acts of savage cruelty on our part. To man God has not given such a law of nature as wanton cruelty, even though all creation is subject to his control. When, therefore, he is guilty of inhuman deeds, he breaks God's law; whereas we, in doing what appears the same, are guiltless, but are daily brought under the same condemnation. Not only so, but man represents the insect world as branding us as paragons of cruelty, if the following conversation be true, which is purported to have taken place in a garden not long ago.*

"How busy you are this morning," said the butterfly to the spider.

"I am spinning, merely spinning," said the spider demurely.

"How good the spider is. She is just like you, always at work. I found her at home just now, on the rose bush, hard at her spinning," cried the butterfly, to a sage old bee that was gathering honey with all his might.

"Like *me!*" exclaimed the bee. "No, friend, no, I am never idle: I love industry and practise it; so far you may compare me to the spider, but there we part. My labour is spent in preparing sweet food for others; hers is devoted to spinning snares wherewith she catches the unwary for her own devouring. Work and workers are to be judged, not by the skill and pains taken, but by the end proposed. My mission is one of love and life; hers is malignant, and has death for its object."

It may be so, for I do not understand the language of either the butterfly or the bee; but this I know, we are as the creative hand of God made us, and cannot be what we are not. Another instance which fell under my own notice I may give, to show how deep-rooted man's hatred is:†

One day a bee got caught in a remarkably strong web that I had woven in a gentleman's vineyard. I had not looked for such a prize, and felt greatly concerned about the results of my capture. At this juncture, just as I was ready to spring upon it, the gentleman's son freed the bee and spoiled my web. His father saw it and said:—"How canst thou, my son, so lightly esteem the skill and the industry of the insect as to destroy its toilsome and ingenious work? Didst thou not see the regularity and beauty with which the delicate threads were arranged? How couldst thou, then, be at once so compassionate and so cruel?"

The boy answered, "Is not the ingenuity of the spider mischievous, and employed for murder and destruction? But the bees gather honey and wax into their cells. For this cause I released the bee, and destroyed the web of the spider."

The father praised the judgment of unsophisticated simplicity, which condemned even the brilliant ingenuity that arises out of selfishness, and aims at mischief and destruction. [O, how unjust I felt these words to be, for why should I be judged so when my very life depended upon such a course of action? Let them who reason thus have a care lest they are found charging their Creator with the same condemnation.] "But," continued the father, "perhaps you have yet done the spider injustice. Observe that she guards our ripening clusters from the flies and the wasps, by the web that she spins about them."

"Does she do this," asked the boy, "for the purpose of guarding them, or is it rather to quench her own thirst for blood?"

"Why, really," answered the father, "she probably troubles herself very little about the grapes."

"Oh," said the boy, "then there is no worth in all the good she does without meaning to do it. The good-will is the whole virtue and beauty of goodness."

"Right," said the father, "the thanks for this are due to nature, who knows how to use even mischievous and malignant things for the preservation of the useful and the good." [If I had my maiden voice I should have asked the gentleman if my "quenching my thirst for blood" did not free him in a great measure from having a perpetual Egyptian plague. My so-called mischief and malignancy came from God. I have perverted no law to acquire them; hence this man's reasoning is vain.]

The boy then asked his father why the spider sits so solitary in its web, while the bees live together in sociable union, and

* Fable in *Leisure Hour*, 1875.

† Krummacher.

work in concert. The spiders might make an immense web by working together.

"Dear child," replied the father, "it is only for good ends that many can enter into friendly alliance. The league of selfishness and malice bears in itself the seeds of dissolution. Wise nature, therefore, will not essay that which men often find by experience to be impracticable and pernicious."

As they returned to the house the boy said—

"I have learned something to-day from that ugly animal."

"And why not?" replied the father. "Nature has placed the malignant side by side with the amiable, the evil with the good, that thus the good may appear the more distinct and beautiful. And thus may men learn something even from the wicked."

What more was said I could not hear, but I felt that I had heard too much. I could not stay in a place where I had been so unjustly reviled. Consequently, after casting a sorrowful look at my shattered web, I left the garden for ever. After a while I became calmer, and reasoned with myself about the man's seeming injustice, and came to the conclusion that he only used the bee and the spider as figures by which to portray the good and the bad amongst men. Nevertheless, I am grieved to know that I and my race are looked upon as terrible monsters of cruelty in the insect world. It was this continual persecution—for it was nothing else—that first induced me to visit other climes. I thought that surely other nations were not our sworn enemies like the whites; but in this I was sometimes mistaken, for, in fact, I was seldom out of hearing of the English language. Like the spider race, you find the speakers of it everywhere.

Shortly after leaving the vineyard I found myself in a low marsh, through which a sluggish stream was slowly forcing its way. The surface of the water was almost covered with a plant called *duckmeat*, and down in the depths I could see the *stargrass* growing with rank luxuriance. As I was passing along, discontented with myself and at variance with all mankind, I saw a pale, reddish spider, about my own size, wearing a close nap of hair along his throat and abdomen, in the very act of plunging headlong into the water. My startled cry arrested his attention, and, as I thought, prevented an act of premeditated suicide. I hailed him, and would have given him some friendly admonitions, but in a free and easy manner he informed me that he was a diver by profession, and could not neglect his trade.

In the course of our conversation, he told me that he lived on boat-flies, water-mites, and the larvæ of gnats, caddice-flies, and dragon-flies, of which there were the greatest abundance. He pressed me to visit his home, which, to my surprise, I found to be amongst the stargrass at the bottom of the stream; so I had to decline. However, on parting, I promised to return and renew our acquaintance, so pleasantly formed, but in the meantime I could only take up my position on a leaf of the duckmeat and watch his aquatic movements. Almost before my sentence was finished he was off, and all at once, plunging headlong into the water, made little ripples which agitated the leaflets around so that the accuracy of my observations was considerably marred. Nevertheless, I soon caught sight of him bearing a bubble of air at the apex of his abdomen, which he had taken with him as he started, and which looked like silver in the water. I saw him select a suitable place to locate it, and watched him fasten it to a branch of stargrass some two or three feet from the surface. When he came up again for another bubble, I asked him what he was intending to do, but all the reply he gave me as he dived down again was, "Fools and bairns shouldna see half dune wark." Determined to see the half-finished work completed, I continued at my post of observation, and was perfectly astonished to see the rapidity with which his visits to the surface for bubbles of air were accomplished. As the air balloon became enlarged he had to tie it by threads which he spun, so that it might not break away from its moorings and rise to the surface. After he had ascended and descended about a dozen times, the air-bell was sufficiently large for his accommodation, and I now saw that all the while he was constructing a home for himself. He wove a covering over the top of it, so as to darken it somewhat, and entering from below turned himself about so that he might be hidden whilst he kept a sharp look-out for game. By-and-by the oxygen in the diving-bell was exhausted by his breathing, and he came up for a fresh supply. I took the opportunity of informing him that I was neither a fool nor a child, for

I had seen his home completed without being made any the wiser by his information. Seeing me a little piqued, he smiled as only a spider can, and proceeded to make amends for his impoliteness before. He told me that he was going to spin a staircase, by which he could ascend and descend with still greater rapidity, and that then he intended spinning several threads from the bottom of his air-cell to the branches and leaves near his home, to act as telegraph wires, by informing him of the approach of any booty or danger. By these threads he would be able to run hither and thither after his prey, and easily secure it. If he felt hungry, he said, he generally carried his victims to his home, but if otherwise he secured them by threads outside, as a supply to fall back upon in case of a dearth in the water.

I was certainly very much pleased with my amphibious friend, and not a little proud when he earnestly besought me to occupy one of these airy prison cells with him. I had to refuse, however; not that I had any objections to him as a mate for life, but I did object to his style of living. And let me here say that I have seen young women refuse on the same score, but with feelings of proud disdain which afterwards changed into those of just regret. Others have accepted a course of life as foreign to their natures as this would have been to me, only to regret the choice when it was impossible to unsay it, just because they would not listen to the words of reason and judgment, but allowed their shifting feelings to lead the van.

But the best of friends must part. The gnawings of hunger reminded me that I had to go, so with a hearty good-bye I continued my wanderings, as if I were a branded child of Cain; and, like a near descendant of Ishmael, I resolved to wage warfare against all those who would unjustly condemn our race as ugly, brutal, and vile.

Not knowing where to go, I resolved to make the noonday sun my guiding star, and so travelled towards the south. Whilst on my long pilgrimage, I was induced on one occasion, through sheer curiosity, to enter a cave somewhere in Southern Europe. To my surprise, I found some spiders living in the perpetual twilight, with frail, delicate, and almost colourless bodies. What struck me the most was that their eyes were very imperfectly developed, showing how nature can adapt itself to circumstances. Further in, where the daylight never enters, and nothing but night prevails, I found some of my race, totally blind, eking out a precarious living, having long, slender, colourless bodies, and hairy feet which formed delicate organs of touch. This seemed to me to be another instance of the law of compensation, where the want of sight is counterbalanced by the sensitive feelers which those of us who can see do not possess. They seemed happy and contented, however; but it was with a sigh of relief that I gazed on the pure light of heaven once more, for what was their safety was my misery, and what is my delight would be their ruin.

Leaving the cave spiders to pursue their unenviable lot, I continued my rambles southward, and after a time came into the warm, balmy breezes of the torrid zone, where everything grows with wonderful luxuriance, and a profusion of all things is scattered around.

Of course I cannot describe the beauty of the torrid zone I can only speak of friends I made during my wanderings there, which extended over many years. I found many tribes of the spider race, some of whom were giants in size and strength compared with my own family. I was perfectly astonished at the magnitude and resistance of their webs. In Mexico they are so strong that if a traveller strikes his hat against one hanging above his path it will knock it off. They entangle not only flies and moths, but butterflies; and even small birds have been caught in their enormous meshes. In Senegal they will bear the weight of several ounces, and some people make good ropes of these giant threads. In the island of Java the people often use a knife to cut them out of the way, when, if they had any sense of justice and compassion, they would pass them by.

As an instance of this, let me relate what I saw out in one of the prairies of the Western States.* Amongst a tangle of vines thickly interspersed with myriads of flowers, a number of ruby-breasted humming-birds were gaily flitting. All at once I saw one of my jumping cousins—called leaping spiders—coming, crouching and crawling, sideways and every way, now hiding himself and now making short springs from one object

* Howitt's "Boy Hunters."

to another. He was a horrid-looking creature, I must say, covered with dark brown hair, and about the size of one of the humming-birds before him. His sharp, glittering eyes and his two great claws before him gave him a noble appearance, and I pitied the pretty little birds from my heart, who appeared so guileless and yet so careless of danger. Onward he came, watching his opportunities until one of them flew within his reach—then, when the unsuspecting victim was hovering over a flower, with its head deep down amongst its lovely petals, my cousin made a spring that terrified me, and clasped the ruby breast with his great feelers. With a wild, despairing chirrup, the poor bird flew away aloft, trying to carry its destroyer with it. But the great strong thread of my jumping relative was a chain to freedom, even as his great jaws were daggers for the heart. The untimely flight soon ceased, for one end of the thread was fastened to a tree, and as he held the other it rapidly brought his victim to the earth. The little wings forgot to move, and the hungry pincers of my cousin were soon deep in, hidden beneath the ruby breast of his lifeless victim.

Mankind has pronounced this horrible, but I look upon the trampling of a worm in the dust as wanton cruelty surpassing this.

Suppose I were to become a reformer of this so-called bloodthirstiness in our race, and convene an Œcumenical Council, with delegates from the uttermost bounds of spiderdom, what could be more appropriate than that I should repeat to them these lines with deep feeling and solemnity?—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too;
But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

Why, the jeers that would greet me would be greater than the applause I received as the world's champion spinner.

Suppose, also, that an aged spider—one who had spent his days in solitude and meditation, far away amongst the rocks of some desert waste, and ignorant of the ways of the world—suppose such an one should arise and reply, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" what could I say?

Another feature of my equatorial relations is their gorgeous colours. O, how insignificant and ugly I appeared compared with some of the *epeiras* of the Philippine Islands with whom I associated! I have heard of a deer admiring his antlers in the water, and have seen many a conceited fop and foolish maiden loving their shadow in the glass; but when I saw my dirty brown, hairy, wrinkled body reflected in one side of a calabash of water, with my Philippine neighbour on the other, I felt as mean as if I had been stealing. Many of them are striped alternately with red, yellow, and black; whilst others have white figures on a red background. Some are orange, marbled with brown; others are light green, with white; others yellow, with light brown festoons marked upon them; and many are ash-coloured, with chesnut bodies. These colours, traced in every kind of hieroglyphic upon their gigantic bodies, beautifies, or rather illuminates these gay friends of mine only whilst they live. Their beauty dies with them. As I gazed on one of the most gorgeous, lying on a palm leaf, and ebbing his life-blood away; as I saw the light fade out from his eye, and the rainbow tints from his noble frame, I felt more reconciled to my lot, and could appreciate the old maid's comforting proverb:—

"Beauty's skin deep;
Ugly's to the bone.
Beauty soon fades; but
Ugly holds its own."

I soon noticed that our Creator had a design in all this. The Philippines have their colour as their protection. Those who live in dark, dingy places would appear far too conspicuous if they were dressed in livid purple or sky-blue or scarlet; their dark-coloured and sombre garbs are in accordance with their habits and homes. My old brown fustian jacket is good for all kinds of weather and for almost every style of living, so that for another reason I am quite reconciled to my lot. Those with beautiful marks of black, yellow, green, and orange live amongst the flowers and evergreen foliage of the trees. So with the others. Their colour indicates where their homes should be. I was very much amused one day when I heard and saw something that terrified a number of them. The sombre ones ran

over the black sticks and earth; the brown ones crouched on withered leaves; and the green ones fled for refuge under the leaves of the nearest flower. This instinct, with us, is as reason and intelligence with man.

One tribe called the Migdales interested me very much. *Migdale Blondii* is the name of the largest. Five inches in length is about the average proportion of this family. The friend with whom I associated was covered with brownish-black hair, and his legs encircled a space of more than half a foot in diameter. His long feelers had sharp hooks provided, by which he could inflict terrible wounds upon the hapless victims that fell a lawful prey to his rapacious appetite. Although sombre in appearance, he was by no means sober in his actions. He did not spin his yarn, nor weave an airy web to be shattered by every breeze. I considered him one of the wise men of the East—a wiseacre of spiderdom—both from his appearance and actions. His black suit, which in some cases has a faded and threadbare look, gave him a sort of professorial appearance, and his sharp, business-like manner spoke plainly of jobbing wanted or work on hand to be done. He had a kind of funereal look about him. He remained most of the time in the houses of the natives, running about here, there, and everywhere. White people never took kindly to my friend Migdale Blondii. His erratic movements terrified the nervous and timid, for he was in, out, and about all the trunks, boxes, and bandboxes that the foreigners possessed. They had a wholesome dread of him, because they imagined that with one leap and a slender bite he would send them into another world. But Migdale the Great is not able to accomplish such a feat, for in cases where he has bitten men the inflammation has not greatly exceeded that of a wasp or a mosquito.

In the West Indies the natives are glad to have this tribe in their dwellings, and if they have none they go where they can buy them. I wish the same good sense would actuate the people who live in temperate climates. Tidy housewives hate us with a perfect hatred, and yet cannot understand why the flies are so numerous. I was in a house in the Southern States which was kept as clean and careful as need be. The lady could not see where all the cockroaches came from, and at the same time waged war against the best means for their riddance. If I had had a human voice when she, with a large negress and a coloured boy, was hunting two Migdales to the death, I should have said, "Woman, spare these spiders. Such heartless cruelty will meet with its own reward. These Migdales are as harmless as I am, and their chief object in coming beneath your inhospitable roof is to extirpate these cockroaches which are so troublesome to you."

Another family of the Migdales displays a wonderful degree of ingenuity in constructing strongholds for times of danger. I got caught in one, and felt under deep obligations to my big brother for his gallantry and skill. I had been noticed by a ravenous bird, and would most certainly have been captured if, in my endeavour to hide, I had not espied a round hole neatly constructed, and about nine inches in depth. The wall was lined with a coarse tissue, but the innermost was like silken paper, velvety and white. In a few minutes a dark figure appeared at the entrance, and the builder and occupant descended. Mutual recognitions having taken place, he let down what appeared to be a lid, and enveloped us in total darkness. This contrivance I greatly admired, as it seemed to be planned with almost human ingenuity. It is made of particles of earth cemented with silken thread, and of course looks exactly like the ground. A silken hinge joins it to the upper side of the hole, so that when it is raised it shuts again of its own accord. To make it more secure, a few little holes are drilled in the lid opposite the hinge on the under side. The Migdales, being furnished with hooks at the end of their feelers, insert them into these holes, and thus bolt and bar their fortresses against any intruder. Scripture is thus literally fulfilled when it says, "The spider taketh hold with her hands."

There is one grand characteristic that ought to be a redeeming feature when the habits of the spider are considered, and that is a mother's love for its offspring, than which nothing on earth can be stronger. The love of mothers among mankind has been known to fail, but that of the spider, never. True to its instinct, it would rather sacrifice its own life for the preservation of its young, than basely desert them to their fate.

In Paraguay the thread of some of the spiders is spun into silken fabrics. About the beginning of the last century a Frenchman named M. Bon undertook to weave some of our threads into cloth. He made some stockings and gloves of what he had collected, and presented them to the King, Louis XIV., and the Academy of Paris. It caused quite a sensation, and what he wrote on the subject was even translated into the Chinese language by the Emperor's command. But the bubble soon burst. To succeed, we should indeed have been spared from motives of greed and not of kindness, but being deprived of our webs, who or what would have been able to give us the flies our appetites demand.

I rejoice that my own thread has never brought gain to man, but to the sufferer it has often given relief. It has staunched the bleeding wound, and indirectly has been the means of saving many from an untimely grave.

And now I must conclude; my seventh web has been spun. I fervently hope I have done good by my simple recital of past events,—this good at least, that by endeavouring to show that we are not cruel by nature, and that we do not seek to entrap the thoughtless flies for the gratification of our savage propensities, the minds of the higher creation may be more kindly disposed towards us than before.

"See yonder web with dew-drops laden,
Surpassing all the skill of man;
No tried expert, no gentle maiden,
Ever wove as spiders can.

"See yonder noble insect mother,
Dying for her offspring's life;
Can lordly man produce another,—
Maid or matron, mother, wife?

"O brand us not with every passion
Lurking in the human breast!
We live like every other nation,
Doing God's supreme behest.

"Then let us be at peace together,
Holding sacred Nature's ties;
Till power Divine these bonds shall sever;
And now adieu,—Arachne dies."

CHANGE.

THE river swiftly rushing, with a strong exultant sweep;
A dewy morning flushing, and half the world asleep.
I sit, and wait for my love,
He called me his "fair fond dove,"
Only last night, by the river.

A noon sun brightly glowing, on the orchard's waving mass;
A warm wind softly throwing, apple blooms on the grass.
Oh! my love and I are glad,
Never more can earth be sad
For us, by the dancing river.

A chill mist slowly creeping, under the shuddering sky;
The rain clouds wildly weeping, oppress me, as I cry
Oh! my love, is this thy grave?
Where the rushes slowly wave,
By the careless, cruel river.

Quebec. M. B.

CURRENT EVENTS.

AN English doctor, who has hitherto delighted himself with experiments on living animals, confessed with apparent nonchalance that he had, in one day, tortured twenty-nine dogs by administering various poisons, endermically and otherwise, with a view of ascertaining the effect of these agents in stimulating the secretion of bile. It is fortunate that in Toronto we can ascertain the effect of certain moral appliances on the party politician, without vivisection or dissection *post mortem*. The public addresses of Sir Alexander Galt, delivered here about the beginning of last month, have had a marked effect in deranging the functions of sensitive party livers. They have, in fact, rendered the hack politician jaundiced and atrabilious. It is, of course, to be deplored that Sir Alexander did not keep himself to himself, or at least to the Province in which he ordinarily resides. As the *Globe* agonizingly inquires, "Let us ask him why he does not take his counsels where they are most needed?" Why indeed? Everything is snug in Ontario between Archbishop Lynch and his organ; why then throw the apple of discord amongst the celestials—Presbyterian and Catholic?

It seems—that is to superficial observers—never to have occurred to the organ that the control of about sixty members of the House at Ottawa by the hierarchy is of some moment to the people of Toronto and of Ontario altogether. Is it not a serious prospect, looming up in the not very distant future, that a little over forty time-servers may manage the entire Dominion, if they will only be subservient to the Bishops of Quebec? Has this Province nothing to do with hierarchical interference with freedom of election in the Province only second to it in importance? The *Globe* is aware of the danger, but is content to ignore it, so long as it can reap its paltry party advantage. There was a time at which that journal indulged in the vilest language, when referring to the ecclesiastics and "religious" of the Roman Catholic Church, and especially those of Irish nationality. Its opinions have undergone no change; but its position and prospects have. We are not fond of retailing scraps from old newspapers and do not intend to do so now; but of one thing we are sure, that if the dangers pointed out by Sir Alexander Galt should be allowed to pass unheeded by the people of Ontario, as the *Globe* desires, and if Mr. Brown ever finds the Quebec men at Ottawa a phalanx against his party, the wrath and billingsgate of 1853-5 will be as the zephyr to the roar of a blast furnace. In that event, his patron, the Archbishop, will have found other *protégés*, and the game of scurrilous vituperation will be the fashion of the hour. For the present, the barometer is at "set fair" and the best thing the average "Reformer" can do is to nail it there; for if left to atmospheric influences alone it will soon veer about to less agreeable quarters.

Party coquetry with religious denominations is, of all forms of intrigue, the most intolerable and heinous. There is much talk about the evil of coalitions, and the sin of purchasing sectional or class support; but they are venial offences in comparison. At this moment, both parties are vieing with each other in soliciting the favours of the hierarchy in Ontario and Quebec. Their high-flown Protestantism and even their boasted love of free institutions have oozed, like Bob Acres's courage, out at their fingers' ends. Dr. Abbott says that Bacon's moral delinquencies were caused by his losing sight of everything but the great philosophical aim of his life; but for them no such apology can be proffered. To them country is as nothing, when weighed in the balances against party, place, and pelf. Henry of Navarre might have plausibly excused his apostasy on patriotic grounds; no excuse of the kind can be seriously pleaded for them. Whether we look at the complacency with which the "Programme" was received by the Conservatives, or the shameless compact made, and broken, with the Catholic League in Ontario, by the Reformers, there can be no pleasure in the retrospect. In both cases, the manœuvre was a bit of party strategy—a mere matter of bargain and sale. Those who were not ashamed to offer a *quasi* apology for the Pilgrimage riots of last autumn, are harking back, for obvious reasons; and



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—o—

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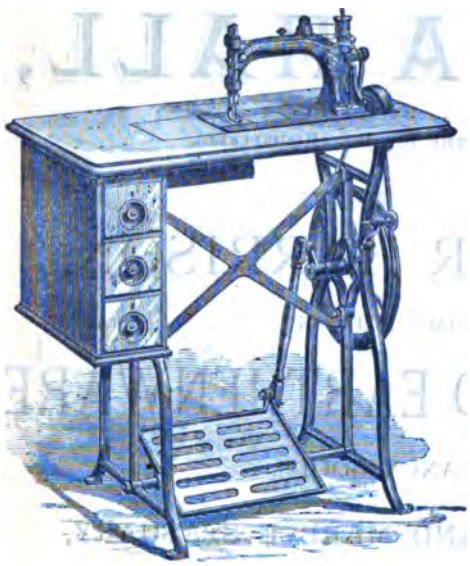
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does any one believe that John Knox would take the "scarlet woman" to his bosom, if there were nothing to be made by it?

Is it not a little remarkable that Mr. Huntington occupies exactly the same platform here as Sir Alexander Galt, and yet that the *Globe* should defend the one and scold the other? Both advise the English-speaking population of Quebec to range themselves beside the French Liberals of that Province, in view of a threatening peril; and yet the former is a saint and the latter an unpardonable sinner. Had Sir Alexander consented to be the Reform nominee in Montreal West, against Mr. Thomas White, would the organ have uttered a word against him? Certainly not. It is only because he declared himself a non-party man, that his past career is raked up and travestied. Had he consented to trot quietly in harness, his old offences might have been "rank and smelt to heaven," but still he could, like M. Cauchon, have been amongst the thoroughbreds of Ottawa to-day. When the organ asserts that it was only after the delivery of Mr. Huntington's Argenteuil speech, dated 30th December, 1875, that Sir Alexander spoke out, it must surely have forgotten the introduction to his letter. At any rate, what advantage could "a Conservative champion" hope to reap by breaking from his party, and recommending an alliance with the *Globe's* own political friends in Quebec? As the *Mail* puts it, he has probably injured no one but himself. The difference between Mr. Huntington and Sir Alexander Galt is by no means in favour of the former: for the one only sought to strengthen his Government and party, whilst the other snapt party ties asunder without regard to consequences.

The organ attempts to wriggle out of its awkward attitude in the matter of Dr. De Angelis, but unless its readers have forgotten what it said on the former occasion, the endeavour will be futile. What did it then mean by expressing regret that Mgr. Bourget had not explained his real meaning earlier? What significance can we attach to these words—"Unless we had been assured, on authority to which *we* are inclined to attach great weight, that such *was and is* Bishop Bourget's meaning, we should have adhered" &c.? Now it has another story to tell. The opinion of the Roman theologian was "a virtual repudiation" of the pastoral, and it is glad of it. If so, how could it have expected the Bishop to have condemned himself in advance "some months ago," or have accepted the Roman interpretation as actually being the "meaning" of the pastoral? It might be as well perhaps if the *Globe*, entertaining as it does so much deferential respect for Dr. De Angelis, would send to him both articles, so that people might ascertain what *their* meaning "was and is." Telegrams "on most reliable authority" are not always the most trustworthy; but if it be true, as we were told the other day, that Bishop Bourget has resigned his see and been made an Archbishop unattached, that is to say, *in partibus infidelium*, the organ's second thought was better than its first.

Into the general subject, there is no need to enter at length. Sir Alexander Galt stated fully the whole case with singular clearness and ability. It is said, however, that all the acts of which he complains were done by a local Government, "which has power to act in such matters." Indeed! We should have thought that some of them were of Dominion, and even of Imperial, interest. Is the introduction of the Canon Law a local matter? Or the restriction of the right of appeal to the Privy Council? Or the declaration on the statute-book of a British colony, that "the decrees of our Holy Father the Pope are binding?" If these and other enactments are *intra vires*, matters have indeed come to a serious pass. They are, in fact, flagrant violations of the statute of Elizabeth, cited in the Quebec Act of 1774—the same Act which concedes the tithes and all the other special privileges enjoyed by the Quebec clergy. In the absence of the Minister of Justice, it may not be amiss to call Mr. Mackenzie's attention to them, and to ask whether he does not intend to exercise the veto power without delay. If this be a vain resource, perhaps His Excellency may be advised to send them to Lord Carnarvon, who would make short work of them. In any case a future Guibord dispute will bring their Canon Law within the purview of the Judicial Committee. It would be rather singular if the Provincial Legislature of Quebec could do what the Dominion Parliament has not been permitted to do—bar the right of appeal to the highest court in the Empire.

These local statutes only give a faint idea of the imperious assumptions of the Quebec hierarchy. Dr. Newman, being in England and but a faltering advocate of the Vatican

decrees, declares that the *Syllabus* is not a binding, because not an *ex cathedrâ*, utterance. But in the adjoining Province it has been cited in Courts of Justice, as if it were part and parcel of the law of the land. Judge Mondelet, who delivered the first judgment *in re* Guibord, vehemently protested against it. "It only remains," he said, "to express my astonishment that one of the learned counsel for the defence should have pushed their pretensions so far as to cite to the Court the *Syllabus*, in order to sustain a proposition that the competence of this tribunal in the present case is condemned by the Church. It is sufficient merely to note such an assumption to appreciate its value." Since that, the *Syllabus* was quoted in a well-known case by Judge Routhier, sitting on the bench, *in loco Reginæ*, as binding in Quebec. How often this has been done in the Courts of that Province, in cases of less importance, we cannot pretend to say.

The whole matter lies within very small compass. The Quebec hierarchy look upon Quebec as their peculiar American preserve, in which they may do as they please. They have lost their power in all, or nearly all, the vast region from Mexico to Cape Horn; Quebec, therefore, is to be pre-eminently the paradise of the Ultramontanes. There they hope to find, *mutatis mutandis*, a second Spain, and, in fact, it stands now on a similar footing. The eleventh article of the new Spanish Constitution is a very mild and ambiguous provision in favour of freedom of worship. It will be observed that it does not concede much in the way of toleration, and yet it has been denounced by His Holiness, the *soi-disant* "prisoner of the Vatican," as "violating every right of truth and of the Catholic religion," and as "opening the door to error." The article reads thus: "That the Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the State; that, within the bounds of Christian morality, freedom of religious *cultus* shall be lawful, but no public manifestations other than those of the Church." Now it is obvious that even this limited concession might be rendered entirely nugatory in the hands of a Catholic Nero or Domitian, and, at the best, may be construed so as to prohibit burials, or anything other than private family worship. We were about to add that it would be curious to learn what the liberal Archbishop of Toronto thinks of the Pope's violent language about so small a matter; but it is not well to be curious when one's curiosity will certainly remain unsatisfied.

Archbishop Lynch, who was present at Sir Alexander's address, hastened on the following day to reply. There is nothing specially worthy of note in his Grace's strictures. The old dish, to which our palates have grown accustomed, was again served up with the inevitable Henry VIII. sauce. As a matter of policy, or rather as a *dernier ressort*, it is perhaps excusable when an ecclesiastic, who cannot meet an opponent on his own ground, drags or tempts him into the quagmire of theology. No one knows better the pitfalls of that treacherous region than the Archbishop; but Sir Alexander Galt had taken care to mark out his ground accurately at the lecture, and therefore the remarks of his critic on that head were but as the whistling of the wind through the gaping crevices of a ruined mansion. It is not true that the Bishops were abused, or that the Church was assailed as a religious institution; on the contrary, the speaker was studiedly suave and courteous in referring to them. With the religious convictions of Roman Catholics the politician, *qua* politician, has nothing to do; but when the hierarchy of an important Province systematically set about getting possession of the government, coercing the legislature and forcing it, by sacerdotal pressure, to pass unconstitutional laws, and then impairing freedom and purity of election by ecclesiastical intimidation of the grossest character, the battle becomes a constitutional and political one. On this, which is the true *casus belli*, the Archbishop is discreetly silent, simply because he has no effective argument to advance. That he should take refuge in the old penal laws, or the wrongs of Ireland, is natural, for other shelter for him there is none; but that his Protestant allies should revamp these platitudes, and even charge Sir Alexander with initiating a repressive policy in regard to Roman Catholics in Quebec or otherwhere, is something marvellous.

No religious minority in any empire or kingdom under the sun has ever been treated with more considerate liberality than the million of Catholics in Quebec. They enjoy rights and privileges denied to ever Protestant denomination; and that not, as is falsely asserted, under any stipulation made on their

behalf by France, when she surrendered these miserable "arpents of snow," but by the free and generous goodwill of the Imperial Parliament. Their clergy were emancipated from the irksome control of Bourbon despotism, and now discharge their sacred functions under the benignant sway of British constitutionalism. If Roman Catholics would bethink themselves of it, the recent assaults on the State here and elsewhere are only the outward signs of a renascent mediævalism. It is the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, with its two swords and its absurd exegesis of Scripture, which reappears, clad in modern guise, in the *Syllabus*, inspires the bold speech of Cardinal Manning, and even lends a tone of discord to the soft, melodious notes of Dr. Newman. It means despotism in Church and State, with the supremacy of the former over the latter. Our contention is that the cloven foot has appeared and left its unhallowed traces on the statute-book and ballot-box in Quebec. The best proof that all Sir Alexander Galt asserted is true appears in a sop for Cerberus just thrown by the Archbishop of Quebec. The hierarchy find that they have been precipitating matters and propose to take in sail for the present. The new Pastoral forbids interference in elections, by the priests, and, although there are one or two ambiguous phrases, it is ostensibly a reversal of the policy hitherto pursued. And thus a censure is virtually pronounced, not only on Mgr. Bourget, but upon the whole Provincial Council of Bishops, his Grace himself included—a general *peccavimus* all round. It affords a striking sequel to the late election at Charlevoix, at which each candidate appeared in the field backed by a Church dignitary. Of course episcopal pastorals may still trench upon the political domain, and the obnoxious laws remain upon the statute-book, so that very little has yet been effected, if anything, of practical importance. The claim to supremacy still remains; and, even although it be allowed to lie dormant, it may be revived at any favourable juncture. The best safeguard of our constitutional liberties against ecclesiastical encroachments lies in the pluck and power of a free people.

Sir Alexander Galt's first address had for its subject the financial condition of the Dominion. We have no space for even a sketch of his masterly survey of the present situation, nor is it necessary to attempt it at this late date. The main cause of commercial depression he, in common with others who have treated of the subject, believes to be over-importation—"we have imported more than we can pay for." And therefore, "the true remedy for the general commercial distress is to put the brake on, and stop to a large extent the excessive importations which have taken place." He does not consider that there has been any serious overproduction in manufactures, and, therefore, dismisses that as a cause of the depression. The brake has already been applied, for the imports have fallen off considerably; but this, of course, means a corresponding falling off in the revenue. Sir Alexander believes that Mr. Cartwright has under-estimated the probable decrease in importations, and, therefore, will be disappointed in his revenue estimate for 1876–7. He urges abstinence from borrowing and retrenchment in expenditure. Believing that no effective reductions can be made elsewhere, the speaker laid violent hands upon our great public works, especially the Pacific Railway and the canal enlargements. Here, as it appears to us, he has gone much too far, and has failed to take into account the recuperative power of the Dominion. In his desponding vein, he seems to have forgotten that the honour of the country is pledged, and further, that the *fainéant* policy he advocates would arrest the progress of the country, check immigration, and defer indefinitely the settlement of the North-West.

On the tariff question, Sir Alexander Galt gives no uncertain sound. His policy is eminently a national policy—not retaliatory but defensive. "Supposing an overplus of production here beyond home needs, our manufacturers naturally look to the American market, which they find closed by high duties, while, at the same time, American manufacturers have, to a large extent, access to our markets. The position is not exactly a fair one." In order to adjust the balance, in some degree, he proposes the adoption of what is termed incidental protection, or, as he prefers to call it, "modified free trade." For Sir Alexander is no protectionist, in the strict sense of the word; on the contrary, he devotes a considerable portion of his address to demonstrating the mischief high duties have wrought in the

neighbouring Republic. His policy is perfectly intelligible to every one who has considered the subject, except perhaps Mr. Mills, whose obtuseness is invincible. In his "brilliant speech" before the London Chamber of Commerce, the member for Bothwell observed, "that of all systems of taxation there is none more objectionable than incidental protection. It imposes the public burdens upon a portion of the community, and many of these are among the poorest." This, of course, was uttered *ad captandum vulgus;* but what does it really amount to? In the first place, it is directed against protection *pur et simple*, and not against incidental protection at all; and in the next, it makes against all customs' duties whatever, when levied on articles in general use. What he means by "a portion of the community," it is difficult to conjecture. We presume that if the duty on refined sugars were increased *ad valorem* its pressure would be tolerably uniform over the entire community. The Dominion revenue is almost entirely derived from indirect taxation, and if the western philosopher desires a complete change of system, he had better say so explicitly.

Mr. Mills would probably feel deeply injured if we failed to refer to a letter of three columns in length, embellished by an aureola of sensational headings, which appeared in a western paper early last month. All the notoriety he desires it is out of our power to give him, but a slight propitiatory offering may be grateful. There is no cause of quarrel between us that we are aware of; but Mr. Mills seems determined to pick one in some way or other. In our May number we animadverted, in fair terms enough, upon the report of the Committee on the causes of prevailing depression, and by doing so have drawn upon ourselves this *brutum fulmen*. Intrinsically, the letter is undeserving of notice; still to gratify the irate member, we shall waste a little space upon it. An innocent remark of ours, which was neither dogmatic, argumentative, nor critical, although Mr. Mills stigmatizes it as both the first and the last, ran as follows:—"We presume the report is looked upon by its author with all the pride of paternity." Now how were we to know that the hon. member was ashamed of his literary offspring? Common courtesy restrained us from entertaining the supposition. Yet it appears that he was and is profoundly ashamed of it, and would leave it upon anybody else's door-step, if he could safely do so. It is a matter of regret to us that Mr. Mills should have made himself "quite ill," ransacking the Parliamentary library, but that is no reason why he should vent his sick humours upon us.

The objection that the Committee transcended its instructions when it reported a dissertation on the respective merits of free trade and protection comes next. Mr. Mills replies that in 1847, Sir Chas. Wood (Lord Halifax) did not confine himself to the causes of distress, but also reported a remedy, although not instructed to do so. Sir Chas. Wood is not much of an authority, although he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he certainly did not launch into an argument against something which appeared *not* to be a remedy. His report was positive and not negative, like our friend's. But Mr. Mills shall be condemned out of his own mouth: "I would have preferred to have made the report a complete analysis of the evidence taken, but for this there was not time." It is not surprising that the hon. member is ashamed of his report, when he is conscious of having neglected, unavoidably we admit, the real work he was set to do, and of eking it out with superfluous and irrelevant padding. That Mr. Mills has no faith in patriotism, we knew before, and therefore he need not have wasted words on the matter. He is at heart a foreigner, and has no sympathy with Canada or the Empire.

Sir Alexander Galt's address may not have reached the hon. member when he penned his letter, and it contains all that need be said on another point. A comparison of that address, we shall not say with the report, because that is a sore point with Mr. Mills, but with the "brilliant address" delivered at London, will serve to show the difference in point of intellectual calibre between the two men—the one a statesman, the other a sciolist. Mr. Mills supposes that the same fiscal policy is good for ever, without regard to time, place, or external circumstances; Sir Alexander recognises the fact that a tariff which may be appropriate at one period may not be even defensible after a lapse of years, and he is quite unconscious of inconsistency when he advocates a modification of it under altered condi-

tions. Mr. Mills tells us that Herbert Spencer is a free-trader; he might well have added, quite as relevantly, that he is an evolutionist. We made no reference to his economical or biological views at all, and the quotation was made, as the hon. member is well aware, for a very different purpose. Of course, Mr. Mills drags in the protective policy of the United States, as if that had anything to do with the question in dispute. He is still a generation behind contemporary economics, and appears to know nothing of the revolution through which "the hard science" is passing. In conclusion, a graceful compliment is paid to ourselves in a classic couplet. Socrates said that the height of wisdom was to know that we know nothing; Mr. Mills tells us in Latin, that we know nothing, but are not aware of it. We should be sorry to know all that our critic pretends to know, and perhaps it might be as well if he kept it as a cherished secret, locked jealously within his breast. One good turn deserves another, and, therefore, without regard to the context, we present him with a line from the self-tormentor of Terence—"*Tu nescis id quod scis, Dromo, si sapies.*"

Since the prorogation of the Dominion Parliament, four seats in the Commons have become vacant in Ontario. In North Middlesex, the vacancy has been filled by the return of Mr. Scatcherd, his majority being nearly two hundred. In South Wellington, a successor is to be elected in place of Mr. Stirton, now Sheriff of the County. The late member had a majority of about twelve hundred in 1874, and therefore Mr. Guthrie, the Government candidate, would seem tolerably sure of his seat. The only opponent who presented himself was a Mr. McMillan, who appealed to the electorate as "an independent Protectionist and Prohibitionist." Success in the attempt to ride two hobby-horses at once is, to say the least, problematical or, to change the metaphor, there is a predestined fate for those who settle themselves between two stools. Mr. McMillan has since thought better of it, and retired. The two ridings of Ontario are both vacant by the deaths of the late members, Messrs. Gordon and Cameron. The Hon. Malcolm Cameron had been a member of Parliament as far back as 1836, forty years ago. He was, therefore, a historical, if not a very distinguished, public man. A Liberal from the first, he was a strong advocate of the party-system; and yet, perhaps, no man was ever more eccentric in his notions of party allegiance than Mr. Cameron. He contended with Sir Francis Head in 1836, and with Lord Metcalfe in 1843; was in office with Mr. Baldwin, only to fall out with his chief and appear, out of office, as the first of all the Clear Grits—the "pharasaical brawlers," as Sir Etienne Taché used to call them. In less than two years, however, he was again in office—to which he had no constitutional objection—with his former colleague, Mr. Hincks. Not to follow further in detail his official career, we may observe that Mr. Cameron was a man of many offices, and even served British Columbia long before Confederation. He was bluff, hearty, energetic, and, as party politicians go, scrupulously honourable. But he was not what is called a "safe" man, and the partial failure of his career was the consequence. The horoscope of Jacob's first-born was his: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

The Ontario contests are causing no little excitement, especially that in the South Riding. Prior to the last general election, the seats were held by the two brothers, W. H. and Hon. T. N. Gibbs respectively. The latter had somewhat chivalrously accepted office under Sir John A. Macdonald, when the Government was under a cloud, and was swept overboard in the Pacific Scandal squall. In the North Riding, the adverse majority was ninety-two, and in the South, one hundred and fifty-one. Both gentlemen are again candidates, and therefore the contests excite intense party interest. In the North Riding Mr. Currie is the Government nominee, and in the South, Mr. J. D. Edgar, of this city. We think the latter selection a mistake which perhaps may prove a fatal one. Not that Mr. Edgar is personally objectionable by any means. He is a comparatively young man of considerable ability, of unblemished character, and sterling integrity. The only fault alleged against him appears to be that he has been too faithful to his party, and too zealous in working for it, through good report and evil report. But, on the other hand, he is a non-resident, and enters the arena as a candidate who has been beaten elsewhere more than once—objections that should have no weight at all, but which,

nevertheless. will tell seriously against him. Both candidates are well supported at public meetings, and the contest promises to be an exceedingly close one. On behalf of Mr. Edgar, Messrs. Mackenzie, Cartwright, and Huntington are enlisted, and Mr. Gibbs has engaged the services of Sir John A. Macdonald, Dr. Tupper, and Mr. Thomas White, jr., of Montreal. It would be difficult to foretell the result in these two elections; but we should not be surprised if the South Riding, at any rate, were wrested from the Government. No stronger evidence could be afforded of the degrading influence of party politics than is given here. It seems hardly possible to conceive of a lower depth yet to be sounded than that already reached. In the old Roman times, the noblest tribute that could be paid to a citizen was the Senate's resolution, that he had deserved well of his country; nowadays, in Canada at least, the surest passport to success a public man can hope to give is the paltry declaration that he has deserved well of his party. Without desiring to speak disparagingly, we may safely assert that both Messrs. Edgar and Gibbs have been chosen, not so much because of their abilities, public services, or political principles, as because each has suffered for his party. It is on this account that the chiefs of both factions are mingling with the fray and "furbishing up all the rusty weapons" in their old curiosity shops. The same well-worn themes are again dilated upon; the trite platitudes re-appear, as if they were novelties, and the old scandals are served up, without even a change in the gravy. It is saddening enough, but there seems no remedy for it, so long as politicians will fight without knowing what they are contending for, unless it be place and power.

The annual religious gatherings last month were, in the main, quiet and successful. The Methodist Conferences and other ruling bodies met and dispersed with their wonted order and good feeling. Even Ritualism was allowed to sleep for the time, if we except a slight brush at Toronto, and a more effective movement at Montreal. A canon was introduced in the latter Synod to enforce obedience to a late decision of Lord Penzance—a very moderate proposal certainly. In Canada, there appears to be little danger of any outbreak of the Mackonochie fever to any alarming extent. The clergy are not extravagant in their views, and our young ladies are not much affected with religious hysteria, so that some latitude should be permitted to differing tastes and temperaments. Mr. Gladstone's plea for comprehension in this regard has much greater force here than in England. So long, therefore, as a minister does not offend against the canons and the rubric, he ought to be let alone. In any case, the diocesan is the calmest and most capable judge. The Bishops of Toronto and Ontario are, we believe, High Churchmen, and their brethren of Montreal and London, Evangelicals; yet, in spite of differences in theoretical opinion, they would probably differ little in practice. It is all important to secure peace, so long as this may be done without sacrificing principle, and this may be said without at all sanctioning the servile principle of episcopal infallibility. We entirely sympathize with the Church Association in the good work it is doing, and in some of the embarrassing contests in which it has been involved; at the same time, charity and moderation are virtues not so common in the Christian world that a word in their favour is ever out of place.

If the sessions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada were ordinarily to be as long as that held in June, the Union would seem to have entailed a serious burden upon the Church. There were, however, exceptional circumstances which protracted the sitting, which it is to be hoped will not occur again. The ordinary business was transacted without unnecessary delay, and the prosperity and zeal of the United Church must have been exceedingly gratifying to those who promoted the Union. In point of numbers the first Protestant Church in the Dominion, its progress must be a matter of interest to all the sister churches; and the Bishop of Toronto performed a graceful act when he congratulated the Assembly upon the Union. There was only one speck upon the azure, and that, as it appears to us, should never have been there. The Macdonnell case might have been settled in Presbytery or Synod, and yet, after many days spent upon it in the Assembly, it is hardly settled now. The democratic form of Church government has certainly many advantages, but, in cases of this sort, it is neither expeditious nor satisfactory. A large Assembly, unaccustomed to regularly and well-ordered debate, is sure to

wander off, "in endless mazes lost." Where every unit—we were going to say molecule—is a centre of force, acting under no natural laws, such as prevail in the material universe, the inevitable result is confusion and delay. In the Assembly, motion was piled upon motion till the clerk's table must have groaned under them. Vain repetitions of suggestion and counter-suggestion followed upon each other's heels furious and fast. Theological hair-splittings, such as would have done credit to the soldiers of Loyola, served to show what the order of the Jesuits would be but for the mailed hand of the Superior. What must have been the state of Mr. Macdonnell's brain and pulse, while he was being drawn under the harrow day after day, it is is hard to conjecture. Perhaps the process of being "badgered," as Professor Mowat called it, had at last a benumbing effect, similar to that produced on a soldier's back after the first fifty.

Now, if there had been any important principle at stake, after the ample concessions made by Mr. Macdonnell, the case would have been different. Those who protracted the discussion were, no doubt, conscientiously convinced that there was, and their convictions are entitled to all respect. But to ninety-nine per cent. of onlookers, there appears a woful waste of conscience somewhere. Sir Arthur Helps has observed that "our brother man is seldom so bitter against us as when we refuse to adopt at once his notions of the infinite." Now, there certainly was no "bitterness" manifested against Mr. Macdonnell in the Assembly; far otherwise. Principal Caven, Professor McLaren, and other prominent members were studiedly courteous and considerate. But then, on the other hand, there was no question of heresy involved in the discussion at all. Mr. Macdonnell, as explicitly as it is in the power of words to express anything, protested that he held no doctrine at variance with the standards of his Church. He admitted that he was perplexed by doubts; but doubt is not heresy, or there would be few thoughtful men who are or have not been heretics. He repudiated every known form of heresy on this dogma,—restorationism, universalism, and annihilation, and "adhered to the teaching of the Confession of Faith in regard to it, expressed as it is almost entirely in the language of Scripture" But this declaration was no sooner made than Mr. Macdonnell's censors fastened upon the last clause of the sentence, and urged that it indicated an intention of appealing from the Confession to the Bible. The rev. gentleman went so far as to repudiate any design of that sort. On the other hand, the clause seemed to be an intimation that, since the language in both rule and standard was substantially the same, the doubts which were founded on the statements in the one equally arose even out of the dogmatical definitions of the other. This is true; but then Mr. Macdonnell might have taken the same ground, without inserting that clause at all. In fact, he virtually did so, when he protested his adherence to the Confession and, at the same time, admitted that his "difficulties and perplexities" remained as strong as in September last. With regard to the sermon, Mr. Macdonnell expressed his regret for having delivered it, and his belief that it was no part of the duty of a Minister of the Gospel to hold out a hope, &c. He even consented to bow down to the seventeenth century fetish, and extended his palinode so far as to confess that he had "said very foolish words about the Confession of the Faith; very silly words indeed." Could Nebuchadnezzar have demanded more when he set up that golden image on the plain of Dura? Could self-abnegation—we had almost said humiliation—go further? In his desire to conciliate his brethren and make every possible concession to the majority, Mr. Macdonnell surrendered everything, save his doubts, and they are troublesome companions for an earnest man—obtruding themselves unasked, and not so easily shaken off. "But, then, what business has a man to doubt," some one may ask; "doubt is always the mark of self-conceit or vanity. I have lived for fifty years and never was troubled with a religious perplexity in all my life." Very likely; and if the self-sufficient objector, who has never devoted ten minutes to the duty of searching the grounds of his belief, lives thirty years longer, he will die, carrying with him another pride of a baser sort. Doubt, however, is not heresy, and, after the ample explanations and concessions made by Mr. Macdonnell, and a pledge not again to proclaim his difficulties from the pulpit, the matter might have been allowed to rest. A very disagreeable apple of discord would have disappeared, and the peace and harmony of the Church

might have been restored. It was proposed that no further proceedings should be taken, but that Mr. Macdonnell, after a careful re-examination of his doubts, should hold himself in readiness to give additional explanations, if called upon by the Assembly to do so next year. This, however, seemed to be equivalent to dropping the matter altogether. An amendment was therefore adopted by two to one that the rev. gentleman should report to the Assembly next year, without being called on to do so. It is thus ensured that, if the supreme body shall have become tired of the subject or lukewarm, it will be forcibly reminded of its duty.

Mr. Macdonnell's doubts were not shared by any of the speakers, but he received the sympathies of a number of them. The venerable Dr. Cook, whose opinion on creeds and confessions was very plainly given in a sermon at St. Andrew's Church, justified these doubts in a sketch of the Calvinistic scheme with the doctrine of eternal punishment as an element in it. He then submitted two pertinent queries :—"Did it not appear a ground for doubt and difficulty that under such a Divine constitution man should be sent to a state of eternal torments for the ages he had described, according to Foster? Was it wonderful that any individual man who took these matters into consideration, and connected these dogmas with one another, should have doubts and difficulties?" One gentleman called Dr. Cook's speech "the language of a heathen;" but the sting of these crucial questions is drawn from the Confession, and the difficulty can only be got rid of by throwing overboard hyper-Calvinism and the Confession together. The two Mills and many more have been made "heathen" by this creed, and it has not yet done all its deadly work.

The Deputy Minister of Marine appears to have conducted our case, in the matter of the Merchant Shipping Bill, with vigour, if not with success. His memorandum to Sir Charles Adderley would perhaps have been improved by condensation; but it would be ungenerous to be hypercritical, when a public officer shows evident desire to do his duty thoroughly, faithfully, and well. By a cable telegram from the London correspondent of the *Globe*, we learn the net results of his mission. The bill was discussed in the House of Lords on the 23rd ult., and both parties appear to have agreed, so far as Canada is concerned, with singular unanimity. The Deputy Minister complained that the mercantile marine of Canada is "virtually placed at a disadvantage as compared with foreign ships, by being subject to detentions, inspections, and penalties to which their foreign rivals are not subject." The injustice of this discrimination against the Dominion is ably and forcibly stated by Mr. Smith, and his suggestion is that, to redress the balance, Canadian ships should be subject to no obligations other than those required of foreign ships. The justice of this demand will be apparent, when it is considered that the Canadian ship-owner, who has already complied with the inspection requirements of the Dominion, is thousands of miles away from his ship, when it is undergoing re-inspection in a home port. This view of the case, however, has been unanimously rejected in the Lords, and therefore, we must bide our time in patience. The only concession Lord Carnarvon is willing to make, regards deck-loads. In the original draft of the Bill the Canadian provision on this subject appeared, but was afterwards struck out and an absolute prohibition of deck-loads inserted. The Colonial Secretary has promised that the clause shall be restored, and there, for the present, the matter ends.

The constitutional question, which Lord Carnarvon proposes to leave in abeyance, is, of course, the question of Canadian autonomy in general; not the interpretation of the Confederation Act. Now that we have seen the article from the *Times* on the subject, we are more than ever convinced of the fallacy of its contention. The letter of "Historicus" (Sir William Harcourt) agrees exactly in its general line of argument, with that urged in these pages last month. The *Saturday Review* is of the same opinion, and it accuses the *Times* of having "lately discovered a mare's nest of unusual pretensions." This, however, is a mistake: the "mare's nest" was built at Ottawa by some great constitutional authority or another. The jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament over "Navigation and Shipping" is exclusive, not as against the Imperial Parliament, but as against the Local Legislatures. In Sir Charles Adderley's words: "It is a total mistake to suppose that the Act of 1867 in any way altered the relations

of Canadian subjects to the Imperial Parliament." We possess, in fact, just the same amount of self-government under Confederation as we did before—no less and no more. We agree with the *Globe* that this point is not of much importance *per se*; but it is always dangerous to build one's house upon a sandy foundation; and, if injury has not been done by the fallacy—and it is by no means clear that the decision of the Imperial Government has been wholly uninfluenced by the false pretence—it is none the less desirable that it should be exposed and abandoned.

Affairs at Philadelphia have not made much stir in the world during the past month. The Exhibition is yet far from complete, although it is sufficiently so apparently for any ordinary sight-seer's appetite. Great Britain, with characteristic promptitude, was ready with her department and catalogue to the day, but other nations have been sad laggards. Russia and Portugal are still unpacking, although their courts are opened, but Turkey and Tunis have not so much as taken down their shutters. The jurors have now been five weeks engaged upon their arduous duties, and the foreign judges appear to be gratified at the facilities afforded them, and the attentions they have received. The list of jurors includes many famous European names in science and art, but the same care has not been taken in selecting distinguished Americans. It would appear as though party politics were at work even here to mar and disturb everything. Of course the attendance of visitors has not yet attained its full proportions, the largest number recorded being 31,673 on the 8th of June. The success of the Centennial, however, is beyond peradventure, and will gather strength as the summer months roll on.

The National Convention of the Republican party assembled at Cincinnati on the 15th ult. The ballottings were not so numerous as on some previous occasions, but, as often happens, all the prominent candidates of the party have been passed over for a comparatively unknown man. Blaine, Bristow, Morton, and Conkling were all regarded as having the strongest claims on the party, and in the order named they stood after the first ballot, the ex-Speaker being far in advance of his companions. Conkling, the President's *protégé*, made very poor running, and can scarcely have received very earnest backing from his chief. During six ballots, eight candidates received votes; but after that a decisive change took place. Morton withdrew; Bristow was withdrawn by Senator Harlan; and the opponents of Blaine concentrated their forces upon Gov. Hayes, of Ohio, who received the nomination. The final vote stood:—Hayes 384; Blaine 351; Bristow 21. Mr. W. A. Wheeler, of New York, was nominated Vice-President by resolution, and the "ticket," thus completed, was received with exuberant demonstrations of enthusiasm, as if it had been expected, and hoped, and toiled for all along.

The Republican nomination somewhat disturbed the plans of the other band of party intriguers at St. Louis; but at the last moment we learn that Gov. Tilden has been nominated by the Democrats on the second ballot. There is greater significance in this vote than in that which elected Hayes on the Republican side. The latter was elected by a bare majority vote; but the Democratic rule requiring two-thirds of the Convention, troublesome as it often is in practice, ensures, on the whole, unanimous action through all sections of the party. The nomination of Mr. Tilden is an *aufklärung* in American politics. It means a sweeping out of all the cobwebs and dirt of the past eight years, the end of military rule and the return to just principles of government. The Democratic party, being out of power, evidently mean to elevate the standard of purity; their course in power would, we presume, be like that of others who have made war on the same path. The platform deals in some fearfully strong generalities, as, for example, when it says—"we denounce the financial imbecility and immorality of the party which, during eleven years of power, has taken from the people in federal taxes thirteen times the whole amount of legal tender notes, and squandered four times this sum in useless expense, without accumulating any reserve for their redemption." And then, speaking on the crucial point, the Democrats say, with needless iteration, by way of preamble, that the dominant party "has made no advance towards resumption," but, on the contrary, "has obstructed resumption by wasting our resources and exhausting all our surplus in-

come; and while annually professing to intend a speedy return to specie payments, has annually exacted fresh hindrances." On the platform, as a whole, we shall have some remarks to offer hereafter; meanwhile there is some significance in the fact that the "hard-money" platform was accepted by a vote of 651 to 82. Gov. Tilden's nomination was, after all that has been urged against him, a singular proof of the persistence of moral principle. No party has been tainted so seriously with moral delinquencies as this. It bears on its brow the marks of political and municipal debauchery, and in the crowds belonging to "Boss" Kelly or Controller Green, who travelled as far as St. Louis to fight the reforming spectre, we hope to see the dying struggles of the corrupt time. How far their efforts availed to maintain the control of their party may be briefly told in the record of votes. On the second ballot under the two-thirds regulation, Gov. Tilden received 535 votes, 43 more than were necessary for a choice. Hendricks, the dubious, was left with 60, and Allen, of Ohio, the inflationist, with only 54.

The European nations are in a waiting attitude at present, with eyes turned Eastward, and their internal concerns, therefore, attract but little attention. Everywhere a stagnation in home affairs is coupled with a tense and painful interest in matters abroad. The Imperial Government pursues its humdrum course in careless security, and the Liberal party, under the conservative leadership of Lord Hartington, is still disunited and impotent. Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's nephew and biographer, introduced his resolutions in favour of assimilating the county to the borough franchise—a reform which Mr. Disraeli will probably snatch from his grasp in a session or two—and was defeated by a majority of one hundred. Of course the Opposition was all sixes and sevens. Messrs. Gladstone and Bright voted in favour of the resolutions; Mr. Lowe spoke strongly and voted against them; whilst the Marquis of Hartington, leader of the party, and Mr. Goschen absented themselves. Still the Liberals show some signs of life. Lord Granville made a stirring speech when laying the corner-stone of the City Liberal Club, and the meeting of the Political Economy Club was important on more accounts than one. In the first place, it showed the vast change which is passing over the views of economists. It is evident that discontent amongst the disciples of the orthodox views is rapidly assuming form. Of the foreigners who have given expression to this dissatisfaction are M. Laveleye, of Belgium, M. Léon Say, Finance Minister of France, and Herr Roscher, of Germany; in England, Mr. Norman, the senior member of the club, Mr. Walter Bagehot, and Mr. Cliffe Leslie. Mr. Bagehot was not there, nor were Stanley Jevons, Bonamy Price, and Henry Fawcett. It is evident that economics are being rapidly revolutionized. Mr. Gladstone delivered a notable speech at this meeting, which, taken in connection with a recent magazine article, would seem to indicate a new departure. In the latter he spoke of "the possibly chilling shadow of national establishments," and in the address he expressed an opinion against endowments. The expression quoted was employed when speaking of the United States and the Colonies, and may merely have been a rhetorical flourish; but his remarks on endowments are capable of a very extensive application. Mr. Gladstone was thinking of Church endowments perhaps, but not of these alone. His scheme would embrace endowments ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational, public or private. This would be disestablishment on a scale not contemplated by the opponents of the State Church, and certainly would not be accepted by them. They would let the Established Church alone, rather than consent to its demolition on terms like these. The new departure, if such it be, would in fact carry Mr. Gladstone clean out of sight.

The Eastern question, which is absorbing the anxious attention of Europe and America, entered upon a new phase last month. The Softas or so-called theological students of the mosques, backed by the army and the chief pashas, dethroned the Sultan or Khalif, Abdul Aziz, and placed upon the throne the heir, his nephew Murad V. It is said that the latter is made of rather poor stuff, and that he was only induced to come out of his cellar by the persuasive eloquence of a pistol. Many causes have been assigned for the deposition of the

late Sultan. The chief cause was undoubtedly his obvious incapacity to rescue the country and the faith from the perils that environ it. Sunk in sloth and debauchery, he had long ceased to be a power in the State. His subserviency to the Russian Ambassador, Ignatieff, and his refusal to part with a portion of his treasure to pay the army are also alleged as the immediate causes of the revolution. Then followed his rather suspicious suicide. That his death was a foregone conclusion is certain. Deposed Sultans seldom live long, and according to Mohammedan law, it would be no crime to put him to death, if Murad, the Khalif, thought a prolongation of his life dangerous to the faith. It is quite possible that the wretched man may have been compelled to open the veins of his arms, on pain of suffering death in a more terrible form; but that a nerveless, worn-out debauchee, such as he was, should commit suicide is almost incredible. The effect of this revolution on the insurrection remains to be seen. The War Minister is a stern Mussulman, and the policy of the new Government must in appearance be a stern one, or the new Sultan will fail to satisfy those who placed him there. All, however, will be in vain; the Turkish Empire is rotten at the core and no earthly arm can save it from dissolution. The Mohammedan, wherever he sets his foot, sooner or later brings decay, dissolution, and death. If any one doubt it let him read the painfully interesting picture of Persia, by Mr. Arthur Arnold, in the *Contemporary Review*. Let him think of the tyranny and barbaric cruelty that caused the revolt; let him picture Bulgaria with its tens of thousands slain by the Bashi-Bazouks; let him survey Turkey, socially, financially, morally, or politically, and he will admit that she is irreformable. The Powers appear to be waiting for something, although for what it is doubtful to say—watching each other and permitting matters to drift whither they will. In the face of the prospect of an outbreak between Servia and Turkey, which to all appearance nothing can prevent, the alliance of the three Emperors appears to have gone to pieces. Whether there be any truth in the reported "melancholia" of the Czar or not, much of the difficulty must be traced to his vacillating temper. He is constitutionally a man of peace, and yet, when the crisis comes, he must obey the traditions of his house and empire. Above all, Austria must be checkmated in the subtle game she is playing; for if the Hapsburgs once succeed in supplanting Russia in the affections of the Slavs, the Muscovite dream of a southern capital on the Bosphosus is over. The policy of Great Britain has at length been partially exposed. The rejection of the Berlin note, the magnificent fleet in the Mediterranean, the strengthening Malta and Gibraltar—all seemed to point to an Anglo-Turkish policy. Earl Derby protests that this notion is unfounded, and his words seem to sound like the death-knell of Mussulman power in Europe: "No one supposes the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire possible, if the Christians become permanently disaffected."

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE: Sketches of Travel from Lake Ontario to Lake Winnipeg. By J. C. Hamilton, M.A., LL.B. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

We can cordially recommend this work, because it contains, in a concise form, a graphic and interesting account of the scenery, resources, and present condition of Manitoba and the adjacent country, such as is to be found nowhere else. Moreover, although it contains a vast amount of practical information of great value to the intending settler, it is by no means dry and heavy, as such books are apt to be. Mr. Hamilton appreciates the advantage of combining the *dulce* with the *utile*—the attractive with the substantial—and he has contrived to combine them with skill and judgment. It is unnecessary, even if it were practicable, to give any detailed account of the various matters treated of, since a large part of the work appeared originally in the form of letters to one of our principal journals. Still we shall endeavour to give some idea of its scope and char-

acter, the more especially because there is a large amount of supplementary information of a valuable kind not published in the newspaper. The author has a keen relish for the beauties of natural scenery, and an observant eye for all the features, animate or inanimate, of the country through which he is passing. Without any affectation of scientific accuracy, he has contrived to give an interesting account of the fauna and flora of the country from Duluth and Moorhead to Winnipeg. The descriptions of scenery on the line of the Northern Pacific and on that tedious voyage down the Red River are well done; and so is the ride from Winnipeg by the Stone Fort to the great lake. There is scarcely a topic on which information is desirable which is not touched carefully, and with all possible fulness. The greatest pains have evidently been taken in gleaning information from all quarters, and it is brought down into the present year.

The chapters especially useful for the settler are very satisfactory—on soil, climate, land regulations, forest culture, minerals, fish, domestic animals, &c., with all necessary instructions to the settler. Those on the civil government, on education, on the Indians and half-breeds and the white population, are equally good. There is no effort to be exhaustive, but all that most people will care to know is told without unnecessary verbiage. The history of the old Companies is given in one chapter, and an account of our treaties with the Indians in another. Mr. Hamilton does not conceal his conviction that we have been cheated in the settlement of the boundary question, there as elsewhere, by the United States. He has also his own opinions about the Pacific Railway and other subjects of general Dominion interest. The recent settlements on a systematic scale of the Mennonites, the Icelanders, and the Danes are referred to. The first are on the Red River between Moorhead and Winnipeg, the second on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and the third are to be placed by Lake Manitoba. There is a chapter on the redoubtable grasshopper, with illustrations, which will be of interest to many who are beyond reach of the plague. It appears that he can be got rid of in a settled country like the "Prairie Province," if the people will only combine to fight him out.

There is only one subject to which we can refer particularly, and that is, the position of the Hudson Bay Company in the settled country. It is quite obvious that it lies an incubus upon Manitoba, and will prove more and more, as population flows in, a serious obstacle in the way of progress. This is a Dominion question which must be faced before long. So long as the monopoly lasted—that is, up to 1870—the Company systematically lied about the resources of the country, and now that the iron bands have been loosened, the land grant inconsiderately given in part payment for rights to which the Company was never entitled, is a cause of trouble in the heart of Winnipeg itself. Let us quote a paragraph which is made clearer by the plan of the city given in the work:—"Between the barracks and the heart of the city is a large tract. . . It contains twelve hundred lots, of which quite one thousand are vacant; yet the city is spreading out in other directions, and even along the Portage road, beyond this tract. This seems anomalous. Let us ask the cause. We are told, 'Oh, that is the Hudson Bay Company's property—they ask more than other proprietors; in fact, value their lots as highly as good residence property in Toronto, and annex terms as to improvements, so people buy and build elsewhere.'" Thus, in the very centre of the seat of Government, this hoary monopoly not only enjoys "the unearned increment" in the value of land, the result of settlement and the public works, but virtually shuts out the settler altogether. In short, as Mr. Hamilton observes, "they hold their lands in the exclusive spirit of persons whose interest it is to drain the country's resources, and not of those having a desire to develop its agricultural and other permanent interests." It is gratifying to find that the Mounted Police are working so efficiently; and in connection with the vast territory they protect, we ought not to omit mention of the generous notice—obituary, we are sorry to say—of the Rev. George McDougall, the faithful Wesleyan minister who perished in the snow only a few months since—the friend of the Indian and the tried servant both of his Church and of the State. The maps and engravings are good, especially the invaluable map of the Province and all the circumjacent country far to the north and west; indeed the entire "get up" of the work is highly creditable to the publishers.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS. By Harriet Annie Wilkins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1876.

This collection of poems is prefaced by the Rev. W. Stephenson, of Hamilton, who tells us of Miss Wilkins, that "there is a delicacy, a beauty, a tenderness, together with a rich hue of thought pervading almost all she has written." We do not find this assertion borne out as fully as might have been desired in the volume itself, unless it be in the particular of tenderness, which it may claim as its chief merit. The tone and intention of the poems are admirable, but their execution is faulty, and their actual merit not very remarkable. Many of them suggest a possibility which none of them fulfil. Like most ladies who commit their sentiments to verse, Miss Wilkins carries too far the principle of *poeta nascitur, non fit*, and deprives the talent she may possess of the very

necessary adjuncts of correctness of metre and accuracy of grammar. While there are in this volume frequent passages of not a little melody, we have failed to find any poem which runs smoothly throughout, while many of them set at defiance all attempts at scanning. That entitled "Beautiful Lilly" has but one very noticeable *faux pas* in the metre, and is perhaps as graceful and pleasing as any in the book. Abrupt transitions from one tense to another, which are of continual occurrence, are less mystifying only than the occasional absence in a sentence of any verb whereupon to ring these changes. After a slip like "The hand *of they who* sweep round," we were not altogether unprepared for

> "*That hand* had signed the mystic cross
> *Whose voice* was speaking now."

Most of Miss Wilkins's similes are decidedly conventional, and her metaphors we greet as old acquaintances, except a few such as that of "Eternity's lake," which is not happy in its suggestion of limitation. As representative of several similar instances, we may cite this delightful bit of confusion :—

> ". . . to cool our parching lips with *fruit*
> That grows around the tree of life's *best root.*"

A great deal of the poetry is of a sacred character, and there are several martial pieces, which are not the most successful in the volume. Canadian subjects receive due attention, and local ones are by no means neglected. The typography is so good throughout that we hesitate to throw on the usual scape-goat, the compositor, the responsibility of the Rev. W. Stephenson's awkward remark that he "can speak *equally definite* as to such MSS." as he has examined.

THE PRIME MINISTER. By Anthony Trollope. Toronto : Belford Brothers. 1876.

Mr. Trollope boasts the distinction, if it be a ground for boasting, of being the most prolific living writer of fiction, Miss Braddon only excepted. Over his lady rival, he possesses the advantage of being what is technically called "moral." Not that he is averse from painting a villain, or introducing a sensational catastrophe now and again ; but he does not live and move in an atmosphere redolent of conjugal infidelity and secret poisoning. There is nothing in his novels to which Mr. Podsnap could object, as likely to be offensive or harmful to "the young person." Moreover, he is *facile princeps* as a delineator of love and love-making ; and the wonderful power of invention displayed in turning the kaleidoscope of the tender passion, and presenting it in a hundred patterns cunningly differentiated, forms one of his chief attractions. It follows, almost as a matter of course, that he is prodigal of match-making ; the fragrance of orange blossoms is unceasingly offered, like subtle incense, to the presiding deity of marriage. In all female ways, feelings, and modes of thought and action, Mr. Trollope is a *savant*, and what is more wonderful still, he is perfectly at home in the recondite mysteries of female attire—the toilet has nothing to reveal to him which he does not know already Considering that he can hardly have enjoyed exceptional advantages, like Achilles at the court of Lycomedes, his skill in these matters is a rare gift, possessed by few of his sex. His novels have always been, and will doubtless continue to be, prime favourites with the fair. In the novel-reading body politic, woman suffrage not only prevails but dominates, and, therefore, Mr. Trollope will never fail so long as he charms the majority of the electorate.

The present work is graphic and interesting, as all the author's writings are. His characters are incisively drawn, each asserting its individuality, instead of running into one another like colours badly mixed and badly laid on. He possesses, unfortunately, too great a facility of composition, and that is the cause of most, if not all, of his faults. Almost at the outset we begin with a marriage, and at the end we have two—all which is agreeable to the fitness of things. Virtue is rewarded, especially the virtue which, of course, ranks highest —constancy in love. Vice receives a rather violent punishment of the Carker type, and everything turns out "as nice as can be." Mr. Trollope is not the only writer of fiction who threads his books one after the other on a string, like pearls or acorns, as the case may be. Now, although not a bad thing perhaps for author or publisher, to a reader these constant references to previous "chronicles" are annoying, because she (or he) is sure to feel that something has been missed which ought to be known. Not that this novel is incomplete in itself. It is by no means necessary to know the antecedents of the Duke and Duchess of Omnium, Lizzie Eustache, Phineas Finn, Mrs. Finn, or any of the moving figures ; still we believe the practice may be carried too far, and sometimes we are inclined to think that it would be better to kill off all these people in a Jacobin sort of way, and begin again in a new world.

We are not going to tell the plot of the story, because it would be cruel to spoil any one's sport. An odious character, one Ferdinand Lopez, a greasy Jew of Portuguese extraction, is the heavy villain. Melonotte, in a previous work, was a sort of Baron Grant, but Lopez, who, without capital, dabbles in guano, Guatemalan shares, and bogus companies, has nothing attractive or interesting about him except his handsome exterior, and that we must take for

granted on Mr. Trollope's word. The political intrigues which are the main feature of the book are skilfully interwoven with vivid pictures of social life in the upper crust of society. Mary Wharton, in another sphere, secures the reader's sympathy in spite of her perversity, first in insisting upon marrying the wrong man, and then in shilly-shallying about marrying the right one. The Duchess, Lady Glen, as she is familiarly called, finds her way to the universal heart, in spite of her giddy, thoughtless nature, so thoroughly warm-hearted, prettily impetuous, and vivacious she always is. The male characters are of the usual type, from the vacillating Duke, the Prime Minister, down to that chivalrous exemplar of the chief virtue we have mentioned, Arthur Fletcher. The scenes at Gatherum Castle, the Silverbridge election, and at Wharton, are all good, and the novel altogether is refreshing summer reading.

OLIVER OF THE MILL. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. Canadian Copyright Edition. Dawson Brothers, Montreal. 1876.

The number of Canadian editions of choice English works is a significant indication, not only of the enterprise of our publishers, but also of the growth of our reading public. The Canadian publishers of Mrs. Charlesworth's last work, "Oliver of the Mill," have done a good service to the country in giving a wide diffusion to a book so pure, so high-toned, so earnest, and teaching, in a fresh and vital way, lessons that all need to learn.

"Oliver of the Mill" is hardly to be read merely as a story, but rather as studies from life, showing the relation to human needs, cravings, and aspirations, of those great central truths which Christianity has most fully brought to light. There is no speculation, or reference to speculation, in it. Its phases of life are out of the region of "intellectual difficulties." The earnest and single-minded writer draws her teaching from those heart experiences which are common to all, and in which true religion finds its perfect work. The story is one of what is called "humble life," the fundamental needs, joys, and sorrows of which are, after all, so little different from those of a so-called higher sphere. The two Olivers, father and son, are the central figures, unless we add the Quaker grandmother, Mrs. Crisp, who is perhaps the most salient and best-drawn character in the book. Her outside severity, or rather rigidity, combined with real heart-kindness, is well marked, and the cause of the seeming inconsistency is explained in words which have been true of many an otherwise admirable Christian character :—

"Her opinions and feelings were many of them narrowed and stiffened by early pressure from without, instead of being freely expanded from within. This want of early expansion of heart and mind caused her the loss of many touches of feeling and thought that would have moulded her strong nature with more beauty and delicacy. Yet, true in Christian principle and feeling, she lived to win the respect and regard of those who knew her; though her influence over others was not what under freer and fuller training it might have been." "It might be questioned whether Mistress Crisp was ever conscious of an error or mistake in herself; her upright, blameless life, her kindness and consistency, were faultless. It might almost have been wished that she could commit a fault and feel that she had; her strong nature would have been opened and softened by that sense of failure."

The two Olivers, however, are by no means so faultless, though we are shown how the discipline of life for each was at once the result and the corrective of their differing defects. The history of the younger Oliver's childhood is the most pleasant and life-like portion of the book, for the author's specialty seems to lie in drawing child-life, and the pictures of little Oliver, Baby Meg, and Aleppo the dog, are fresh and charming. The few outside characters—the Caxtons, Dame Truman, the village schoolmistress, Mistress Tibby, and the others who fill in the picture of rural life—are naturally sketched; while around all is the English rural landscape, the castle, the mill, the yellow harvest fields, the rich green woodland, the river murmuring over its stony bed, "hill-sides clothed in the massive foliage of summer, throwing out from their dark background the glory of harvest; or softer hill-sides, where the white flocks were feeding, and verdant pastures with cattle; blue hills in the distance, of which no details were seen, yet giving the beauty of form and hue."

One of the most interesting characters in the book is the old Jew pedlar, Benoni, and nothing is more touching in the whole story than the episode which shows his deeply-rooted and rigid Judaism giving way to the softer, warmer light of Christianity, under the influence of the simple, forgiving faith and love of a little child. Benoni's internal history is closely entwined with that of Oliver, as indeed it had been previously entwined with that of Oliver's mother, the noble and pure-hearted Naomi, whose early death seems to cast a hallowing shadow over the first part of the book.

"Oliver of the Mill" will hardly be as popular as "Ministering Children," the author's first work; but is both more natural and more readable than the one that followed it, the "Ministry of Life." It is by no means free from faults; its construction is rather involved, at least in the first part; there is a little too much formal, and sometimes trite, moralizing; and the treatment is occasionaly awkward and

inartistic to a surprising degree for a writer of Mrs. Charlesworth's fame. But these defects are far more than counterbalanced by the living lessons of faith, hope, and love in which its pages abound—lessons which the author must herself have learned in the hard school of life, before bringing them forth to help other scholars in the same school; and we are sure that no thoughtful and earnest reader can rise from its pages without feeling refreshed and strengthened for the conflict between good and evil in which all must bear their part.

• THE ALDINE: The Art Journal of America. New York: The Aldine Company; Toronto: Virtue & Sons.

It has frequently and justly been charged against the people of the United States—and we fear the accusation would be equally true of the people of this country—that their energies have been too exclusively directed to the pursuit of wealth. There are not wanting indications, however, that they are becoming alive to the truth that "man cannot live by bread alone;" and not the worst of these signs of a better state of things is the evident growth of a love for art of the purest and best kind. The fact that the departments of the Exhibition at Philadelphia which draw the greatest crowds are the galleries of painting and other works of high art, is proof of a determination to make the most of by far the finest collection of art treasures ever gathered together on this continent. Another, and even more promising indication of this growing desire for art culture, is the wonderful success attained by the superb American Art Journal, *The Aldine*, so named after Aldus, a Venetian art printer of the 16th century. It is now in the ninth year of its existence, and has already achieved a position and a degree of excellence of which any country might be proud. In its beautiful pages we find examples of all schools. Europe is represented by Doré, Corot, Gerome, Meissonier, Lejeune, and others; America, by Van Elten, J. D. Woodward; Rosenthal, De Haas, Moran, Hows, Smillie; and among Canadians we find Verner, to whom full justice is done in a fine full-page engraving of a Canadian river scene, with Indians shooting a rapid—a subject highly characteristic of this artist. The engravings are all in the highest style of art, and are often so beautiful and so exquisitely finished as to induce the belief that absolute perfection has been reached, and that it is impossible to advance further in the art of representation in mere black and white. Since the beginning of the year the journal has been published in fortnightly numbers of 50 cents each,—a remarkably small price, considering the nature of the contents; and those who wish to possess a handsome series of volumes for their drawing-room tables, from which to draw an inexhaustible fund of delight and instruction, cannot do better than subscribe to *The Aldine*.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S paper, in the *Contemporary Review*, on "The Courses of Religious Thought," is an ingenious puzzle, the solution of which he promises to give hereafter. Confining himself to Christendom, the writer proceeds to classify religious opinion and no-opinion. But before doing so, he makes some prefatory remarks, as he observes, partly apologetic, partly admonitory. The apology is written chiefly by way of propitiating the *manes* of J. S. Mill; the other is a rather fanciful exposition of the difference between principles and opinions. Then follow "the five main schools or systems"—the Ultramontane, the Historical, the Protestant Evangelical, the Theistic, and the Negative Schools, the last including no less than eight subdivisions — Scepticism, Atheism, Agnosticism, Secularism, Revived Paganism, Materialism, Pantheism, and Positivism. Now, although Mr. Gladstone would probably take shelter under the word "rude," which he applies to his division of principles, still it evidently takes unwarrantable liberties with the canons of classification. Is not the Papacy "historical" as well as the Greek, Old Catholic, and Anglican communions? Are not all the first four classes "Theists?" Is it true that the Protestant Evangelicals deny that there is a visible Church in the ordinary sense of the term? When speaking of Papalism or Vaticanism, "this singular system," as he here terms it, Mr. Gladstone is on well-trodden ground; yet he deals fairly enough with it. There is a touch of unwonted humour in this sentence: "To the common eye it seems as if many articles of Christian belief had at first been written in invisible ink, and as if the Pope alone assumed the office of putting the paper to the fire, and exhibiting these novel antiquities to the gaze of an admiring world." The eight "besetting causes of weakness" in Papalism are, hostility to mental freedom, in-

compatibility with modern civilization, pretensions against the State, jealousy of the use and circulation of Holy Scripture, the *de facto* alienation of the educated mind, detrimental effects on the comparative strength and morality of the States in which it has sway, and its tendency to sap veracity in the individual mind. As between the Historical and Evangelical Schools, Mr. Gladstone evidently inclines, as he has always done, to the former; yet he does no injustice to the Evangelicals. He is even coldly tolerant of the Theists, although he has "quitted the zone" in which he can alone feel comfortable; and when he comes to the Negatives, he feels like a negro transplanted from Tanganyika to the Pole. Mr. Arthur Arnold's paper on Persia has been referred to elsewhere. It is exceedingly interesting as a picture of Mohammedan savagery and decrepitude. The description of the Shah's palace, with its globe with literally emerald seas, its diamond England, India of amethysts, and Africa of rubies, and all the wealth in pearls and gold distributed otherwhere, ends in the anti-climax, that to "prevent rain or snow entering this and other halls of His Majesty's palace, cotton sheets are hung, covering the sides open to the weather. Outside all is darkness, extortion, cruelty, oppression, misery in every shape."

Mr. Pollock's paper on "The Drama" is a long but most valuable paper on the subject. It is in the main historical, giving a very lucid account of the English, Spanish, and French drama, the last especially interesting because it contains a detailed account of the plays of Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, Dancourt, and Octave Feuillet. Sir John Lubbock, in a paper on "Elementary Education," pleads the claims of physical science to a place in the curriculum, and ridicules grammar and history, the latter in trenchant style. Prof. Lewis Campbell gives another instalment of his essay on New Testament revision, in which he descends into minutiæ. He is generally a conservative on the subject, loath to sanction alteration where a decent apology can be offered for the *laisses faire* policy. Not that he is rigidly orthodox by any means, as he shows in more places than one. As when (p. 95) he calls the theory of verbal inspiration "a superstitious feeling;" or where (p. 96) he objects to the "poor and shuffling policy" of levelling just up to the spirit of the age. On this he remarks: "The Biblical critic ought, of all other men, to be most aware that what was once great in his subject has become small, and that what is now whispered in the ear in closets will ere long be proclaimed upon the housetops." These are bold, true words. Then again, treating of the chapter-headings in The Song of Solomon, and also in Psalms xciii. and cix., he inquires, "How long must a strain of interpretation which no clergyman would now venture to adopt in preaching to an educated congregation be allowed to impress the minds of simple folk who read the Bible for themselves?" Finally, in speaking of the marginal dates, Prof. Campbell observes: "The first impression on the eye of the child in reading Scripture is not easily shaken off, and the 4004 at the beginning of our Bibles may have had an incalculable effect in fostering the long quarrel between science and revelation. Do we really mean, in the present state of knowledge, to base chronology on the lives of the antediluvian patriarchs?" We wonder if Prof. Campbell ever subscribed his name to the Confession of Faith?

Miss Swanwick's paper on "Evolution and the Religion of the Future" is thoughtful an moderate, its writer ranking herself outside all Mr. Gladstone's five schools, and as belonging to the Free Christian churches. She is no mere Theist, for she believes in Jesus and in Scripture; but like Mr. Clodd, whom she quotes, there seems to her a common progressive movement in all religions. The great principle underlying the doctrine of Evolution, she observes, "is that throughout the universe there has been a continual unfolding;" in short, each link in the vast chain of human development is connected with every antecedent link, and would have no significance if we could suppose the continuity to be broken. The mental and spiritual development of the individual is only the progress of the race *in petto*. This is illustrated by a brief sketch of the Greek, Buddhist, Parsee, Hindoo, and Hebrew religions. The writer, finally, while rejecting most orthodox dogmas, especially the "fiercest"—"the eternity of hell-fire"—finds in the teaching of Jesus the fundamental truths of religion. The second part of Mr. Fairbairn's monogram on Strauss commences with an account of the desperate conflict precipitated by the publication of the *Leben Jesu*. Strauss had the combative instinct strong within him, and he was not very particular in his choice of the weapons he employed—the Damascus blade or the Irish shillelagh came alike to him. But, in fact, a man can hardly be expected to be picked in his words when he is compared with Judas; "like the devil, without conscience;" "without a heart, or had one like Leviathan;" "as firm as a stone and hard as a piece of the nether millstone," &c. His defence, however, was, in the main, a softening of his original—in short, he was apologetic in both senses of the word. He published a third edition of the *Life*, in which he retracted so much as to undermine the mythical theory and set about attempting a reconciliation. In consequence he was invited to a professorship of theology at Zurich, but was compelled to resign summarily, through clerical hostility. Then all his concessions were thrown to the winds, and he launched upon the unknown sea, drift-

ing away towards "The Old Faith and the New," his final work. Dr. Abbott's reply to Mr. Spedding is of the bitterest kind. Certainly on two points—Bacon's treatment of Essex, and his giving judgments in Chancery at the dictation of Buckingham—the doctor appears to have the best of it.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a review of "The New Domesday Book," by the Hon. E. L. Stanley. He proves beyond question that half the soil of England is owned by not more than 4,500 persons, allowing for double entries. The division of land in Scotland is also considered, the general conclusion being that "the welfare of the country demands that land should be freely bought and sold." The writer advocates the assimilation in all respects of real to personal property; the prohibition of settlements of land on all unborn persons; and the abolition of the game-laws, or at least their very great restriction. Mr. Horace White contributes a paper on "The Financial Crisis in America," which is rather historical than suggestive. These periodical disasters he regards as resulting entirely from speculation, and as peculiarly Anglo-Saxon disorders. Mr. Bridges' "Early Autumn on the Lower Yang-Tze" is a graphic and lively sketch of Chinese life in and about Shanghai. The domestic life, agriculture, and religious habits of the Chinese are sketched with a free hand, the background being the gorgeous scenery of "the flowery land."

Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes "An Agnostic's Apology," in which he attempts to give to all men a reason for the no-faith which is in him. Those who believe in God and immortality, not to speak of revelation, he styles, by a twist in phraseology, Gnostics. His creed is briefly this, that outside the phenomenal world we can know nothing with certainty. He points at some length to the extraordinary dilemmas to which the "Gnostics" are reduced in attempting to show a sure foundation for their so-called spiritual knowledge, and enlarges also upon the innumerable diversities of opinion existing amongst them. "The Gnostics," he says, "are at least bound to show some ostensible justification for their complacency. Have they discovered a firm resting-place, from which they are entitled to look down in compassion or contempt upon those who hold it to be a mere edifice of moonshine? If they have diminished by a scruple the weight of one passing doubt, we should be grateful: perhaps we should be converts. If not, why condemn Agnosticism?" The other papers in the number are of mere local interest.

FINE ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THIS Society, now in the fourth year since it received its baptismal name, having taken possession of its new rooms on King Street, is to be congratulated upon having at last acquired also a permanent local habitation. That it has a long and prosperous career before it, there is every reason to believe; and that its present quarters, commodious and suitable as they now are, will, before many years have elapsed, be found too contracted for the expansive growth of their occupant, we also hope and believe. The Exhibition given during the past month was, it is stated, the most successful yet held in every material respect—in the number of subscribers to the Art Union, in the number of visitors to the Exhibition, and in the number and value of the sales. In the Exhibition itself, the improvement was not so marked. The water colours undoubtedly were, on the whole, in advance of those of any previous year; but the oils have been surpassed in one or two former exhibitions, a falling off probably due to the Philadelphia Exhibition having attracted a number of the best pictures of the year. Under these circumstances it might be well to hold another Exhibition in the fall, when the paintings now at Philadelphia could be exhibited alongside the best of those comprised in the recent Exhibition.

Taking the Exhibition as a whole the most striking thing which forced itself upon the notice of even the casual observer, after a general survey, was the woful lack of ideas. With few exceptions—the number of which might almost be counted on the fingers of both hands—the whole two hundred and thirty were simply sketches from nature, undoubtedly faithful and meritorious for the most part, but still mere bits of scenery—field, wood, rock, and water. Now, M. Taine is no doubt right when he declares that the fundamental idea at the bottom of all art is imitation. But it is none the less true that imitation is not of itself sufficient, otherwise a wax figure by Madame Tussaud would be a finer work of art than the Venus of Praxiteles. A man might have the hand of a Michelangelo for drawing, the eye of a Titian for colour, and that of a Rembrandt for *chiaro-oscuro*, and yet be little better than a mere mechanical manufacturer of pretty pictures. At the back of the eye which sees and the hand which executes, there should be a heart to feel and a brain to conceive. These are the supreme necessi-

ties, and their absence or presence makes the difference between a mere copyist and a Raphael—between a writer of smooth-flowing verses for a lady's album and a Tennyson.

In a community where art culture is yet in its infancy, it would be absurd to look for elaborate works in figure subjects. The necessary educational appliances do not exist here, nor does the market for their sale. But it is not necessary to go to the works of Turner for proof that sea-pieces, landscapes, and delineations of animal life afford an ample range for the exercise of the highest mental qualities of the painter—poetic insight, imagination, ideality, and humour. Any doubt on this point would be at once dispelled on turning over the pages of a volume of the *Aldine*, and seeing there the wealth of ideas lavished upon this class of pictures. An illustration taken from the recent exhibition here will make our meaning plain. Prominent among the oil paintings was a sea-piece by Mr. Verner (No. 31), showing a large vessel in full sail under a stiff breeze, making her last tack for port. The catalogue gives the title "Homeward Bound," which tells the story at once. The idea conveyed is that of labour accomplished, of difficulties and dangers overcome, of the welcome haven reached at last, and of rest and recompense fairly earned. A poetic glamour is thrown around a commonplace incident of commerce, which compels the spectator to linger musingly in front of the canvas. The effect is heightened by the evening sun, which having also performed its appointed task, is sinking to rest, also "homeward bound," to its couch beneath the sea, on whose waves its horizontal rays cast a weird and ruddy glow. The sentiment is similar to that conveyed in Turner's well-known "Fighting Temeraire," though there the subject is more poetical. Mr. Verner's picture is very well painted, though not better than some others of his—for instance, Nos. 25 and 50—but it is the only one of the whole twelve or fifteen exhibited by him which has been illuminated by an idea, and for that reason is by far the most interesting to the spectator. It would, of course, be nonsensical to expect that every picture painted should be inspired by an idea. The reproduction on canvas of a beautiful or striking landscape may call up feelings similar to those created by the scene itself. But surely it is not unreasonable to hope that a moderate proportion—one-third or one-fourth—of the works exhibited annually by the Society, should give evidence that mind and soul, as well as eye and hand, have been at work in their creation.

LITERARY NOTES.

Among recent Canadian publications, the most noteworthy are: a copyright edition of Mrs. Charlesworth's last novel, "Oliver at the Mill," published by Dawson Bros. Montreal; "The Prairie Province," by J. C. Hamilton, M. A., and a reprint of Anthony Trollope's last novel, "The Prime Minister," both published by Belford Bros. All these works are noticed at length in our Book Review Department. Dawson Bros'. reprint of "Daniel Deronda," has reached Part V., "Mordecai." In this portion indications are given that the hero will turn out to be of Jewish blood, and we understand that this will actually be the case.

Messrs. Harper Bros., have sent us a number of their recent issues, including reprints of Merivaile's "History of Rome," and Cox's "History of Greece" in their "Students Series;" a finely illustrated manual of "Comparative Zoology," by James Orton, author of "The Andes and the Amazon;" a popular account of "Early Man in Europe," by Charles Rau, being a reprint of six articles which recently appeared in *Harper's Magazine;* a revised edition, in two volumes, of Prof. Draper's masterly work, on "The Intellectual Development of Europe;" and a reprint of Mr. Gladstone's latest venture, "Homeric Synchronism: The Time and Place of Homer," being an attempt to fix the date of the Trojan War, and to link that event with contemporaneous history.

We are in receipt from Appleton & Co., of New York, of a reprint of another of the admirable series of "Science Primers," the present instalment being on "Botany," by J. D. Hooker; and a pamphlet on "Paper Money Inflation in France: how it came, what it brought, and how it ended," by Andrew D. White.

In England, as usual at this season, there is a dearth of new issues. The most important are: Lord Amberley's posthumous work "An Analysis of Religious Belief," from the press of Messrs. Trubner; the fourth volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," (from Bok to Can,) containing an article on "Canada," by Prof. Daniel Wilson; and the sixth volume of the "Speaker's Commentary," dealing with Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Minor Prophets, and finishing the portion of the work which relates to the Old Testament.

[ERRATUM—The quotation on p. 39, line 10, in the right hand column, should read: "The Light is the *life* of men."]

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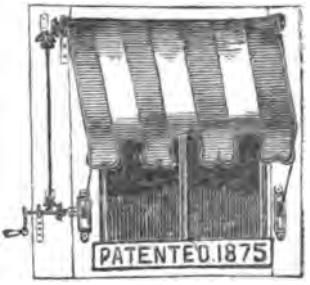
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Chelsea
Chippawa
Clarksburg
Clearville
Clifton
Clinton
Coaticook
Cobourg
Colborne
Coldwater
Collingwood
Compton
Cookstown
Cornwall
Creemore
Danville
Dresden
Drummondville, W.
Dungannon
Dundas
Dunnville
Durham
Elora
Embro'
Erin
Exeter
Fenelon Falls
Fergus
Fingal
Flesherton
Font Hill
Forest
Fort Erie
Frelighsburg
Galt
Gananoque
Garafraxa
Georgetown
Georgina
Glenallan
Goderich
Granby
Grimsby
Guelph
Haliburton
Hamilton
Harriston
Hastings
Hawkesbury
Hespeler
Hull
Huntingdon
Ingersoll
Inverness
Iroquois
Joliette
Keene
Kemptville
Kincardine
Kingston
Kingsville
Kirkfield
Knowlton
Lachine
Lachute
Lanark
Laprairie
L'Assomption
Leamington
Leeds
Lennoxville
Levis
Lilley's Corners
Lindsay
Listowel
London
L'Orignal
Lucan
Lucknow
Lyn
Madoc
Manchester
Markham
Mesford
Melbourne
Merrickville
Millbrook
Mille Roches
Milton, West
Mitchell
Montmagny
Montreal
Morpeth
Morrisburg
Mount Brydges
Mount Forest
Muir
Murray Bay
Napanee
Newboro'
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Osceolo
Oshawa
Ottawa
Otterville
Owen Sound
Paisley
Pakenham
Paris
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Perth
Peterboro'
Petrolia
Picton
Plantagenet
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Portage du Fort
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Port Dalhousie
Port Dover
Port Hope
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Port Stanley
Port Elgin
Prescott
Preston
Prince Albert
Princeton
Quebec
Renfrew
Richmond, East
Richmond, West
Richmond Hill
Rimouski
Riviere du Loup en bas
Rockingham
Rondeau
Rosemont
St. Andrews, East
St. Catharines, West
St. Cesaire
St. Hyacinthe
St. Jacobs
St. Jerome
St. John's, East
St. Mary's, Blanchard
St. Paul's Bay
St. Roch de Quebec
St. Thomas, West
Sandwich
Sarnia
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Scarboro'
Seaforth
Seneca
Sherbrooke
Simcoe
Smith's Falls
Smithville
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South Quebec
Sparta
Stanstead
Stayner
Stirling
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Thorold
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Uxbridge
Valleyfield
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Vienna
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Wardsville
Waterdown
Waterford
Waterloo, East
Waterloo, West
Welland
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AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK II.

A FALLEN FORTUNE.

CHAPTER III.

THE END OF THE VISIT.

THE Reverend Gregory Salmon and his son Angelo left the shadow of the trees and the society of the cows, for a quiet walk along the banks of the river. There was much for the father to explain, and at the outset there was more difficulty than the senior Mr. Salmon had expected. He was not so sure of his son as he had been half an hour since—or rather, for the first time in his life he distrusted his influence over a weak and impressionable young man. He began as if he doubted him and the strength of his own influence together.

"Angelo," he said, "we have been labouring under a terrible delusion, and I hope you see that as clearly as I do."

"I do not see anything very terrible at present," said the son.

"I am dreadfully shocked."

"I was never happier in my life," said Angelo, pressing his hand on his waistcoat pocket, wherein was Mabel's purse, which was as close to his heart as he could get it at present.

"I am talking about Miss Westbrook," said the father sharply.

"So am I."

Mr. Salmon was unprepared for these ready answers, and marvelled what had become of that slow, hesitating manner for which Angelo had been invariably distinguished. He did not affect to be surprised, however, but after a glance askance at his son, went on in the same pompous way.

"I have been having a serious discussion with your mother concerning the fact of Miss Westbrook's loss of fortune—if she ever had any fortune," he added, "and we both arrived at the conclusion that it will be infinitely better for that young lady to leave St. Lazarus as soon as possible."

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"Because she is poor?" asked Angelo, with a marked elevation of his eyebrows.

"Because she is a mystery—because we have nothing but her word as to all this."

"It is enough," replied Angelo.

"It is not sufficient for me," said Mr. Salmon sharply. He was an irritable man, and the short quick responses of his son aggravated as well as perplexed him.

"Miss Westbrook is a guest in your house, father," Angelo remarked, "and to be treated, I hope, with respect so long as she remains there."

"Of course, of course," answered the father, "as long as she remains, I am not likely to forget the courtesy due to a lady who has been invited to my home. There has certainly been an error of judgment, and I take my share of blame. I have been credulous, Angelo—I have believed every word of your statement as to her position in life, just as you believed it before me, and without seeking one atom's worth of proof, and now we are both trembling on the brink of an abyss!"

Angelo shook his head as he walked on by his father's side.

"I don't understand you," he said.

Mr. Salmon fancied that he had impressed his son at last.

"Suppose—I merely say suppose, for the sake of the argument, Angelo—that Miss Westbrook is a shrewd, long-headed, far-seeing woman of the world," he continued; "she meets you in America, hears you are rich, discovers you to be credulous, and lays her plan accordingly. Could she have acted in a cleverer way to enlist our sympathy and gain our admiration?"

"You know I admire her," said Angelo; "I have not attempted to disguise even a deeper feeling than admiration for her, and I—I—I—" he began to grow confused, "I object to any supposition that attempts, for a single moment, to lower Mabel Westbrook in my estimation. There!" he concluded, with an emphatic stamp of his foot upon the grass.

"If I put a mild supposition before you, Angelo, you need not fly at me like a bull-dog," said the father, reprovingly.

"I beg your pardon. But—don't say anything against her just now, please."

"Surely, it has not gone so far as this. My dear boy, you have not been weak enough to allow Miss Westbrook to anticipate an offer of marriage from you? You have not concealed this from your own father and mother?"

"I have not kept anything from you," said Angelo, moodily; "I have not had the chance."

"Bless me!"

"I have not had the chance of winning the heart of a good woman like Mabel Westbrook," Angelo continued; "I am too weak and poor a fellow—I have nothing to recommend me but my money."

"That is everything to a woman looking for a husband."

"Which she is not."

"She would not have you if she were rich," said Mr. Salmon, seeing his advantage; "she is too brilliant and sharp a girl—'go-ahead' they call it in the country from which she has come. She would have had hundreds of admirers if she had been wealthy. You know she would not have had you."

"Yes," said Angelo very sadly, "I know that."

"And if she accept you for the sake of position—if she has known all along of this blow to her fortune, and has played her cards accordingly, what a miserable life lies before you. The world will not only laugh at you," said the father, "but she will laugh at you too."

"I have been laughed at so often in my life," replied Angelo, "that one more jest will not affect me much. And if it comes from her, I can forgive it."

"Not afterwards. Not when time has proved to you what a dupe you have been."

"She will not make a dupe of me," said Angelo; "I wish she would."

"But ——"

"But I have received your warning, sir," said Angelo, interrupting him, "and will consider it. I do not think there is anything more for you to say, and I am quite certain there is nothing more which I can hear with any patience."

"Angelo!"

"Therefore you will kindly leave me."

"Certainly. But you *are* weak, you know. You will do nothing rashly?"

"I will do nothing rashly," was the echo here.

"Or without consulting me?"

"I will not promise so much as that,"

said Angelo, "and after all that you have said against her."

"I have merely surmised—I know nothing against Miss Westbrook. Until this morning I have never suspected her for an instant."

"She should have been above suspicion always."

Angelo turned abruptly from his father, and went on across the meadows to the country road lying beyond the hedge-rows in the distance. He had promised Mabel that he would take a walk—she had wished to get rid of him that morning, and thought that a stroll would do him good, and he would set about it at once. He wanted time to consider the new position of affairs before Mabel left St. Lazarus, and he wanted that time to himself, and away from his father, whom he left looking after him. Mr. Gregory Salmon made no attempt to follow; he was wise enough to see the futility of pressing his arguments more closely on his son that day. They would have their weight in due course, for Angelo was mild and tractable, and there was no necessity for haste now. Angelo was walking steadily from home and Mabel Westbrook, and was comparatively safe in consequence. What might happen before he was back to luncheon, who could tell?

If the Master of St. Lazarus had already sketched forth a programme in his mind, it was disposed of by a prompter course of action on the part of the lady principally concerned. As he walked across the quadrangle, he saw that Mabel's boxes were at the front door, and that Hodsman the porter was bringing round a barrow for them. The Brethren of the Noble Poor, interested in the flitting, had collected in a group upon the grass to talk of it—like a wheezy chorus in an ancient play. Much of the history of Adam Halfday's life and death had found its way to his old companions, and the American girl's connection with the story had afforded food for comment here. The loss of her fortune was not known to these old men, who had learned to regard Mabel with awe and admiration, as a guardian genius of St. Lazarus, who might benefit each brother in his turn. At the outer gates, Miss Westbrook's hired carriage stopped the way, and in the carriage Dorcas—who had accompanied Mabel to the Hospital—waited for her patroness, and was dull and stolid.

Mr. Salmon passed into the house, and found Mabel Westbrook equipped for travelling, and sitting by the side of his better half, who had been evidently weeping.

Mabel met him with a bright smile as he entered. This was as it should be. She was parting amicably. Mrs. Salmon had managed a delicate piece of business with more judgment than he had given her credit for.

"I could not leave St. Lazarus without bidding you good-bye, Mr. Salmon, and thanking you for all your hospitality," said Mabel as he entered.

"Going to leave us!" replied Mr. Salmon with an affectation of surprise that was very badly done.

"Somewhat unceremoniously, perhaps," said Mabel; "but I have been here under false pretences, as I have been telling this good friend of mine, who begs me to remain."

"Does she, though?—dear me," ejaculated the Master. "Well, we shall have luncheon in half an hour," he added with a dash; "you will not go till then?"

"I should have waited till your return, Mr. Salmon, and only till your return," was Mabel's answer. "I have said good-bye to this lady and your son."

"Have you seen Angelo?" exclaimed the Master.

"Mine was a farewell in disguise to him," said Mabel, "and I think it was as well. He would not judge me harshly for leaving without the formality of an adieu. Remember me to him, please," she added, as she turned to the mother and rested her hand upon her shoulder.

"I wish you would not go away so suddenly—as if—as if we had done something to offend you," said the Master's wife. "Mr. Salmon, this is quite a voluntary act of Mabel's; I have not said a word to her."

"Why should you?" answered Mabel. "Is it likely that you would so quickly after my misfortunes, as the world will term them presently. No, no; I give you credit for more kindness and charity, although it is my duty none the less to take the initiative."

"You have acted with great decision of character, Miss Westbrook," said Mr. Salmon, "and have certainly surprised us. But it may be for the best. Considering all things, I cannot blame you very much for the step you have taken."

"Considering all things, no," said Mabel thoughtfully.

Mr. Gregory Salmon blushed; but she was not thinking of him.

"Had I been prepared for so complete a collapse of my property," added Mabel in conclusion, "I should have stayed away from a place which you were kind enough to press me to call home. But I was waiting for some portion of the wreck to drift to shore."

"It is a very terrible blow to you," said Mr. Salmon.

Mabel laughed so pleasantly that Mr. Salmon regarded her for a moment with amazement.

"Not at all," she said; "I never cared for money. It would not have done me any good, or brought me one true friend. Good-bye, Mr. Salmon, and once more—thank you."

Gregory Salmon felt a small-souled individual as he took the little hand of his guest in his and bowed over it politely. He was glad she was going, but he was more glad that it was of her own free will, and at no hint from his wife.

"Good-bye, Miss Westbrook, if you are really determined to depart so hastily," he said.

"Yes, quite determined."

"And you will return to—Penton, perhaps?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Mabel; "I shall make up my mind as I go along."

She stooped and kissed Mrs. Salmon, and then went away from St. Lazarus; and the brethren doffed their caps in mute respect to her as she passed them with a smile and friendly nod of farewell.

One brother of the Noble Poor, who had held aloof from the rest, Mabel discovered at the carriage door, talking energetically to Dorcas, and shaking his head with more vehemence than seemed necessary. This was Peter Scone, the senior member of the fraternity.

"She is a cross-grained vixen, my lady, Heaven knows that," he said, as if in explanation of his excitement.

"I don't believe it, Mr. Scone," answered Mabel cheerfully.

"She will not tell me where you both are going," he said.

"Is it necessary?"

"It may be some day," he replied evasively; "it may be very soon. Will you read this as you go along, please?"

He thrust a torn scrap of paper into her hands, and tottered away under the archway of the Cardinal's Tower, like a man in great haste to get from her. Mabel entered the carriage and turned her back upon the Hospital of St. Lazarus for good. Her new life lay beyond it—strange and unknown and incomprehensible—but there was no shadow of it on her fair young face.

CHAPTER IV.

ANGELO SEEKS ADVICE.

The Penton Museum had been closed to the general public some two hours or more, and its curator had dismissed the last official—a certain Mrs. Ironbrace, whose mission was to dust and wash and scrub at the corporate expense, and to do generally for Mr. Halfday—when the noisy bell of the establishment announced a visitor. On that particular evening Brian had settled down to work; there were more papers than usual on the table of his room, the lamp had been carefully trimmed and set on the right side of his desk, the desk was open and Brian was writing busily, covering many pages of foolscap with a thick and almost illegible scrawl, when the summons from without disturbed the flow of his ideas. Brian Halfday set his pen aside and listened. He was unprepared for visitors; he had considered himself a man without any friends beyond his bookshelves before Mabel Westbrook came to England; he had been reserved, austere, and studious to a degree that had aged and ossified him, and there had been so few calls at the museum after business hours that a ringing of the bell came as a novelty and a surprise. Still, he was a man who had been long ago prepared for emergencies, one who knew the value of time, and had made his arrangements accordingly. Servantless, with a horror of office-keepers and charwomen, he had arranged, after Dorcas had resigned her post as housekeeper to him and gone to St. Lazarus to nurse her grandfather, a system of communication with the outside world when occasions like the present necessitated a parley with it. He did not move from his

seat, but blew an inquiry as to who was there down a pipe which passed from his room to the side of the street door, a few inches above the bell. By means of this acoustic arrangement the gentleman waiting on the top step for admittance was suddenly surprised by a hoarse bellowing close to his ears.

"Who is it? What do you want?" were the muffled words that came through the mouthpiece.

The gentleman regained his composure, and called forth the nature of his business up the tube in reply.

"My name is Angelo Salmon. I wish to speak to Mr. Halfday for a few minutes."

"All right," answered Brian, "I will come down."

Angelo waited patiently until the door was opened in due course by the curator, who came on the step and glared into the young man's face with eagerness.

"Is anything the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I have news for you, Mr. Halfday."

"Bad news?"

"It is bad news to me, at all events."

"Oh! that doesn't matter," said Brian abruptly; "I was afraid Miss Westbrook had sent you."

"No—but Miss Westbrook left us this morning."

"Where has she gone? Why have I not been told of this before? What is the reason of it?" asked Brian.

"I shall be most happy to explain—but it is rather a long story, and I have come for your advice, Mr. Halfday."

"Well—well," said Brian impatiently, "begin, please."

"On the door-step? You will excuse me, Mr. Halfday, but I thought that—"

"Will you step inside?"

"Thank you—I think I will."

"I am busy to-night—I had set myself a long task," said Brian, "and you interfere with it. There, I am discourteous—but don't mind me."

"Oh! I don't mind you in the least now, Mr. Halfday," said Angelo as he stepped into the hall. Brian closed the door, and turned around sharply with his hand on the lock.

"Why not *now*?" he asked.

"I have heard so much about you lately from Miss Westbrook."

"Has she not had anything better to talk about than such a bad-tempered fellow as I am?" asked Brian thoughtfully, and yet gratefully.

"She misunderstood you cruelly, she tells me—and she has so high an opinion of you at present, that I am in duty bound to follow suit."

"You are extremely obliging," said Brian drily. "Miss Westbrook's opinions influence yours, then?"

"I am proud to say so."

"Haven't you any opinions of your own?"

"Not any—worth mentioning," Angelo added, after a moment's consideration.

"Is that why you have come for mine?" asked Brian in his usual quick manner of pitching one question after another at a listener.

"Partly, sir, I must confess."

"My opinions are utterly worthless, I am beginning to consider," said Brian bitterly; "my knowledge of the world is a snare, and my estimate of human character a delusion. You must not rely on me in any way."

"Mabel Westbrook said, only a little while ago, to me—the day before yesterday, in fact—that if I ever was beset by doubt or difficulty, I could not do a better or a wiser act than come to you for advice. So I have come!"

"The lady does me a high honour," murmured Brian; "but she has proceeded to extremes in her kind estimate of me. This is a mental reaction for thinking me a scamp. Presently she will judge me as I am. Will you follow me?"

"I thank you."

Brian Halfday led the way to his room, as a few weeks ago he had led the way for her who had been lately speaking in his praise. His irritable mood had vanished as if by magic, beneath the spell of the few words that Angelo Salmon had addressed to him without any thought of flattery. He was glad to receive his visitor now; he should hear a great deal of Mabel Westbrook, and of all that had happened during the last ten days; and work was not so pleasant a thing as it had seemed half an hour ago. He placed a chair for his guest, packed away his papers in the desk, and then sat down with his hands clasped upon it, after a habit of his when awakening to interest in passing things.

"In what way can I be of use to you, Mr. Salmon?" he asked.

"You will give me a little time to collect myself, I hope," said Angelo, as he seated himself, and put his hat on the table at his side. "I have not the gift of dashing off-hand at a subject, which appears to distinguish you, Mr. Halfday. I am very slow. Excuse me."

"Take your own time," said our hero; "I am in no hurry."

"Thank you," said Angelo again.

Brian Halfday watched his visitor attentively, whilst he waited for the communication that Angelo had resolved to give him at his leisure. He even regarded Angelo Salmon with a strange, pitying kind of interest, as if the young man's weakness or nervousness had aroused his sympathy as well as his curiosity. He thought, even, that it was not difficult to guess what was at the bottom of Angelo's thoughts to unnerve him in this way. He had sketched that idea faintly in his mind a few weeks since, and thought that something of the kind would come to pass some day; still, not so soon as this, or in this odd fashion.

Angelo thought out the position at his leisure. He took his time, as Brian Halfday had suggested; and it was a quarter of an hour at least before he burst forth with—

"Mr. Halfday, I have had a few words with my father."

Brian's face, which had certainly betrayed anxiety, brightened up at this statement.

"Sons have done so before you, and been sorry for it," answered the curator. "When the father is a good man, and the son honest and straightforward, the difference between them is easily adjusted."

"He says he will not forgive me. He—"

"For what offence?"

"You will excuse me, I know, Mr. Halfday; but I shall never get on unless you allow me to tell the story in my own way," remonstrated Angelo. "You pull me up suddenly, and disturb my ideas."

"Go on," said Brian. "I will try and not interrupt you again. But you are terribly slow," he muttered.

"Father and I quarrelled about Miss Westbrook."

"About her! Then she—Pray proceed," said Brian, as Angelo raised his hand deprecatingly.

"She has left the Hospital for good, as I was about to explain when you broke in again," said Angelo. "The news came to-day——"

"Ha! to-day?"

"Yes, I said to-day," Angelo continued, "that the news came of the total loss of her property; and she bore up like the brave woman that she is. My own private opinion, Mr. Halfday, is, that she does not care a bit."

"She is careless as regards money," said Brian. "Indeed, a more reckless woman in money matters I have never met. If she had been less hasty—if—but I interrupt you again."

"Yes, you do," said Angelo, in assent. "Let me see—what was I saying last? Oh, the news came of the loss of her property, in a bank of which her father was a principal shareholder. I was deeply distressed, Mr. Halfday."

"Very likely."

"And I think Miss Mabel saw it," he continued; "she advised me to take a walk—she gave me a little silk purse which she had been making for me at the time, but I—I did not think it was a parting gift."

His voice broke suddenly, and went off into a cracked falsetto.

"I am very childish," he said, apologetically.

"Not a doubt of it," replied Brian; "go on."

"When I returned from my walk she had left St. Lazarus for ever," concluded Angelo.

"They had sent her away—your people," said Brian, scornfully, "or they had said something hurtful to her pride, and she resented it by leaving them at once. I do not blame her."

"Nothing was said, Mr. Halfday," said Angelo; "they gave me their word of honour that Miss Westbrook left of her own free will, and with many thanks and best wishes to them both."

"What did you and your father quarrel about?" asked Brian, doubtfully.

"That is the question I am coming to—though it was hardly a quarrel. A few words I said, if you remember?"

"Yes—I remember," said Brian, wearily.

"I was overcome at Miss Westbrook's sudden departure—I even shed a few tears in my distress—and I told them, what they knew before, and what they had seemed glad to know then; what I am too proud to disguise in any way from any living man,

and what I don't care who knows!" cried Angelo, enthusiastically.

"What is that?"

"Oh! Mr. Halfday, can't you guess?" said Angelo, colouring.

"That you love the American lady."

"Yes—that's it."

"Ah!" said Brian, mournfully, "that's it!"

"You cannot imagine what a dear, tender-hearted, clever, lovable girl she is," Angelo continued.

"Yes—I think I can," was the response.

"What a——"

"And Mr. Gregory Salmon?—he was surprised at your confession. Go on with your love story. It is becoming interesting."

"My father was very much surprised and shocked, he said," replied Angelo. "He had no idea that my feelings had become engaged so seriously, he said too. He was amazed at my thinking deeply of a young person—he called her a young person—who, upon her own showing, was not worth a penny in the world, and of whose character and antecedents I had not had a fair opportunity of judging. He said——"

"Yes, yes—I know what a careful man like him would say," interrupted Brian again, "and he is right enough after the fashion of the world to which he belongs. What did you say, who are less conventional?"

"That I would marry Miss Westbrook to-morrow, if she would have me," replied Angelo; "that I felt it my duty to seek her out at once, and offer her my hand and heart, so that she should not think her loss of fortune had in any way made a difference in me."

"What did Mr. Salmon senior say to that?"

"That I was a fool," answered Angelo, with excitement, "and that my grandmother was a fool—that is his own mother, mind you!—to leave me all this money to throw away on the first woman who chose to flatter me. As if money had ever done me any good—as if I would not be only too happy to lay it at Mabel's feet, and beg her to take care of it and me!"

"Yes, yes—but don't talk of your money," said Brian, "especially to so proud a woman as Mabel Westbrook. Money has been her trouble up to this day's date, and not her consolation. You cannot bribe her into marriage with you."

"I should be sorry to think I could," answered Angelo.

"What do you want with me?" asked Brian, after a few minutes' silence, during which he had been brooding very deeply; "in what way do you imagine I can help you?"

"She has great faith in you."

Brian shook his head.

"I scarcely believe it," he said, "and at the best, faith is quickly disturbed in a man like me."

"She has said so often that I needed such a friend as you to keep me strong by his advice and example, that missing her suddenly, I came to you at once."

"You are very kind."

"For you *are* strong, and I—I can't help being weak."

"Your love for Mabel Westbrook is not weak?"

"Oh, no."

"That should give you strength and teach you the right way to act, without coming here for advice that I do not care to offer you. That I will not offer you," he shouted at his visitor.

"God bless me—why not?" exclaimed Angelo.

The astonishment on the face of the last speaker recalled Brian Halfday to himself.

"My advice brings ill-luck," he replied in a different and calmer tone; "I can't look back and see where it has been of profit to my fellow-creatures, where it has been often followed or cared for. I have a hard way of telling plain truths, a rough manner of pointing out what I may consider the right course—and hence I have made many enemies and not one friend."

"Miss Westbrook is your friend, I am sure."

"I am grateful for her good opinion of me, but I cannot consider her my friend," said Brian, "and I dare not think of her too much," he added in a lower tone.

"I do not follow you," said Angelo, politely.

"As for my advice, unless it suited with your inclination, you would not follow it," Brian continued.

"I am sure you would advise me for the best."

"I might say, 'Give up all thought of Mabel Westbrook;' what then?"

"I could not do that," said Angelo, alarmed; "you would never advise me to do that, surely?"

"You are not good enough for her."

"I own it, I am proud to own it."

"You have scarcely an idea in common with her," Brian went on; "she is above you in mind and education, and must infallibly look down upon you. She is strong and you are weak—she is a woman and you are a child."

"I do not wish to be anything but her slave. And I shall love her all my life, sir."

Angelo's voice broke again, and he leaned forwards eagerly, as if to reason down Brian's estimate of the position which he had set before him. There were tears in the weak man's eyes, but the strength of the passion at his heart had forced them there to make the child of him which Brian had just said that he was. He had only one excuse, his love. That was pure and child-like, and beat down the hard logic of his companion.

"You can do no more than love her all your life," said Brian, sorrowfully; "tell her so, and win her. A woman is only ungrateful to true affection when she is no true woman."

"I am extremely obliged to you for that advice, Mr. Halfday—and you really think I may win her for a wife?"

"It is possible," answered Brian.

"I was afraid I had not half a chance, but you give me courage somehow. I am so very glad," he added, "that I have called upon you."

"Have you any clue wherewith to find Miss Westbrook?"

"I think I can find her very easily."

"My sister Dorcas is with her still?"

"Yes."

"Dorcas will have to return here, and be housekeeper once more," murmured Brian; "the old life, and the old quarrels from which Mabel Westbrook might have saved her, perhaps, at some cost to herself. Though I did not advise her—though I warned her in every way in my power."

Angelo Salmon did not reply to this—the words were not intended for his hearing, and he took no heed of them. He had no interest in anything that did not immediately refer to Mabel Westbrook, with whom his thoughts were bound up heart and soul.

Suddenly Angelo started to his feet, and put his hat on the back of his head.

"If you don't mind my leaving you, I will go to her at once."

"I don't mind," said Brian, sarcastically, again.

"I had better strike whilst the iron is hot; tell her the whole truth simply and plainly, and that I never thought for an instant of her money when my heart turned towards her, as a flower to the sun."

Brian gave a spasmodic laugh at this.

"Poor sunflower!" he said, arranging his papers; "if you can find your way down stairs without an escort I shall be obliged to you."

"I shall be able to let myself out," said Angelo; "and you will allow me to say again that I am extremely indebted to you."

"For what?"

"For your encouragement to persevere—to tell her my love outright, and win her. 'Win her,' you said."

"Have I said as much as that?" returned Brian, half absently. "Have I told you to save her with your wealth from the poverty of which she does not dream—to give an honest man's love, home, and protection to a woman who is singularly alone, and who has met with singular misfortunes? I have said all this—advised all this, then, after all?"

"Yes. Don't you think I——"

"There, there, seek her out and prove to her that friends are not eager to desert her because the money is flown," said Brian, irritably; "under any circumstances, your friendship or love will not do her any harm. Stay."

Angelo paused at the door.

"Would her rejection of your suit do any harm to you?" asked Brian. "You are not a strong man, and that is to be considered."

"I hardly expect to be accepted all at once," said Angelo, modestly.

"To be taken by instalments, instead, as the robbers took her grandfather's bank shares?" said Brian.

"I am not going to act rashly," replied Angelo, shivering at the idea of any undue precipitation; "I am going to ask for hope—to tell her the state of my feelings, and to leave hers to—to—to grow towards me in good time; as they will, I trust, when she is convinced that mine are deep and lasting.

How dreadfully close your room is, Mr. Halfday! I declare I feel faint with the heat!"

"You have been talking yourself into a fever, like a fool!" said Brian, roughly again; "upon second considerations, I will see you safe to the street."

"Thank you. I might lose myself in the rooms below—I—would you mind my taking your arm?" said Angelo.

"No. Lean on me. Have you dined?"

"Yes."

"Have you drunk much wine at dinner?" Brian asked, curiously.

"I have drunk nothing but water to-day. Why, you don't think——"

"No, I don't think that now; excuse the questions," said Brian, "but your legs are unsteady."

"It's my natural emotion. My knees are perfectly uncontrollable when anything serious affects me, and this, you see, is a crisis in my life. A great crisis, which you do not seem to understand."

"Yes, yes, I understand you very clearly," answered Brian; "but, after all, it is no business of mine."

"And does not affect you. I know that, Mr. Halfday; but still I thought you would be interested, in some degree, in the step I thought of taking."

"In some degree, I am. This way."

Brian and his visitor went down stairs to the great hall, where Brian opened the door and let in the night air and the light of the stars.

"It's a beautiful night," said Angelo; "will you wish me God speed before I start?"

"If for the best—and for Miss Westbrook's sake—I wish it," answered Brian.

"Thank you. And if, before I go, you will let me call you friend—and consider you my friend from this hour, I should be glad," Angelo said with great earnestness.

"I never make friends," said Brian, more gloomily than churlishly.

"I am not a bad companion when I am understood thoroughly."

"Probably not—but I shall be always companionless."

"It must be dull work for you," was the quaint response.

"I have my studies, my books; I am never alone."

"But as you grow older——"

"Good-night—it is getting late," said Brian.

Angelo Salmon took the hint, and went down the steps after shaking hands with the curator of the Museum, who lingered at the door watching him until his figure was lost in the night mists.

"And I have let him go to her—with his simple heart, his truth, and his money—I have wished him God speed!" muttered Brian. "Well, well, it is surely for the best, and if she thinks so too, I shall not mind."

He stepped back with his hand upon the door, which he was closing softly, when some one from without pushed it gently inwards. Brian stood aside, offering no opposition, and a man whom he recognised immediately shrank rather than came into the hall, and glanced furtively from beneath his hat at the curator. It was the man who had broken his word to him at Datchet Bridge—the father who had betrayed him on that night, as he had betrayed him years ago, when Dorcas and he were little children.

"Brian," said the newcomer, in a husky voice.

"You are not wanted here. You have no business with honest men," said Brian, sternly. "Your way lies beyond this house, where I will not have you stay."

"Pray, let me come in. Don't treat me badly. I don't mean badly by you; I don't, indeed," urged Mr. Halfday, senior.

"I have done with you," was the firm reply.

"I have come on particular business—private and confidential, Brian, and I want your advice very badly."

"More advice!" said Brian, shrugging his shoulders.

"It's about that money of Miss Westbrook's. Something has happened since I saw you last. I don't know what to do!"

CHAPTER V.

"BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION."

MISS WESTBROOK'S name acted like a charm upon Brian Halfday. In all that appertained to her, or seemed

likely to affect her, he set aside his sterner self, or that sterner will belonging to him. As long as she lived, this ill-treated lady, beggared by error and miscalculation, should have his sympathy and watchful care at every hazard. He closed the door, and regarded his father with a greater scrutiny. Mr. Halfday senior was not looking much better in health; he was still waxen and angular of face and feature, and that palsied movement of the hands to which attention has been directed was strikingly apparent in the first moments of the interview. He had been uncertain of the nature of his welcome; he had been afraid of Brian, and it had been a struggle with his nerves—fortified even with pale brandy—to face him again, despite the necessity which had taken his steps to the Museum.

"What has happened that you come to me?" asked Brian; "what of this money for which you cast me off for ever?"

"Not for ever, Brian. Don't speak so cruelly to your own father; I can't bear it, really."

"Yes—the man is my own father," muttered Brian. "Heaven help him and me, in its good time."

"Amen to that, Brian. For if we stand by each other, and help each other——"

"What do you want?" cried Brian, fiercely. "State your business, and be as brief as you can. And remember this," he added, advancing so quickly towards his father that Mr. Halfday senior backed towards the door, "that I do not trust you, and that nothing you can say or do will make me trust you again."

"Not when I have placed my whole confidence in you?" said the father.

"No."

"Yes, you will. You will see then that I mean well, and have always meant well by my fellow-creatures. But are we going to talk in this place?"

Brian reflected for a moment.

"You can follow me to my room, if you like," said he.

"I think it will be better."

They went upstairs to the curator's apartment, where for the second time that night a visitor was shown.

"You have a snug berth here, Brian," said Mr. Halfday, seating himself in the chair which Angelo Salmon had previously occupied, "and here you would have taken care of me, I dare say, until I had had time to turn round. I did not like to feel dependent upon you, Brian, for I am naturally a proud man. It is in our family, that kind of feeling—your poor grandfather was proud—but though you have misjudged me, I acted with the best of motives. I was not going to desert you, or Dorcas—my own children. God forbid that such a thought should have entered my head!"

"What brings you here?" asked Brian, unmoved by this half protest and half apology.

"I kept you in remembrance, Brian. I sent you a letter."

"A lawyer's letter—yes."

"It was formal, but it was my solicitor's wish that it should be so, and I was entirely in the hands of my solicitor. I hope, my dear boy," he said with extreme anxiety, "you have not taken offence at it."

"Tell me what you want with me?" said Brian; "these papers may give you a hint that I am pressed for time to-night."

"I have no wish to take up your time unnecessarily," answered the father, "only I thought a few preliminary remarks might set us on a better footing. For you *are* aggrieved."

"Yes."

"I am sorry—it is not my fault. I could not trust you all at once; it was not natural. Comparatively speaking, you were a stranger to me, and we met in the dark, and in a high wind. To expect a sudden burst of confidence under those conditions was scarcely to be expected."

Brian sat down before his desk and took up his old position, with his thin hands clasped together on the papers with which it was covered. He did not interrupt his father in the profuse explanation which was proffered him, but when it was completed, his sole reply was a fixed stare that was not pleasant to encounter. Mr. Halfday looked away and coughed behind his claw-like fingers; he writhed perceptibly on his chair, and began to shake with his old nervousness.

"But these are mere words, not deeds, you will think," he continued, after waiting for the answer that never came, "and we are not getting on rapidly with the business of the evening."

"We are not," assented his son.

"Concerning this money, then, which

was deposited by Miss Westbrook to the account of Adam Halfday—you are angry with me because I claim it as heir-at-law."

"It was deposited by mistake. It was not money belonging to my grandfather, I have told you," said Brian.

"Had I not come back to England, *you* would have claimed the money?"

"Yes—and restored it to its rightful owner."

"I am a man of the world and understand human nature—you would have been its rightful owner, and no one else," said Mr. Halfday. "Miss Westbrook must have been pretty sure to whom the cash belonged when she paid it into Penton Bank."

"Will you oblige me by not mentioning Miss Westbrook's name again?" said Brian emphatically.

"You began it; not I. I have no wish to mention it."

"And will you tell me what you want with me?"

"Certainly; I have come for that express purpose; but the matter is a delicate one, and should be approached by degrees, as we do not seem to understand each other."

"We do not. We never shall."

"If I knew you a little better," said the father, regretfully, "we should get on comfortably together. Over a glass or two of grog now, and a good cigar, we might sink our small differences, and become father and son in real earnest. I don't want to run in opposition to you—I want to work with you; upon my soul I do!"

This William Halfday was not a deep man—and the little cunning that was in him was of a flimsy type, that lowered him without concealing his real nature. He had been unsuccessful all his life, from sheer lack of brains—which failed him in the present crisis as they had many times before.

"Proceed," said Brian, as he paused. "I am listening attentively to your arguments."

"Since we parted, I have been making inquiries about you," the father continued, as it was my duty to do before I acted blindly on the various instructions which you gave me at Datchet Bridge. You asked for my whole confidence too quickly—too peremptorily, if you remember?"

Brian nodded his head. To have answered the question would have been to lose time in arriving at the motive for this man's visit to him.

"My solicitor thought it would be wise of me to prosecute a few investigations, and he instituted inquiries on his own account, and in the interest of his client."

Brian nodded again, as if he admired his father's caution, and had nothing to say against the means which had been adopted to discover his true character.

"And we have heard nothing to your disadvantage, Brian," said Mr. Halfday; "you are known all over Penton as a long-headed man with a faculty for figures, and as hard a fellow at driving a bargain as any in the city. You have saved money and invested money cleverly—you are fond of money."

"I am fond of money," echoed Brian, breaking silence at last; "yes."

"All right, then. We shall get on famously together. Suppose now," he leaned forward, and began to shake more vigorously as he approached the subject which had brought him thither, "I offer to share this legacy with you—to give you one fair half of all we may obtain by acting together in concert—shoulder to shoulder, you know!—would you not say I was honest in the matter?"

"If you could do without my help, I should say you were liberal," replied Brian, somewhat enigmatically, "and if you require it, I should think you were politic."

Mr. Halfday considered the reply before he said, suddenly:

"Yes—I require it."

"I thought so."

"Without we help each other," said Mr. Halfday, "this money will be lost to the two of us—we shall not get a penny of it—and I may be a clog upon you for the remainder of your days."

"I see," said Brian with another of his emphatic nods, "it is halves, or nothing."

"That is exactly the position."

"Did your solicitor suggest this amicable arrangement between us?" asked Brian.

"He has not the slightest idea there is any hitch in the matter. He believes everything is going on smoothly and successfully towards my prosperity—and I dare not tell him a single word."

"He would be shocked, perhaps?"

"He would pretend to be shocked," was the reply; "I don't believe in the fine feel-

ings of man or woman—it's all affectation, Brian."

"That is your creed?"

"Yes—absolutely mine. I have found out too many of my species in my time, to believe in one of them," he said conceitedly; "there is not a man without his price; it's the same all over the world—trust me as a great traveller and a shrewd observer, Brian. I know it."

"And you have found out that my price for helping you to secure the money, and to stamp under foot remorselessly all opposition to its acquirement, is ten thousand pounds?"

"Yes, I have found out that," said the other, laughing; "you hid yourself very well behind the heroics, but the touch of gold brought you to earth."

"Ten thousand pounds is a sum worth having," said Brian.

"It is a fortune to you."

"And may make another fortune, with care. I am glad you have come," said Brian, "I think we will have a glass of grog and a cigar before we proceed further into the affair,—what say you?"

"With all my heart."

Brian put his papers into his desk, which he locked and set aside, and placed on the table in its stead a decanter, two glasses, and a box of cigars. His whole manner had changed within the last few minutes, and Mr. Halfday, watching him furtively, congratulated himself on stripping from his son the disguise which had perplexed him. Here was Brian Halfday his true self at last!—it would have been very odd to find him different from the rest of the family—it would have been absolutely unnatural.

Brian walked about the room singing wild snatches of song indicative of the high spirits to which his father's communication had raised him; he mixed the brandy-and-water with a smiling countenance above the grog-glasses—he pushed the cigars towards his companion, and was particular in selecting one for himself, which he lighted with all the care and attention peculiar to a man who smokes his life away.

"Now, to business again," he said, dropping into an easy chair and stretching his legs to their full length, "it is consolatory to think that we understand each other at last."

"You said we never should," replied the father.

"I did not know you were going to treat me so handsomely, *mon père*."

"Oh! you did not know who was your best friend?"

"No."

"Or give him credit for having a little of the family shrewdness?"

"Not an atom's worth."

"Well, here's your health, Brian—your very good health," said Mr. Halfday, lifting up his glass.

"And yours," responded Brian, as he imitated his father's example.

The two men drank, the elder in a practised manner, which tilted the contents at once out of sight, and then they faced each other again, both smiling and genial—sire and son united after years of silence and distrust between them—a strange sight for the gods!

"Now, Brian," said William Halfday when he had put his glass on the table, "the real fact of the case is that your grandfather Adam did not die without a will."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAILURE OF THE MISSION.

BRIAN HALFDAY took the cigar from his mouth to breathe more freely after this announcement. It was a momentary spasm of surprise, for he said very calmly the instant afterwards—

"Yes, that makes a difference in the position certainly. Where is the will?"

"Ah! that is what I want you to find out!"

"That is my share of the work for a share of the plunder," said Brian, "if you will excuse my calling it plunder in the excitement of the moment."

"I don't mind what you call it, so that the money falls into our hands."

"I suppose not. And the lawyer is not aware of a will?"

"He has not the slightest idea," replied the father.

"Who told you anything about it?"

"Peter Scone—one of the brotherhood—an old man who was once cashier in the firm of Westbrook and Halfday."

"I know him," said Brian, thoughtfully

"but he may be dreaming all this—he is in his dotage."

"He is the cunningest old fox that ever existed," cried Mr. Halfday; "why that man did not make a fortune in his day I cannot conceive."

"When did he tell you? how was it that you met him?" said Brian with his old rapidity of utterance. "Go on; this is getting serious."

"Ah! by Heaven, it is, Brian."

"We must do something—and that quickly."

"Ay—we must."

"Well, well," said Brian impatiently, "go on with the story, and then we shall see how to act."

"Do you mind my helping myself to half-a-glass more of your excellent brandy?—it steadies my nerves, and you have probably observed an awkward habit I have of trembling like an aspen."

"Drink away," said Brian carelessly.

Mr. Halfday mixed his second glass of spirits-and-water whilst Brian looked gravely at him.

"Shall I mix for you also?" asked the father.

"Not now—presently."

"As you please."

Mr. Halfday drank deeply, set his glass aside, and recommenced.

"You must know, my dear boy," he said very confidentially now, "that when it struck me I might require proofs of identification, I wrote to Peter Scone. He met me in the city, and we had a few words at first—not many—about a trifling and ridiculous loan which he had once advanced. I told him he should have the money with ample interest to boot, and that appeased him. He remembered me as William Halfday very clearly, and was prepared to swear to me in any court of law, providing his expenses were paid, in the United Kingdom."

"And this will?"

"Don't be in a hurry, my dear boy," continued Mr. Halfday, "he did not tell me anything about the will then; but a few days afterwards he came to me again, and in an artful, roundabout way that disgusted me, he let out that he remembered Adam Halfday's making a will a few weeks before he died. He remembered witnessing it with another brother—and Adam's hiding it away somewhere in the church of the Hospital, where Peter Scone thought he might find it, if he were paid well for his trouble. Otherwise he fancied his memory might fail him at the last. Oh! that man's an awful humbug, Brian!"

"How much does he want?"

"Five hundred pounds if he should be lucky enough to find it."

"Does he know the contents of the will?"

"Oh! yes, he knows; it is easily guessed at, he says, and I say so too. We are both out of the reckoning, that's certain."

"Both of us. That is bad," said Brian.

"Devilish bad."

"Then it is Dorcas, whom he did not love a great deal, and to whom he was always as hard and uncharitable as—I was," mused Brian.

"Yes—Dorcas—as if she could not wait until her poor father's death," whimpered Mr. Halfday, "before superseding him in this way."

"Dorcas!" said Brian again; "into whose hands next is this accursed money to pass?"

"Don't curse the money, Brian," implored his father, "it is profanity to go on like that. It is not business."

"It must be Dorcas," said Brian to himself, "and there is more misery ahead of us."

"Misery," cried the father, catching at the word, "I should rather think there was, unless we can raise—I mean you can raise—five hundred pounds to pay this cormorant, and then no one need know about the will."

"Why did Adam Halfday make this will at all?" said Brian.

"You offended your grandfather one day—"

"I was always offending him."

"And he had saved a little money," continued the father; "he had scraped together, as you know yourself, some seventy pounds. He thought that you wanted it, or had some idea he had saved it, and he swore to Peter Scone that you should not be the better for his death by a single penny. He made a will, and Peter Scone and one of his brethren since deceased were the witnesses to the document."

"So Peter Scone says?"

"Oh, it's true enough," groaned the

father, "it's no use building on the hope that Peter has told a lie."

"He can be compelled to give up the will," said Brian.

"By law, you mean? But that will not suit our book."

"Ah! I had forgotten we do not benefit by the document."

"Besides, Scone does not own to possessing it—swears he has it not—but thinks he may be able to find it," said the father. "I have told you all this before. How dull you are."

"Yes," assented Brian, "I am very dull."

"Take some brandy," he said, stretching out his hand for the decanter, "I always find that brandy——"

Brian had risen and set the decanter out of his father's reach.

"No more in this house," said Brian, "or you will go reeling to your home, babbling your wretched secrets to any one who cares to listen."

"I am not such a fool as that," replied Mr. Halfday.

"You are not wise," said Brian contemptuously, or you might have discovered I was the last man whom you could trust."

"I trust you because it is your interest to help me."

"I have no interest in the matter."

"That's a cool remark," said the father, when you have just agreed to——"

"Nothing, Mr. Halfday. Pray do not misunderstand me."

"But you will raise this five hundred pounds?"

"It is a sum almost beyond my power to raise for any honest purpose—I shall not attempt the experiment in order to bribe that poor old rascal at St. Lazarus," said Brian.

"You foolish fellow, don't you see it puts ten thousand pounds in your pocket?"

"And in yours. And I don't want you to have ten thousand pounds."

"You will never betray my confidence," said the father, beginning to tremble once more; "I have put my whole trust in you, Brian."

"Finding it difficult to discover a confederate elsewhere, you come to me," said Brian, "and I have to meet deceit with deceit to get at your vile plans."

"Hard names to your own father. This is 'sharper than a serpent's tooth,' considerably sharper," said Mr. Halfday abjectly.

"The money is safer in Dorcas's hands than in yours."

"The will may not be found."

"It shall be found," said Brian decisively.

"I am sorry you should see it in this light," continued the father; "I don't mean any one harm, for, of course, I should remember Dorcas, who would not have been put in the will if your grandfather had known that I was alive. He was always particularly fond of me."

"He always spoke of you as a scamp," answered Brian.

"Ah! that was his facetious way. He called me a young scamp when I was two years old, but he never meant anything by it."

Brian looked at his watch.

"I have no more time to spare," he said bluntly.

Mr. Halfday senior took the hint, and rose. When he was standing before Brian, twirling his hat nervously in his hands, he said—

"All that I have said, Brian, is in the strictest confidence between us."

"I am bound to no promise."

"I have told you the whole truth, thinking you would see the matter in the same light as myself," Mr. Halfday continued, "and you were acting all the time."

"Not all the time."

"You led me to think I might put faith in you. You did indeed."

"Did you put faith in me when you came to Datchet Bridge?" asked Brian sternly.

"You frightened me then—it was meeting a stranger and expecting perfect confidence at once—it was natural I should be upon my guard," was the reply. "But now, Brian—now I have made inquiries and found how good and earnest and strong-minded and careful a fellow you are, I——"

"I will hear no more," shouted Brian as he sprang to his feet, "I will bear with you no more. Do your worst, or best, I am opposed to you; you are a villain, and had hoped to find your likeness in the son you ran away from. Now, sir, let me see you from this house for ever."

The man cowered at the wrath of Brian's words and looks. He was afraid of him, and he slunk towards the door without another protest against the reception he had met with; he had shown his hand and been defeated; he had discovered an honest man

whose behaviour had perplexed him, and whose disregard of his own interests was past all comprehension. He had been led to expect so very different a man in Brian Halfday; he had found an enemy where he had believed a friend and confidant would rise up for a bribe. He could scarcely see his way to the end now—ruin and disgrace stared him closely in the face.

He went along the public rooms of the Museum preceded by its custodian; he crept like a shadow of evil down the broad oaken staircase into the hall; he sidled from the hall into the street without another word to Brian, or even a furtive glance at him as he passed him on his way.

CHAPTER VII.

KNAVES IN COUNCIL.

WHEN he was fairly out of sight of his son, who remained at the open door of the Penton Museum as though the night air was grateful to him, Mr. William Halfday came to a full stop. The curves of this narrow, old-fashioned street had left him nothing save the top windows of the Museum to shake his clenched and trembling hands at, but this he did with energy, and with a considerable amount of violent and improper language.

He was still anathematizing his son with a vigour and eloquence that would have reflected credit on a better cause, when some one touched him suddenly and sharply on the shoulder with a stick. Mr. Halfday was his natural self at once; he gave a cry of alarm and fell against the wall for support in his new fright.

"Well, how did you get on with him?" croaked a rusty voice in his ears, and Mr. Halfday, coming back by spasms to more self-composure, recognised the form and features of old Peter Scone. He recollected also that this brother of the Noble Poor had spent the afternoon with him, and promised to wait for him near the gates of the cathedral till the interview with Brian had taken place, and here was the man grinning like a death's head and waiting for the news.

"How you have scared me, Scone!" he said.

"Did you take me for a policeman, Halfday?" asked the old man.

"I have nothing to fear from the police; but I hate to be taken off my guard," he answered.

"Well, well, what does he say?" asked Peter very eagerly; "you haven't told me one scrap of the news for which I have been waiting and shivering here this hour."

"Let us get into the Close, where we can talk in safety," said Mr. Halfday; "there may be listeners at every corner of these cursed alleys."

"So there may," assented Scone, as he put his left arm through William Halfday's and toddled on by his side. "Am I leaning too heavily upon you?"

"Yes, you are," said Mr. Halfday frankly.

"I can't help it. I'm a very old man, William, and require support. I have not your robust youth and strength."

"Don't talk like a fool," growled Halfday.

They passed through the open gates into the Close, and made for the broad road between the elms and the tall houses of the dean and chapter, and where there were some yards of open ground on either side of them. An eavesdropper under the giant trees, or lurking in the shadow of the opposite wall, could have learned nothing from their conversation, and might as profitably have been concealed in the cathedral towers which loomed before them in a starlit sky.

"Well, well—what does the curator say?" said Peter Scone again; "you put the question delicately to him, and without wounding his feelings, to begin with?"

"You may guess what he said by the passion in which you found me, Peter," was his companion's reply.

"Ay, ay—you were saying awful words, but I fancied he had only driven too hard a bargain with you."

"He will have nothing to do with me," said Halfday. "He treats me like a dog."

"What did you offer him?" was Peter Scone's next inquiry.

"Halves of anything I got by letters of administration."

"Did you—did you say anything about me?"

"Yes—I did."

"That was exceedingly imprudent—that was a breach of confidence between us, mind you," said Peter Scone; "you might have

said that a certain party had told you that he knew another certain party who thought it was possible to find a will of Adam Halfday's."

"I am too straightforward a man to go dodging about in that way," said Halfday scornfully.

"Oh! yes—certainly," was the ironical reply.

"Besides, he would not have believed me, and I—I thought it was quite safe, he seemed to seize the bait so greedily. And it was all play-acting—vile deception—by all that's holy. And that man I am compelled by the law of the country to call my son," he cried.

"It is hard," said Peter.

"I will never forgive him. Peter, old fellow, I have only you to trust in now. You will not desert me?"

"I am a poor man, and can't do anything for you, William."

"You can. And I can do a deal for you when I get rich, if you will only wait."

"How do you mean?"

"I have explained it all before, Peter, but you don't or won't understand," said Mr. Halfday in an injured tone of voice; "if you say nothing about the will—

"I never said positively there was a will," remarked Peter cautiously; "I remember witnessing Adam's signature to some document or other, and Adam's saying he knew where to keep the paper in safety—and I think I might be able, in a long search, to find it, if it's still in existence. That is all I said."

"Except that you wanted five hundred pounds."

"I never said that, William. You remarked," and here the old man's bony fingers closed tightly on the arm of his companion, "that it would be worth five hundred pounds to any one to find that will, and I agreed with you. This might be a long search—for Adam was an old magpie in storing things in holes and corners—and to find the will was wealth to the legatee at any rate."

"Look here, Peter," said Mr. Halfday, "you can keep the will till I am rich. That's fair. Let me get out the letters of administration and come into the property, and I will give you two thousand pounds down on the day you bring the document to me. You're safe—I'm not."

"I could not trust you, William," answered Mr. Scone, shaking his head vigorously; "you would be off with all the money within an hour of laying your hands upon it. You have a most unpleasant way of slipping into obscurity when it suits with your convenience."

"I swear that I will pay you every penny that I promise you. Bind me down in any way, Peter—and rely on my good faith."

"I never relied on any one's good faith in my life, and I am not going to begin now," said Peter; "besides life is short, and I'm eighty-six years of age. Hale and strong, but a very old man, William—awfully old."

"Awfully obstinate and distrustful," muttered William Halfday.

"And this may be robbing your own daughter, although I haven't a doubt but that you will provide properly for her."

"To be sure I would."

"Although, if this will could be found—I say *if* it could be found—Dorcas would pay as handsomely as you to any one lucky enough to discover it; or Dorcas's mistress, the rich Miss Westbrook from the States, would give the man who found it money down. And, William Halfday, it's the money—down in these old hands—I want. Six months hence may be too late for me—six weeks hence—six days. Good God, man, don't you understand? I'm eighty-six years of age, and haven't time to enjoy life and money without I'm sharp about it. I must have money now—a heap of money!"

Peter Scone's avarice and eagerness were pitiable things to witness; but they were displayed before one whose feelings were not likely to be impressed or shocked. Halfday was fighting for money also, after his own bad fashion, but life was not at a critical point with him as with this aged man who clung to him, and raved of riches, and would not trust to time to bring them to him.

"I dare not ask my lawyer for more money; he told me flatly I must not expect any more," said William Halfday, "and that I could afford to wait. To ask him for a large sum would be to arouse his suspicions and set spies upon me. Peter, you must help me; you must not turn against me and send me to beggary like this."

"I don't send you to beggary."

"You do. They will never help me. Brian hates me, and so will Dorcas; and I shall be cast down into the dirt of the

streets. Had my father known I was coming back, he would have left me a wealthy man."

"I don't fancy he would have done anything of the kind," said Peter Scone; "but this is not time for fancy, is it?"

"Where are you going?"

"To Miss Westbrook—and your daughter."

"Do you know where to find them?"

"Yes. Miss Westbrook answered a letter of mine this afternoon."

"You will drive no bargain with them. You have lost your chance."

"Eh—how's that?" asked Peter Scone, alarmed at this declaration.

"Brian is not a man to stand still—he will have sought them out by this time. I saw it in his face."

"He will not discover them very easily, and he can do no good if he does. He has only your word for all this."

"He may go to the Hospital and search my father's rooms again, and yours, finding you are away from home."

Peter Scone broke into a childish little laugh, and patted William Halfday affectionately upon the arm.

"If I cannot put my hand upon that will, no one else is likely to do so, William. If I were to die to-night, no one in all the world would ever find it, William," croaked old Peter Scone. "I am not afraid of what your son can do, clever as he thinks himself."

If he were to die to-night! It was a strange thought to put into the head of a man as desperate as William Halfday was. "If he were to die to-night, no one would ever find the will," that was what the old man said, and meant; and dying suddenly, as old men did die very often, he, William Halfday, would have leisure to grow rich!

What was this man's life worth, even to himself, that he should stand a barrier in the way of another's preferment? Why was a man's whole future, a man's last chance, to be sacrificed to this old wretch's rapacity and distrust?

"I hope you will not do anything in a hurry," said William Halfday. "I may see my way to money in the morning, yet."

"I can't wait, and I shan't wait, William," replied Mr. Scone decisively. "I have acted fairly by you, and tried to help you; and if you have failed to help me in my turn, why there's no blame to either of us. They may treat me badly though," said the old man; "Dorcas does not like me, and she will set the American girl against me, too, unless—Ha! would you?" he shrieked suddenly—"a poor old man like me, and eighty-six—help, help—here's murder doing!"

It was a stronger, sharper cry than the younger man had bargained for, and his brute courage failed him. Life was not to be shaken so quickly from the body of Peter Scone, who had aroused the echoes of this ancient place with his wild cry for succour. The hands relaxed their grasp of the throat, and William Halfday's voice said, quickly and tremulously—

"A little joke of mine, Peter—that's all! Were you frightened? There, don't make a noise. Lean on me. My fun, nothing else, I assure you. Only my fun, to show you what might have happened from people more unprincipled than I am. Don't think anything of it—don't——"

But Peter had slid from his hold to the ground, in his fright, and brought his poor old head against the iron railings of the cathedral garden. He was not dead; but he looked so like a dead man—he lay so still and quiet there—that William Halfday thought he was. The man was scared almost unto death himself at the sight of all that had happened in the last few minutes—at the consciousness of what might happen to him next if he were not prompt of action. He leaned over Peter Scone, and tried to feel for the beating of his heart, and failed, in the confusion of his own distracted mind, to discover any signs of life. He listened as if for the hurrying footsteps of people alarmed by the cry that had broken upon the stillness of the Close; but the leaves of the great elms were only rustling above him in the summer air.

Under the hand that had sought for a heart-throb, lay temptation again in the shape of a pocket-book and key, which had been tied together by a string, and deposited in the breast pocket of Peter Scone before he had left the Hospital that afternoon. William Halfday forgot part of his alarm at this discovery. Here might be the clue to the will of his father; and it was this, perhaps, which Peter had wished to sell him for five hundred pounds. He stood erect with the key and pocket-book in his hand. The owner was lying very quietly under the trees, and there was no one astir in Penton

Close save he who had brought about the deed. Let him be gone before the world moved in this miserable matter, and wondered how Peter Scone had come to his death, and expressed its regret that there had been no one to look after a man bowed by age and infirmities, and liable to run down as suddenly as this at any moment.

He slunk away in the shadow of the wall, and reached the Close gates, and the archway in which they were set. There was a light in the lodge, and the porter was reading a newspaper by it, as he passed through unperceived. There was a clock over the mantelpiece of the room, William Halfday noticed, and it marked five minutes to the time of locking-up for the night. By those minutes he had saved his neck; Peter Scone would lie in the open air till morning now, and the noisy rooks would be the first to find him.

(To be continued.)

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

A NORSE LEGEND.

THERE'S a strange pathetic story
Has been handed down through time,
In the Sagas of the Norsemen,
And in wild barbaric rhyme;—
For this story, sad and tender,
Cometh from a Northern clime;

Telling of a noble maiden
Of the grand old Viking race,
Tall, and yellow haired, and blue-eyed,
With a calm and lovely face,
And a slender form, endowed with
All of woman's subtlest grace.

And the rumour of her beauty
Travelled far throughout the land,
Bringing from each hall and fastness
Ardent suitors for her hand;
And with love, and fond confiding,
One she chose from out the band.

He was all the women's darling
For the beauty of his face,
For his winning words and tender,
His rare courtesy and grace;—
That in fight his arm was surest,
His foot fleetest in the race.

But the tender, shy, Norse maiden
Could not keep him all her own ;
Though he loved her, still he saw where
Other eyes as brightly shone ;
Oft for him had other voices
Full as soft and sweet a tone.

Shrilled the sudden, low alarum,
While the night lay o'er the land ;
Time no more for sleep or dalliance
With the sudden foe at hand ;—
Up they sprang, and every warrior,
Dim eyed, sought for shield and brand.

But that sudden low alarum
Could not reach one sleeper's ear,
Tunèd through night's fleeting moments
Only love's sweet tones to hear ;
And the snowy arms that bound him
Were not hers who should be dear.

Lay the wife deserted—watching,
When the warning summons came,
Saw where shield and spear hung gleaming
In the moonlight's silver flame ;
When he sought them not, her heart grew
Sick with dread of his sure shame.

Stronger then grew love than anger,
Sword and shield she buckled tight,
Love her woman's form endowed with
All a warrior's skill and might ;
And where'er the fray was fiercest
All men thought he met their sight.

When night's sable curtains lifted,
And the morning sun shone red
O'er the hard-fought field of battle,
Fast and far the foe had fled ;
When they, wondering, sought their hero,
Lo ! they found a woman—dead !

Ottawa. A. R.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

I.

KINGSTON AND THE THOUSAND ISLES.

BY F. P. BETTS, KINGSTON.

THE chain of lakes which lies along the southern boundary of Canada, and the river which connects them, form an inexhaustible field of exploration for the tourist. From the mighty Superior, where the current of the St. Lawrence takes its rise, to the gulf where it empties itself into the Atlantic, the view is everywhere interesting, and to one who makes the trip between these two points, the characteristics of American as distinguished from European scenery are most forcibly presented. In the older country, the charm which invests the loveliest spots is owing as much to the associations they call up as to their own intrinsic beauty. In journeying through Europe, the traveller sees, in the many noble monuments and tottering ruins which meet his eye, the silent history of a bygone people. In travelling the classic waters of the Rhine he passes many a grim fortress,—its keep broken down, and its shattered, moss-covered walls gone long ago to decay,—which hangs beetling over the dark surface of the water below, a gloomy monument of ruthless might; and the scene calls up to his mind the remembrance of those dark ages when some savage feudal lord—worthy descendant of Attila or Alaric—erected here his place of abode, and, with his horde of servile retainers, made with impunity daily depredations on all who came within his reach, contented to believe, if he ever gave the matter a thought, that the law of might was the only law of right.

In the more ancient lands of Greece and Italy, also, relics remain sufficient to enable the visitor to form some idea, though an inadequate one, of the gigantic steps made by civilization under the enlightened guidance of the Greeks and Romans, and of the height of culture ultimately attained by both. Who visits the pass of Thermopylæ without thinking of Leonidas and his Spartan martyrs; or the island of Salamis, and does not remember the Persians' flight? When the poet Rogers stands upon the Appian Way, his thoughts are not of the beauties which surround him, but that the road on which his feet rest was

> "Once an avenue
> Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
> The dwellings of the illustrious dead."

And when visiting the far-famed grove of Tibur, his mind is occupied with the thought that there, in olden time, he

> "Might have met so oft
> Horace himself."

In Africa, too, the traveller's longing is to behold the tomb of Cheops; nor is the site of ancient Carthage passed by unnoticed.

But in America the case is very different. Here the tourist is such from a love of nature alone. The lofty bluffs and precipitous steeps of Upper Superior have no borrowed charms from having been the haunt in time past of some arbitrary outlaw; nor is the broad sheet of Huron rendered more attractive as once the scene of some critical and decisive naval engagement. These owe, to history, nothing; to nature, all. Yet in the inhabited parts of this continent there is a history which is traceable by the eye, but it is a history the landmarks of which are not ruins, but edifices; the subject of which is not decay, but steadily increasing progress. In the beauties which it owes to nature, America will compare favourably, as far as any comparison can be instituted, with the most lovely spots of the Old World. I say as far as any comparison can be instituted; for there are some traits of American

scenery which are so peculiar to this continent, that it is impossible to draw any comparison between them and the Old World scenes. The Falls of Niagara and the "Thousand Islands" may serve to illustrate the truth of this remark.

The former have been described so often by writers of all nationalities, that their fame is world-wide. Not so the latter. Most people on this continent, it is true, are familiar with the name "Thousand Isles," but the number of those who have visited them is small compared with those who have seen the "Falls." And out of the number who have visited them, how many have seen them in any but the most cursory manner? Yet the Isles are as well worthy of being visited by the tourist as Niagara, and the time spent in viewing them and their vicinity will be considered by the true lover of nature as well spent.

Situated just at the head of the Thousand Islands, it would have been indeed an injustice to the sleepy city of Kingston had nature denied to her all traces of that picturesque beauty with which she has so bounteously endowed the region below. Of no such injustice, however, has Kingston to complain. Dead or moribund in commerce and commercial relations, unless when momentarily awakened from her lethargy by the arrival, to unload or refit, of some propeller or schooner of her more energetic western neighbours, and leading a life almost as quiet as that of some secluded village, she has few attractions to offer to commercial men. But to tourists and others who are at leisure to break loose for a time from the all-engrossing chains of business, and to devote a short space to the enjoyment of the picturesque, Kingston is far from being devoid of interest. It is strange that the commerce of the city should be characterized by stagnation so profound. Possessed of so many natural advantages, one would expect to find Kingston a flourishing and prosperous city. Having a central situation in Canada, and being built just at the east end of Lake Ontario, at the junction of the Lake and the River St. Lawrence, it occupies the position of a half-way house between the commerce of the western Canadian and American cities and that of the Lower Province. This alone, it would be thought—the constant passing and repassing of western and eastern trading vessels, and the amount of traffic which ought thereby accrue to the city—should suffice to render Kingston a stirring place of business. Moreover, the advantages enjoyed do not end here. There are two other sources, the water traffic from whence passes immediately through it. One of these is Ottawa, between which place and Kingston there is a direct connection by the Rideau Canal, 170 miles in length; the other, Belleville, Picton, and the towns lying on the Bay of Quinté, from which the only entrance to Lake Ontario lies within six or seven miles to the west of the city.

There is also another circumstance which would naturally tend to give Kingston an advantage over her sister cities in Canada. I refer to the early date of her foundation. More than a century before Toronto, now the most enterprising and important city in Ontario, was thought of, Kingston was founded by French troops, who, in 1672, under the command of Governor De Courcelles, penetrated as far west as Lake Ontario, on an expedition against some rebellious tribes of Seneca Indians. The favourable position of the spot, then known by the name Cataracoui, for a military station, was at once perceived by the French Governor, and in planting the settlement he had in view as well the extension of the scanty commerce which was then carried on in the country, as the subjugation of unruly bands of natives. It was not till a hundred years from its first foundation that the little settlement of Cataracoui, or Cataraqui, having been known in the meantime successively as Fort Cataraqui and Fort Frontenac, at length, in 1762, fell into the hands of the British, and received its present name.

It may prove interesting, before entering upon a description of the Thousand Islands, to which Kingston forms the key, to give some idea of the city itself, and notice some of the salient points of interest connected with it. Built upon a large bay, Kingston has every facility for shipping and shipbuilding. The harbour, which is formed by Wolfe Island, some twenty miles in length, and Garden Island, lying across the mouth of the bay, is most commodious, and is adapted, in depth of water and other respects, for affording safe moorings to vessels of the largest class. Viewing it from its western entrance, which is nine miles from the city, and is formed by Amherst Island, at the mouth of the Bay of Quinté, and the north

shore of the lake, on the left hand, and Simcoe Island, five or six miles to the south-east of Amherst, on the right, it appears like a long, narrow bay, tapering gradually to a point in the distance, and seeming to end in a *cul de sac* just beyond the city. Simcoe Island, on the right, and Wolfe Island, lower down, seem to form one continuous stretch of land, and the western entrance, through which the tourist has come in, appears to him to be the only way of regaining the open lake, Although such an idea is deceptive, inasmuch as Simcoe and Wolfe Islands are separated by a channel of about a quarter of a mile in width, called Bateau, and there is an opening at the east end of the city of about two miles in width, yet for all purposes of shelter from wind and sea the harbour is just as perfect as though no such openings existed; with the exception that when the wind is from a certain point—about south-south-west — the current which sweeps through Bateau channel renders the water in certain parts of the harbour somewhat rougher than it would otherwise be. The frontage of the city for upwards of a mile is a continuous succession of wharves and docks. A large part of Kingston ship-building is carried on on Garden Island, which lies some two miles from the city, directly in front of it, and contains about thirty acres of land.

An important feature of the topography of Kingston is its fortifications. As a Canadian fortress, it is considered second in strength only to Quebec. A mile distant from the east end of the city, separated from it by Great Cataraqui Creek, over which a wooden bridge has been built, six hundred yards in length, stands Fort Henry. Situated on an eminence, and well protected by embankments and trenches, this fort overlooks the harbour and city, and with the martello towers, several of which stand in advantageous positions about the water frontage, could do effective execution in time of war.

The plan upon which the city is built is to a great extent irregular. The streets do not cross one another at right angles, but each street leading to the lake slopes away from its neighbour more and more as it approaches the water. The consequence is that every now and then, in walking through the city, one comes upon two streets leading from the lake, which have met one another at an acute angle, and standing at this angle it is possible to obtain a view of the harbour down either of them.

The principal buildings of Kingston are the City Hall, a large and handsome cut stone structure, the Post Office, and the Court House. The City Hall is situated in the very centre of the water frontage, overlooking the harbour, and comprises within itself, besides several spacious halls, the principal municipal offices of the city. The Court House, which in the winter before last was gutted by fire, is being rebuilt on a somewhat improved plan.

Besides these buildings, all of which are situated within the city limits, Kingston possesses two others worthy of remark, which, though not actually within the boundary lines of the city, are yet always accounted Kingston buildings—these are the Provincial Penitentiary and the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum. Both are Government buildings, and, under the conduct of efficient officers, have established for themselves reputations as very perfect institutions of their respective kinds. The former is situated at the water's edge, about a quarter of a mile from the city limits to the west. The building—or rather set of buildings, for there are separate structures for the various departments of trade and mechanics—is surrounded by a high and massive stone wall, upwards of thirty feet in height by four in thickness. This wall is built with towers at the corners, in each of which a guard is stationed at all hours of the day. Along the top of the wall, for a distance of about sixty feet from the towers, a platform is built of sufficient width to allow of a man's walking on it without difficulty, thus forming a beat along which the guards patrol when the narrow limits of the watch towers grow irksome. With such complete arrangements for the secure confinement of the prisoners, it would be thought that all attempts at escape must prove futile. Such, however, is so far from being the case, that, as the guards know well, if the wall were left unguarded for but half an hour, hardly a convict in the place would be baffled in an attempt to scale them. The experiment has been tried, not by way of experiment, but through the negligence of one of the guards, who, having left his post for barely twenty minutes, found on his return that two prisoners whom he had left

working within the wall had, during the short interval of his absence, effected their escape by climbing it. The feat had been accomplished by slinging a large stone with a rope attached to it over the wall, climbing the rope after they had got it firm, and dropping down by it on the outside. When the guard returned the rope was still hanging, and was made fast at the top by being passed through a space between two stones where the mortar had fallen away. In consequence of this escape a thorough examination of the walls was instituted a few years ago, and all parts which had been affected by time, or appeared in any way dilapidated, were put in complete repair. The outside of the enclosure wall is taken up on two sides by wharves, at which vessels are constantly calling for stone from the quarries belonging to the Penitentiary. These are situated a short distance from the building, and are connected with it by means of tramways built upon a plane slightly inclined, so that the transportation of the stone from its natural bed to the place of shipment is effected with comparatively slight labour.

The other institution—the Rockwood Asylum—is situated at the water's edge, at no great distance to the west of the Penitentiary; the ground on which it stands presenting to the view of one approaching it from the water exactly what its name imports—a wood springing from a rock. The shore close to the water is formed of layer upon layer of solid sedimentary rock, which in the lapse of ages has been worn and broken away by the unceasing dash of the waves, leaving the edges jagged and uneven. Above, the bank slopes gradually upward, and the soil, though not more than five or six feet in depth, produces vegetation in abundance. The building, constructed chiefly of stone, is a handsome and spacious one, and standing as it does in the midst of pleasant groves and grassy slopes, with the blue expanse of lake stretching away in its rear, possesses all the advantages of peaceful retirement so essential to an institution of its character. On entering the building one is pleased to find that the tranquil beauty of the surrounding scenery is not marred by the appearance of its interior. The corridors, which are most ample, are kept scrupulously clean and neat, while in every nook and corner may be seen geraniums and other flowers, tended by the hands of the patients; and it is only the sight of the unfortunate inmates themselves that detracts from the charm of the pervading beauty, and overpowers one with an undefinable feeling of heartfelt pity for creatures who, labouring under the greatest misfortune that can befall humanity, are yet unconscious of their loss. The treatment of the patients by the Superintendent, and by the keepers under his direction, is most humane, and they are allowed to enjoy many indulgences which tend to lighten the weary load of their life of captivity.

Kingston is remarkable for the extreme beauty of its general appearance; indeed I know not of any city on the Canadian lakes which can claim superiority over it in this respect. Nature, in endowing it with beauty, has compensated in some measure for the sluggish character of its trade. On the outskirts of the city, especially at the western quarter, are situated charming country villas, substantially and ornamentally constructed, and nestling amid abundance of tastefully planted trees and shrubs. These are, for the most part, the residences of gentlemen who have retired from active life, and been attracted by the beauty of the spot to their present abodes. The view on the water is even more lovely than that on the land. All along, the shore is indented by small bays and inlets, and these, together with the well-wooded islands, numbers of which lie within easy rowing distance of the city, form enchanting resorts for pic-nic and other pleasure parties. The fishing about Kingston, though formerly among the best to be had in the St. Lawrence, has of late years been gradually deteriorating, owing to the numbers of eager sportsmen who have waged war against the inhabitants of the "choice spots" in its neighbourhood.

Taking leave of Kingston, I will attempt to give some description of the scenes that are met with on the downward passage of the river through the Thousand Isles. The views that meet the eye when rushing through the Isles at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, on board one of the fast mail steamers which ply between the Upper and Lower Provinces, are frequently eulogized in the most enthusiastic terms by persons who have had only this cursory view of them; but it is difficult to believe that such persons can have a true appreciation of the charm which invests picturesque nature.

Those who endeavour to combine business and pleasure almost invariably fail in thoroughly transacting the former, while they are rendered in a great measure incapable of appreciating the latter. To enjoy to the full the charms of scenery, to feel in its full effect the pleasure which results from the contemplation of a lovely landscape, the mind must be unburdened by cares or perplexities of any kind. No thought of business, no anxieties about the past or future, must be allowed to intrude. Nature denies her sweets to a soul but half devoted to herself. The intellectual part of the mind must be subordinated to the sensuous—the eye for the nonce allowed a higher place than the reason. But after the eye has taken in the appearance, after the pleasure which the sense affords has been fully experienced, then it becomes the task of the higher faculties—and imagination at the head of them—to enhance by endless chains of association and fancy the charm which the sense has introduced. I conceive, then, that the only true way of obtaining an adequate idea of the Thousand Isles, and of their exquisite and variegated loveliness, is by devoting to them a trip taken exclusively for the pleasure of seeing nature in her pristine beauty, and making a somewhat protracted stay among them.

Though the principal part of my experience of the Isles has been obtained when on camping excursions among them in a small pleasure yacht, yet I have frequently passed through them on board the mail steamer, and enjoyed from its deck the view, though very imperfect, which can thence be obtained. To one making the trip in this manner the appearance presented is that of an ever-changing panorama. At one moment the boat is gliding noiselessly over the placid, untroubled surface of a calm, deep river, dotted in all directions with myriads of islands, covered with luxuriant verdure, interspersed with vines and creepers of varied tint, the whole shaded and draped by the pendant foliage of umbrageous trees, whose drooping boughs in many places sweep the very sides of the boat as she slips swiftly by. In an instant the scene changes. Shooting rapidly towards a barrier composed seemingly of rocks and trees mingled in wild confusion, rushing apparently into the very jaws of destruction—just when one expects to be dashed upon the rocks, the barrier seems suddenly to melt away, a passage opens as if by magic, and in a moment, from the placid current through which she has been gliding, the boat, sweeping round an unseen bend, is whirled and tossed in a raging torrent, the waves foaming on all sides of her, and bristling with jagged points of rock which seem to threaten destruction in every quarter.

Such is the impression left on the mind of one who has seen the Islands only from the deck of a passing boat. All is to him indistinct. Having passed through hurriedly, he has had no time to observe anything minutely. A conception of scenery of surpassing grandeur—wild beyond belief in some places, tranquil beyond thought in others—is created in his mind; but so indistinct and confused that he is unable to pass beyond the general idea of the sublime, and give, with any degree of coherence, a description of the view which has been presented to him.

From a trip taken in a pleasure yacht with a select company of friends, on the other hand, the excursionist returns impressed, not only with the general grandeur of the scenery, but bearing in his memory also distinct mental pictures of endless charming inlets and secluded nooks, far removed from the noisy path of the steamline traffic, the charms of which have been enhanced to him by the companionship of kindred spirits, and able to analyze with the minutest detail the beauties he has beheld. The impression of the Isles thus created is that which gives the truest idea of their beauties.

On leaving Kingston, the course for a stretch of two miles or so lies over the open water of the harbour. Then rounding the rugged bluff on the left, from the summit of which frowns Fort Henry, the tourist finds himself in a lovely still lagoon, sheltered from the rough water of the harbour without by a rock-bound island, and formed by a long receding bay, the shores of which rise on all sides to heights varying from fifty to a hundred feet. This island, which is called Cedar, from the number of trees of that species which cover it, is the first true type of the group of Thousand Isles met with in the downward passage of the river. It is densely wooded from its highest point to the water's edge—a very "nemorosa Zacynthus."

After leaving this island, the view met with for some distance, though sufficiently beautiful, offers no striking points of difference from the general character of the St. Lawrence scenery. The river is of considerable width, and though the main stream is severed into smaller channels by the interposition of some few large islands, its course is clearly defined. At a distance of twenty miles below lies the village of Gananoque, so named from an Indian word signifying "rocks in deep water," and it is here that the scenery first assumes the characteristic aspect of the Thousand Isles—characteristic inasmuch as it is not possible to point to any other place on the continent where scenery of the same description is to be met with. The Hudson views are lovely, yet the peculiar type of the Hudson scenery is widely different from that of this part of the St. Lawrence. The peaceful woodland scenery of the Cumberland Lakes is enchanting, yet its charms are not those which invest these gorse-clad Isles. And yet, though it may seem paradoxical to say so, the Thousand Isles combine in themselves the various features of the scenery both of the Hudson and the English Lakes. Indeed, it is the constant variety of the views among the Islands that constitutes one of their chief attractions. From one point of view the tourist sees the stately grandeur of a majestic stream, gliding peacefully between banks of quiet loveliness, a fitting

> "Emblem of life, which still as we survey
> Seems motionless, yet ever glides away."

From another point, the river, or rather the only part of it visible, presents the appearance of a sequestered lake, unruffled by the passage of any current, and embosomed among lofty hills, whose sides, rising abruptly to an imposing height, shut out all signs of connection with the river without; while nestling on the quiet surface fantastic

> "Isles are seen,
> All lovely set within an emerald sea."

From other points, again, views may be obtained of the river transformed into a roaring torrent, pouring its boiling waters over the half-immersed rocks with an impetuosity which calls to mind the turbulent rapids of Niagara,

> "Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground"

sixty leagues above.

During the summer months glimpses may be caught at intervals, among the Isles, of the snowy canvas of visitors' tents shining through the leaves upon some grassy knoll, or nestling half-hidden in some sheltered alcove, and the effect of the sheet of white against the dark-green background of pine and fir is picturesque in the extreme. It frequently happens that several parties pitch their tents within a few miles of one another, and when this is the case it is customary for the campers to assemble in the evenings round the camp fire of each of the neighbours in turn, and there, while the ruddy flame crackles cheerily in the midst, sending up showers of sparks as each fresh log is thrown on, to recount their day's adventures, while the joke and song and laugh go round, till old St. Lawrence's time-worn woods resound and ring again.

Some of the names of the islets and bends of the stream are exceedingly quaint—as "Fiddler's Elbow," and "Devil's Oven." The former designation is applied to a crook in the stream somewhat resembling the human elbow. The current at the spot is very rapid, causing a constant ripple on the surface, which somewhat resembles the vibratory motion seen in the arm of a fiddler while performing on his instrument. The name "Devil's Oven" is applied to a dark, gloomy cave which opens in the end of one of the small islands in the vicinity of Alexandria Bay. The island itself is included under the name. Its sides rise almost perpendicularly, and are composed of large stones curiously fitted together and piled upon one another, rendering the place, on the whole, not unlike that indispensable article of domestic economy after which it has been named. Why the construction of this "oven" should be attributed to the agency of his Satanic Majesty, or what purpose that august personage could have had to serve in establishing his culinary apparatus in so *bizarre* a location, it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps it may have been that those who named the islet considered that no one but the potent lord of fire could make that element available to perform any culinary operation in a spot where there was so great an opposing aqueous influence to be contended with. Whether the architecture of this "oven" is to be credited to supernal or infernal agency, it has already stood at least one mortal in good stead, for it is re-

lated that it was in this cavern that the adventurer Johnson, who made himself notorious by his depredations during the Canadian rebellion of 1838, took refuge when separated from his followers and closely pursued by Canadian soldiery. If, then, the originators of the name were correct in their surmises as to the author of the cave, we have at least one instance of the arch enemy having shown himself clemently inclined towards a dweller on our sphere, for this Johnson is believed to have emerged from his temporary sojourn in the unpleasantly suggestive receptacle he had chosen for his hiding place no whit the worse for his temerity.

It would hardly be believed by one who had not attempted the passage, into what labyrinthine channels the water forms itself in traversing the Islands, and the difficulty one experiences in finding the way among them. On one occasion, although all the members of our party had made frequent trips among the Isles, we found ourselves, after venturing somewhat farther from the Canadian shore than had been our wont on former trips, in a large bay, to all appearance completely landlocked, except on the side by which we had entered, some seven miles above, and despite our most careful search we were unable to discover any place of egress below. It was only after receiving the fullest directions from a cottager, whose house we found on a small island at hand, that we at length discovered a narrow channel between two islands, which led back to Canadian waters. And yet, when it is considered that the islands are nearly two thousand in number, and that the river where they are thickest is upwards of ten miles in width, it is not surprising that considerable difficulty should be experienced in threading a path among them.

The part of the river which contains the Islands is generally known as the "Lake of the Thousand Isles." It extends about thirty miles in length by eight or ten in breadth. But to an inhabitant of the Islands, or one who is well acquainted with them, the name "Lake of the Thousand Isles" has a different signification—that is, not the sheet of water that contains the isles, but one of much less dimensions which is contained by them. This lesser lake, sometimes called "The Lake of the Island," is eight miles in length, and varies in breadth at different spots from two miles to fifty or sixty yards. It is situated in Wells' Island, nearly opposite Alexandria Bay, and is accessible by water by only two entrances—the one at the lower end being half a mile in width, that at the upper scarcely twenty yards. This lake, with the narrow channel by which it is approached from the west, exhibits a very curious natural conformation. The channel, which is over a mile in length, seems to have been formed by some mighty commotion of the earth at this spot in long past ages, its entrance being through a rift in the solid rock, and its passage for some distance between rocky walls which rise perpendicularly to a height of over fifty feet. The entrance to the channel, which lies at the bottom of a long bay about twelve miles below Gananoque, is so screened from view by the abundance of foliage which overhangs it, that it is not till within a few yards that one becomes aware of its existence It is in the passage of this channel, and of the lake to which it leads, that the wildest scenery of the Islands is met with. The high gloomy rocks, rising in rugged grandeur far above the head, frown over a swift black flood of water, the sullen depths of which suggest that the shock which rent the rocks above continued the rift far below the surface of the stream. The lake itself is surrounded on all sides by high, uneven shores, clad with pine and hemlock, while here and there upon its surface small islands appear, also thickly wooded. The lake and its upper channel form the choice fishing-ground of the Thousand Isles, abounding in bass, pike, and maskalonge. Many a morning, at the earliest gleam of day, have I started with my trolling tackle for the channel entrance, bent upon luring from their lurking places some of the veteran monsters which I knew well were lying in wait among the rocks and weeds below. Having carefully adjusted my hooks, I would row into the channel, and dipping the oars as quietly as possible, proceed stealthily down its centre. For a short time all would be unbroken silence; then—zip—a hungry maskalonge would strike the spoon, and a dozen yards of line would spin out from the reel with the rapidity of lightning. Then, when the line offered resistance to his further course in that direction, suddenly the tension would cease, and I would be under the ap-

prehension that my antagonist had escaped; but no—in a moment away flies the line in another direction, and the fish, a second time brought up, makes a more violent effort than the first. Again the rush is made, and again the check is applied. Thus the struggle is continued, the resistance of the fish growing, after a short interval, more and more enfeebled at each succeeding effort, until at length he is landed, panting and gasping, on the floor of the boat.

So thick do the fish, especially large pike, lie in the lake and its channel, that it is a very rare occurrence for a troller to go over fifty yards without having a run. During the fishing season the wide waters of the lower part of the Great Lake are infested with boats bearing lovers of the "gentle art." The troller is constantly exchanging with some brother angler the well-known query, "What sport?" And it is seldom indeed that the answer is other than most satisfactory. Bass, pickerel, and pike are the most abundant species met with, and these vary in size from one or two to ten or twelve pounds. But the interest of the angler is concentrated, not so much upon the fish of this kind which he may catch, as upon the hope of being fortunate enough to hook a specimen of that king of American fresh water fish, the maskalonge. He who has managed to land in safety a forty-pounder of this species is regarded among the Islands as the hero of the season. Besides the fishing, there is very fair shooting, the principal game being partridge and wild ducks.

Directly across from Wells' Island, on the American shore, lies the flourishing little village of Alexandria Bay, containing a population of some five hundred. It is pleasantly situated in the immediate vicinity of the most beautiful scenery of the Islands, and occupies with American visitors much the same position that Kingston does with Canadian, being the point from which tourists from the American side can most advantageously start for the purpose of viewing the Isles. But there is this difference between Kingston and Alexandria Bay, regarded as starting points, that whereas the former is some twenty miles from the thickest part of the Isles, and a tourist visiting them thence is obliged, unless he intends devoting a week or two to his trip, to do so by steamboat, the latter lies in the very midst of them, and allows of their being visited from it in a skiff.

A noticeable feature of Alexandria Bay is "The Thousand Island House," an hotel which, whether for magnificence of appearance, excellence of management, or ampleness of accommodation, would do credit to the largest city in America. The existence of such an hotel in such a place is a striking example of that spirit of pushing energy which characterizes the American people. The hotel is large enough to accommodate the entire population of the village in which it is situated, and is fitted with all modern conveniences; so that visitors find themselves as comfortably housed and as carefully attended to as at the most fashionable hotel of New York.

Thus at present lie the Thousand Islands in all their matchless beauty. But it is to be feared their beauty will be sadly marred before the lapse of another short decade, for already the intruding hand of petty utility has begun to leave its traces on them. The puny and stunted but picturesque trees, so important an accessory to the wild beauty of the Isles, but so utterly worthless for any purposes of commerce, are falling on all sides before the ruthless axes of the islanders. Almost every islet, no matter how small, is now disfigured by piles of miniature cordwood. The sound of the woodman's axe is heard incessantly ringing through the ancient stillness of their secluded shores, and civilization seems determined to plant its *ameliorating* foot in the very midst of this New World paradise.

Many of the islands belong to private individuals; the remainder are Government property; and it is to be regretted that the owners, whether the Government or individuals, do not take active measures to stop the disfigurement which is at present going on, and to prevent any future acts of the like nature. Should no steps of the kind be taken—should the Goths who are at present at work be allowed to continue their labour of desecration,—the far-famed Thousand Isles, at present a worthy subject of pride to the country in which they are situated, will in a few brief years become mere unsightly blotches of barren rock, disfiguring the surface of the noble stream, to the manifold beauties of which they at present lend such exquisite enhancement.

II.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

BY JULIA ALEYNE.

SHOULD one feel the longing for sylvan adventure, and for a nomadic life for a few weeks during the sultry summer weather, nothing can be more delightful than a trip over the waters of some of the beautiful lakes which lie scattered through New England, and which, embosomed amid shadowy peaks of lofty mountains, lie peacefully under their rock-bound shores, like gems of fairy-land.

After the fashion and folly of Saratoga and Long Branch, it is certainly refreshing to spend a few weeks on the margin of the lovely little lake called by the Indians Memphremagog,

> "Where through a sapphire sea, the sun
> Sails like a golden galleon."

Fashion can never be dominant here, for nature has scattered her gifts too profusely to admit of being slighted for the tinsel and glitter of artificial life. When tired of gaiety, one can readily seek relief by climbing some of the majestic hills and mountains; by trolling in the quiet lake—for the fishing and sporting are excellent; or by sailing over its placid waters, and enjoying the grandeur and loveliness around. The bold, rocky shores, the numerous wooded islands, the shadowy peaks of lofty mountains, rising in some places to 3,000 feet in height directly over one's head; with slopes of luxuriant forests of greenest verdure—all combine to heighten the charm of this "Beautiful Water," and make it for the time a dream of delight!

Or, should one prefer, he can wander away from the lake to the wild brooks, and angle among the alders, dreaming all day long; or rise at daybreak and go out on the lake, and watch field after field of white lilies "flash open as the sun touches them with his spear;" or during the quiet afternoons lie down among the farmers' fields, where myriads of gay corn-poppies flaunt over his head, and stain his finger-tips with the red berries that hang like globes of light gleaming among the tall grass, bathing himself in warm sunshine, and south winds, and heavy aromatic perfumes.

It was nightfall when we reached Memphremagog House, Newport, at the upper or southern end of the lake, and the full-orbed moon was shining with unusual splendour upon the quiet scene, tinging with silver mountain, rock, and water. Before us rose the mountains, their dark masses looming up in silent majesty as we looked northward; beneath us gleamed the lake, lucid as some bright crystal, glistening as a thread of silver, its island-gemmed surface and green lines of shore winding in charming curves of remarkable beauty, all blending in a scene not soon to be forgotten. Music came to us in long, exquisite strains, as we promenaded on the broad piazzas, and, now rising and falling in low fitful gusts, mingled with the gentle lapping of the water and the soft sighing of the wind, then "trembling in the air a moment, a dissolving rainbow of sound," died gradually away; while in the pauses came through the open windows the merry laughter of the dancers—for when the full moon comes the gaily-dressed throng adjourn to the ball-room. It is the way they treat moonlight at a summer resort.

The name of the lake—Memphremagog—is of course Indian, and means "Beautiful Water." The lovely sheet of water to which it is given lies directly on the Canadian border, and is the charming rival of Lake George, which it resembles in conformation, being about thirty miles long and from two to five miles in width.

Every morning and afternoon the little steamer which boasts the not uncommon name of the "*Lady of the Lake*," runs through the lake from Newport to Magog, a Canadian town, with a background of forest at the northern end. The captain of the boat has known every point upon these waters for a lifetime, and can amuse you with stories and legends innumerable relating to the old-time history of this wild and secluded region. He, as well as the older in-

habitants, can unfold many a wild tale of smuggling in bygone days. "Skinner's Cave," a narrow den, some thirty feet deep, in an island near Owl's Head, is still pointed out as the favourite place of concealment for smugglers in years past. The story goes that Uriah Skinner, the bold smuggler of Magog, took refuge from pursuit in this cave and there perished. Steaming northward from this island, the great mountains rear their huge masses into view—Owl's Head and Elephantus, a huge pile of dark cliffs resembling a gigantic elephant; while away in the distance Jay Peak and Mount Orford —the highest mountain in Lower Canada —are to be seen. Sailing along under these lofty peaks, looming up black and dismal over our heads, the wild grandeur of the scene is deeply impressive.

On one occasion a party of us stopped at the old landing at the foot of Owl's Head—which is in a deep gorge between two lofty peaks—and made the ascent of the mountain. The boat landed us at the wharf of that "land-locked and mountain-shadowed hotel," the "Mountain House," which some years ago used to be a favourite resort for summer tourists, but its many rooms are now all mouldy and deserted. There is no road to this hotel, and no way of getting to it except by boat. A very good path winds round the mountain, all the way to the summit, although in some places it is very steep and rocky. There are curious and prominent waymarks on the ascent, for it is said that a chapter of Masons annually hold their meetings on the highest peak, and leave mystic tokens of their presence on the way. Upon reaching the summit, however, we were well paid for our trouble. The prospect is extensive and grand beyond description —stretching to Montreal, the St. Lawrence, over the whole extent of the lake, with the ranges, peaks, and villages of Canada, Vermont, and New Hampshire in the distance. In fine weather you have a view of Mount Washington—that Mecca of the mountain tourist—dim, distant, and golden. The clusters of islands and bays in the lake proper, the combination of summits, slopes, and forests, green lines of shore, with their constantly changing outlines, and sometimes the whole blending system of hills, forests, shores, and islands reproduced in the still waters, a hanging shadow-picture of wondrous beauty beyond the reach of art to transcribe—all made up a scene to be remembered for a lifetime.

While on the mountain we encountered a heavy storm, and arrived at the Mountain House just as the clouds were breaking away. The sun came out, touching the clouds with gold—which seemed to float upon the unmoved surface—and built up a gorgeous rainbow which reached almost across the lake: it was a beautiful combination, the clouds, the lake, and the rainbow, all glorious with light.

From the summit of the mountain can be seen the peaks Pisgah and Hor, looming up dark and gloomy. Between these lofty masses, in a deep and shadowed basin, lies that remarkable little bit of water—Lake Willoughby. This lake is twelve hundred feet above the sea, and is entirely surrounded by a wall of mountains, with a little opening at the north end, where flows out a stream so large that the backwoodsmen have built mills upon it, within three miles of its source.

Round Island lies directly in front of Owl's Head, a "cedar-crowned swell of rock-bound land," rising from the lake about half a mile from the base of the mountain. All along this portion of the lake, and crowning the heights (for here the shores are abrupt), are beautiful villas, the residences of wealthy Canadians. The boat stops at Georgeville, and then steams across the lake to Gibraltar. Point Magog is the terminal point—and from there we began the return trip to Newport, viewing the scenery in reverse order.

There are many delightful walks and drives all around Newport. Clyde and Coventry Falls are very near, and well worth visiting, and the drive to the summit of Jay Peak is one which all should take. Indeed, our only regret was that we could not spend weeks amidst this grand and varied scenery. But September was approaching, which, with chastening breath, blows the gayest of the gay throng of pleasure-seekers away.

And so, in the gray dawn of an early summer morning, we stole away from our pleasant lake-side retreat; and as we cast a last glance, through the dim early light, at the massive hills rising up before us, we gave a parting thought to the pleasant companions we had left, and the many gay and pretty girls who were now soundly sleeping, dancing, in dreams, with tireless partners, at a ball that had no ending.

DREAMLAND.

BY SARAH KEPPEL, HAMILTON.

OUT into the shadowy dreamland,
On the stream of sleep I glide,
All my pulses beating softly
To the music of its tide.

In the dusky, slumberous stillness,
Every sound seems far and faint;
Through the window streams the moonlight,
Like the smiling of a saint.

Daytime work, and care, and worry
Softly stand in mystic light;
All the roughness hid in shadow,
All the beauty bold and bright.

Voices that have long been silent,
Greet my gladdened ear once more;
Faces, dear and well-remembered,
Smile upon me as of yore.

Airy laughter floats around me;
Distant voices seem to sing,
Sweet as if through Heaven's portals
Stole the notes of seraphim.

Now the scene with magic swiftness
Changes; all the peace is gone;
Up above the tempest lowers;
Dim the brightness, hushed the song.

Unknown danger seems to threaten,
Shapes grotesque pass to and fro,
Ghost-like forms, mysterious beckon,
Shadows into spectres grow.

O, the sweet relief of waking!
O, the sudden rest from pain!
Through the lattice steals the dawning,
I am on the earth again.

HOW JOINT STOCK COMPANIES ARE MANUFACTURED.

BY SCRUTATOR.

STRANGE to say, it has fallen legitimately within the province of the United States Legislature to expose the working of an English Joint Stock Company. The present Congress has been occupied in little else than investigating, not the measures of the administration, but the shortcomings of its members. Controlled by a Democratic majority, it conceives its duty to be to unearth scandals, which are to be used as arguments during the forthcoming Presidential election. Unfortunately the hunt has been too successful, but at the same time it has been pursued with a glee and zest so unpatriotic as to excite public feeling against the party which for factious purposes has rejoiced in exposing the nation's dishonour. The mere assertion of a door-keeper of the House, uncorroborated by any proof, is accepted as ground of suspicion against Speaker Kerr, a man of unblemished character; and private letters of Mr. Blaine, which will bear several constructions, are produced simply to spoil his chance of the Presidency by throwing a mere shadow of a doubt on his integrity. Accusations are being bandied about more heedlessly than indiscriminate praise ever was in an assembly where all were agreed; bearing false witness has become almost a business, and the trade of Titus Oates has been revived. While the most flagrant case of official corruption is that of Gen. Belknap, perhaps the most interesting investigation to us is that which was recently concluded, into the connection of Gen. Schenck with the Emma Silver Mining Company of London.

Gen. Schenck, while Ambassador at the Court of St. James, allowed his name to appear as a director in the prospectus of that Company. This was bad enough; but to make matters worse, he received a favour from the vendor in such a shape, and at such a time, as to lay himself open to the imputation of fraud. Of this the committee acquits him, inasmuch as he affirms that he believed then and still believes the mine to be worth all that was paid for it; but the unanimous verdict, that he was guilty of very gross indiscretion in abusing his official position, is one in which everybody in and out of the House agrees. The investigation lays bare the nefarious methods by which great public companies—under the Limited Liability Act—have been organised in England, and the results. As several Canadian enterprises have been handled of late years in like manner, to the serious loss of English investors and the detriment of Canadian interests and credit, the exposure is well worthy of our study.

The Emma Silver Mine in Utah had begun to yield profits in 1871, when, as always happens in the West, claimants to the property at once sprang up, to contest the title of the occupant. In the territories a man is happy while working an unproductive mine, for he lives in hope of prosperity; but let him once strike ore and his sorrows begin in the shape of innumerable law-suits. In the Emma case litigations ceased on the understanding that the mine should be sold and the profits distributed in stipulated proportions. Mr. Lyon, who claimed a one-third interest, agreed to take $500,000 for his share. Mr. T. W. Park, now President of the Panama Railroad, the largest owner, and the Hon. Mr. Stewart, acting as counsel for Lyon, went to London, New York having long ago paid its quotum in full to western swindlers. For some months previously as much ore as the mine could be stripped of had been sent forward and sold in England, with as much publicity as possible. Arrived in London, Messrs. Park and Stewart were introduced by a banker, who is always a prominent member of similar bands of conspirators, to Messrs. Coates & Hankey, brokers. The terms of the plot—it can hardly be called a sale—were now arranged, but Messrs. Coates &

Hankey, being too weak to carry them out, resigned in favour of Albert Grant, the most astute company-monger of the age.

When once a broker undertakes a job of this nature, he becomes arch-conspirator. Vendors and all others are expected either to be quiescent, or to obey his injunctions, and to say and do what he commands, without question or compunction. The broker finds directors, concocts the prospectus, fees newspapers, manipulates the stock, and generally, as *deus ex machina*, makes what is worthless appear as of untold value, and a swindling extortion look like a generous gift to the public. When, however, a man as notable or notorious as Baron Grant is secured, he never appears upon the stage.

In the Emma affair Grant was fortunate in having the assistance of two such able and skilled speculators as Park and Stewart. While he selected names from his long list of available directors, (all prominent brokers are supposed to have at command a number of influential directors, including a fair sprinkling of M. P.s, and of needy noblemen to whom the fees are a consideration, and who are too ignorant to be inquisitive), Messrs. Park and Stewart went in search of a man ostensibly to protect the interests of the American shareholders of the company. By a happy accident they secured the services of the American Minister. Mr. Park met him at dinner, told him of his business, and out of pure charity offered him £10,000, with which to purchase that amount of stock, engaging to pay two per cent. per month (which was afterwards reduced to one and a half per cent.), and to take back the stock at par any time within a year. Shenck accepted the favour, and, as a consequence, when asked to become a director could not refuse. He felt that the course he was pursuing was strange to diplomacy, but he consented on finding that the Duke of Saldanha, Minister from Portugal, was on the board of directors of a Lisbon tramway company, which, as events have shown, was organised on the same plan as the Emma, and with the same unpleasant consequences to all concerned.

A strong board having been secured of well-known men, whom the unwary public supposed to be heavy investors, but who, besides receiving a salary of £500 a year each, had been duly qualified by a donation of stock, the prospectus was issued. The property, which, by transactions among themselves, the sellers had valued at $1,500,000, was offered at $5,000,000. The quantity of ore extracted from April 25th to Sept. 1st was said to have been £231,089, instead of £158,068, the figure by which the mine had been recommended to Coates and Hankey. A dividend of one and a half per cent. per month was guaranteed—equal to 18 per cent. on the capital—which was to be paid out of resources in hand, and out of ore said to be in sight of the net value of £357,750. The public, however, were not informed that of the £1,000,000 they were asked to give, nominally, for the mine, Baron Grant, of whom they never heard in that connection, was to get as his fee almost as much as the mine was deemed by the vendors to be really worth; that the lawyers, who drew up the prospectus so cunningly that the public would have no redress when they should discover themselves swindled, were to receive a comfortable fortune; that the bankers, who had merely introduced Messrs. Park and Stewart to Messrs. Coates and Hankey, were to have what would serve many a small banking firm as capital; that the brokers who had been too weak to engineer the scheme should receive nevertheless a consideration for handing it over to the Baron; and that even the metal brokers who had previously sold the ore on a good commission, were to be richly recompensed for the loss they would sustain if they should not continue to be employed by the new organisation. These and other equally significant facts were kept carefully concealed: the public rushed to subscribe, and the amount demanded was offered twice over.

When made aware of the action of Gen. Schenck, the American Government requested him to withdraw from the direction, which he did, though he effectually contravened the spirit of his instructions by writing a letter of resignation, in which he stated that he left the board from private motives, and that he retained the fullest confidence in the mine and all connected with it. Having become possessed of so much stock, it is clear from the evidence (though he denies it) that the General tried to make the best of it by speculation. Very properly, the Investigating Committee condemns this conduct, and Mr. Hewit, who submitted the report, in a bitter, biting speech also condemns the administration for allowing a

servant to remain in office who so grossly disobeyed instructions.

The subsequent history of the mine is curious. Although the public paid £1,000,000 for it, not a farthing was reserved for working capital. The mine was productive when purchased, and the ore on hand was sold with the mine. Enough, therefore, was extracted to pay working expenses and twelve one and a half per cent. dividends. A thirteenth was paid, but the amount was borrowed from Mr. Park on the security of the ore in transit. The ore did not cover the advances, and the Company remains in debt to Mr. Park. There being no more productive ground within reach, and no money wherewith to make explorations, mining was stopped and litigation begun, for which stockholders were willing to furnish the means who had declined subscribing a penny for exploratory work in a mine, which apparently had yielded £180,000 profit in a twelvemonth. A Tunnel Company, with more faith, has since run a gallery under the mine, and is now extracting rich ore from the lode within a few feet of the old workings. The moral is—not to embark in any mining enterprise which promises inordinate profits, and where a large sum is demanded for a property which, if the statements of the prospectus be true, the proprietors are arrant fools for parting with; but, having embarked your money, do not be disheartened at the first check, nor abandon the enterprise while there is reasonable hope of success.

The same periodical mining fever, which was taken advantage of by Messrs. Park and Stewart, was turned to account to float several doubtful Canadian schemes. Two oil properties were bought, which turned out very disastrously, and led to two criminal actions against the English Directors; and two Quebec Copper Mining Companies were formed, the directors of one of which have been proved to have received as a gift the stock they were supposed to have purchased. Another Copper Company was organised, but fortunately the scheme was foiled, by the adverse report of a delegation of the board on the properties, before the purchase money had been paid. In every instance the reports on which the properties were sold were so highly coloured that the results did not realize the promises. No profits have accrued in any case, though in one prospectus dividends of eighty per cent. per annum were foretold; and the properties were always sold to the Company at a higher price than they were valued at by the original vendors.

In one instance there is reason to believe a property was sold to a British Company by the intermediate bogus purchaser, who, as is generally the case, was a clerk in the broker's office, for £120,000, when £60,000 was all that was really received by the Canadian owners. In the case of the Consolidated Copper Company, which was nipped in the bud, two properties, for which we believe £120,000 was to have been paid by the Canadian intermediate buyer, were offered by the London brokers for £225,000; so that the brokers would have received £105,000 for their expenses and risk. When such large sums are realized with so little labour, of course the broker can afford to be liberal, and to throw about thousands of pounds more lavishly than most men would their pennies. Thousands are used to bribe newspapers—a fact now proved in a Court of Justice, to the disgrace of British journalism—bankers are paid to lend their names, brokers in all parts of the kingdom are paid to make fictitious bids for the stock, men of the highest standing in the community are paid to serve on the Board; and when the trap to catch the public has, by such means, been well baited, prospectuses are showered over the kingdom by hundreds of thousands. As many as 300,000 prospectuses have been issued at once. One is sure to reach every widow with a small income, and every needy clergyman. Both these classes being pinched for means and credulous are likely to be tempted to buy shares, and the broker counts that among 300,000 there is sure to be a given proportion of fools who will be duped; therefore the more dubious the speculation the greater the number of prospectuses.

There can be little doubt that this system of raising joint-stock companies and afterwards so manipulating them as to conceal the fraud to which all concerned have been knowingly or inadvertently parties, has done more than anything else to corrupt commercial morality in England. The chief conspirator—the broker—may be the chief criminal; but the man who sells to him, knowing that he will use his property to

perpetrate a fraud, is not innocent; the director who accepts qualification shares, which he is supposed to have paid for, is certainly doing wrong; and everybody, whether broker or client, who buys and sells, perhaps at a premium, stock which he knows to be intrinsically valueless, helps to maintain a swindle. The result is invariably disastrous. Even if the property purchased be good, so much has been grabbed by the broker and his satellites that little or nothing is left to develop its resources: if the property prove valueless, a stigma attaches, not only to those who sold it under false pretences, but to the whole community where it is situated. Doubtless Canadian credit has suffered through the failure of the companies whose rise and fall we have been discussing. So many have lately got into trouble through aiding in the organisation of companies that probably no more will be brought out on the old system, but it is fruitless to hope that any simple, straightforward plan of enlisting capital in reliable enterprises will take its place, as this would throw the broker out of employment and interfere with stock speculation.

MY LITTLE FAIRY.

MY little fairy hath no wings;
She waves no tiny wand;
No sweets from distant climes she brings,
No gems from ocean strand;
Not in the golden cowslip's bell,
Or opening bud of rose,
Doth my beloved fairy dwell—
She seeks not there repose.
Nor doth she lure the seaman brave
To navigate his bark
To where, not far beneath the wave,
Dread reefs the passage mark.
No crown of dewdrops weareth she,
Nor robe from moonbeams made;
She doth not suck where sucks the bee,
Nor roam with elves the glade.
Not on the breeze, by zephyrs fann'd,
Or storm-cloud doth she ride;
Her presence is confined to land—
Of one small spot the pride.

"Come, 'Totty,' climb thy father's knee,
Enthrone thyself, sweet fay;
What story canst thou tell to me,
My pretty prattler, say?
Or shall we romp—play hide and seek?"
"Papa, let's have some fun."
"Come, then, you saucy, rosy cheek,
A kiss—to hide now run!

Where doth my little fairy hide?
I'll venture now to guess,
My playmate I shall find inside
This venerable press.
Not here—then I must peep behind
Yon primitive arm chair;
If there 'my puss' I do not find,
Why I must seek elsewhere.
Nor screen nor chair conceals my pet,
Yet still she must be near;
The clock case—ah, she's there I'll bet.
"Yes, yes, papa, I'm here!"
Emerging from her close retreat
She climbs again my knee,
Bestows a hundred kisses sweet,
And lisps her love for me.

So then you see my fairy bright
Is but a little child,
With rosy cheeks and ringlets light,
And not a spirit wild.
No other fairies need we here
Our homes, our hearths to bless,
If children's happy forms be near
To fondle and caress.
"Come, 'Totty' darling, one kiss more
Pray, pet, then haste to bed.
Thy blessing, Father, I implore
On this, my dear child's head!"

Ottawa. WILLIAM MILLS.

THE POETRY OF CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D., TORONTO.

GENIUS is unique, and follows no model in its manifestations. It may build the walls of the edifice of its ideality out of old material, but the order of construction and the design must be original creations. Naught but infinity can limit its explorations, nor can anything make it a copyist of aught but the supreme excellencies of the great Original in whose bondage is the greatest freedom. This is particularly true of poetic genius; and where there is a subservient imitation, there is little if any originality, and no strong imaginative power. Its gifts and graces may be prostituted for ignoble purposes, but that is an abnormal condition, and not natural to the possessor. True nobility of soul gives chasteness of expression, lofty sentiment, and ardent aspirations after good. These are emblazoned as insignia on the escutcheon of poesy, for if it descends from this supreme level, the *afflatus* may be present, but not in its normal exercise. The high vocation is debasedf or mercenary, vindictive, or prurient ends, and with such degeneracy true poetry has no sympathetic relations. The gushing, plethoric stream of versification, which pours from day to day through our public press as original, has indeed but few waves of poetic beauty and power in the flowing torrent of mechanical rhyme, and these are often lost in the seething maelstrom of stirring events incident to a fast age. The skeleton is there, and it may even be covered with flesh, but no life has been breathed by divine impulse into its nostrils. The outline and construction need the soul of poetry to endow with vitality, beauty, and immortality. To such an extent has this flux of chronic rhymal mania prevailed, that the productions of children of the muse which reach far above mediocrity, and "on the outstretched finger of all time sparkle for ever," are looked upon with suspicion, distrust, and coldness. Such an epidemic of jingling rhymes is feared by the reading public, and the worthy are neglected. The poet's corner is shunned, when "original" heads the column, lest the oft cheated reader finds nonsense clothed in the garb of an angel of light and love and beauty. The door of the heart has so often opened to importunate knockings of worthless mendicants clothed in borrowed raiment, until some luckless day we turn a deaf ear to the heavenly visitant, seeking in vain a welcome and a home in our affections, because we want faith in native genius and home productions.

We have an illustration of this in the life of Heavysege, whose poems are still with us, but who has himself passed away for ever. His biography is that of many a son of genius. He was cradled in poverty —cramped in his aspirations from the want of a thorough education—a machinist by necessity, from boyhood to middle life—struggling with the inevitable in gaining a bare subsistence for himself and family by the sweat of his brow; yet the creative power was not latent, although nurtured in the midst of great discouragements. His literary culture was limited; his ambition to immortalize himself in song was wanting—for he was nearly forty years of age ere any of his productions were set up in type. The spring bubbled, rippled, and sang its melody without mortal ken, because, as he sings, "Faith lacking, all his works fell short." The flower budded, blossomed, and bore fruit, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." Through all his earlier years of anxiety and toil, he wrote much from the innate promptings of his ardent nature, but was dissatisfied with the results. A poem in blank verse was printed anonymously in 1854, for private distribution, but even among his friends it was not well received. It was possibly crude and immature, and not fit for the light. Shortly afterwards appeared a collection of fifty sonnets, fragmentary and varied. Some of these are vigorous and lofty in tone; many of them epigrammatic and chaste in style, although unfinished in polish and crude in verbal expression. These, however, were only scin-

tillations of the central fires which subsequently burst forth with volcanic grandeur, in the elevated manifestations of epic power and in the midst of dramatic ebullitions of sublimity not equalled in the annals of our country. These are seen and appreciated in the sacred tragedies of "Saul" and "Jephthah's Daughter." There is a pathos and sadness in all his writings, as if a shadow of ominous intensity overhung his mentality, possibly more natural than any occasioned by untoward events. Now and then a vein of quiet, quaint humour is perceived in the rich mine, but it never culminates to the sharpness of wit. Occasionally irony and incisive sarcasm crop out, which show that there is a precious and more abundant reward to the seeker. His characters are distinct and original, and are drawn with a dramatic power that reminds us of the creations of Milton and Shakespeare. Many of them are of a philosophical turn of mind, and fond of soliloquy; many are ill at ease with themselves and their surroundings; but their unrest is sketched with masterly exactitude, and the mental phenomena are in keeping with the consistent laws which guide the promptings, desires, impulses, emotions, and the multifarious manifestations of humanity, although the possessors may be angels or demons. The ideal is made subservient to the real. This is an important law in the poetic art, if the fundamental principle of the great Athenian critic be true, that "tragic poetry is the imitation of serious action, employing pity and terror for the purpose of chastening the passions." The imagination of the true poet does not run wild after every extravaganza, exercising no judgment in its daring flights. At the same time, the poet does not curb his fancy in its impersonation of passion, but boldly puts the colours on the canvas with a master's hand. It is evident that nature did more for Heavysege than culture. The halting lines—want of rhythmical accuracy—often a mechanical, prosaic construction of sentences—lack of high artistic skill, and heedlessness of the laws of the drama, show this. These are, however, minor faults, and may be, to some extent, a perfect abandon to a free fancy, which will not be curbed by philosophical rules or empirical dictation. No imagery, however, is confused; and rich, new, quaint, and original thought is in every line. This is the more refreshing, when such floods of so-called poetic literature are poured from so many sources, which seem like paraphrases of Tennyson or Longfellow. He has no ideas attenuated to nothingness in a luxuriant verbiage, nor clothed in such ambiguity that patience will never unravel them. The figures are cleanly cut, and stand out in bold relief. The utterances are terse, fresh, and explicit. The dramatic personages are consistent with themselves and their associations. Hatred has its perfect work of evil to the bitter end —indefatigable, relentless, cruel, crafty, and often victorious. Goodness, on the other hand, is never untrue to itself, but, "hoping all things," and believing in an ultimate triumph, is benignant, patient, serene, and faithful to the end.

The sonnets were scarcely heard of beyond a small circle of friends. "Saul" was published in 1857, and met with a chilling reception from the Canadian public. What home author can tell a different story? An educated people of four millions are so dead to the worth of native genius, that not one of its many sons or daughters of song has met with success, in a financial point of view, or favour from the masses of the people. Literature (except political) of Canadian growth is received with perfect indifference, "charm it never so wisely," or so sweetly; and although not absolutely condemned, is consigned to oblivion, with not even the compliment of a "Dead March in *Saul*." This had almost been the fate of "Saul," had it not been for an accidental circumstance. Heavysege sent a copy of it to Hawthorne, the American author, then residing in Liverpool, who had a review of it inserted in the *North British Review* in 1858. Thus far not a pen had written in its behalf in Canada. A few copies had been sent to the United States, and had caught the attention of Longfellow and Emerson, the former of whom pronounced "Saul" to be the best tragedy written since the days of Shakespeare. Field, a gentleman of high literary repute, gave a favourable review of it in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October, 1865. Then *we* began to inquire who this poet was whom foreigners praised, and made partial atonement for past culpable neglect. The man who could rise above the din of machinery, the dust of the workshop, the clangour of hammers, and the dull, plodding routine of constant servitude, to such heights of poetic fancies

and beauties, was no common person. Shakespeare passed his life in the midst of theatrical representations from day to day, and must have been steeped in the spirit of drama. He had numberless foreign plays and native material to cull from, in his matchless compilations and creations. Milton conjured up his weird *phantasmata* in quietude, peace, and plenty. Longfellow and Tennyson can ruminate with facts and fancies in rural retreats far from the din of commerce and the roar of the whirlwind of ceaseless human industries; but here was a poor son of toil, soaring in matchless sublimity of thought, while his hands were busy in arduous labour, and the sweat of necessary physical exertion was on his brow. The taskmaster of need at home, and the inexorable demands of the workshop, would have crushed the poetic life out of aught but unconquerable genius, towering above the prison-house in the richness of imagination and ideal beauty. In such weary hours he doubtless carried out his own behest,—which finds a response in every breast:—

"Open, my heart, thy ruddy valves,—
It is thy master calls:
Let me go down, and, curious, trace
Thy labyrinthine halls.
Open, O heart! and let me view
The secrets of thy den;
Myself unto myself now show
With introspective ken.
Expose thyself, thou covered nest
Of passions, and be seen;
Stir up thy brood, that in unrest
Are ever piping keen:
Ah! what a motley multitude,
Magnanimous and mean!"

A few specimens of the "triple extract" of thought might be given at random. How succinct, forcible, and pregnant with meaning are the following passages:—

"No angel fully knows that he is blessed;
No miser knows the value of his gold:
The devils only know what heaven possessed;
And ruined spendthrifts their estate of old."

Here is a fearful photograph of "Annihilation," which makes the flesh creep in reading it:—

"Up from the deep Annihilation came,
And shook the shore of nature with his frame.
Vulcan, nor Polyphemus of one eye,
For size or strength could with the monster vie;
Who, landed, all around his eyeballs rolled,
While dripped the ooze from limbs of mighty mould.
But who the bard that shall in song express
(For he was clad) the more than Anarch's dress?
All round about him hanging were decays,
And ever dropping remnants of the past;
But how shall I describe my great amaze
When down the abyss I saw him coolly cast,
Slowly but constantly, some lofty name
Men thought secure in bright, eternal fame."

A kindred subject is treated forcibly in one of the sonnets, with fine reflection, thus:

"Why should I die, and leave the ethereal night,
Moon-lit, star-spent; this canopy of blue
Blotted for ever from my cancelled sight,
Its lofty grandeur, and its peerless hue?
Why should I die, and leave the glorious day
Sun-bathed, and flaming in the boundless sky?
Why should some mourner to the living say:
'His ear is stopped, and ever closed his eye'?
Tell me, O Sadness! speak, and tell me why!
Ever to sleep, and hear no more the sound
Of rival nations marching to their goal:
To be condemned beneath the stolid ground,
To rest unconscious while new ages roll:
Oh! art thou mocked not? tell me, tell me,
Soul?"

Some sentences are terse and full of wisdom. There is no circumlocution, no useless waste of words, for they go direct as an arrow to the mark. Here are a few:—

"This grave of silence gives a ghost of sound."

"For thou wouldst harness him the untamed winds,
And yoke them to the chariot of the night,
For his escape."

"Why should slow age
Chain the swift wheels of manhood?"

"Music moves but that portion of us
Which is good."

"While others aim, his thoughts in deeds are shot."

"Elusive as the wandering wind,
Or shadow grasped by the infolding fist,
That, opening, finds 'tis empty."

"The dross of life, men's vices and their failings,
Should from our memories be let slip away,
As drops the damaged fruit from off the bough
Ere comes the autumn. It were wise, nay, just,
To strike with men a balance; to forgive,
If not forget, their evil for their good's sake."

"'Tis cowardly
Thus to desert me slowly by degrees,
Like breath from off a mirror."

"Now let me curb my anger,
Lest it should gallop with me off the field."

" Or where the brook runs o'er the stones, and smoothes
Their green locks with its current's crystal comb."

" As the salamander, cast in fire,
Exudes preserving mucus, so my mind,
Cased in thick satisfaction of success,
Shall be uninjured."

" Ha ! ha ! the foe
Have taken from us our warlike tools,
Yet leave us
The little scarlet tongues to scratch and sting with."

" Man is a pipe that Life doth smoke,
As saunters it the earth about ;
And when 'tis weary of the joke,
Death comes and knocks the ashes out."

" Surely this day has been
A wild epitome of life."

" I never knew a devil that fared better ;
I feed on a King's sighs, do drink Queen's tears,
Am clothed with half a nation's maledictions.
Am not I a lucky fellow ?"

" The last, worst state, despair combined with fear."

" Out of the tranquil ecstacy of death."

" We are weakest
When we are caught contending with our children."

" Burdened care, bent-bodied,
Better is than prone despair."

" So fierce and fiery is his gaze, his eyes
Are like unto a turret's window, which
While flaming faggots crackle on the hearth,
Receives a portion of the ruddy light
That dances on the walls, ——"

" One-half the pleasure there is in this world
Seems, unto me, evolved and spun through pain."

" An idol kissed away by its adorers."

" O Prince of flatterers, but Beggar of doctors,
How poor thou art to him who truly needs !
The mind, the mind's the only worthy patient.
Were I one of thy craft, ere this I'd have
Anatomized a Spirit ; I'd have treated
Soul-wounds of my own making ; and, especially,
I would have sought out sundry wasted wretches,
And striven to cauterize to satisfaction
The gangrenes of their past."

" 'Prompt' is the word upon the tongue of time,
From day to day on echoing through the years,
That glide away into eternity,
Whispering the same unceasing syllable."

" Here's lad's love, and the flower which even death
Cannot unscent, the all-transcending rose."

" Some weak, luckless wretches ever seem
Flying before the hounds of circumstance,
Adown the windy gullies of this life"

There are a few prosaic lines, like the following :—

" A Bethelem boy,
A crazy lad who goes to him to be killed."

"But let us go abroad, and in the twilight's
Cool, tranquillizing air, discuss this matter."

There is sometimes a straining of similitudes, as in the lines :—

" Now shall the he-goat, black Adultery,
With the roused ram, Retaliation, twine
Their horns in one to butt at Fillippo."

These are, however, spots on the sun, flies in the amber, and blemishes in the diamond, that by contrast beautify the rest.

It is difficult to give a synopsis of this " Divine Tragedy." A wheel or two gives no adequate idea of the adaptation, purpose, and design of a complicated machine. A circumscribed view of a landscape may reveal no beauty ; but when the babbling brook, singing river, towering mountain, sequestered glen, and wooded vale burst upon the vision, the beholder is lost in admiration of the whole. Thus it is in the efforts of the dramatist. A few sentences culled at random give no sure index to the scheme, plot, and general completeness of the whole. In " Saul," we have a close adhesion to the sacred text. Demons, evil and good spirits are introduced, but these are only impersonations of passions, desires, and emotions, and are not essential to the recital. The poet begins with the history of Saul, as given in I. Samuel, chap. x. He divides the whole into three dramas. The first commences with the anointing of the Hebrew king by Samuel, at Ramah, and ends with the expulsion of the evil spirit by David's witching music. The second finds David hospitably received at Gibeah ; and describes the overthrow of the Philistines at Elah, Saul's jealousy of David's growing popularity, and his marriage to Michal. The third describes the hair-breadth escapes of David ; the vindictive pursuits of Saul ; the incantations of the Witch of Endor, and the tragic scenes connected with Gilboah. At one time we have a drama, in colloquy ; at another we find the epic, in a description of persons, places, and things, in the

third person; anon comes the lyric, forcible and melodious. Saul has a good and bad spirit accompanying him. The former is called Zoe, and the latter is called Malzah. The latter is photographed with great distinctness and fidelity, to the assumed nature of a demon. The reviewer in the *North British* mentioned above, says of this *dramatis persona*, that he is "depicted with an imaginative veracity which, we do not exaggerate in saying, has not been equalled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel."

Saul is in Gibeah chafing under home restraint, after being anointed king. He compares himself to "a taper that is left to burn to waste within an empty house." The hour of action is at hand. Jabesh-Gilead is besieged by Nahash, and seems doomed to fall. Saul is urged by messengers to rush to the rescue. He eagerly obeys the call to battle against "that foul whelp of Twilight, Nahash," and in Jehovah's name appeals thus :—

"Ye shapes of wrath, avenging cherubim;
Ye scourges from the presence of the Lord;
Ye dark, destroying angels that forth fly;
To do Heaven's judgments, turn your course towards him."

Rural associations have no longer charms for him :

"No further words: let deeds
Come next. Now, herds and flocks, a last adieu;
Men henceforth are my flocks; my pasture, Canaan;
I will forthwith to Bezek, and there raise
My standard; then woe be to them who follow
Not Saul and Samuel."

One of the messengers from the beleaguered city says :

"The wind of heaven
Behind thee blow; and on our enemies' eyes
May the sun smite to-morrow, and blind them for thee!
But, O Saul, do not fail us."

Saul's answer is couched in majestic and kingly words—

"Fail ye! No;
Let the morn fail to break; I will not break
My word. Haste, or I am there before you. Fail?
Let the morn fail the east; I'll not fail you;
But, swift and silent as the streaming wind,
Unseen approach, then, gathering up my force
At dawning, sweep on Ammon, as night's blast
Sweeps down from Carmel on the dusky sea."

We are not sure that a grander, more terrible picture, and more powerful delineation, has been penned since the days of Milton, than the following. Agag has perished, and Samuel is triumphant. Demons are watching the spectral procession of the shades of the sons of Amalek, as the myriads descend to Acheron, and glut its yawning gates. They follow closely the ghost of the warrior king, and in fiendish glee rejoice to see him on the facile descent to Hades :—

FIRST DEMON.—"Now let us down to hell; we've seen the last."
SECOND DEMON.—"Stay; for the road thereto is yet incumbered
With the descending spectres of the killed.
'Tis said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from thence
Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf;
Wherein our spirits—even as terrestrial ships
That are detained by foul winds in an offing—
Linger perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs
That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom,
At midnight, of the salt flood's foaming surf—
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

In spite of halting lines, the description is matchless, subtle, and overpowering. We see that fearful and surging host of the lost, hiving perforce toward the plague-house, driven by avenging wrath. Take another scene, as vivid as a panorama. Jonathan and his armour-bearer are dealing out deadly blows among the Philistines, on the summit of Michmash, where tumult, discord, and confusion reign, to their utter discomfiture. A sentinel in the Hebrew camp hears the uproar, and sees the confusion from his vantage ground, and inquires :

"What do I hear, as if the earth on sudden
Roared like the ocean, and the clang of arms
Coming from Michmash?
* * * * * * *
Behold the whole Philistine garrison
Come tumbling like a torrent on the field.
What meaneth this? Arms glance along like lightning!
Helmets and shields, and heads and bodies bare,
Dance in confusion. 'Tis a fearful fray!
See how they charge each other, and, in rage,
Sweep slaughtering like a whirlpool round and round;
And ever and anon some gashed head sinks,
Drowned in the bloody eddy. Louder grows
The noise; earth trembles till the deep-jarred ground
Rumbles as if 'twere one enormous grave,
Wherein some overwhelmed, awakened corpse,
Resurgent, groaned in horror. Horror reigns;

The darkened world at its expiry seems;
And the death rattle in the earth's pent throat
Mingles with battle's burden. Can it be,
At this great note of nature, our oppressors
Deem we have come upon them as at Geba?
No; 'tis themselves who thus themselves assail;
And, like a lion that has leaped the fold,
And ravens on the flock with flaming eyes,
Strange madness, making mutual massacre,
Sends through the gloom the play of glittering steel.
The steel is fiercelier plied; they wield their blades
As labouring smiths upon the anvil wield
The time-observing hammers, and like them
Beat out harsh rhythms with augmenting rage."

This quotation is decidedly Homeric in its imagery and its martial strains. We perceive at once the volcanic surgings of the red-hot waves of human passion, and hear the multitudinous voices of maddened and armed men in the whirlwind of battle.

Zaph is leader of the spirits of evil. He orders Malzah to take possession of Saul, and fill him with demoniac passions. Bad as Malzah is, the work is distasteful to him. As Saul feels his influence, and in despair and irony calls out—

"Ah, shake me, thing; shake me again,
Like an old thorn i' the blast,"

we see this is not "a labour of love" to Malzah, and when his work is done, like a liberated school-boy he sings:—

"Motley fancies spin
Like cobwebs on the yellow air;
Laugh bright with joy, or dusky grin
In changeful mood of seance there.
The yellow air! the yellow air!
He's great who's happy anywhere."

With a morbid wail Saul turns on the doctor, who would give him consolation, and stingingly says:—

"Skin deep
Is deep with you; you only prick the flesh,
When you should probe the overwhelmèd heart,
And lance the horny wounds of old despair.
Away: Death is worth all the doctors."

David is brought into the presence of the king by his medical attendant, and harps the air full of wondrous melody. Such an atmosphere the demons cannot breathe in, for Saul feels the uneasiness of his tormentor as the magic strains fall upon his ear:—

"Still more; still more; I feel the demon move
Amidst the gloomy branches of my breast,
As moves a bird that buries itself deeper
Within its nest at stirring of the storm."

A fine picture of conjugal affection is painted when Saul appears to the Queen, after one of these attacks, and knows his debasement:—

SAUL.—"Kiss me, dear wife, though I am smeared and foul."
AHINOAM.—"O no! thou art not foul to me; no more
Than is the tiger with his brindling stripes
Foul to his mate, or leopard with his spots,
Or than the kingly lion to his love,
When, with dishevelled and still-lifted mane,
He stalks back from the chase into his den."

The philosophy of Saul is orthodox, touching, and acute. Let us take a few examples. He complains that sorrow and despair—

"Must burn within me or o'erflow
In tragic deeds, or those foul blasphemies
Which from my soul's ooze, are lifted by
My horrid agitation."

Or,

"David, young roe, start from thy form and flee
Out of the dangerous thicket of my thoughts."

The following ideas are quaintly and forcibly put. Saul feels his day of doom is near at hand, even before his recognition of coming calamities to him and his house, as shown through the incantations of the mistress of Ob. Despair has taken hold of him, for he says in sadness:—

"I feel that I at last am come unto
The crisis and the pivot of my fortunes.
Long lost amongst dark crags and mounts, at length
I stand upon a pointed pinnacle,
From which I shall ascend into the sky,
Or topple to the abyss."

"I deemed that I again was snugly housed:
When from the wilderness there comes a blast,
That casts my cabin of assurance down,
And leaves me in the tempest."

"There was a time when sleep
Was wont to approach me with her soundless feet,
And take me by surprise. I call'd her not,
And yet she'd come; but now I even woo her,
And court her by the cunning use of drugs,
But still she will not turn to me her steps,
Not even to approach, and, looking down,
Drop on these temples one oblivious tear.
I that am called a king, whose word is law,—
Awake I lie and toss, while the poor slave,

Whom I have taken prisoner in my wars,
Sleeps soundly; and he who hath sold himself to service,
Although his cabin rock beneath the gale,
Hears not the uproar of the night, but, smiling,
Dreams of the year of jubilee."

There is a stern resolve in Saul's mind, when he is imperatively commanded "to trample out the living fire of Amalek." The prophet must be obeyed, and if so, the sooner the distasteful work is done the better.

"Now let me tighten every cruel sinew,
And gird the whole up in unfeeling hardness,
That my swollen heart, which bleeds within me tears,
May choke itself to stillness. I am as
A shivering bather, that upon the shore,
Looking and shrinking from the cold black waves,
Quick starting from his reverie, with a rush
Abbreviates the horror."

A few sentences have a great similarity to those of our best classic authors. The following we have seen somewhere, almost *verbatim*:—

"With cloud by day, and fire by night,
An awful, yet celestial light."

"That dome of cogitation" is almost a plagiarism of Byron's "dome of thought." Then when he compares Goliath to "an armed tower," we are reminded of Barrow's "tower of flesh." When "gongs" and "bullies" are spoken of, a modern hotel is presented to our imagination, and not the days of ancient Israel.

"But noble deeds, and noble natural powers,
That give the stamp and value unto man."

This is but a paraphrase of the immortal aphorism of Burns:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Then Saul is made to say—

"My youngest born,
Poor crippled Mephibosheth."

This is an error, for the cripple was Jonathan's son.

"Jephthah's Daughter" is in some respects an improvement on "Saul." There is less roughness of diction and more culture. Angularities of style have been smoothed down, and a flowing current of euphonious lines, graceful, rippling, and glowing, is well sustained in a silver stream of beauty throughout the whole poem. Loose expressions, prosaic sentences, inapt allegory, crippled antithesis, incomplete and weak figures of speech are "few and far between." The experience of years, between the issue of the two poems, has not given additional force to the mind, but it has bestowed a balance of power, to regulate the proper relations of the intellect, the imagination, and the æsthetic taste. In other words, the work of art, as a whole, is more proportional and complete than "Saul." The Scripture narrative is strictly adhered to throughout. The first stanzas give a key to the whole, and are full of sweet and sad music:—

"'Twas in the olden days of Israel,
When from her people rose up mighty men
To judge and to defend her: ere she knew,
Or clamoured for, her coming line of kings,
A father, rashly vowing, sacrificed
His daughter on the altar of the Lord:—
'Twas in these ancient days, coeval deemed
With the song-famous and heroic ones,
When Agamemnon, taught divinely, doomed
His daughter to expire at Dian's shrine—
So doomed, to free the chivalry of Greece,
In Aulis lingering for a favoured wind
To waft them to the fated walls of Troy;
Two songs with but one burden, twin-like tales.
Sad tales! but this the sadder of the twain.
This song, a wail more desolately wild;
More fraught this story with grim fate fulfilled."

The agonizing Jephthah supplicates Heaven to absolve him from the fearful vow. The words and beautiful imagery are faultless. The warrior stands horror-stricken and paralyzed at the thoughts of the certain fate of his beloved daughter. Can there be no vicarious oblation; no other propitiation?

"'Choose Tabor for thine altar; I will pile
It with the choice of Bashan's lusty herds,
And flocks of fatlings, and for fuel, thither
Will bring umbrageous Lebanon to burn.'
He said, and stood awaiting for the sign,
And heard, above the hoarse, bough-bending wind,
The hill-wolf howling on the neighbouring height,
And bittern booming in the pool below.
Some drops of rain fell from the passing cloud
That sudden hides the wanly shining moon,
And from the scabbard instant dropped his sword,
And with long, living leaps, and rock-struck clang,
From side to side, and slope to sounding slope,
In gleaming whirls swept down the dim ravine."

We feel loath to end these quotations, for our ardent desire is to interest the reader in Canadian literature, such as any people might be proud of. What enthusiasm would have been aroused in the United States or

in the Fatherland had any of their living sons or daughters of song produced such pearls of thought! But we will close with one additional quotation. Jephthah's daughter is told of her hapless fate. Her young life is sweet to her, and her ardent nature sees no beauties in the untimely end and in a gloomy grave; but duty points the way:

"Let me not need now disobey you, mother,
But give me leave to knock at Death's pale gate,
Whereat indeed I must, by duty drawn,
By nature show the sacred way to yield.
Behold, the coasting cloud obeys the breeze;
The slanting smoke, the invisible sweet air;
The towering tree its leafy limbs resigns
To the embraces of the wilful wind;
Shall I, then, wrong, resist the hand of Heaven?
Take me, my father! take, accept me, Heaven!
Slay me, or save me, even as you will!
Light, light, I leave thee!—yet am I a lamp,
Extinguished now, to be relit for ever.
Life dies; but in its stead death lives."

The hand that penned these poems, so full of manly utterances and pure sentiments, is now "a clod of the valley." The heart that beat responsive to all that was noble in humanity has rested from its weary pulsations. The brain that moved in unison with the ideality which was clear and pure as a crystal fountain has become a crumbling and vacant tenement; but the soul which animated the perishing casket has contributed its rich offerings, and poured them lavishly into the treasury of immortal poetry.

THE DARK HUNTSMAN.

BY CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

[This Poem was sent to us by Mr. Heavysege, shortly before his death, and will no doubt prove interresting to our readers as having been probably the last production in verse of its lamented author.—ED. CANADIAN MONTHLY.]

I DREAMED it was eve, and athwart the grey gloom,
Behold! a dark huntsman, dark coming like doom;
Who, raising his hand, slowly wound a weird horn,
Far o'er the wide dimness its echoes were borne;
Rang dirge-like and dismal
Through skyey abysmal,
Wherein hung the moon to a crescent down shorn.
The blasts of his bugle grew wilder, more eerie,
As gaily he galloped like one never weary,
Adown the dim valley so doleful and dreary,
And woke the tired twilight with echoes forlorn.

Forlorn were the sounds, and their burden was drear
As the sighing of winds in the wane of the year;—
As the sighing of winds in a ghoul-haunted vale,
Or howling of spirits in regions of bale:
The Goblin of Ruin
Black mischief seemed brewing;

And, wringing her hands at her sudden undoing,
The woe-stricken landscape uplifted her wail.

I still dreamed my dream, and beheld him career—
Fly on like the wind after ghosts of the deer—
Fly on like the wind, or the shaft from the bow,
Or avalanche urging from regions of snow;
Or star that is shot by the Gods from its sphere:
He bore a Winged Fate on the point of his spear;
His eyes were as coals that in frost fiercely glow,
Or diamonds in darkness—"Dark Huntsman, what, ho!"

"What, ho!" I demanded, and heard the weird horn
Replying with dolefullest breathings of scorn:
The moon had gone down,
No longer did crown
With crescent the landscape, now lying light-lorn;
But rose amidst horror and forms half unseen
A cry as of hounds coming hungry and lean;
That, swelling sonorous as onwards they bore,
Filled all the vast air with the many-mouthed roar.

Roared, roared the wild hunt; the pack ravened, they flew;
The weird horn went winding a dismal adieu;
With hubbub appalling,
Hound unto hound calling,
Each fleet-footed monster its shaggy length threw;
Till faint grew the echoes, came feebler the bay,
As thunder when tempests are passing away.
As down the ravine in loud rage the flood goes,
As through the looped Ruin the hurricane blows,
So down the dark valley the eager pack sped
With howlings to Hades, the home of the dead:—
Therein they descended like creatures breeze-borne,
Or grovelling vapours by distance shape-shorn;
And, lost in the depths of that shadowy shore,
Hounds, horn, and dark huntsman alarmed me no more.
For who that is mortal could meet without fear
The Figure endowed with the Fate-winged spear?
Or temper his breath
At thy presence, O Death,
Who hunteth for souls as one hunteth the deer!

A WOMAN BEFORE THE MAST.

A TRUE STORY.

BY M., TORONTO.

A CONSULAR office in an East Indian port. Official, not yet one day old, seated at his table, looking out upon a tropical garden, and pondering gravely the responsibilities of his position. He must worthily administer the maritime law, and sustain the honour of forty millions of people on the opposite side of the globe! He must not bring reproach upon "the best civil service in the world," nor upon "the universal Yankee nation," every one of whose citizen-sovereigns—give him twenty-four hours' notice—is ready to assume any place and duty!

Enters the master of a whale-ship, and goes through the formality of depositing the vessel's papers, which the Consul receives with imposing dignity. Kindly but gravely—for the dignity of the office must not be compromised—the Consul inquires into the success of the voyage; how long since the ship left home, how long since she has been in port, and how long she will remain. Though the captain answers frankly enough, he is not disposed to general conversation. Something evidently is on his mind of which he would be relieved. Looking all round the rooms to be sure no third person is present, he draws his chair close to the Consul's, and, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, stammers:

"Mr. Consul, I—have—got—something to tell you."

"Very well," responds the grave functionary, assuming an additional dignity.

"I—I—have—got a woman on board my ship," says the captain with no little effort.

"Your wife?" queries the Consul.

"No, she is not my wife."

"A stewardess, then?"

"No; she is neither my wife, nor stewardess, nor passenger," demurely answers the whaler.

"But what business have you with a woman on board your ship that sustains neither of these characters?" somewhat tartly asks the dignitary.

"That—that is just what I want to tell you; and then to ask your aid in getting rid of her."

Encouraged to proceed, the tough old salt, who had ploughed the seas for forty years, began:

"When I left home, nine months ago, I supposed everything was all right on board ship. As usual, the owners attended to the shipping of the crew, few of whom I had ever seen before going on board to weigh anchor. After leaving port, nothing special occurred for some time, unless it were the worst luck that fisherman ever had. Certainly it never entered my head that there was anything wrong or unusual on the ship. Not a whale was sighted for months. Naturally I began to grow anxious and nervous. At length, after having been four months out, a whale was raised, and all on board were eager for the chase. Boats were quickly lowered and off, while I watched impatiently their progress. When they had been gone some time and were nearing the whale, the second mate's boat suddenly put about, and made for the vessel. Excited by this unexpected and apparently causeless retreat, I shouted, as soon as the boat was in earshot, to know the cause of it. Coming alongside, the mate called, 'Here, take this villain out of the boat, and give me a man that will work, and not attempt to knife me.'

"It appeared that one of the men, on being reprimanded by both a word and a blow for not pulling so vigorously as he should, had drawn a knife upon the officer, and threatened to kill him. Hurrying the man on to the ship, and another into the boat, I hit the former, as he came over the side, a sharp crack with a rope's end, when he exclaimed:

"'Take care; you don't know what you are doing.'

"'Don't know what I am doing—eh? Many a rascal like you have I served in the same way before. I'll teach you not to draw a knife on your officer again.'

"With that I hit him a second time, when he fell down, whimpering—

"'Stop! stop! you are striking a woman!'

"Had a bullet gone through my arm at that moment, it could not have dropped more suddenly, while I cried—

"'That's a lie.'

"'No,' was the reply, 'it's no lie, but the honest truth. I've been deceiving you, and everybody else on board.'

"The flogging, of course, at once stopped. But what to do? Was skipper ever in more unpleasant fix? I took the woman out of the fo'castle, where she had lived for four months without her sex having been suspected, and put her in a vacant room in the after part of the vessel, where she has lived ever since. That was five months ago, and this is the first port I have made.

"And now, Mr. Consul," concludes the captain, "you know how I happen to have a woman on board my ship, and you must help me to get rid of her. For get rid of her I must and shall, before I leave this port."

An interesting case, surely, for a Consul who as yet knows next to nothing of his duty, but is bent on maintaining the national dignity, and deeply conscious that eighty millions of eyes are on him! But when one doesn't know what to say or do, it is very wise to say and do nothing. Next to this is an apparent equanimity in every emergency; since few things beget greater confidence on the part of others than seeming confidence in one's self. Quietly therefore remarks the Consul, "Bring the woman to this office to-morrow morning, when I will hear her story and see what can be done."

The morrow comes. At early office hours enter the captain and an apparently overgrown, awkward boy of eighteen;—for the woman is still in sailor's garb. Meeting her in the street, few would suspect her sex; as certainly no one seems to when, a little after, she is conducted to the refuge provided her. Yet enough of the womanly remains to give her a shamefaced appearance as she enters the consulate, and confronts one to whom she knows her story has been partially told, and to whom she now must look for aid. At first she is very shy, answering all questions laconically, and seeming quite as anxious to hide her past as to know her future. But left alone with the Consul, who talks very seriously and kindly to her, her confidence, or fear, or both, are sufficiently roused to induce her to tell, with seeming frankness, her story previous to her shipment. Whether this story be wholly true or largely false, it is impossible to say. Suffice it that it coincides with all hints and chance remarks dropped on shipboard, and with what was afterwards learned. It is told, moreover, with every external indication of honesty, and is substantially as follows:—

"My maiden name—for I have been married—was Georgiana W——. I was born and grew up in the city of Baltimore. During my childhood I was subjected to little discipline; my mother was an invalid, and my father was easily coaxed into letting me do almost as I liked. The result was, I became a passionate, headstrong creature, whom no one could well manage, and on whom few had any influence. I had many girlish scrapes and adventures, none of which, however, were seriously compromising, though some of them threatened to be.

"When I was about nineteen—that is, three years ago—I became very much in love with a young man named John L——. We had long been acquainted, and had had many a tussle together; some of them good-natured, and some of them not. Our parents were on very good terms, and desirous that we should marry on coming to a suitable age. To this I had no objection, but looked forward to the day when I should be John's wife with great satisfaction. I thought the affection was mutual, and think now that for a while he did, or thought he did, truly love me. We were engaged, and in due time married. And oh, how happy I was for a little while! How fondly I loved my husband! How proud I was of him! What care I took to please him, striving to control my wayward temper! I resolved to be, and I was, a true and loving wife. For a time all things went very pleasantly. John seemed to be as happy as myself. My husband was a mechanic; but he was a good workman, and his weekly earnings were ample to support us as well as we had been accustomed to. There was a prospect also that he would soon have a better situation and a larger salary. I had

the fondest hopes for the future. I could not dream of what was soon to happen.

"Before many months I noticed a change coming over my husband. He seemed less and less happy, and with increasing frequency absented himself from home. What the matter was I could not imagine; and to my eager questions could get only evasive replies. I became anxious and unhappy, and, as any woman would, set my wits to work to unravel the mystery. It was some time, however, before I got any clue to it; for so entire was my confidence in John, that at first I neither suspected, nor would have believed, what I found to be the truth. There is no need of telling how I discovered what the trouble was. I found out that another woman had come between my husband and myself.

"O, Sir"—and here the narrator broke down; her voice shaking, her tears falling, and her whole frame violently trembling. It was some time before she could go on. Recovering self-control she resumed:

"When the fearful conviction of John's infidelity was forced upon me, and my heart's idol was shattered, my consternation, and agony, and wrath seemed beyond endurance. I thought I should go mad, and I certainly longed and prayed to die. Since then, how many times have I wished that I had died! But death doesn't come when a poor soul wishes, and so I lived on. John's frequent and prolonged absences from home, on one pretext or another, enabled me to conceal the knowledge I had gained until I had accumulated evidence against him.

"One night, as he was preparing to leave me, as he now so often did, I begged him most tenderly and piteously not to go away, but to remain at home as he used to directly after our marriage, and when we were so happy. But he was deaf to my entreaties, and shook my hand from his arm, on which I had laid hold. Stung to madness, I taxed him with his crime; told him I had discovered where he went, and whom he had visited so often; and denounced him as a wretch and villain, not content to sacrifice one woman, but seeking to drag another to shame and ruin!

"His surprise at my knowledge of his doings was plain; and with seeming indignation he denied, for a little, the truth of my charges. But he soon saw that I knew too much to be longer deceived. Besides, my vehemence, and tears, and angry reproaches soon angered him, and induced him to return the epithets with which I assailed him. Our altercation was very violent—almost threatening to disturb the peace of the neighbourhood. After a while, however, and when the first paroxysm of wrath and excitement was over, my husband told me that he had never loved me as a man should love his wife; that he had consented to marry me from regard to his parents' wishes, and my great fondness; that just before our marriage he had first seen the woman he had lately so often visited, and had really fallen in love with her; that when we were married he had resolved to be a faithful husband, and put this woman wholly out of his thoughts; that for a time he succeeded, and that, had he never met her again, he would probably have become wholly indifferent to her; but that, on seeing her again and again, and especially on discovering that she had become very fond of him, he found all his good resolutions of no avail. His love for her had been continually growing stronger, and now had reached that point when, come what would, he should cling to her. Public opinion might denounce; the laws threaten. He did not care. She was his true wife; he was her true husband. For each other they would live and die.

"So saying, he tore himself away, and some weeks passed before I heard anything from him again. What I first heard was that he had enlisted in a cavalry regiment then raising in Baltimore for the Union army. This was in the autumn of 1861, when McClellan was gathering his forces on the Potomac. Hardly sooner did I hear of John's enlistment than the strange fancy seized me to disguise myself in man's apparel, and enlist in the same regiment. I should thus be near him, always know something of his doings, and perhaps at some critical moment be able to render a service that would win far more than his former regard. Moreover, anything was welcome that promised escape from the dreadful condition I was now in. How I should behave in danger I did not know; but I had little dread of death.

"At first the difficulties seemed insuperable. How obtain the garments in which to disguise my sex? How pass the medical examination? How learn to carry myself so as not to excite suspicion and detec-

tion? Without telling of all the means I used, and the evasions to which I resorted, suffice it that I succeeded in surmounting all obstacles, and in a few weeks found myself an enlisted soldier in another company of the same regiment with my husband. But, as you may suppose, I kept away from him, being content to watch him as well as I could from a distance.

"And here, though you may hardly believe it, I served for eight months without, so far as I know, my sex ever being suspected. How I got on in camp and saddle, what I endured, how often I seemed on the point of exposure, neither you can imagine, nor I describe. With my regiment I went all through the famous Peninsular campaign of last year, and was fortunate enough not only to escape unwounded, but to preserve almost perfect health. Just at the close of that disastrous campaign, and while the army was embarking to return to Washington, I was detailed with others as a guard of honour to attend the dead body of an officer of high rank to New York.

"In that city, and while waiting opportunity to return to the army, we were quartered near one of the large military hospitals filled with sick and wounded men. Sauntering through the hospital one day, thinking it possible that I might find there some of my comrades who had dropped out of the ranks, I was surprised in a way I little expected. There, stretched on one of the cots, lay the pale and wasted form of my husband, to whom I had not spoken since his desertion of me in Baltimore. Apparently he was nigh unto death. He seemed not to have been wounded, but to have been long and seriously sick. The sight caused me to forget at once the character I had been acting; to forget everything but my still deep affection for him, notwithstanding his baseness, and my right to care for him in his illness. Uttering a feeble cry, I should inevitably have discovered myself, heedless of consequences, had not a faintness seized me, robbing me of all power of speech or action, and compelling me to sit down for a little on the first seat that offered. Of course it was easy to ascribe this sudden faintness to the disagreeable odours and distressing sights of a military hospital. And as I did not wholly lose self-control, I carefully kept my face turned from John, assured that there was little danger of recognition by any other. But scarcely sooner did I begin to be myself again than, casting a furtive glance toward my husband's cot, I saw a woman bending over him. After a little her face turned toward me, and I recognised her as the destroyer of my happiness. How they had come together there I could not imagine. It was not strange that he should have been sent there for treatment. But how should she have known it, and followed him? How, except by his informing her, and sending for her? Had he done this? As I watched them for a few moments, I saw them exchanging tokens of tender endearment; saw his wan face light up with gratitude and affection as she ministered to some want, and lavished upon him the caresses that the sick are so fond of. To my question, a nurse answered, 'Yes; she is his wife; came on from Baltimore to care for him. But, poor fellow, he'll not need any one to care for him much longer.'"

"'O my God,' thought I, 'what shall I do now? Declare myself—a soldier in man's attire—the true wife of the sick man before me, and drive the guilty usurper of my rights from the hospital? But who would believe my story? Besides, what good would it do to make myself known? Would it not be better for all concerned to leave them where they were, and hide my wrongs and woes as best I could?' To regain a measure of self-control, and decide what it would be best to do, I rushed into the open air, and wandered I knew not where. No one could be more indifferent to what might befall. Now I resolved to go back and confront the guilty pair, and assert my wifely rights. Then I would bury my woes beneath the cool waves of the Hudson. Anon I would return to the army, and seek death where it was not hard to find. Thus distracted, and unconscious in what part of the city I was, my attention was first arrested by the sign—'Whalemen wanted for a two years' cruise.' At once my resolution was taken. *I would ship for a voyage.* But how dispose of my uniform? for I could not ship in that. As everybody knows, there are plenty of persons in New York ready to aid a soldier to do that. I was not long in finding one of them; and before night had exchanged my regimentals for a coarse half-sailor's rig that was well suited to disguise my sex, and further my purpose. Then I found no difficulty in enrolling myself as one of the crew

of the barque *Amazon*, Capt. Lacy, of Tisbury, bound on a cruise, not to exceed two years in length, in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. From New York, in company with several shipmates, I was quickly forwarded to our vessel, then lying at Holme's Hole, and only waiting for her complement of men. In a few days I was fairly at sea.

"What has happened since then," continued the narrator, "I suppose Capt. Lacy has told you. Perhaps you may hardly think it possible that I could have preserved the secret of my sex during my four months in the *Amazon's* fo'castle; but I assure you I never had reason to suppose it suspected; and suspicion would have quickly led to detection. I want to say, too, that my difficulty with the second mate in the boat grew out of no dislike to him or unwillingness to do my duty. Nobody on the ship before that ever called me a shirk. But that was the first time I had ever been required to exert all my strength at the oar. To hide my sex, I had worn a tight bandage about my chest which greatly interfered with the free movement of my arms, and the putting forth of my full strength. It was almost before I was aware that I drew my knife against the officer when he struck me. I wish also to say that since the discovery of my sex, the captain has treated me very kindly and respectfully; and that I have for him, and all on board the *Amazon*, only the most grateful feelings."

Here ended the narrative of my woman before the mast. Not here, however, ends the story of her adventures. Hardly less surprising in fact is the supplement than the tale thus far.

Our Consul was not a little puzzled what to do. The elaborate "Manual" furnished him by the State Department on his appointment, and which had been diligently studied during a voyage of ninety days, was wholly silent in regard to such cases as this. Seeing, therefore, that there was no precedent, he would make a precedent. He forthwith removed the woman from the vessel, provided her with decent quarters, and, aided by a resident countrywoman, obtained for her an indispensable outfit, trusting to good fortune to enable him to send her home, or to put her in a way of supporting herself. A purse, made up by a few generous shipmasters and others at the port, supplemented the outlay of the Consul, and furnished her with a respectable wardrobe. And there for a time all rested, if all were not thankful.

Lying in port at this time, and expecting to remain for some weeks, was the good ship *Ranger*, of Boston. And if the ship were a good vessel, her master, Capt. Bings, was a good master. He was nearly sixty years old, quiet but energetic, unpretentious but self-respectful, upright, manly, and, while wholly devoid of cant, sincerely and deeply religious. He had a family of two or three daughters at home, of whom he was fond of talking, and of whom he was not a little proud. It was two or three weeks after assuming charge of Georgy, as the young woman had now come to be called, that our Consul, seeing no other way of providing for her, resolved to appeal to the magnanimity of Capt. Bings to receive her on board his ship as stewardess. With this purpose he entered his office one morning, where, as usual, he soon received a call from the master of the *Ranger*. The customary salutations exchanged, and the scanty morning news discussed, the Consul said—

"Capt. Bings, do you know that you have a duty to yourself and to humanity here which you have not yet discharged?"

"And, pray, what may that be?" asked the captain.

"It is something," rejoined the Consul, "which a man of your years and character can afford to do, and which it seems to me you are under some obligation to do; but which a younger man of different temperament and less professional reputation cannot afford, and should not be expected to do."

"And what is it, I ask again?" said the captain.

"It is," answered the Consul, "to receive Georgiana on board your ship in the capacity of stewardess, and so open the way for her to earn a livelihood, and, in due time, not only to return with you to America, but, if she will, to retrieve the past."

The worthy shipmaster was silent for a little, as though considering the suggestion. Then looking up, he said, in a grave and tender voice, "Will you believe me when I tell you that I lay awake in my berth last night for a long time, revolving the very thing you suggest? When it first occurred to me, I thought I could not have her on my

ship on any consideration. Then I asked myself if it were not my duty to give her a trial? Often as I put the idea aside, it returned to me again as a duty, until at length I began to regard the prospect of receiving her with some favour. Finally, I thought of my own daughters—the possibility that one of them might some time go astray, and need a helping hand. That decided me; and I came here this morning to make to you, on certain conditions, the precise proposal you have just made to me."

Under such circumstances it was not difficult for the Consul and the Captain to come to an understanding; and Georgy assenting, she was that very day transferred to the cabin of the *Ranger*.

Three weeks passed. In her new position, the quondam soldier and sailor conducted herself with so much propriety, and performed her duty with so much alacrity and skill, as greatly to please kind-hearted, Capt. Bings. His cabin now was always neatly swept and dusted; his table was always nicely spread; and to the appetizing dishes she devised for his delight there seemed no end. When guests were present, as they often were, compliments many and strong were showered upon the repast they were invited to share; until it began to be whispered around that quiet Capt. B. had secured, in his stewardess, a prize after its kind. At the end of this time, however, the *Ranger's* business in port was completed, and she set sail for Calcutta.

Two years elapsed. During that time tidings came to the Consul that good Capt. Bings had paid the debt of nature, cared for faithfully and tenderly to the last by his grateful stewardess, and had found in the Bay of Bengal a sailor's grave. One day entered the port again the good ship *Ranger*, under the command of her former mate, now her master. A few days later, a hard-handed, bronze-faced, but manly-looking fellow of twenty-five or twenty-eight years puts in an appearance at the consulate where our story opened, remarking—

"You do not recognise me, I presume, Mr. Consul, never having seen me but once or twice before."

"I do not recall your countenance," replied our official friend, considerably less impressed with the dignity of his position than when we first made his acquaintance; "but perhaps you can help me to recall you, and then tell me what I can do for you."

"I'll try," said the man, who was evidently a sailor. "My name is Philip Harrison. When in this port before, I was second officer of the *Ranger*. Now, since Capt. Bings is dead, and Mr. Hawes is captain, I am the ship's first officer. I remember very well your visits to the ship, and should have recognised you anywhere; though it can hardly be expected you should remember me. That is *who* I am. And now I will tell you what I want you should do for me. You surely remember whom you enrolled as one of our ship's company when we were last here. Well, Georgy has remained with the vessel ever since, as perhaps Capt. Hawes has told you. And, to come directly to the point, Mr. Consul, she and I have become very fond of each other, and have concluded to marry; and we want you to perform the ceremony. Will you do it?"

"But," answers the Consul, "you know, or you ought to know, that she is already married, and of course has no right to marry again."

"She *was* married," replies the would-be Benedick, "but is now a widow. Since we left here she has heard from home; and among other things, of her husband's death. In fact, he never left the hospital, where she last saw him, till he was carried out to his grave."

"And she has told you her story?" asks the Consul.

"Every word of it."

"And you believe it?"

"I am as certain of its truth as of my life."

"And you still desire to marry her?"

"Most certainly, or I should not be here. Will you marry us?"

"But if you have determined to marry this woman, about whom neither you nor I know anything but what she says, why not wait till you return to America? I am sure neither of you will regret—perhaps both will be very glad—if you do."

"Our return to the United States," rejoins the seaman, "is very uncertain. It may be within three months, but it is hardly likely to be within three years. Besides, we have made up our minds to be married *now*, if we can accomplish it; and I am on shore to-day to make the arrangements.

"But, my good fellow," responds the Consul, "it is not in my power to marry you. Neither American nor British law authorizes me to do any such thing. And while I say to you, as wise *Mr. Punch* said to the young man meditating matrimony, 'Don't;' yet if you will not have my advice, and are determined to perpetrate what, under the circumstances, seems so foolish an act, I can tell you what to do. Go to my friend Manson, the Bishop's chaplain, and he will tell you what legal formalities are to be complied with, and will tie the irrevocable knot for you. I will witness the marriage, and attest it under the seal of the consulate, which will be sufficient evidence of its validity in any court in America."

An introductory note was written to the chaplain, with which the ardent lover set forth on his errand.

Three days after, in the chaplain's little parlour, were assembled his own family and the Consul to witness the marriage of Georgy and the weather-stained, stalwart young sailor. That duly solemnized and certified, the happy couple set forth on no wedding journey about the little island, or through the tropic waters, but hied themselves immediately on shipboard to their respective duties.

Two or three weeks later, having completed her business in that port, the good ship *Ranger* sailed out into the Indian Sea; and Georgiana W., cavalry soldier in the Union army, foremast sailor on a whaleship, accomplished stewardess on a merchant vessel, twice a wife, whether ever a widow or not, and still under twenty-five years of age, sailed out of the Consul's sight into the dim distance, and below his narrow horizon. Whither, and through what adventures, fortune subsequently led her is not known. Possibly she may still be wandering about the Orient. Possibly, too, she may have found her way back to the Monumental City, and be living there to-day, a fond wife, and the happy mother of happy children. If so, and if her eye ever fall on this over-true tale, among the mingled emotions stirred in her heart will be the grateful remembrance of a few who believed in her future possibilities, and held out to her a helping hand, when cast, friendless and destitute, upon a far-off tropic isle in the summer of 1863.

THE STAR OF FAME.

BY C. E. JAKEWAY, M.D., STAYNER, ONT.

A GHOSTLY presence came unto the child
At night within his little trundle bed,
And o'er him bent a face so fair and mild,
It seemed an angel hov'ring near his head.
One hand upon his golden hair was placed,
The other pointed through the gloom afar,
Where gloom had fled, and in its place was traced
The golden throne of an effulgent star.

And then, as bounden by a mystic spell,
The boy arose and went into the night,

And journeyed far o'er plain and bosky fell,
Until he met and passed the morning light.
With straining step and eager beaming eyes,
He strove to reach the star thus sparkling bright,
But though he struggled for the glitt'ring prize,
It waned away and vanished from his sight.

With wearied step he trudged his homeward road,
And all his boyish limbs were stiff and sore,
But when he reached his childhood's loved abode,
It's occupants were gone, their lives were o'er;
The house, a creaking, rotten ruin stood,
Amid a mass of trailing, tangled weeds;
And near at hand, beside the dismal wood,
The spring was choked with vile and fenny reeds.

No sound arose around, excepting when
The wind with wail dolorous crept across
The ruined drear old hearthstone, and then
Escaped through mouldy walls o'ergrown with moss,
And softly sighing, sadly sobbing, said,
"They all are dead,"—and then in low refrain
Came trembling back again, "they all are dead;"
And dying echoes told it o'er again.

Within a grove their grass-grown graves he found,
And sinking down beside them moaned and cried,
And crying bent his head unto the ground,
And bending there the weary mortal died.
At morn the people passing by perceived
A thin old man with long and silver hair,
Whose face upturned the stamp of death received,
The while his hands were clasped in silent prayer.

A boy he started in pursuit of fame,
That sparkled brightly in his mental sky,
But age o'ertook him ere he reached his aim,
And weak and weary came he home to die.
So deeply bent upon his childish chase,
He heeded not the year stones as they went,
But age retarded soon his boyish race,
And death extinguished then his life misspent.

THE DIVINE LAW OF PRAYER.

BY FIDELIS.

"One only adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists,—one only,—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

"I HAVE already but too plainly seen," says Goethe, "that no one person understands another; that no one receives the same impressions as another from the very same words." Sir William Hamilton expresses the same truth when he says that "words are nothing more than hints; hints, likewise, which leave the principal part of the process of interpretation to be performed by the mind of the hearer." It is hardly possible, therefore, that minds which approach a subject from very different points of view, and look at it in very different lights, will be able so to interpret each other's "hints" as to avoid misunderstanding, which may thus be naturally expected in every controversy. The discussion on Prayer which has been carried on in these pages is no exception to this rule, and it is necessary, in presenting a final summary of the issue of the question in relation to recent objections, to try to remove some of the misconceptions which have unnecessarily complicated it.

One of these misconceptions it is necessary to clear away at the outset. Mr. Le Sueur, in his last reply, says that the answer of the present writer to his former article "purports to prove that it is the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings." Now, the above-quoted words are *not* used in connection with *proving this thesis*, but as meeting the objection that it was presumptuous to hope to affect the Divine will by prayer—an objection which, it was said, "must fall to the ground if, *as we believe*, on good grounds, to be specified hereafter, it is the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings." Nothing is here said about proof; and in the introductory paragraph of the article, in which its object was distinctly stated, it is clearly enough shown that that object was not to *prove* the physical efficacy of prayer, inasmuch as from the nature of the case either proof or disproof is impossible;—not even to clear away all difficulties which must needs encompass any question transcending human observation and experience, but only to suggest lines of thought which, patiently followed out, might meet these difficulties and show the reasonableness of prayer,—leading to the conclusion that "*what reason cannot grasp, faith happily can.*" Here the very idea of proof—strictly speaking—is explicitly disclaimed, and more than once in the reply it is expressly said that the physical efficacy of prayer can never be demonstratively proved, and that "the results of prayer can never be tabulated in any form that will satisfy 'the world,'" or those who reject the evidence from the Christian revelation. But where the disproof is limited solely to considerations of improbability, we do not need, in reply, to go farther than to show the inadequacy of such objections to disturb our well-grounded faith.

It is at least satisfactory that Mr. Le Sueur admits that there is "no necessity for calling in question the efficacy or value of prayer in the spiritual region." But every spiritual answer to prayer involves physical effects. While the mystery of the correspondence between physical effects and mental processes is as inexplicable as ever, it seems to be clearly enough established, that, as we are told by Professor Huxley, "some change in the condition of the brain is the invariable antecedent" of thought and emotion as well as of sensation. When, therefore, a sinful passion is subdued, or a feeling of hatred removed, in answer to prayer, a physical

change is clearly involved *as real* as that which would be involved in answer to prayer for rain, and it also takes place by means of an influence which would not otherwise have come into operation. They who admit the efficacy of prayer in the spiritual region, do really then admit that prayer affects the course of events in the physical region, for which evidence is asked. Christians do not, however, regard their *prayers* as affecting the course of physical events, as if it were a kind of natural agency which had only to be put in motion to produce a uniform result. But they believe that He who determines the course of physical events has revealed Himself as also the Father of their spirits, to whom they are permitted and invited to take all their requests, sure that if it be for their good He will grant them literally, and, if not, He will grant them submission to His will.

The objections advanced in Mr. Le Sueur's two papers on the subject resolve themselves into two *a priori* objections, the one drawn from the principle that "physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents," and the other from the theory that, as the will of God is perfect and unchangeable, it is presumptuous to attempt to affect it by prayer; and the *a posteriori* one that Divine answers to prayer are not, as a rule, distinctly traceable in human experience. It will be convenient to refer to them in this order.

The present writer fully agrees with Mr. Dawson that the present development of scientific truth and discovery makes it more instead of less easy to conceive of the physical efficacy of prayer. In this connection it is necessary to correct a singular misconception by Mr. Dawson of the position maintained by the present writer. "With FIDELIS," says Mr. Dawson, "He (*i.e.* the Creator) is a God who arranges answers to prayer a long time ago by His foreknowledge." "This theory of FIDELIS seems to put God very far away from us in time."

Now, there is nothing to which FIDELIS more strongly objects than to any theory which would put God "far from any one of us," either in time or in space; and no theory was advanced as to *how* God answers prayer, whether by foreordination or present interference, or both. What was really maintained was, that, *even granting* the utmost rigidity of natural law, and the "inevitable sequence of events," this presents no obstacle to believing in God as the answerer of prayer, when we take into account the elements of foreknowledge and foreordination, and the ease with which an all-wise Ruler of the universe could adapt His moral to His physical government. The following quotation from the article in the May number will show that the position of FIDELIS, is identical with that of Mr. Dawson. "What are 'natural forces,' as we know them, but modes in which the Divine thought and will are presented to our senses? To Him who saw the end from the beginning, time, as a limitation of knowledge, has no existence." This idea is more fully brought out in the article "Prayer and Modern Doubt," pp. 228–9. The belief in foreordination, which we must attach to any adequate theory of an intelligent government of the universe, is quite consistent with the belief in the Divine power and will as acting from moment to moment, and with the interpretation of "nature," "matter," "force," "energy,"—all the words by which we attempt to characterize the external world—as but the expression to our senses of that ever-acting will.

But the fact that the external world is growing more and more to be considered as *acting force*, and less and less as inert matter, —that the dynamical rather than the statical properties of nature have become the objects of thought, and that one ingenious hypothesis has resolved "matter" itself into *motion*, which we must conceive as the product of energy;—all this change in forms of thought seems at least to take away the conception of an intrinsic rigidity in nature, and makes it easier to realize the plasticity of natural forces to that ubiquitous and unseen energy which the analogy of our own consciousness leads us to place in a higher will. Moreover, the expression, "the laws of nature," has lately been corrected by the most positive physicists into "the laws of nature *as we know them*," or "man's expression of so much of the Divine order as it lies within his power to discern;" and, in addition to this, it may be considered as universally conceded that the material world is known to us only as exciting certain sensations in our consciousness—in Mr. Mill's language, only as "permanent possibilities of sensation;" in Profesor Huxley's, "matter and force are, so far as we can know mere names for certain forms of conscious,

ness;" so that, so far as our knowledge goes, it is correct to call matter a "form of thought." The difference between the physical and non-physical efficacy of prayer thus becomes slight indeed, while each, in a sense, involves the other. In fact, we are only beginning to appreciate the extent of our ignorance of that outside circle of darkness which the limited light of science makes more visible. And it is absolutely unwarranted by anything at present known, or likely to be known, to say that the Infinite Source of all power cannot answer prayer by means of the very laws or outward forms in which He works. Ignorance, indeed, is prone to be positive as to what can or cannot be; as has been proved again and again. Previous to the discovery of the laws of electricity, it would have been scouted as an idle dream that man's thoughts should be almost instantaneously flashed across three thousand miles of stormy ocean. Why? Because all the known laws of nature were against it, and the "law" by which it has been accomplished was unknown and incomprehensible. When we reflect how many occult influences and unknown laws may modify in numberless ways the "laws of nature as we know them," it is surely not difficult to believe that He who has all these hidden springs at His command, and whose gracious will and purpose are not dominated by, but themselves dominate, the "blind force" which is their instrument, is able to care for the fall of a sparrow and answer the prayer of a trusting child.

The authors of the "Unseen Universe," who are men of profound scientific research, distinguish between the "calculable" forces of nature, such as the action of gravitation, light, heat, &c., and the "*eminently incalculable*" ones, such as certain atmospheric disturbances, among which we may safely include rain. These authors even suggest, though without any reference to the subject of prayer, that such "incalculable forces" may possibly be directed by superior created beings, just as an electric battery is directed by human agency. If such a hypothesis is considered at least tenable by physicists like Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart, we may surely rationally believe in the larger one, that from moment to moment they are perfectly under the control of Him who holds all forces "in the hollow of His hand." To say that the Divine ruler of the moral and physical universe has so bound himself to a certain order of action as to be unable to provide for the appeal for aid of an intelligent creature, is surely a less worthy theory than to suppose that, while acting in such a manner as not to put us to intellectual confusion, He is yet able, amid the infinite interchange of law modifying law, and force modifying force, without deranging His own order, to fulfil the expectations with which we believe He has taught His rational creatures to raise their hearts in supplication to the all-responsive heart of the great Father. In saying this, we are not making any assertion as to the way in which God *does* answer prayer. Such an assertion would be as unnecessary as it would be presumptuous.*

> "Who fathoms the eternal thought?
> Who talks of scheme or plan?
> The Lord is God, and needeth not
> The poor device of man!"

In his objection to the statement that the region of uncertainty is the region of human *effort* as well as of prayer, Mr. Le Sueur evidently confuses the certainty which is opposed to contingency with our trust *in the uniformity of nature*. For the "certainty" of which he speaks as attaching to certain spheres of action *implies* the action itself as a necessary element of the certainty. It remains, then, perfectly true that the region of uncertainty—for greater precision we shall call it *contingency—is* the region of effort as well as prayer. Where we know beforehand that a thing is *impossible*, we feel that we know already what is God's will concerning it, and we neither work nor pray for it. The farmer does not sow his crops in the desert sand,

* Sir Hope Grant, during the war in China of 1860, recognised it as "a direct interposition of Providence when a heavy rainfall balked a contemplated attack of the enemy, by leaving the English entrenchments dry as Gideon's fleece, while all the country around was wringing wet." Has the philosopher who would resolve this entirely into the result of a "physical sequence" any better right for this opinion than had the true soldier and gallant Christian knight, who, like the psalmist of old, "trusted in God?" Gustavus Adolphus was wont to say: "*La prière aide à combattre,—de prier c'est a moitié vaincre.*" Every reader of history will remember that the battle of Lutzen was inaugurated with prayer, and though the action was fatal to Gustavus himself, it secured the triumph of the cause for which he would willingly have given his life.

any more than he would pray that the sand might be miraculously rendered productive. Where we *know positively* that by availing ourselves of a certain natural law, a certain result will *inevitably* follow, it is a case in which, as in the former, we feel that we know God's will beforehand, and we naturally do not pray, though we may and often do feel gratitude for the wise provision of Divine wisdom of which we avail ourselves. But where we do not know His will beforehand, but have reason to believe that a desired result is attainable by the use of means (including prayer) we both work and pray. In saying, as Mr. Le Sueur does, that, according to those who maintain the physical efficasy of prayer, "it should only be resorted to in cases the physical conditions of which are such as to make it quite possible that the thing desired should happen without prayer," he merely repeats, in different words, a misrepresentation of our position, the inaccuracy of which has been pointed out by the present writer in a previous article. The cases in which we pray are, as has been said, the cases in which we are uncertain as to the issue, and we cannot possibly know whether the physical conditions make it possible that the thing desired should happen *without prayer*.

To know this, we should have to know, either that the physical conditions are independent of the Divine control altogether, or that it is not the will of God to establish a connection between prayer and the bestowal of blessings; two things that no human being can possibly know. While, on the contrary, the first is opposed to any adequate hypothesis of the Divine being and government, and the second we believe contrary to God's revealed will. And all working Christians know that they, on the other hand, not seldom use effort in cases, the spiritual conditions of which, *for aught they know*, make success possible independently of effort, which is Mr. Le Sueur's counter-hypothesis. But still they do not *know* that success will follow independently of effort, and so they work as well pray, just as, in the former set of cases, they pray as well as work.

It is seldom, indeed, in the region where man's effort and the laws of nature meet, that we can calculate results with *absolute* certainty. The gun may miss fire, or explode. The very word "casualty" points to hundreds of such instances. The food may fail to nourish because of some injurious quality in itself, or of some morbid condition of the body. We know that *in general* crops will grow, food will nourish, labour attain its end, but we cannot certainly tell that this will happen in any individual case. We believe it to be thoroughly true that "except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." It is true that in proportion to the uncertainty of a result which we desire, and the earnestness with which we desire it, we naturally increase the earnestness both of effort and of prayer. It is also true that human nature, always in bondage to the things of sense, is prone to walk by sight rather than faith;—to look more to agencies which it can see and measure and weigh, than to the unseen Source all power. But this is only a tendency of human nature, not an argument against prayer, any more than the fact that man's pride would often make him a god unto himself, is a proof that he owes no higher homage.

Many, however, so far realise the life of faith, that they love, in all things, to recognise their dependence on God, and to "make their requests known" to Him, whether in the more ordinary concerns of life, or its more difficult and perilous enterprises. And such, although they may not always be the most outwardly prosperous, (what *is* outward prosperity, often, but a mere show?) are the most truly happy of the human race, for to such God is truly "our Father," and their attitude towards Him is that of a loving and trusting child. And while we have no wish to attempt to enter presumptuously into the Divine thoughts regarding man, or to theorize as to *why* He who "knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him," should yet have taught us to pray—we can see at least one reason for it as in accordance with what He has shown us of Himself in revelation. A wise and loving earthly parent might be able to anticipate every want of his child, and yet might see it to be for the child's good to feel its dependence on him and to recognise his love in answering its requests.*

* The fact that God does withhold temporal blessings, either from the wicked or from those who do not pray, does not prove his indifference either to sin or to neglect of prayer—but only His love and forbearance, and the fact that His ways are not as our ways.

And as God has made the parental relation the closest type of His own dealings with man, we can trace the value of prayer either for spiritual or temporal blessings, in that by its means we can reach out, beyond the rush and noise and glare of sensible things, into the darkness which ultimately shrouds all natural phenomena, and find, close beside us, the Father's loving heart and guiding hand. In short, the conception of God as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, fits so closely to the needs of our human hearts, and follows so naturally and inevitably our belief in the Fatherhood of God, that it is not easy to see how any one who accepts the one can reject the other. If it be objected that this is an "anthropomorphic" conception of the Divine Being, we must remember that we cannot possibly get rid of "anthropomorphic" conceptions any more than of our human faculties themselves. The Heathen saying, "*semel jussit semper paret*," is quite as anthropomorphic as the Scriptural one,—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." But the anthropomorphism of the one is a purely human idea,—that of a rigid unyielding human will; while that of the other is founded upon the most Divine attribute of human nature—the one under which God has most especially revealed Himself, that of devoted, self-sacrificing parental love.*

Exception has been taken to the statement that, when we either pray for or minister to the sick, we do not wish the case left to the ordinary laws of nature, as if it implied that the God of grace was not also the God of nature. The meaning of this statement is surely sufficiently defined by the immediate context, "*otherwise we should not call in a physician or apply remedies* by which we desire to alter the course of these laws and probably change the result." What is here referred to is the modifying one natural law by another, but it is certainly not implied that these laws are of the nature of independent influences,† or at all apart from the agency and control of a Divine ruler. But it is a common enough *façon de parler* to speak of the law of any given series of phenomena, as a thing by itself, a train of sequences which, left to its natural and unimpeded course, must have a certain issue. When we call in medical aid, instead of trusting to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, which, indeed, of itself often modifies the "law" of the disease, we attempt, by means of an intelligent directing will, to neutralise the "law" or natural sequence of the morbid influences, and deflect their course to a different termination than that which we should otherwise fear. No rational man leaves a sick member of his family to the fortuitous "*enchaînement*" of cause and effect; and the families of whom Mr. Le Sueur speaks as prosperous, though recognising only the "spontaneous, undirected" action of law, are certainly not those who are careless about providing expedients for modifying the effects of natural "laws," as for example, those of heat and cold. The very word "imprudence" used by him in this connexion, implies the need of applying human "prudence" to such ends. If we, then, appeal to a human physician to affect and control the "laws of disease," why is it not at least as reasonable to appeal to the great Physician, who has at His command all the springs of physical action, and who in countless ways which, in the nature of things, we cannot see, may, and we believe *does*, answer such an appeal. Mr. Le Sueur does not show any reason why we should not do so—for his chief objection refers only to the wording of the writer's argument, which has been now explained. His other objection is, in effect, that he does not see the use of praying for the "success of the means," since, if the agency be appropriate, we may expect it to accomplish its appropriate effect. But it is just the most skilful and thoughtful physicians who feel most strongly the uncertainty attaching to the use of means, and their

* "All visible things are emblems. Matter exists only spiritually, to represent some idea and body it forth."—Carlyle. If so, what irrationality is there in supposing that our Heavenly Father may use matter and natural laws to "body forth" to us, in a way we can realize, His tender, watchful fatherly love?

† Dr. Canniff in a paper on "Nature's power to heal," published in the *Canada Medical Record*, expresses so much confidence in "Nature's power to heal," that he says, the fallacy contained in Professor Tyndall's proposal to test the efficacy of prayer in healing the sick is at once apparent, as the proposed trial of comparative efficacy would really be between active medication and nature unaided, and not between prayer and either one of them. But "Nature" is a mere name expressing what we believe to be the action of the Divine Will, in and through physical causes.

ignorance of the mysterious laws of vitality.* Some of the most successful and eminent members of the medical profession, who have most carefully studied the laws of disease, have felt it the reverse of irrational to ask the Lord of life and death to bless their humble efforts for the restoration of health, and have referred much of their success to their practice of so doing. That prayers for the sick are, however, answered in a larger sense, even when the literal fulfilment is not granted, is no matter of doubt to those who truly commit their requests to "a faithful Creator," adding the qualification necessary to human blindness—"Yet not my will, but Thine be done!"

This brings us to the other *a priori* objection that, as God is all-wise and unchangeable, it is presumptuous to suppose that our prayers can effect His will. This has been sufficiently met already, by the answer, that, for good and wise reasons, He has willed to include our prayers among the means by which we are to seek for the things we have need of. As this statement covers all prayers in all circumstances, it certainly also covers that particular kind of prayer to which Mr. Romanes applied it when he answered Mr. Le Sueur's objection to a prayer that "God will do what is best" in certain given circumstances, which is assuredly justifiable on the ground that we are not only permitted but Divinely commanded to pray in the almost equivalent words, "Thy will be done." It is seldom, however, that when a definite result is desired, a petition is put in so abstract a form. In the case referred to, each petitioner brings his special request to his heavenly Father — adding, however, as becomes a Christian petitioner, the prayer that the Divine will may be done, and that he may be able to acquiesce in that will as regards the result. And it is quite reasonable to believe that, as Mr. Romanes says, the thing which would be "the best" possible in the absence of the prayer, may not be the best possible in the presence of the new moral element introduced by the trustful prayer. It may be, and we believe it *is* more in accordance with the moral nature of things, that He who can do more and better for us than we can ask or think, can also do more and better for us if we ask than if we do not ask.

Nor have we any right to regard prayer as exceptional in being supposed to affect the Divine will. We must believe in human action as continually affecting that will as we can judge of it by its manifestations in the physical sphere. And we cannot conceive of evil-doers as fulfilling His holy will, or of their not exciting His displeasure. Our moral instincts continually tell us that our "love of love and hate of hate" is but a faint reflex of that existing in the Divine nature. If then we must feel that the voluntary actions of men do constantly affect His manifested will, and His moral attitude towards us as moral beings, what right have objectors to prayer to deny that prayer can do what other human actions do continually? Of course we believe that there is a sphere in which man's free-will and God's sovereignty are ultimately reconcileable,—in which God overrules all things to bring about His wise and holy will, and it is equally easy to believe that Infinite wisdom can include—in the sovereign direction of all things—the prayer and its answer, as well as the action and its result. We do not hesitate to act because we believe that God's will must, in any case, be done. Why, then, should we hesitate to pray, if we believe, as we *do* believe, that prayer as well as action is in accordance with that will?

Mr. Le Sueur "cannot think that any human being, in uttering sincerely and fervently the words,—'Thy will be done,' can ever have felt that they implied petition." It remains true, however, that many sincere and fervent Christian petitioners in all ages *have* felt this to be a real petition—earnestly uttered—including all that is most truly to

* Dr. Carpenter says, "Every medical man of large experience is aware how strongly the patient's undoubting faith in the efficacy of a particular remedy or course of treatment assists its action; and where the doctor is himself animated by such a faith he has the more power of exciting it in others." Here is clearly "a physical occurrence," governed by something which is not a "physical antecedent." Why should we not believe that He who has surely far more direct ways of influencing our minds than man can possibly possess should be able, even by influencing the patient's spiritual nature alone, to influence his physical condition? And why should not the higher faith be at least as influential, in a remedial capacity, as the lower? If it be said that this would be resolving an answer to prayer into natural causes, what difference does it make that prayer should be answered by "natural causes," so long as it is answered? That life has been preserved by the peace of mind resulting from Christian faith has been testified again and again by medical opinion.

be desired for themselves and the whole world. Dr. McLeod Campbell is cited as an instance to the contrary, on the foundation of a few words *said about him*, which, however, were never meant to assert that the words in question were not a petition as well as a response. But Mr. Le Sueur seems to have forgotten a statement of Dr. Campbell's own on this very point, already quoted by the present writer:—"Were all our prayers gathered into the Lord's Prayer—and to this prayer tends more and more as the mind of Christ is formed in us—prayer would still be prayer, and not simple *praise*. Our attitude in looking forward to the hallowing of the Father's name—the coming of His kingdom—His will being done on earth as it is in heaven—*would be a waiting in the faith that our prayer was hastening that which we had prayed for*." This is a sufficient answer at once to the objection, and to the reference to the author of these profoundly true words.

A few words next about the intuition which leads men to pray. Mr. Dawson referred to the truth that mathematical science, like all science, and like Christian faith, must begin with something which is to be *believed* not *proved*. It is true that moral and spiritual intuitions have not in all minds the uniformity which belong to mathematical intuitions, just because man's moral and spiritual sensibility is, owing to moral causes, far more variable than, up to a certain limit, is his intellectual capacity. Even mathematical intuition, however, varies in different individuals. There have been mathematical geniuses to whom the truth of a complicated proposition was self-evident, while some minds might not see at once that all right angles must be equal, more especially if unaided by the sense of sight. For mathematics, though an abstract science, is concerned with the relations of visible and tangible things, and so its axioms are much more likely to be uniformly recognised than is truth which belongs not even to the intellect alone, but to the intellect and spirit combined. When we find that a certain number of rational and intelligent persons see as self-evident truth that which is not so seen by certain others, as, for instance, the harmonies of music are recognized by those who are gifted with a musical ear, we do not conclude that the insight of the former is less but more true. And we know that by the cultivation of certain faculties, even when only rudimentary, a fuller insight may be obtained, so that truths once not self-evident may eventually become so. As our faculties develop in any direction, the range of self-evident truth widens. We should not make the intelligence of the savage, with his narrow range of interests and conceptions, the measure of what may be self-evident to man after many generations of culture,—we who

> "count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child."

And neither, on the other hand, are we willing to take a man who, by a one-sided development,—by concentrating his attention almost wholly on the phenomena of the external world, on what can be *seen* and *felt*,—who, by starving the higher part of his nature, has cut himself off from the full development and fruition of his being,—as a standard of what may be intuitively perceived by those who have given their spiritual faculties fuller and fairer play.* As a matter of fact, we find that while some will accept as true nothing which cannot be scientifically or logically demonstrated, and must, therefore, remain blind to spiritual truth; by others, the existence of a God is intuitively felt; while, to others still, the divinity of the voice which speaks to their hearts in Revelation is so self-evident as to require no further proof. What follows? If we pursue the same

* "The cause, I believe to be, in the case of many men of science, an unequal development of their nature, in other words, a want of uniform culture. They give up their whole life and all its energy to the study of physical phenomena. The combinations of the elements do not speak of the union of the soul with the Eternal Son of God, and in the convolutions of the brain and interweaving of the nerves they will not discover faith or love or reverence; or not being able to deny their existence, they say that they dissolve with the nerve matter of which they are modes of motion. Not only do they study nothing but these things, but they put aside any suggestions of spiritual feeling which may come to them, in their work as distributing elements, as dimming the 'day-light' in which they toil. It is no wonder, then, that their spiritual faculty becomes dwarfed or paralyzed, till, not finding its motions in themselves, they are ready to deny their existence elsewhere. On the other hand, their peculiar habit of mind becoms abnormally developed, and even their imagination is only used in one direction. If a man cannot see red, we do not let him impose on us the statement that red is not to be seen, even if he be a perfect musician." —Rev. Stopford Brooke.

course that we do in other departments of truth, we shall not assume that the man who sees least beyond the visible is the safest guide, but will rather admit that the more developed and cultivated spiritual insight sees farther than that which has been unnaturally stunted by the development of the merely intellectual at the expense of the spiritual.

But the intuition which leads men to pray is almost, if not quite, universal—one of the strongest impulses of our human nature, which, as Froude says of the consciousness of free-will, "exists within us and refuses to yield before all the batteries of logic." No philosophy will ever check the instinct which impels the suffering human being to apply to the unseen Father, as surely as the child in trouble seeks its mother's ever ready help and comfort.

"'There is no God' the foolish saith,
But none, 'There is no sorrow,'
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow;
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raiséd,
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praiséd.'"

True the cry is often a blind and mistaken one, but He who hears it is pitiful to human blindness and weakness, and it is one of the greatest safeguards of our human nature, that, with all its perversion and imperfection, it still keeps this enduring link between heaven and earth. He who would destroy it would injure his fellows more deeply than he can now comprehend; though, happily, the attempt is as vain as King Canute's appeal to the ocean tide. And the more spiritually-minded a Christian becomes, the more value does he attach to prayer, though much of the blindness and earthliness of his earlier petitions may be purged away as he learns to pray more truly in the spirit and the name of Christ. That much debasing superstition has been engrafted upon the intuition of prayer, is no more an argument against its intrinsic truth, than the superstitions of Polytheism are an argument against Theism, or than the Mohammedan vision of a sensual Paradise is a proof that immortality is a delusion. No! we believe that the divinely implanted and ineradicable instinct of prayer is no delusion, but is our Divine guide to the unseen and uncomprehended love which lies around and about us; just as the instinct that draws the child to its mother's breast is its guide to the uncomprehended mother-love, which is the necessary and blessed provision for its opening years. Mr. Le Sueur has himself, in a different connexion, appealed to the "law written on the heart." He has, therefore, no right to refuse the same appeal in the case of prayer.

We turn now to the *a posteriori* argument founded on the difficulty of tracing the influence of prayer in the course of outward events. It is true that earnest prayers for aid often *seem* to be disregarded, just as it is true that, in some morbid moments, life seems to us a mere senseless procession of force and accident, destitute of a guiding mind and will altogether. Yet *this*, assuredly, Mr. Le Sueur would not maintain. The results of prayer can never be statistically tabulated, because true prayer is one of the heart secrets which can never be laid open for the satisfaction of the merely curious. How much prayer is true and trusting filial prayer, no human judge can decide. How much of the well-being of those who do not pray, may come in answer to the prayers of believing friends, must remain unknown till the secrets of all hearts have been disclosed. This much, however, we may venture to assert, that those Christian communities, in which true and intelligent prayer is most common, afford a higher ratio of health and even of outward success than others, as may easily be seen in the contrast between heathen communities converted to Christianity, and those still remaining heathen. It may be said that this is, at least, partly owing to the better observation of natural laws. But if this is brought about through the agency of Christianity, of which prayer is a prominent characteristic, why should even the natural cause be dissociated from the spirit of prayer which has preceded it? And as they who have most faithfully used any particular means, are confessedly the best witnesses to its efficacy, it is no mean argument for the efficacy of prayer that they who, during a long life, have most earnestly and faithfully used this means, are just they who most earnestly and gratefully testify to the truth of every Christian promise in regard to it. Here, we apprehend, is the true prayer test, and we would earnestly recommend every sceptic to try it for himself. Mr. Müller, of Bristol, has

lately recorded as his own experience, that out of thousands of instances of prayer for things he had need of, he had not known one unanswered. And we believe that the experience of all praying Christians—could it be recorded—would be found to corroborate this to a degree absolutely startling to sceptics.* Most Christians, indeed, could multiply, from their own experience and observation, instances of prayer for temporal blessings, so remarkably and promptly fulfilled, that they would not have refused to believe in the result as a direct answer to prayer; though, of course, there is hardly any result of such a kind which a sceptic could not find some way of referring to a natural cause, as if even such a natural cause could at all disprove the relation of the result to the prayer.

But even where we see that prayer, however earnest, does not avert temporal ill, are we, who can see so little beyond the outward appearance in the lives of others, to judge whether any true prayer has been unanswered? The Almighty Father has many ways of answering the cry for help. We may hear, in imagination, the wail of agony, which the winds and waves so quickly drown, but we cannot follow and trace the loving care that guides the sufferer through that parting pang of agony into the nobler life beyond. As George Macdonald beautifully says:—"The man who creeps out of the drowning, choking billows into the glory of the new heavens and the new earth, do you think his thanksgiving for the mercy of God which has delivered him is less than that of the man who creeps, exhausted and worn, out of the waves, upon the dreary, surf-beaten shore? In nothing do we show less faith than the way in which we think and speak about death." And sometimes we have testimonies—*almost* from the grave—to the sustaining peace and trust, given in answer to prayer, in the prospect of an immediate and terrible death. Of course this is not, strictly speaking, an answer to prayer, though even this involves physical effects. But it has been already sufficiently explained that Christian prayer is an *asking*, not a *demand*, or the turning of a machine; that the very spirit of prayer implies that we are to acquiesce in a possible refusal of the special request; and, as *all* temporal requests cannot be granted, and as men *must* die sometime, and in the circumstances which God sees to be on the whole best, it must often happen that requests of this nature *must* seem to be disregarded.

Such arguments as these, however, would be more in place in the plea of an atheist opposing theists, than of a theist opposing believers in prayer. For they belong to those mysteries of providence which have in all ages baffled the most earnest thought—to which

* The following instance of answer to prayer at an important crisis, was gratefully related by the Rev. Mr. Allsopp, a Wesleyan Missionary among the Amapenda people, in south-eastern Africa. The reigning chief, Takee, though not a professed Christian, had been favourably disposed towards Christianity, and had refused during a long drought to call in the aid of the "rain-doctors," saying "It is of no use; only the missionaries' God can, I believe, give rain." The drought being prolonged, however, the king's heathen counsellors redoubled their entreaties that he should have recourse to the "rain-doctors," and at last proposed to put the power of the "Missionaries' God" to the test, by asking Mr. Allsopp to appoint the following Sunday as a day of fasting and special prayer for rain. If the test failed, and the rain did not come, the rain-doctors must be propitiated, and a check thus given to the progress of Christianity among that people.

"This appeal resulted in a message to the missionary, conveying the wishes of the Indunas. Mr. Allsopp sent word to Takee that this request did his heart good, for he and the converts had long prayed for rain, but now that the nation was turning to God and looking for His help, he believed their prayers would be answered. At the same time, Mr. Allsopp deeply felt how momentous a crisis had come in the history of the mission, and tenderly and trustfully was this feeling shared by the native converts.

"Truly a season of earnest prayer had from that time begun. and early on the following Sunday a crowded prayer meeting attested the general interest of the converts. Later in the day a still larger gathering took place, and the whole service was solemn and impressive. A prayer meeting was then announced for the afternoon, and near the time, as one and another kept dropping in, gathering clouds drew the attention of all, Before the meeting was half over, the great drops of rain began to fall, and at its conclusion, a steady down-pour had set in, and continued all that night and during the following day and night, so that no further meetings could be held. The windows of heaven were opened and the drought was ended."

This termination of the test not only greatly increased the influence of the missionaries, but led to a train of events by which some cruel and debasing heathen customs were abolished, and the conversion of the people to Christianity was largely promoted. A book entitled "Prayer and its Answers," recently published, contains a large number of instances of remarkable answers to prayer, some of which are so striking that they would be given here, but for want of space.

the philosophers of all ages have vainly endeavoured to find the key. On the supposition of an all-wise, all-holy, all-powerful Ruler of the universe, it must appear as strange that iniquity, and tyranny, and oppression should maintain their cruel and debasing sway throughout ages and centuries, as that the cry of the down-trodden and suffering to infinite Love and infinite Justice, should seem to be unheeded. But

> "God is His own interpreter,
> And He will make it plain;"

and no one but an atheist will refuse to admit that we must trustfully *wait* for the solution of the problems which perplex us. But Mr. Le Sueur is no atheist, as he has clearly shown in this article, although he has answered somewhat vaguely Mr. Romanes' well-grounded assertion that any discussion of the efficacy of prayer, as a special development of God's providence, would be futile and absurd, except on the theistic hypothesis which Mr. Le Sueur admits, when he speaks of the "unseen Power," towards whom our "gratitude naturally flows forth." For it would be absurd to speak of "*gratitude*," unless we conceive of that "Power" as having relations to ourselves,—in other words as a "personal Providence." He has, therefore, no right to bring forward, against prayer, arguments which he would not admit as against the existence and supremacy of a God, "infinite in goodness and wisdom." Such a line of thought, *logically carried out*, would end in the denial of theism, in the only sense in which it can be either intelligible or important to us, that of a personal God who cares for His personal, individual creatures;—in the belief, instead, in a universe of blind and reckless forces, which, however, by some occult quality not characteristic of blindness and recklessness within the sphere of ordinary observation, has always been progressing to some wonderful and beautiful end,—perhaps, even, to some "far off Divine event." It *must* come to this, if the principle that "physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents," be carried far enough. It *has* come to this with most of the materialistic philosophers, who object to prayer on this ground, and who tell us also that the conditions of physical law make immortality an idle dream, and that the thought of a God is to be retained only by weak and sentimental enthusiasts. And yet, when they have exhausted all they can say to disprove it, we *feel* how infinitely truer and wiser, as well as more beautiful,—appealing to those parts of our being most akin to what we *must* call the Divine,—is the teaching of Him to whom, and not to modern philosophers, we look for light in this matter. "A sparrow shall not fall on the ground without your Father. . . . Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

> "Many, many are the shadows
> That the dawn of truth reveals;
> Beautiful on life's broad meadows
> Is the light the Christian feels.
> Evil shall give place to goodness,
> Wrong be dispossessed by right;
> Out of old chaotic rudeness,
> God evokes a world of light."

> "We through doubt and darkness travel,
> Through the agony and gloom,
> Hoping that we shall unravel
> This strange web beyond the tomb.
> O my brothers! men heroic!
> Workers both with hand and brain;
> 'Tis the *Christian* not the Stoic
> That best triumphs over pain."

Mr. Le Sueur's implied objection to Mr. Romanes' arguing in favour of the efficacy of prayer, while he has not yet come to any definite conclusion regarding the question, is one which was not to have been expected from an able and thoughtful pleader for truth. For it would seem to imply that no one has a right to argue for or against a disputed belief unless he has finally made up his mind on one side or the other, and that no one would take the trouble to refute arguments which he deemed erroneous, unless he could firmly profess himself an advocate of the view against which such arguments are directed. Surely we have not arrived at such *partyism* in our search for *truth!* If our object really is *truth*, why may not any one, in discussing a question which he believes to be an open one, bring forward all the sound arguments that he can against those which he considers fallacious? Nay, as a searcher for truth, is he not *bound* to do this? Surely there can be but one reply.

Mr. Le Sueur, in referring to Mr. Romanes' position in regard to prayer, falls into the very common but confusing fallacy of using an indefinite negative in two very different senses at once. When he says, "it is evident that Mr. Romanes does not believe in the physical efficacy of prayer

any more than I do," he uses the expression "not believe," at once in the sense of suspended judgment, and in that of positive denial, as is apparent if we alter the sentence to "Mr. Romanes *disbelieves* the physical efficacy of prayer as much as I do." For Mr. Romanes has expressly said that he does not know whether to believe it or not—while Mr. Le Sueur maintains the belief to be erroneous and injurious. He is unjust, also, to Mr. Romanes in saying that he "has not unfolded" the reasons for his suspended judgment. Mr. Romanes has explicitly done so in saying that the question of belief in prayer hinges mainly on a belief in the Christian revelation, and the fact that his judgment is suspended as to the larger issue, necessitates its suspension on the minor one which depends on it. This very circumstance will, to most minds, give more weight to his arguments than to those of firm believers in Christianity, who are, of course, exposed to the imputation of having their view on the minor subject coloured by their belief in the larger one which includes it. The fact that the arguments of such an impartial writer have been found most serviceable by a "writer of unquestionable faith in the whole Christian theory of prayer," is surely so much in favour of the rationality of that faith ;* and Mr. Romanes is thoroughly justifiable in saying, as he does in his preface to the Essay on the Physical Efficacy of Prayer, that "only if he disbelieved in the Christian system as a whole, should he feel that time was ill spent in refuting erroneous arguments against one of its leading doctrines."

Mr. Le Sueur has truly said in the beginning of his article that "*there is no absolute screen from error for any human being.*" It is precisely because we so fully recognise the fallibility of the human mind, that we thankfully look for guidance, in this and other matters, to the Divine voice which we recognise in Revelation, and in the corresponding teaching of the Holy Spirit, given to "them that ask it." And as the objections against the efficacy of prayer are merely human ones,—human suppositions, theories, and assumptions,—we can hardly be expected to give them much weight in a sphere which lies beyond them, and in which we have a higher guide, clear and distinct enough for practical direction, though not affording much satisfaction to mere speculative curiosity. We are advised to be "willing to reject, not predetermined to receive." This is good advice in regard to any still open question. But what if all the arguments suggested have previously been weighed and dismissed as utterly inadequate to justify rejection? What if all our consideration of the subject shows us more of the fatuity and short-sightedness of human reasonings against it,—if the strong instinct of our hearts and the fuller experience of life make us feel more and more that we have no reason to reject it, but every reason to value and cherish it as our most precious privilege? Surely, then to reject would be —not wisdom, but reckless folly! We have little hope of convincing by argument those who regard the difficulties which the subject must present to our partial comprehension as insuperable barriers to belief, however deeply we may regret their bearing the burden of life without availing themselves of this unspeakable privilege. It is not by argument or discussion that any truth can become the possession of the soul ; and all that we would desire would be that they should fairly test the matter in their own experience, a test which would be of infinitely more value than many "doubtful disputations." But far less can the reasonings of objectors shake the Christian's belief in prayer, founded as it is on a basis which the objectors cannot touch and do not apparently comprehend. Nor can they eradicate the strong instinct of humanity to pray, though they may weaken and confuse the belief of some and keep them from availing themselves of the full blessedness of the privilege. While, therefore, there is much in the latter part of Mr. Le Sueur's article that we sympathize with, we cannot but regret that the writer of it should "spend his strength

† As the reference here alluded to would almost convey the suggestion that Mr. Romanes wrote on the subject *merely* for the sake of competition for a University prize, the present writer, without any communication on the subject with Mr. Romanes, is able, from previous knowledge, to dispose of any such idea. The nucleus of the essay on the Physical Efficacy of Prayer, appended to the Burney Essay, was originally written entirely independently of the Burney competition, as a contribution to the *Contemporary Review*. It was not, however, published therein, because, for private reasons, Mr. Romanes did not wish it then to appear over his name, and it was afterwards expanded into its present form in the volume containing the Burney essay.

for naught," in trying to accomplish that which is impossible, and which, if it were possible, would be hurtful, not beneficial.

On another account we cannot but regret this, both on the writer's account and that of those whom he may influence. The present writer believes that Mr. Romanes has done good service in showing the treacherous nature of the ground on which mere Theism, rejecting Christianity, must take its stand;—how the apparently solid surface may at any time give way or expose the quagmire of Materialism and Atheism beneath. It is true that man has his intuitions of the Divine,—that even with this internal revelation alone, he ought to rise from "the things that are made" to the conception of "His eternal power and Godhead." But alas! *ought* is not *is!* The "foolish heart is darkened" by sin, and the mind which has bound itself down to the things of sense readily loses this intuition, and the power of rising to such a conception. And thus we find intelligent and accomplished physicists, on the ground of their limited human knowledge, quietly assuming the impossibility of anything supernatural, or rather beyond the range of human experience, and dogmatically asserting that God and immortality are a dream, since they can find no physical proof nor logical demonstration for either. It is not easy to see how a vague and shadowy theism is to hold its ground against the bold and dogmatic atheism of positive science. But we do not believe, on this account, that the light of faith which has guided men for so many ages, is to be quenched in the darkness which ultimately enshrouds positive knowledge; but that, rather, in accordance with the great law of progress or evolution, it shall grow stronger and stronger unto the perfect day, till the star which was first seen in the east *has* actually lighted the whole world. We do not believe that in these latter days we are to be left with only vague thoughts of God as "the One, the Highest, the Best, the Eternal." We require some surer standing ground, some stronger constraining force, whether for hope or comfort, or for "the purifying of every thought and purpose," and "the ordering of the life in harmony with the great eternal realities of Reason and Love." And this we find in the Christian Revelation, with all that it involves, and in the direct contact with the Divine which we have in Revelation and in the exercise of prayer. In these ways the human heart can reach out into the darkness and touch the Divine, as it never can do through the mere intellect and reason, *which cannot* "by searching find out God." External nature may refuse to show even a trace of His spiritual presence;—it may itself at times appear a dream, and so sometimes may even our own existence. But "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and no humble, praying Christian will ever be left to wander in darkness, but shall always be able to record his testimony that the promises of Revelation are all "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." It *is* "the *pure in heart* who shall see God," just as it is they who *will* do His will who "shall know of the doctrine." But we need to *be made* pure in heart, and we need to seek to *know* His will in regard to prayer as to other things. This we believe we find in Revelation; and it is they who have most faithfully followed that will, as they find it there, to whom God is most real and true,—not merely an "Unseen Power," or the "Highest, Best, and Eternal," but the loving Father and faithful Guide;—"the God which led them all their life long,—the Angel which redeemed them from all evil,"—the Lord who "lifts up the light of His countenance upon them and *gives them peace.*"

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

THE CLIMATE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. P. TOCQUE, A.M., KINMOUNT.

THE winters of Newfoundland are not by many degrees so cold as in the neighbouring British Provinces. It is an admitted fact that the climate of Newfoundland has gradually undergone a change within the last forty years, and is now much warmer than it was then. This change may in part be attributed to the improvement in agriculture, the draining of marshes, the clearing of the forests, and perhaps a more northerly direction of the Gulf stream. Most writers affirm that the northern parts of Europe have become much warmer than they were a few centuries ago. St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, is in 47° 33′ north latitude; London, 51° 30′; Dublin, 53° 20′; and Edinburgh, in 55° 53′. Thus St. John's is nearer the equator than any of the above-mentioned places; and yet, instead of being warmer, is much colder than Great Britain. To account for this, the great astronomer, Dr. Halley, supposed that a comet had formerly struck the earth obliquely, and changed the position of its axis of rotation. As a consequence, the North Pole, which had been originally very near to Hudson's Bay, was changed to a more easterly position; but the countries which it abandoned had been so long and so deeply frozen, that vestiges still remained of its ancient polar rigour, and that a long series of years would be required for the solar action to impart to the northern parts of the new continent the climate of their present geographical position. But this, of course, is mere theory, and not to be depended on. Sir Charles Lyell, however, in his work on "The Antiquity of Man," adopted something of Halley's theory about the ancient frozen condition of the northerly portions of the globe, in the glacial era, following in the footsteps of Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University. In Newfoundland, January and February are the coldest months of the year, when the thermometer sometimes sinks below zero; but at the coldest times not more than 10 degrees below it, and then only for a few hours; while in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick the thermometer sometimes falls to from 20 to between 30 and 40 degrees below zero. The following reports of the states of the weather was communicated to the *Yarmouth Herald*, N. S., by electric telegraph, in February, 1858:—

Tuesday, Feb. 16th, 9 a.m.

Halifax, N. S., wind N. W., ...ther. 12
Port Hood, N. S., wind N. W.,.....ther. 6
Port-aux-Basque, N. F., wind W., cloudy ther. 26
St. John's, N. F., wind W., cold and calm.....ther. 28
Sackville, N. B., wind W., light and clear.....ther. 4
St. John, N. B., wind N. W., clear, ther. 9
Yarmouth, N. S., wind W. N. W., overcast ther. 16

Wednesday, Feb. 17th, 9 a.m.

Halifax, N. S., ther. 11, wind N.N.W., clear.
Calais, Me., ther. zero, wind N. W.
St. John, N. B., wind N. W., clear, ther. zero, at 7 a. m.
Sackville, N. B., ther. 2 below zero, clear, wind N. W.
St. John's, N.F., ther. 31, cloudy, wind S.W.
Port-aux-Basque, N. F., wind W., overcast, ther. 29.
Yarmouth, N. S., wind N. W., ther. 8.

Thursday, Feb. 18th, 9 a.m.

Halifax, N. S., wind W., clear, ther. 16.
Sackville, N.B., wind N.W., clear, ther. zero.
St. John's, N.F., ther. 28, wind W., overcast.
Port Hood, N. S., wind N. W., fine, ther. 20.
Yarmouth, N. S., ther. 16, wind N.W., light snow.

The following was the state of the weather at Amherst (which is at the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the borders of New Brunswick) on the 30th of December, 1859:—

Christmas morning, ther. stood 13 below zero.

26th	"	"	11	"
27th	"	"	12	"
28th	"	"	14	"
29th	"	"	17	"
30th	"	"	21	"

These readings are from a self-registering spirit thermometer in a sheltered position. From the above reports it will be seen that Newfoundland was many degrees warmer than any of the other British Provinces.

In Newfoundland the coldest winds in winter are from the north-west, from which quarter in fact the wind generally prevails for about nine months of the year. In spring easterly winds prevail. In winter and summer north-easterly winds are cold. South and south-easterly winds in winter are generally accompanied with snow or sleet, and sometimes rain, and in summer with rain or fog. July and August are the hottest months in the year, when the thermometer is said to have attained 90 degrees in the shade; but this rarely occurs. The usual temperature of those months is from 65 to 79 degrees. The mean temperature of the months is as follows :—

January...	22.7 deg.	July	57.4 deg.
February	19.5 "	August ...	54.0 "
March ...	24.0 "	September	53.5 "
April.....	33.8 "	October	44.2 "
May	37.5 "	November	33.9 "
June.....	49.8 "	December	28.5 "

According to the register for 1841, kept at St. John's, Newfoundland (which is more exposed to the bank fog than any other part of the coast), the average of thick shore fog and partial light fog, extending a short distance inland, was as follows :—

	Thick Fog.	Light Fog, only a portion of the day.
January.....	1½ days.	1½ days.
February.....	none.	half day.
March.....	none.	none.
April.....	1 day.	2½ days.
May.....	3 days.	3 "
June.....	2 "	2½ "
July.....	1 "	2½ "
August.....	1 "	1½ "
September	4 "	2½ "
October.....	1 "	half day.
November.....	2 "	1 "
December.....	1 "	1½ "

It thus appears that there were 17½ days of thick fog, and 19½ days of light fog and mist, making a total of only 37 days of foggy weather throughout the year.

The following register was kept at Citadel Hill, Fort George, Halifax, N. S., in 1859, and was very kindly furnished me by Mr. Geo. Moulds, Staff Sergt. Royal Artillery :

1859. Months.	Cloudy days.	Thick fog.	Light fog portion of the day.	Snow.
January	8	3	2	·11
February	4	5	2	7
March	7	5	7	10
April.....	6	1	2	7
May	9	6	2	1
June	7	9	11	Nil.
July	3	3	4	"
August	7	1	14	"
September	8	2	8	"
October	20	Nil.	1	4
November	15	2	5	7
December..... ..	16	5	2	7
Totals.	110	42	60	54

It will be seen from these tables that while in Newfoundland there were only 37 days of thick and light fog throughout the year 1841, there were in Nova Scotia, in 1859, 42 days of thick fog and 60 days of light fog a portion of the day, making a total of 112 days of foggy weather, besides 110 days of cloudy weather.

The mean temperature of Newfoundland in the year 1859 was 44 degrees; mean max. pres. of barometer, 29.74 inch; Rain, 63.920 for the year; max quan. in 24 hours, 2.098 inch; Wind, N.N.W. and W.N.W., 200 days; N.E., 25 days; W. and W.S.W., 38 days; S.S.W. and S.E., 102 days; rain fell on 110 days; snow, 54 days; thunder and lightning, 5 days. According to a table kept by Dr. Woodward, Superintendent of the Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, which lies 483 feet above the level of the sea, and about the centre of the State of Massachusetts, there were, in 1841, 110 cloudy days, and 40 days on which snow fell.

In Newfoundland the sea-fog prevails only on the eastern and southern shores, and then only during the summer months. I do not remember to have seen more than four or five days of thick fog in a year in Conception Bay, during a residence there of many years, and none on the south shore of Bonavista Bay. In Trinity Bay, however, it obtains with south winds, when it is brought over the narrow neck of land which separates that Bay from Placentia Bay. The fog along the coast from St. John's to Cape Race hardly ever approaches nearer than within

one or two miles of the shore. Many persons suppose that a severe winter necessarily produces a greater quantity of fog the succeeding summer, and that the more ice produced, the more fog. The production of fog entirely depends on the difference of temperature. There is abundance of fog where no ice at all is found. The coasts of South America, Great Britain, and France, surrounded by a warm sea, are subject to thick fogs, that prevail extensively in the winter. Fogs originate in the same causes as rain, viz., the union of a cool body of air with one that is warm and humid; when the precipitation of moisture is slight, fogs are produced; when it is copious, rains are the result. What are called the Banks of Newfoundland are immense shoals, situate from one hundred to two hundred miles eastward of the shores of Newfoundland. Mists of great extent shroud the sea on these banks, and particularly near the current of the Gulf Stream. The difference in the warmth of the waters of the stream, the ocean, and the banks, fully explains the phenomenon. This current, flowing from the equatorial regions, possesses a temperature 5½° Fah. above that of the adjacent ocean, and the waters of the latter are from 16° to 18° warmer than those of the banks. The difference in temperature between the waters of the stream and those of the banks is said to have risen as high as 30°

The air incumbent upon the land and water partakes of their respective temperatures, and on account of the ceaseless agitations of the atmosphere, a union of the warm air of the ground with the cool air of the ocean will necessarily occur, giving rise to the summer fogs.

The Right Rev. J. T. Mullock, R. C. Bishop of Newfoundland, says: "We have all the advantage of an insular climate, a mild temperature, with its disadvantage, uncertain weather. I may remark, likewise, what Abbé Raynal recorded already, that the climate of Newfoundland is considered the most invigorating and salubrious in the world, and that we have no indigenous disease." Again, the Bishop says: "'What an awful climate,' they will say, 'you have in Newfoundland; how can you live there with the sun in a continual fog?' 'Have you been there?' you ask them. 'No,' they say; 'but we have crossed the Banks of Newfoundland.' How surprised they are then when you tell them that for ten months at least in the year all the fog and damp of the banks goes over to their side, and descends in rain there with the south-westerly winds, while we never have the benefit of it unless when what we call the out winds blow. In fact, the geography of America is very little known, even by intelligent writers, at home, and the mistakes made in our leading periodicals are frequently very amusing. I received a letter from a most intelligent friend of mine some time since, in which he speaks of the hyperborean region of Newfoundland. In my reply, I dated my letter from St. John's, N. lat. 47° 30′, and I directed it to Mr. So-and-So., N. lat. 52°."

One of the coldest winters ever experienced in Newfoundland was in 1818, during which the thermometer is said to have sunk for a few hours to from 18 to 22 degrees below zero. The field ice which hovers around the eastern and northern coasts of Newfoundland during the months of March and April, and sometimes May, retards the progress of spring, and it is very probable that the chilling effects of the ice on vegetation would be felt much more were it not for the warm current from the Gulf of Mexico which passes along towards the Grand Banks. Thunder and lightning sometimes occur in the northern parts of Newfoundland, but seldom in the eastern and southern parts. I have lived years on Conception Bay without witnessing either. I believe not more than two or three instances are known of persons having been killed by lightning. Newfoundland is admitted by all who have ever resided there to be the healthiest country in the world; not a fever of any kind is generated in the country, and that fatal disease, consumption, so common on the American continent, is hardly known there. Looming, rainbows, meteors, and other atmospheric phenomena are common; and almost every winter evening is brilliantly illuminated by the "rosy fingers" of the Aurora Borealis. Meteoric stones have been seen falling on the coast of Newfoundland. Some years ago a body of fire was seen to fall into the sea, equalling in diameter four times that of the moon. The tides do not rise or fall more than seven or eight feet on any part of the coast. Newfoundland is behind the age in not having a Meteorological Society.

A TEXAN BARBECUE.

BY M. Y., FORT RICHARDSON, TEXAS.

THE "glorious" Fourth of July, 1876, dawned bright and cloudless; booming of cannon, welcoming the auspicious anniversary, wakened from slumber the inhabitants of the little town of Jacksboro', Texas, as well as those of the adjacent military fort. No more sleep for America, old or "young," when once alive to the fact that the Fourth is really upon them, awakening memories of the military prowess displayed in the early days when the country achieved its independence. Not many are the Yankee youths who would answer, when interrogated as to the reason for fourth of July enthusiasm, as did a seven-year-old, in the fort, on the morning alluded to: "Oh, I don't know; because some President died then." His little hands, and head too, were full of fire-crackers, and, enjoying present happiness, he preferred leaving the consideration of remote causes for it to his elders.

The salute of thirteen guns, reminiscence of the thirteen original States, is over; the troops have been paraded under arms and in full uniform, and are now at liberty to enjoy themselves as individual fancy dictates. We, a Canadian family temporarily resident here, joined by some congenial friends, sought relaxation and pleasure in participating in the amusements of the day, provided by the sons and daughters, native and adopted, of the State of Texas.

A drive of a mile through what might be called a native park of musquite shrubs (for they are so stunted that the word "trees" would seem a misnomer) conveyed the party from the fort to the pic-nic grounds. There were assembled between five and six hundred people—men, women, and children. Many of the last, if they live to be old men and women, will look upon a very different country from the one on which their parents' eyes now rest, and, attending celebrations of the "Fourth" sixty years from now, will, it is to be hoped, miss some noticeable features of the "Barbecue" of the present day.

It was at first rather startling to notice the warlike appearance of the gentlemen in charge of the entertainment. True, benignity beamed from their faces, and to us strangers they hospitably extended many courtesies; but the fact remained, too suggestive to be forgotten, that the marshal's waist was encircled by a cartridge belt, scarcely concealed by his red sash, while, fully displayed, he wore a bowie-knife and huge revolver. This constant assurance of force in reserve may have had its effect in securing the order and quietness which reigned throughout the day.

The proceedings began with prayer. To this succeeded an "Ode to Freedom," which was in common metre, and was sung to old "Arlington." There was but little harmony. The quavering voices gave forth those uncertain sounds which, to a cultivated musician, are the worst of torture; but old men and youths, grandmothers and maidens, lifted up their voices with one accord, and with a heartiness which could not fail to strike a sympathetic chord in the breast of the thoughtful listener. There was pathos, too, in the song of these pioneers rejoicing in Liberty, which for them means hard work, and at best a moderately comfortable subsistence, with homes only lately safe from savage depredation and cruelty. "Yankee Doodle's" enlivening strains having then been played by the band from the fort, the Declaration of Independence was read and the orator of the day began. Unfortunately, no sentence of his oration reached our ears, except some closing words to the effect that "what our forefathers swore by Jehovah would be, had come to pass, and would ever continue to be."

Being thus unable to satisfy our mental appetites with the intellectual feast provided for them, the audience naturally claimed our attention. Women being as yet comparatively scarce in this community, much rivalry was exhibited among the stalwart rangers in attentions to the fair sex. On this occasion the rustic belles were out in great force, looking their best, and constituting, as orator number two expressed it,

"a galaxy of beauty." Perhaps a description of one of the toilets may prove interesting to feminine readers: Dress of bright plaid, scarlet predominating; over-dress of Swiss muslin; low-necked bodice of bright blue over the muslin; huge crimson sash; white straw hat trimmed with green ribbons, the hat edged with a heavy fringe of white beads, and further graced by feathers so unmistakably of home production that we involuntarily sympathised with the despoiled chanticleer. Low-necked bodices were much in favour, and were made often in unexpected shapes and of surprising materials. Bright buff seemed the favourite tint for dresses, which were always rendered striking by ribbons of every hue. Why not? These people have a very ancient precedent. Jacob made Joseph "a coat of many colours," thus, as we may infer, according to the standards of those times, beautifying as well as distinguishing him above his brethren. And these are primitive times in Texas. The enthusiasm of orator number two in regard to this "galaxy of beauty" was excusable, as he was quite a young man, of about three or four and twenty. He said he had come from Virginia, and described himself as "a stranger of three weeks' duration"—a phrase with which we have been mentally grappling ever since.

The substantial part of the feast consisted of two oxen, five pigs, and four sheep. These were "barbecued," the operation being still in progress when we reached the grounds. The meat was cooked thus: A trench was dug forty feet in length, three and a half in width, and three in depth. In this a smouldering fire was kept up, over which small logs, thrown across at equal distances, formed an immense gridiron, on which the meat was laid in quarters. It had been cooking in this way since the previous day, but looked in no degree dried up, but juicy and tender.

This is not, however, the orthodox mode of cooking at a barbecue. Animals are usually roasted whole. The trench is dug as in this instance, but along the sides uprights are placed, with cross-bars above, from which are suspended rough spits. The animals hang above the fire, and by dint of constant watching and turning become deliciously browned and thoroughly well-cooked. Barbecued meat is thought by Southerners to be more delicious than that cooked in any other way. Some of our party became hungry at the first sight of it. Fried chicken, however, was abundant, and to us more attractive; so that we actually came away without having tasted the standard dainty.

"I suppose," said a lady in my hearing, "that this day is being celebrated all over the world;" then recollecting herself,—"at least all over America." We thought of our unsympathetic countrymen and women, and were silent. Why should not we Canadians, on the recurrence of an anniversary so fraught with interest to our nearest neighbours, remember their joy, and experience a sympathetic throb of pleasure? The verdict of history makes the cause of American independence a righteous one, and as such its triumph must gratify the lover of mankind, whatever the land of his birth or the associations of his life.

To most of these rustic Texans it matters little whether foreigners give them a thought or not, and probably to many of them people from the Northern States are the same as foreigners. Their children will witness the advent of the "iron horse," and all the changes which it will bring, but the parents work their farms and heed not the advancing tide of civilization. The man who steals a horse is considered a worse criminal, and is far more certain of punishment, than he who murders a man. "A short shrift and a long rope" is provided for the horse-thief. Ninety miles from here it is impossible for such a man to have a trial. Perhaps, when he is first arrested or suspected, the military authorities take care of him, but on a demand from the sheriff of the county he must be given up. A Vigilance Committee invariably overpowers the sheriff, captures the prisoner, and hangs him to the nearest suitable tree. Probably the man deserves his fate, but where proceedings are so summary there must be danger of the innocent sometimes suffering for the guilty. It is but just to remark that the most thoughtful and intelligent of the settlers consider the working of Vigilance Committees salutary. A Texan horse-thief is generally a murderer, and he will take human life if it is necessary to the accomplishment of his object.

Not long ago one of these desperadoes was caught red-handed. He had killed and scalped a little child, and was mounting his stolen horse when justice overtook him.

Wishing to make it appear that the thief was an Indian, he had not hesitated to commit mutilation as well as murder in furtherance of his object. Thus, in the midst of scenes of violence, or in fear of them, are many of our race working out the problem of life. That mysterious, all-pervading law, demanding sacrifice as the precursor of good, finds here no exemption.

From the immense plains which stretch between Jacksboro' and Dallas, the buffalo and the Indian have equally disappeared, and now the white settlers have only to contend with outlaws of their own race and colour. Steadily and surely civilization wins the battle; ground once gained is never abandoned; settlers pour in, and five years makes a Texan settlement an old town. Already this fort has ceased to be a necessity, and will doubtless before long be abandoned, and the garrison sent farther west to fight the battle over again.

Let us hope the children and grandchildren of the present sturdy settlers will have time and means to cultivate the peaceful arts and intellectual enjoyments. Security they have now; and years of plenty have already dawned, and give every promise of brightening to a glorious midday in an era of prosperity.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

WHERE the bloom of the golden-tressed morning ne'er fadeth,
Where the blush of the rose never feels the cold wing
Of Night's dusky phantom, nor aught that invadeth
Earth's sunlight of beauty while round it we cling;

Where millions of odours arise from the fountains,
And weave themselves into each lingering breath
Floating down from the spirits who bask on the mountains,
'Neath which lie the bones of their vanquished foe, Death;

Where the star of the ages in stately progression,
Twines a long comet radiance around the high throne;
And bowers of light, in pavilioned succession,
Never echo a murmur, nor answer a groan;

Where Knowledge unveils the abyss of her treasures,
Unfolds the beginning, illumines the end,
And the magnet of glory is found in her pleasures,
And her crown is the prize toward which we ascend:

There, watering her flowers in their beauty of gladness,
I welcome each soul from its clay-trampled shroud.
Fear not, ye disconsolate dwellers in sadness,
The breath of the messenger chasing the cloud.

LAURENTIUS.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE politicians were unusually active last month, considering the season of the year. Neither the heat of the dog-days nor the superior attractions of travel prevented them from engaging in their favourite pursuit. They give the people and themselves no respite from the eternal noise and worry of party quarrel. The political treadmill never pauses in the monotony of its daily round: it is always going up-stairs and never coming down again, in a useless sort of way. The amount of muscular energy and brain power wasted in the wear and tear of political strife is incalculable; and however it may be with the professionals, the people at large seem not a whit the better for it all. The popular mind is naturally dazed by the criminations and recriminations which form the staple of our party controversies. The only legitimate conclusion to be come to is, that politicians are all alike corrupt—a woful result of our present system of strategy.

The position of those who oppose partyism has been misunderstood, either wilfully or inadvertently. The uniform reply to protests against the existing *mode* is that government by party is a necessity. But that is no sufficient answer. In England, at the present time, although a semblance of a dividing line between one side and the other is preserved, it can hardly be said that there are two parties in Parliament. The conventional names of Liberal and Conservative serve to keep men to some extent apart, and the distinction in England is perhaps worth preserving, because these names represent two opposing political tendencies, which are sure to come into conflict again sooner or later. But for the present the party system is in abeyance. Not only are the Liberals divided in opposing the Government, but even in producing a policy of their own, distinctively Liberal. Of this we can give a crucial instance. Last autumn, Mr. Bright, in addressing his constituents, suggested that the Liberal party, abandoning for the present the question of disestablishment, upon which it is divided, should unite upon the extension of the borough franchise to the counties. During the present Session, Mr. Trevelyan introduced a measure to give effect to this extension, and what was the result? The Marquis of Hartington, the leader of the Liberal party, with Mr. Göschen and another member of the late Government, absented themselves from the division; whilst Mr. Lowe went into the lobby with Mr. Disraeli against the Bill. Lord Hartington is the eldest son of a Whig Duke, but he has almost ostentatiously yielded to the Government and even come to its rescue more than once. The same may be said of Mr. Lowe and Sir Wm. Harcourt. The party, so called, is made up of men of various shades of opinion, the only compact section being the Radicals, who are numerically inferior to the Home Rulers. It may be said that this only shows that, for the moment, the party is disorganized, or "demoralized," as our neighbours say. True; but it is a stronger proof that the party, as a party, "does not exist at all," as a distinguished Liberal candidly confessed. In 1857, when Lord Palmerston was defeated on the question of the lorcha *Arrow*, he remarked that "combination implies a certain degree of similarity and identity of feeling." He had been defeated by a union of discordant elements, and then continued, introducing a phrase which has acquired a new significance—"You may call it a combination; you may call it an accidental and fortuitous concourse of atoms," &c. Now the expression may be fitly applied to the so-called Liberal party in England, and to, at least, one "party" nearer home. In the Imperial House of Commons, therefore, there is now no party system, properly so called; and yet there is no want of keen and watchful criticism upon any act of moment. It is, then, an untenable proposition, that parties are necessary under our constitutional system.

Moreover, the objection to parties in Canada, as matters stand, is based upon



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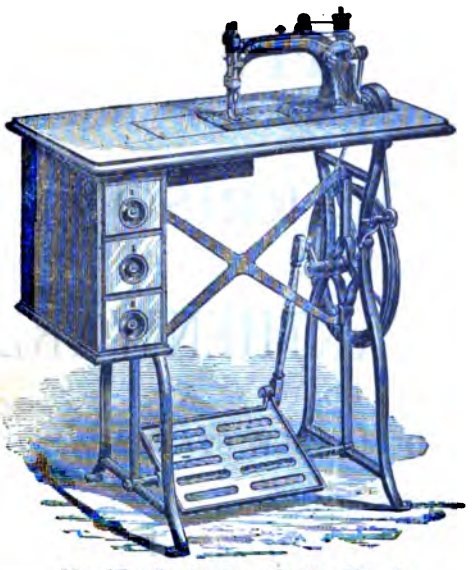
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quite another ground than that imagined by the defenders of them. Nobody supposes, for a moment, that when a great principle of permanent importance is at stake, men can do otherwise than range themselves under one party banner or another. There are great political crises, when it would be a grave breach of public duty not to be a party-man, but there are also periods of lull when to talk of them even, is a stupid joke. In the Reform struggle in England which terminated in 1832, a man must necessarily have ranged himself on one side or the other, and in the battle for responsible government a Canadian was compelled to be a partisan, and ought to have been ashamed if he were not one. But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, and, if the change does not pass over us, it is because we fail to see the altered circumstances of the times. We have had no "burning questions" since Confederation was established, nor are we likely to have any for many a long day. The "Pacific scandal" was a question of official morality, not one of party principle; it hurled one set of men from power who imagined themselves firmly seated, and elevated another set who, but for it, never would have secured place. It was a mere episode—a digression, so to say—with which party had little to do. It was a staggering blow to the ins and a godsend to the outs, but party principle was not involved. Had it been otherwise, how could Mr. Mackenzie, with any show of consistency, have taken half a dozen old Conservatives into his Government?

The construction of the Pacific Railway is one upon which there is room for great diversity of opinion, and that is a substantial reason why every man's views should be expressed, unshackled by the bonds of party. No great national work on record, we believe, has been so seriously injured by the party system as this. The reason is not far to seek. During the last four or five years, each Opposition, in its turn, has felt it a duty to resist the scheme of the Government, whatever it might be. Whether those in power proposed that the work should be undertaken by a company, given out in sections to companies, or made a purely Government work, would have made no difference. The proposition issuing from Government must, as a matter of course, be resisted *à l'outrance* by the Opposition. There has been no attempt at consultation between the so-called parties—nothing but a lying in wait for some blunder or gap in the scheme. In this way, a great national work, which is almost universally admitted to be a necessity, and which involves the expenditure of millions of money, is made the shuttlecock of parties to the detriment of the undertaking and at immense cost to the people. Why should the location and construction of the railway be cast into the arena at all, for our political wild beasts to mangle and destroy? Surely a competent Commission would deal with the matter much more satisfactorily, and, if they were directed to report their scheme, from time to time, to Parliament, no one would have reason to complain. The location of the line is a matter for surveyors and engineers, and not politicians, to settle; it is the time to be taken in its construction which alone concerns those who hold the purse strings of the Dominion. At any rate, the history of the Pacific Railway so far is a most notable—we had almost said melancholy — example of the mischief wrought by partyism.

Au reste, what is there to fight about? Nothing whatever; and there is but one thing therefore to be done, and it has been done till the public are fairly nauseated—to fling mud at each other in the confident hope that some of it will stick. When there are no principles in question, the only resource is to pile tale upon tale of corruption, in the hope that it may soon reach that hypothetical elevation, where the nauseous heap will "smell rank to heaven." Such is the party system as it obtains in Canada, and our contention is that it is an unmitigated curse to the country. Political parties have no right to exist unless they can show a sufficient *raison d'être*. They must prove that they are based upon the solid foundation of principle; that the questions dividing them are something better than a sham; and that the good of the country, not the desire for office, is the object kept steadily and persistently in view. Mr. Barney Devlin, a typical politician of the time, has boldly proclaimed the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," and to this complexion our politics must come at last, if the rampant partyism of the day be not speedily checked. Perhaps it has been reached already.

The objection is made that if there were no parties, there could be no such watchful

scrutiny of governmental action as our national well-being requires. The cry is that there is need of a strong Opposition; and it is a hypocritical one. No matter how weak the Opposition, those in power, while affecting a desire that it should be stronger, resist to the utmost the addition of even one to its number. What is wanted is not opposition, for opposition's sake, but intelligent criticism, unceasing vigilance, and honest voting for or against a measure upon its merits. And how are we to obtain these desiderata, whilst it remains a standing maxim that, good or bad, ministerial measures are to be opposed at all hazards, especially if there be a chance of ejecting ministers from office? The amount of injury done to individual morality and the violence to conscientious conviction can never be known, but it would be something appalling if it were all revealed to human ken.

To be a party-man is to surrender one's own freedom of opinion and action to the whims or needs of a coterie. The assertion of private judgment at critical junctures, against the party, is as unpardonable a sin in politics as it is in some schools of theology. A Minister may have opposed the introduction of a measure when broached in Council with earnest vigour, he may have denounced it in the bitterest terms; yet in the House he must vote and even speak for it, at his chief's command. On both sides when a test-question is before Parliament, no matter what conscience may whisper, the vote is mortgaged and the pledge must be redeemed. A more immoral political system it would be impossible to conceive. At crises when one great principle is at stake, we can fancy an honest man so far violating conscience as to support measures he detests in his heart; but when there is nothing but a paltry issue between the ins and the outs, what words can describe the slough of moral degradation through which such an one must too often be dragged? In Canada, we believe that there is no excuse for party organizations and the evil they inevitably carry with them, even when they are a painful necessity. There are no great principles upon which public men need to separate into hostile camps, nor are there likely to be any such for many a year. When they present themselves, let the party lines be drawn—indeed, they will draw themselves without assistance. As we now are, partyism is a sham to aggrandize the schemer and to gull the people. The best politics for this Dominion are *no* politics, or as little of them as possible. There is really nothing which ought to divide public men, and nothing really does divide them, except that wretched thirst for place and power which is the curse of the entire Continent. The objections against partyism in Canada ought by this time to be plain. They are not levelled at the party system *per se*, although it is always more or less an evil, but at its existence at a time and in a country where it is an unmingled evil. If those who talk so glibly about the advantages of party in the abstract, would condescend to tell us why there should be parties in the concrete case of Canada, they will meet us on a field where we should like to encounter an opponent. Meanwhile there need be no misunderstanding about the position of nationalists or non-party men.

It may not be without advantage, in this connection, to enquire how one, at least, of these parties is managed. For some reason or other there is discomfort, not to call it dismay, amongst the chiefs of the Reform camp. A Convention, so-called, was summoned at the bidding of Nestor to meet here in secret session. Presumably its members represented constituencies of party-men; but if they did, no inkling of the deliberations was allowed to reach the rank and file. It may be urged that if the party is satisfied, no outsider has a right to complain. To that we at once demur; the manipulation of the political wires in any party is a matter of immediate concern to every member of the community. If political "rings" are to be formed here, it is time that all men were on the alert. What has befallen the United States may soon befall Canada, if a secret cabal is permitted to control an entire party. The secret system presents too many advantages not to secure imitators in other quarters, and therefore the sooner the whole matter is narrowly scanned in the interest of individual liberty, the better. The general public have a vital interest in any effort to "manage" large bodies of the people. A short time before the meeting of the convention, a striking protest against it appeared in a Western paper. It was attributed to the member for Bothwell, and if written by him, we can only say that it does him infinite credit. He objects to having a "head cen-

tre," and to Roman drill, "under which it is only necessary to say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to a servant, Do this, and he doeth it." The writer goes on to say that there are men in every constituency, "as competent to direct party manœuvres as *the class of men* who would undertake that work in Toronto;" and further, that "we all know what the Central Reform Association at Toronto meant in the past and *in whose interest* it was intended to work." "Flat burglary as ever was committed;" high treason to the "party!" Would, only, that the traitors were more numerous! We hear a good deal about priest-ridden populations, but for a docile beast of burden, commend us to your average Reformer; hence it is to be feared that Mr. Mills's manly recalcitrance will not count for much in the end.

For the first time in the history of this country, a *quasi* representative body met with closed doors, which is in itself suspicious. One sentence in the *Globe* imparts all the information we are vouchsafed, but it is quite sufficient. "A very full discussion took place as to the necessity for organization and the establishment of an executive which, without in the slightest degree interfering with the independence of local action, should undertake those duties which can only be discharged by a *central* authority." The sentence is admirably phrased, especially the parenthetical clause; indeed it may be doubted whether the Grand Sachem of Tammany could have put the matter in a neater way. Interfere with the independence of local action in the slightest degree, indeed! We should think not! In the States "central authorities" never do such things on any occasion, and as we are venturing upon the same path, what is there to fear? A further question seems to require an answer in the interest both of the "party," and the public:—What "duties" are they which can only be discharged by a "central authority?" There do not appear to be any legitimate duties for any such body to perform, and that may, perhaps, account for the unwonted secrecy in which the proceedings of the Convention were involved. There may, perhaps, be some justification for national party committees in the States, because the entire nation is called upon once in four years to select its Executive. But this Province is divided into eighty-seven electoral districts, whose people, in most cases, are exceedingly jealous of dictation from headquarters. Each of these divisions is supposed to choose its representative independently, and, therefore, requires no advice, and should resent any interference from without. There are certainly what may be euphemistically called "duties," the burden of which has weighed heavily upon the shoulders of Atlas: one of these would be to collect and distribute the election fund, which should not be a difficult matter when so paltry a sum as $3,700 is all that is usually required. Another would be to keep a large and varied assortment of candidates on hand to be sent out to rural constituencies, and so to arrange matters in Conventions or otherwhere that these candidates should be "chosen." Above all, it will be a duty to collect the ends of all the political wires from every part of the Province, so that they may be skilfully manipulated and pulled simultaneously. The "central authority" being supreme, it must decide upon the extent of its "duties;" like the Church it has its own sphere and must be the sole judge of its limits. In short, a system of centralization has been introduced, which, if unresisted, will not only interfere with local action, but destroy it altogether, save in appearance. Will the people submit to this arrogant assumption of authority, or will they unite with the *Home Journal* in declaring that "the Reform party is not prepared for such organization;" that "drill of this nature is at direct variance with the genius of true liberal principles;" and that "there is no call for any central authority to radiate orders or instructions?"

The coarse and angry attack made upon Mr. Justice Wilson the other day by the *Globe* may serve to open even party eyes to the true character of the man who will control the "central authority." One might almost think, after reading this outrageous onslaught, that Dr. Kenealy had abandoned the *Englishman* and taken refuge in the *Globe*. That, however, would be doing an injustice to the member for Stoke. He has been guilty of applying some violent language to the Lord Chief Justice and to Lord Coleridge; and he might assert that Mr. Justice Wilson's "offence was so rank"—but that is a favourite phrase with the *Globe*, as M. Cauchon may possibly remember. But it is not likely that, even in his wildest moments,

Kenealy would rave in this fashion :—"The Bench has descended low indeed when a Judge of the Queen's Bench condescends to take up the idiotic howl, and rivals the dirge of the most blatant pot-house politician." Such, however, is the language which the *Globe* thinks it consistent with self-respect and a due regard to the dignity of the Bench to apply to Mr. Justice Wilson.

It may be remarked *en passant* that these frantic ebullitions of rage on the part of the *Globe* are always associated with some mishap to the position, prospects, or popular credit of Mr. Brown. In 1858, the two-days' Premier was chagrined to find that, by taking advantage of a statutory provision, his successors had managed to remain in the House, while he was put to the expense and hazard of an election. The "double shuffle," as it was called, came before two Courts—Mr. (now Justice) Wilson being one of counsel for Mr. Brown's party. Both Courts decided unanimously for the defendants; indeed, they could not do otherwise. The *Globe*, however, had ideas of the administration of justice peculiarly its own, and forthwith launched a scathing thunderbolt at the entire Common Law Bench. It was not, to be sure, so coarse in its ribaldry as on the present occasion; at any rate, in the end "nobody seemed to be any the worse." In 1875, Mr. Mills threatened to disturb the repose of Mr. Brown and the Second Chamber by his Senate Bill. Now this was annoying, and it brought the vials of wrath upon the head of the offending legislator. When everything else in the way of reproach failed, Mr. Mills was charged with the odious crime of having been a schoolmaster. And now, in 1876, because Mr. Justice Wilson chose to characterize fittingly the "big push" letter, he is visited by the *Globe* with an assault more brutal, we believe, than has ever appeared in any paper published within the British Empire.

Let us examine the facts, beginning, for convenience' sake, with the letter itself. It may be well to premise that the document was attached as an exhibit to an affidavit of Mr. Wilkinson, in which he swore that he was "*credibly informed and did verily believe* that he (Mr. Simpson) did in fact receive the same, and that he replied, or caused a reply to be written, thereto." The *Globe* attempts to throw discredit upon the defendant's affidavit by making much ado over the words we have italicized. This is exceedingly disingenuous; for no one knows better than our contemporary that they are invariably employed when speaking of matters not within the range of personal knowledge. We shall not republish the celebrated letter, because it may be presumed that every reader has seen it more than once. The fund to which Mr. Simpson was urged to subscribe was not the "general election fund," because that had been expended "in aiding the out counties and helping our city candidates." It was a special fund for use in Toronto on the polling days, so as "to work up against the enormous sums the Government candidates have in their hands." Could such a disposition of money be for legitimate expenses? How could any such expenses be incurred so late as the polling days? How could any legitimate expenditure counteract the influence of Government money? All three divisions could be carried, it remarks, but "for the cash against us." The "grand stand" was to be made on the Saturday, and as there were but half a dozen who could "come down handsomely," a few outsiders were asked to give their aid, and of these Mr. Simpson was implored to be one.

Now it will be observed, that the difficulty in the way was the "cash against us," presumably used for corrupt purposes, and then follows the petition for "cash" to be employed on "our" side. Is it not a legitimate inference that the money subscribed in answer to this letter was to be employed in the same way as the "cash against us"? Indeed, what other construction can be put upon the words? Of what avail would money be on polling-days, and to what use could it be put, but for purposes of corruption? There is no escaping the inevitable conclusion. Again, it is observable that since the publication of this letter, there is an evident anxiety to confound two funds which are entirely distinct. In his defence, published under his own signature, Mr. Brown spoke of a fund of "$3,700, or the trumpery sum of $45 to each of the 82 constituencies, had they all participated in it." Of course, this bit of special pleading bears its absurdity on the face of it; but the "big push" fund was a fund belonging specially to Toronto. Whether it was raised or not is beside the question; it was to be used in

this city to meet the "cash against us." The *Globe*, in its blind savagery, improves upon this. It adds up the legitimate expenses of four candidates, amounting in all to $3,778, and adds, "more than the entire amount of the Big Push fund of 1872, *for the general conduct of the entire Dominion elections of Ontario.*" Now, considering that the "big push" letter refers entirely to the Toronto elections, and expressly excludes other contests, this is perhaps the most flagrant example of the *suggestio falsi* on record.

Mr. Justice Wilson's remarks upon this letter are so just and so obviously true from a judicial standpoint, that we must give them in full: "It is of course a plain demand for money to oppose, it is said, the expenditure by the Government candidates at the Toronto elections, and it is an admission that the writer and those co-operating with him have expended their strength, which I suppose means their money, in other constituencies for the like purpose. It is a letter written for corrupt purposes to interfere with the freedom of elections. It is an invitation to the recipient, as one with some others and the writer, to concur in committing the offence of bribery and corruption at the polls." It is not surprising that the *Globe* is angry, but it should not expose its mortification in unveiled nakedness to the world. The plea that the judge's strictures were not relevant to the case is unsound. The letter was an exhibit filed in court, and had immediate connection with Mr. Simpson's alleged intrigues. The defendant swore that he was credibly informed, and firmly believed, that the letter had been received and answered, It is idle therefore, to urge that a judge had no right to refer to the subject; it was most certainly his duty when such a missive was placed in his hands, to characterize it in fitting terms, as severely as seemed necessary. We are sure that if the Lord Chief Justice of England had found such a letter among the papers in any case coming before him, he would have used less measured language than fell from the lips of Mr. Justice Wilson; and most assuredly the journalist who poured upon him four columns of coarse and vulgar abuse, would have found himself next day within the four walls of a jail. It is surely the duty of the judges who are the constitutional guardians of public morality, and especially of the purity of election, to take cognizance of any document formally brought before them. If Mr. Brown's letter ceased to be of legal significance, it was because he admitted its authorship, and Mr. Simpson dared not deny on oath that he had received and replied to it. But what concerns the public most is the moral aspect of the affair. It is of very slight importance to them whether Mr. Justice Wilson's remarks were relevant or not; the question is were they just and true? If they were, then Mr. Brown stands condemned before the country, and no amount of mud cast upon the unsullied ermine, can save him from the inevitable verdict. The people of Ontario repose the utmost confidence in their judges; they are proud of their integrity, and jealous for their dignity and honour. No man may asperse them, especially in the language of the fish-market, without stirring their deepest indignation. Fair and courteous criticism of judicial deliverances is always received with attention for what it is worth; but the rudeness of blind rage must seek its victims elsewhere than on the bench. Mr. Justice Wilson's forbearance may save the culprit from legal punishment, but we much mistake the temper of the people, if they condone this gross and disgraceful libel.

It is scarcely worth while, at this late day, to refer at length to the elections which took place early last month. The return of the Messrs. Gibbs is no doubt a great triumph for the Opposition; but it is quite possible to make too much of it. The county of Ontario is very uncertain territory from a party point of view. The people there appear to sit loose to party, and to take an independent view of public affairs. In the South Riding, the majority of the electors seem to have thought that Mr. T. N. Gibbs had suffered sufficiently for any political offence he may have committed. It never was alleged that he was privy to the Pacific Scandal; indeed it was hardly possible that he could be, as he was not in office when the transactions between the Government and Sir Hugh Allan occurred. The only charge against him was that he took office while the investigation was going on, stood by his chief, fell with him and shared in a disgrace which, so far as he was concerned, was undeserved. Moreover, his opponent, Mr. Edgar, with many good personal qualities,

was essentially a weak candidate. But for the assistance of Ministers it is doubtful whether he would have polled so large a vote as he actually did. He was a non-resident, and had the melancholy prestige of defeat at two or three previous elections elsewhere. Of the North Riding it is not so easy to speak. Mr. W. H. Gibbs probably shared in his brother's recovered popularity; but it would seem that the tariff question was the pivot upon which the election turned. This was also, to some extent, the case with the South Riding, as Mr Edgar's qualified advocacy of incidental protection, and the prominence given to the Government's advance of duties from 15 to 17½ per cent., clearly demonstrated. In fact, the endeavour was made to instil the notion that the present Government were sounder Protectionists than those who had gone before them.

In the North, however, the matter was presented more incisively. Mr. Currie, we believe, always avowed himself a Free-trader; but some of his friends tried to blunt the edge of this avowal. It was stated that the assertion of Mr. Gibbs, who denounced the Government as a Free-Trade Administration, was a "misrepresentation that would be thoroughly corrected and the libel exposed." When all was over, however, a different complexion was given to the matter by the Government organ, when it advised the Maritime Provinces to support "a Government which has taken a clear and decided stand upon the subject," if they decided to secure themselves against "protectionist experiments." It is not necessary to point a moral to these phases of party crookedness. In South Wellington, Mr. McMillan, the regular Government candidate, was opposed by Mr. Goldie, a brother Reformer, but a Protectionist. The former was returned, but by a largely reduced majority as compared with that of the old member. This, however, is not surprising, and is certainly no proof of a Conservative reaction. Mr. Goldie, no doubt, obtained the entire Opposition vote, and abstracted from the usual Reform following all those who favoured Protection. In Glengarry an election will have taken place before this issue reaches the reader, in place of Mr. McNabb, who was unseated, but is again a candidate. The constituency is so strongly Reform that we cannot see on what Mr. McLennan bases his hopes of success. Still there may be local undercurrents not discernible at this distance. These bye-elections serve to enliven the "dead season," but they would interest us more, if stump orators, on both sides, would turn their old platitudes inside out, or make up their old oratorical vestments anew.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Blake is on a footing of social amity with the Colonial Minister, and it will be still more pleasing to learn that they have come to a satisfactory understanding on State affairs. Canada has not gained everything that was hoped for from the mission of Deputy Minister Smith, but in the matter of deck-loads a valuable concession has been made. The Merchant Shipping Bill will probably pass with the original clause re-inserted, that is, unless the Commons refuse to concur, which is not likely. The constitutional question so rashly raised by the *Times* has finally disappeared from view, naturally enough. When the *Globe's* cable despatch first gave an outline of the article, we took occasion to show the futility of its reasoning. Since then, the question was most effectually set at rest, it might have been supposed, by the statements of Sir William Harcourt and Sir Charles Adderley, as well as the elaborate arguments of the *Saturday Review*, and other journals of the first rank. Those who hailed the *Times* as the champion of Canada, and relied upon its assistance in all future emergencies, were somewhat premature in their self-gratulation, as soon appeared. The moment the loan for the Quebec and Ottawa Railway, guaranteed by the Government of Quebec, was put upon the market, the powerful arm of the *Times* was raised against it. There is no pretence that the investment is not secure, in fact no safer investment can be found; but it does not please Mr. Potter, the Chairman of the Grand Trunk Railway, and therefore the *Times*, which, by a popular superstition, is supposed to be independent of outside pressure, sets its face against the loan. With characteristic *brusquerie*, the Hon. Mr. Church, Treasurer of Quebec, is told that "whether the Province guarantees the loan or not makes no difference in the facts. There is no disposition here at present to lend money for further railway building in the Dominion." Thus with a wave of his magic wand the harlequin of Printing

House Square, at the bidding of pantaloon Potter, endeavours to exclude England's chief colony from the money market of England.

The blunder regarding our Confederation Act, having been sufficiently exposed, should be finally abandoned to the lovers of paradox. But we observe that a correspondent, writing in a western paper, still clings to the delusion, and superadds a few additional vagaries, hardly consistent with the original mare's nest. In fact, the air seems full of constitutional heresies unheard of hitherto. It appears that as "Britain is not the author of Confederation, her Parliament cannot repeal the British North America Act." Cannot is a strong term when applied to Imperial Legislation. Ordinary folk would suppose that a Legislature which enacted a law could repeal it if it thought fit. The first remark to be made upon this new paradox is that if England was not the author of Confederation then the fallacy that she conferred new privileges, regarding shipping, upon the Dominion, falls to the ground. But this notion is almost too absurd for examination. The enlightened policy which now obtains in Downing Street forbids any material change in the constitution of a self-governing colony, without the previous consent of that colony. England *could* act otherwise, but she *will* not, because it is her pleasure to act in a more liberal way. The Imperial Parliament could repeal the British North America Act at any time; but it certainly would not, without the consent of the Dominion. The power is unimpaired, but the method of using it has been materially changed. The framers of our Federal Constitution were our own people, but it remained merely waste paper until effect was given to it by the sovereign power of the Empire. That surely ought to be plain to every one. But there is a new wrinkle found in the 146th section of the Act, which provides that, on addresses from the Parliaments of Canada and any of the Colonies then outside the Dominion, the Queen in Council may proclaim their admission. What can be made of that we should be pleased to hear? Provision for the admission of these Colonies was made in the body of the Act, and in order to obviate the necessity of passing a new measure in each case, the Royal proclamation was declared sufficient. For that matter, the Dominion itself was constituted by such a proclamation. But inasmuch as the Act considerately provides for the consent of the legislature of any of the Colonies enumerated, the writer we have referred to jumps to the conclusion, that the Provincial, and not the Imperial, Legislature is the author of the federative bond. It might as well be urged that under any statute, permissive in its provisions, but requiring a filed declaration of an intention to take advantage of them, those filing the declaration, and not the legislature, enacted the law. It really seems as if there were no notion or theory too crude and absurd to want advocates in some quarter or other. Our Confederation Act was suggested and drafted by Canadians, as many other Acts are framed by parties interested, but as it came from their hands it was nothing but a Bill, that is a draft Act; as an Act, it was the work of the Imperial Parliament.

The first of July, for a year or two from 1867, was observed with peculiar and distinctive ceremonies, somewhat resembling those performed, with so much unction, by our neighbours on the fourth. It was obviously intended to give the day an intellectual cast, with a strong flavour of nationality. The attempt failed for obvious reasons. There is nothing of the nature of spread-eagleism in Canada. The "orator of the day" has no high-flown national vanity to tickle, no self-complacent feeling of superiority to encourage and confirm. An American may, of course, reply that this arises from the fact that we have no great historic past to fall back upon—no Revolution, no Civil War. This is true in a measure; still we have a battle-record of 1812, of which Canadians have no reason to be ashamed. Chateauguay, Stoney Creek, Queenston, Lundy's Lane, and Detroit, are names to be remembered; but we think very little about them and say less. There is another American characteristic, in which our neighbours resemble the French as they do in other respects. Almost every second man is what Carlyle calls, "an all-fired volley of talk," always ready to mount the stump and deliver, without a moment's notice, what is popularly known as an "oration." They have even coined a verb, a most atrocious one, from the substantive, and the young man who can "orate" with exceptional fluency and vehemence, may look forward at least to a seat in his State Assem-

bly. In this accomplishment, if it be one, Canadians certainly cannot compare with their neighbours, and perhaps for this reason also, the "intellectual" anniversary has proved a failure.

In some parts of the country, however, the practice of delivering an annual address still obtains. For example, we have before us an able and instructive address delivered at Coaticook, Q., by Mr. Charles Colby, M.P. for the County of Stanstead, which must have been listened to with interest, and certainly will repay perusal. It is not our intention to examine the address closely; we merely notice it here as an instance of what our legislators might do for their constituents, especially in our smaller towns and villages. In the cities and large towns people make a business of their pleasure, even on holidays, and any attempt to divert them from it by the promise of an "intellectual feast" would be futile. Two remarks on Mr. Colby's address suggest themselves. The national element, of course, plays its part on such an occasion, but it is not obtrusively or offensively introduced, and we are glad to see that although the hon. member is a Conservative, he was not ashamed of the much-abused motto "Canada First." We observe, also, what perhaps is natural in an active business man, that Mr. Colby confined himself almost entirely to the material side of our national progress. Here his remarks are instructive enough; but perhaps what people are most likely to lose sight of and need most to be reminded of is the importance of intellectual culture. They are usually quite alive to their material interests, but their absorption in the ordinary work of life seems to dry up the springs of the higher nature. For subjects connected with the training and development of that nature it is all-important that their attention should be aroused whenever occasion serves.

The state of intellectual culture amongst the French-speaking population of Quebec ought to be a matter of deep interest to the people of Ontario; but there is little reason to think that it is so, even in the slightest degree. Probably more is known here of the mental condition of France and Germany than of that interesting people who are our fellow-subjects and near neighbours. French Canadians of the educated class would no doubt resent any imputation cast upon their culture by those whom they regard as, in this important respect, their inferiors. And there can be no doubt that whilst we can only be said to have started in the literary race, they have a French literature in Quebec of a value and extent few people in Ontario are at all aware of. We are speaking not merely of *belles lettres*, but of works of solid and enduring merit. They have a long and stirring past to look back upon, extending over centuries full of cherished memories, brave deeds, and cruel sufferings. Moreover, they look back with an affection, chastened and mellowed by time, to their birth-land across the sea; albeit she was never more to them than "a stony stepmother." No people so young ever boasted a more romantic history, and, therefore, the material of literature was there and to hand, in rich abundance. They have, consequently, a highly cultured class of no mean eminence; but unfortunately their culture is one-sided and defective. To the Church, from the days of Laval until now, they owe a debt of gratitude for a noble system of superior education, but unfortunately it has been Church education, liberal when it was safe, but narrow and cramping in matters of speculative thought or scientific research. The mailed hand of ecclesiastical power has always been laid upon the independent searcher after truth in any department of the intellectual life. The press, political or literary, is benumbed in the icy embrace of the Church, and hence the French Canadian mind is, after all, stunted in growth, feeble and unfruitful in high thoughts and noble aims.

It is a pleasure to welcome any indication of an inquiring spirit in the Province of Quebec, and therefore we cheerfully note the appearance of a journal, devoted to the emancipation of mind. *Le Réveil*—a significant title—published weekly in the city of Quebec, in form and size resembles the *N. Y. Nation*, but it is much neater and more attractive in appearance and general arrangement. Its objects are clearly and distinctly set forth in the prospectus. The publication is undertaken because it appears necessary as the representation of certain mental advances *(progrès)* and certain developments of intellect, concerning which the existing French Canadian press is silent, or notices without any attempt at serious or critical examination. It intends to deal with

those "great modern issues of superior importance", which have hitherto been neglected or ignored in Quebec. Its proposed line of conduct is summed up in these words:—"An absolute exclusion of anything relating to religious matters; an energetic defence of civil rights and freedom of opinion; a wrestling with abuses of whatever kind they may be, or from whatever source they may proceed; complete independence of every political party; and reform vigorously prosecuted wherever it may be necessary." The contents of the paper are varied in character and interesting throughout. Controversy is indulged in very sparingly; on the contrary, the editor rather aims at informing than at wrangling. We have, for example, a letter from M. de Laboulaye to an Italian professor; the address of Victor Hugo over the grave of Louis Blanc; a letter from Spain; a graphic account of Dom Pedro of Brazil; some poetry decidedly above mediocrity; and miscellaneous matter of all sorts. Although *Le Réveil* does not meddle with religious matters—and there is nothing heterodox in it—it is faithful to its mission of defending civil rights and intellectual freedom against the Ultramontanes. The retirement of Bishop Bourget in June afforded an opportunity which it embraced in a crisp and incisive style. The article is lengthy, and most able throughout, and we hardly like to hazard the selection even of a few sentences, but we shall do so in order that our readers may have some idea of the vigorous style of the editorials. The writer, after calling Monseigneur Bourget one of the greatest enemies of Catholicism in Canada, says:—"During the last ten years especially, this man, whom so much abject and interested adulation has almost made a god, has troubled the souls of his entire diocese by an intolerable persecution, substituting his own will for every right and its lawful exercise. He has destroyed the freedom, and therefore the reality, of the franchise; if one voted against the candidate recommended by the bishop, he entangled his conscience; the confessor denounced him, and, in many instances, the sacraments were refused. Nothing remained of the dignity of man, and the English constitution became a fiction; we possessed it in the letter, but, in practice, it was rejected and condemned. To be free was to be heretical, and he who desired to remain a citizen became an insurgent—a rebel against religious authority." The above will give but a faint idea of the trenchant style of the original, and we insert it merely by way of interesting our readers in the new venture. M. Buies, the editor and proprietor, will have up-hill work in Quebec, and he deserves all the encouragement and assistance that the free people of Ontario can give him.

The catastrophe which befell Gen. Custer and the men under his command makes a melancholy story enough. With him perished his two brothers, a nephew, a brother-in-law, and about two hundred men. One Indian scout alone remained of the band. Colonel Reno, who was co-operating with him, would have shared the same fate, with two hundred and sixty men, if General Terry had not come to his assistance on the following day. The Sioux were at least four or five to one, and the attack seems to have been a rash and inconsiderate measure, after all allowances are made for the eager bravery of the commander. It is difficult to tell upon whom the burden of responsibility rests. The entire plan of the attack appears to have been faulty; but be that as it may, the isolation of General Custer's force at the onset is not satisfactorily accounted for. According to one story, the ill-starred General had been ordered not to attack until General Terry arrived with his troops; according to another, he had *carte blanche* in the matter; and according to a third, a day had been fixed for the junction, and Custer, by forced marches, purposely arrived at the scene of action a day too soon. The weight of blame doubtless belongs to Sheridan, Sherman, or whoever else prescribed the method of attack. The Little Horn, near which the disaster occurred, is a tributary of the Yellowstone; on the Big Horn, which receives it, was another detachment, and a third on the main stream—all disconnected, and completely without means of intercommunication.

The great question, however, for onlookers is,—What was the cause of this war? If the United States could clear its skirts of the guilt imputed to them by Americans themselves, we might attribute it to an outburst of savagery. But the Sioux did not begin the struggle and, therefore, whether they are brutal and bloodthirsty or not, is

beside the question. If it be true, as respectable American journals allege, that the war was devised for the deliberate purpose of robbing the tribe of lands which had been reserved for their use in perpetuity, simply because gold had been found to exist there, a fearful responsibility rests upon the Washington Government. In the West, the cry of extermination has been raised, and Gen. Sherman has not been above stating it as an alternative. The powerful letter addressed to Sherman by the old champion of abolition, Wendell Phillips, ought surely to arouse the sleeping conscience of the nation. The *argumentum ad hominem* addressed to the General is extremely powerful and convincing. In 1867, Sherman published a report on the Indian tribes, in which he exposed the cruelty and injustice of the Americans during the last hundred years. There is no evading the dilemma in which he is placed by Mr. Phillips, who, in a peroration of singular power, denounces him and his policy in burning words. Gen. Sherman has replied to Mr. Phillips in a letter denying that he has ever favoured a policy of extermination. This is true in the sense that it was not his first choice; but unless his words were deliberately falsified, it certainly is his second, which is only not quite so bad as it might be. Canada can afford to look with pardonable pride upon the results of her equitable policy, her honourable dealing, her stern and even administration of justice as between red and white. In spite of the outcry raised in the West, the future historian will trace in these periodically recurring calamities, the Nemesis which is ever at the heels of guilt. We trust our neighbours may be able to bring the miserable struggle to a speedy conclusion, but we also hope that they will use their victory as civilized—not to say Christian—men ought, and put a period at once and forever to the brutal system which has been the primary cause of every Indian war.

President Grant is playing a curious game just now, if indeed it be a game rather than an uncontrollable fit of spleen. Not content with ridding himself of Secretary Bristow and Treasurer New, he has taken it into his head to dismiss every subordinate officer of the department who showed any zeal in the prosecution of the "whiskey ring." Moreover, Postmaster-General Jewell has been cashiered for expressing an opinion in favour of civil service reform. According to some authorities, Gen. Grant has taken this perverse course in order to injure the prospects of Hayes, and to show his resentment at Conkling's ignominious rejection. This does not appear at all likely; it is far more probable that, as he has nothing now to gain by adopting a popular course, and nothing to lose by following the bent of his natural inclinations, he is simply pleasing himself. At the same time, there is no doubt that his conduct during the next few months will affect the chances of Hayes to some extent, though not materially.

The Democratic journals are extremely anxious to prove that their chances of success are of the most brilliant character. They are engaged at present in making up tables of the States which they profess to regard as certain to cast their electoral votes for Tilden and Hendricks. Of course, it is not difficult by conjectural work of this sort to make out a good sound majority; in fact they profess to be able to give up New Jersey and Indiana and win notwithstanding. But we fear the prospects of the New York reformer are not over bright. The Democrats are decidedly in a minority, taking the Union as a whole. The people have not yet forgotten that the Republican party saved their country from disintegration, and that the Democracy was for the most part pro-rebel, although not avowedly so. Their support of the war was half-hearted, and wherever it could thwart the measures of President Lincoln and his Generals, there seemed to be no scruples in the way of its doing so. Then again, the change from a Republican to a Democratic *régime*, would be fraught with serious consequences. The admission of thousands of expectant office-holders, made hungry by a sojourn in the desert for sixteen years, might bring in a new tide of corruption which Tilden would be powerless to stem, and in comparison with which the delinquencies under Grant would appear but as ripples upon a sandy beach. The nomination of Hendricks to the second place, and the ambiguous language of the platform touching the currency, have shaken the confidence of the Liberal Republicans, and therefore it is now almost certain that the Democrats will enter the contest without extraneous

aid. It is true that Hendricks will probably bring considerable support from the West, which, without him, might not have been forthcoming; but unfortunately, what has been gained at one end seems likely to be more than counterbalanced by loss at the other. On the whole, therefore, present appearances seem to indicate the return of Hayes and Wheeler, a prospect not by any means cheering. At best it is a leap in the dark; Hayes may be a man of nerve and resolution; of sterling integrity and brilliant talents: or he may be none of these. On the tariff question, he has certainly been feeble-kneed, and if that be any indication of his character, we shall have a second edition of Grant, perhaps more dangerous by reason of his feebleness.

Since the publication of our last number affairs in the East have marched with rapid step. The assassination of the Turkish Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs appears to have had no political significance: it was an act of private vengeance by a half-crazed Circassian officer. Then, early in the month, Servia, somewhat suddenly at the last, declared war and entered Turkish territory, aided by Montenegro. Lastly, the new Sultan, Murad V., has fallen into a state of hysterical madness, and is about to abdicate. With regard to the reports from the seat of war, nothing is certain except that no reliance is to be placed on any of the detailed reports of battles, whether they come from Belgrade, Ragusa, or Constantinople. At the same time it seems equally certain that the Christian allies have so far had the worst of it. The reported massacres in Bulgaria have been renewed, and Turkey, fearing the armed intervention of the Powers, is making an effort or a feint in the way of restraining and punishing the brutality of her Asiatic irregulars. Midhat Pasha, who is now the ruling power in Turkey, has made a somewhat ostentatious announcement of intended reforms in the constitution. Personally, he is a man of good intentions. His warmest desire unquestionably is that the Christian and Mohammedan populations should live in peace together, and when Governor of Bulgaria he had an opportunity of carrying his humane policy into partial effect. But to bring about any such radical reform as alone could satisfy the Christian population, he is utterly powerless. Mr. Arthur Arnold contributes a valuable article on "Turkey" to the *Contemporary Review*, and shows clearly that hopes founded on these promises are certain to be disappointed. The Turkish power, he tells us, is a theocracy, and can only cease to be so by ceasing to exist. The Koran is absolutely the law of the land, and no portion of it, even so much as a word, is obsolete; it is as binding now upon the faithful as when it came from the hands of the Prophet. Hence "no law is there held valid which has not the *fetva* of the Sheik-ul-Islam, and the support of the clergy." Midhat Pasha, he observes, "is prepared to follow his great predecessors in the political dishonesty of manufacturing imperial edicts, made for show and not for use, which cannot become law in the Turkish Empire." In 1856 a decree was promulgated by the Porte, to the execution of which the great Powers were made parties. The reforms promised then were almost identical with those promised to-day, and yet not one of them has been effected. Mr. Arnold remarks: "If Midhat enforces upon Turkey the unfulfilled promises of 1856, Turkey will cease to be Mohammedan. She promised codification of law and independent tribunals of European pattern. How is it possible to put the Koran into a code acceptable to Christians? She promised to admit the whole population into the army on the principle of equality. But this is equivalent to making the army three-fourths non-Mohammedan—a situation in which Mohammedan supremacy in the government could not endure for twenty-four hours." So much for internal reform under Mussulman sway.

Lord Derby and his colleagues have, no doubt, exposed themselves to a great deal of unjust criticism by their reticence. Until the recent explanations were made there was an uneasy feeling that the Government was bent upon propping up the tottering dominion of the Turk, if necessary, by force of arms. The assembling of an immense armament in Besika Bay seemed to point to this conclusion. In the monthly summary of the *Fortnightly Review*, the "limited confidence" of the country is tersely expressed thus: "Lord Derby is the politician of misgivings; he was meant by nature to be a solid critic rather than a firm or dexterous actor. Mr. Disraeli is one

of the most random-minded, flighty, and essentially unreal men that ever lived. We are not governed by a second-rate romance writer for nothing." The writer expresses the fear that, after all, the phlegmatic Secretary may be beguiled into "some flashy scheme of eastern policy which will do nothing but mischief in every direction." The result has proved that these forebodings were baseless in fact. The Berlin note was intended to be the thin end of the wedge with which the Turkish Empire was to be rent asunder, and dealt with as the conspirators might agree, or possibly had already agreed. It proposed that in the event of Turkey failing to carry out immediately the reforms agreed upon in the Andrassy note—although the signatories were perfectly aware that that was absolutely impossible—armed intervention should take place. France and Italy agreed, but England peremptorily refused to subscribe to it, and sent her iron-clads eastward; thus the game of the conspirators was foiled. England has no intention of lifting a finger on behalf of Turkey unless her territory is in danger of partition amongst the Powers, or of absorption by any one of them. She will be absolutely and scrupulously neutral so long as they are neutral, but no longer. Of course, Russia was in high dudgeon at the check she had received, but the Czar, who is the champion of peace, must have been secretly gratified. Bismarck has, no doubt, favoured the designs of Russia, because he desires to see her weakened by war, and because, also, Austria, which is rapidly recovering from the blow she received at Sadowa, would in any case suffer by the intervention. A great deal of speculation has been indulged in regarding the recent designs of the Powers, and theories of the most opposite character have found supporters. One thing only can be safely affirmed, and that is that Germany holds the master-key of the situation. She is not so disinterested as she affects to be, or as may at first sight appear. Roumania, constituted in 1856, as a barrier between Russia and Turkey, is governed by a German Prince; the unification of Germany is not complete in patriotic eyes so long as Austria has a single German subject; and, above all, the Chancellor is well aware that, sooner or later, Germany must meet allied Russia and France upon the battle-field. As for the little war now going on, it may either be snuffed out by the mediation of the Powers, or may turn out to be the prologue of a bloodier drama yet to be enacted in Europe.

The election of M. Buffet to the Senate, *vice* M. Ricard, by a majority of three, has borne immediate fruit. A coalition of the Right and the Bonapartists has defeated the University Bill, by which the exclusive right to confer academic degrees was to be restored to the State. This seems to portend a chronic state of dead-lock between the Chambers—at least upon all questions where religion can be dragged in. Signor De pretis has not been long in office as Italian Premier without a ministerial crisis. His Bill to establish free ports nearly made shipwreck, and may yet do so. It will be remembered that the Minghetti Government was ousted on the question of purchasing the railways. The present Government belonged to the Left, and were desperately Radical when out of office, but they have for the most part followed upon the lines of their predecessors since they obtained their portfolios. That bird of ill-omen, ex-Queen Isabella, has got back to Spain, to intrigue for the clerics. Nothing but mischief can come of her return, which signifies absolutism and intolerance—the first steps in the fatal march to a new revolution.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B., Assistant Librarian, &c., at Harvard University. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Fiske has won for himself a foremost place among American writers on physical science, and the present volume of essays bears testimony not only to his ability as a physicist, but to his versatility of mind and critical powers as well. The present collection of essays—fragments gathered up from reviews and magazines—ranges over a large variety of subjects,—physical science, philosophy, theology, biblical and historical criticism, music, art in general, and sociology. As might be expected, the author is not equally profound or accurate in his treatment of so heterogeneous a list of topics. To the first two essays of the fourteen we must give the priority as to both ability and interest. Though they come first in the volume, they are probably, if not certainly, the latest in order of time, having first appeared in recent numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Taken together, they constitute a masterly and suggestive review of the remarkable volume entitled "The Unseen Universe," which has received recent notice in this magazine, combined with very sound criticisms on the materialistic arguments which that volume was designed to combat. Mr. Fiske points out that however ingenious is the hypothesis defended by its authors, it is and must remain purely a *hypothesis*, without a shadow of tangible intellectual proof. But he shows, also, that the arguments adduced by materialists against immortality, from the absence of any scientific evidence in favour of the persistence of physical phenomena when the material conditions are wanting, are utterly worthless. For as we have "no organ or faculty for the perception of soul apart from the material structure and activities in which it has been manifested throughout the whole course of our experience," any such scientific evidence would be, in the nature of things, utterly impossible. And, as he truly remarks, "*the entire absence of testimony does not raise a negative presumption except in cases where testimony is accessible.*" He therefore considers that science leaves this momentous question an entirely open one, to be decided rather by the moral and spiritual part of man's nature than by a scientific analysis which must fail utterly in such a sphere, or even by a scientific hypothesis which is by no means inconceivable, but which can never be proved.

Mr. Fiske's criticisms of Scripture are by no means equal to his criticisms in science. He is troubled with the excessive tendency to analysis that besets many acute minds, leading them to reject everything that cannot be entirely understood, and to dissect spiritual truth till they destroy its vitality, and in consequence are led to throw away its empty shell—forgetful, as to the first, that when even external nature shows us glimpses of incomprehensible mystery, a Revelation proceeding from the same Source might surely be expected to do the same. He rejects Miracles and the Resurrection, with all the dogmatic truth which is linked with these. It is an instance of the extent to which criticism, even when apparently honest, can lead away even able and acute minds, that he should indulge in such daring assumptions as that the Apostle John (whom he believes to have written the Apocalypse, but not the Fourth Gospel) was "the most narrow and rigid of Judaizers," "intensely hating Paul and his followers;" and that "the Epistle of Jude is solely a polemic directed against the innovations of Paul!" It may well be wondered how any careful and candid reading of this epistle could have permitted such an extraordinary misinterpretation of its aim. The individuals denounced by Jude are nameless men, who crept in unawares, —who were Antinomians and Unitarians,—not one of which characteristics applies to Paul, but all of which do apply to opponents of Paul repeatedly denounced by him. The following echo from Matthew Arnold is, however, profoundly true, and cannot be too strongly impressed:—"Faith, in Paul's apprehension, was not an intellectual assent to definitely prescribed dogmas, but, as Matthew Arnold has well pointed out, it was an emotional striving after righteousness, a developing consciousness of God in the soul, or in Paul's phraseology, a subjugation of the flesh by the spirit." This, at least, is one of those fundamental truths on which men of the most diverse schools of thought can find a common standing ground—an earnest, let us hope, of a growing harmony of thought in the future.

The essay on "Historical Difficulties" touches on some curious questions of history, as, for instance, whether the Caliph Omar really destroyed the Alexandrian library (it would ap-

pear that he did not), and as to whether Jeanne d'Arc was really burned at Rouen, or escaped, survived, and was married, like any ordinary maiden, as some old disinterred papers would seem to suggest. The reviews of Mr. Motley's continuation of the History of the Netherlands, and of M. Taine's Philosophy of Art, are both interesting; but more interesting than either is the essay entitled "Athenian and American Life,"—a consideration of the contrast between the joyous, leisurely, physically healthful, mentally tranquil life of the old Greeks, and the anxious, high-pressure, wealth-worshipping, health-sacrificing, nervously overstrained life of the modern Americans. Mr. Fiske reads his countrymen some lessons which they need, would they only profit by them. "Industrial barbarism, by which I mean the inability of a community to direct a portion of its time to purposes of spiritual life, after providing for its physical maintenance,—this kind of barbarism the modern world has by no means outgrown. To-day, the great work of life is to live; while the amount of labour consumed in living has throughout the present century been rapidly increasing. Nearly the whole of this American community toils from youth to old age in merely procuring the means for satisfying the transient wants of life. Our time and energies, our spirit and buoyancy, are quite used up in what is called 'getting on.' 'Success in life' has become synonymous with 'becoming wealthy.' A man who is successful in what he undertakes, is a man who makes his employment pay him in money." "We lack culture because we live in a hurry, and because our attention is given up to pursuits which call into activity and develop but one side of us. Our literary workers must work without co-operation, they must write in a hurry, and they must write for those who have no leisure for aught but hasty and superficial reading." "I believe enough has been said to show that the great complexity of modern life, with its multiplicity of demands upon our energy, has got us into a state of chronic hurry, the results of which are everywhere to be seen in the shape of less thorough workmanship and less rounded culture." That such thoughts need to be considered among our neighbours, no one will question. Are we not beginning to need to consider them in Canada also?

EARLY MAN IN EUROPE. By Charles Rau. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

The question of the antiquity of the human race, after having been keenly, at times even fiercely, debated during the last twenty-five or thirty years, has at length reached the stage when, the main conclusions of scientific men having become sufficiently settled, its popular treatment seems desirable; and the appearance of a collected edition of the half-dozen papers recently contributed to *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. Rau, under the above title, is consequently timely, and likely to fill, at least partially, a gap which needed closing up.

Investigators in this fascinating branch of science have, as is well known, divided the period during which man has existed on the earth into three principal eras, known as the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age. This classification, though in the main accurate, is probably not complete for the whole earth. The use of copper must almost certainly have preceded that of bronze, and, accordingly, a Copper Age should be interposed between those of Bronze and Iron. Evidence of the use of copper at a time preceding that of bronze has, in fact, been found by General Cesnola, in Cyprus; by Schliemann, at Hissarlik, the presumed site of Troy; and also on this continent and elsewhere. Furthermore, the Stone Age itself is subdivided into two clearly marked periods: an earlier, when the stone implements were merely rudely chipped; and a later, when they were polished. These are known respectively as the Old Stone, or Palæolithic, Age, and the New Stone, or Neolithic. Some writers, among whom Mr. Rau is apparently to be classed, believe even that the Palæolithic Age, in Europe at least, includes two distinct periods, to the latter of which they give the name, Reindeer Epoch.

The Iron Age corresponds tolerably accurately with historic times; the Bronze and Stone being prehistoric. Of course it is not pretended that each of the three divisions existed everywhere simultaneously. At the present day many savage tribes are yet in their Stone Age; and doubtless the ancient Egyptians were in their Age of Iron while yet the inhabitants of Europe were altogether unacquainted with the use of metals. What anthropologists mean by this division into ages is, that man, in the earlier period of his existence on earth, being unable to work metal, was obliged to fashion his tools and weapons of stone, or bone and horn; that later on, the art of working in copper and bronze (the latter implying a knowledge of the art of smelting tin) was introduced; and still later, the smelting of iron.

The evidence in proof of this theory, and of the immense remoteness of the Early Stone or Palæolithic Age, when man existed contemporaneously with animals now extinct, such as the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave bear, and the cave lion, is now so enormous in quantity and so unimpeachable in quality that it is hardly possible, in spite of the countervailing considerations urged by such writers as Mr. Southall, to fairly digest it without becoming a convert both to the theory and to the belief in the vast antiquity of the human race. The evidence comes from nearly every spot of

land on the earth's surface. It has been found in every country in Europe; throughout the continent of America, from California, Lake Superior, and Newfoundland, to Tierra del Fuego; in Africa, from Egypt and Algiers to the Cape of Good Hope; and in various countries of Asia—including Palestine, Asia Minor, India, China, and Japan. As regards quantity, we may instance the fact given by Mr. Rau (p. 138), that the collections in Denmark are thought to contain about 30,000 articles of stone belonging to the Neolithic Age, found in that country alone, besides large numbers sent to museums in other countries.

As intimated above, Mr. Rau's exposition of the subject is only partial: he deals exclusively with the Stone Age, and, as the title of his book imports, confines his attention solely to Europe. Within the limits thus prescribed to himself, he has performed his task exceedingly well. In the compass of six brief chapters he gives an accurate, tolerably full, and very interesting account of man as he existed in Europe during the Stone Age. He recounts briefly the researches in the caves of England, France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy; in the Kitchenmiddens (or refuse heaps) and tumuli of Denmark and Scandinavia; and in the Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and the neighbouring regions. Descriptions are given of the various tools and weapons unearthed, and of the fossil remains of man and of the various animals, some of them extinct, and more formidable than any now existing, with which he was engaged in a ceaseless struggle for existence; and the author draws the natural inferences as to the mode of life and the grade of civilization attained by man in those far-off times. The descriptions are made clear by numerous excellent illustrations.

It is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Rau has not attempted any numerical estimate of the time that has elapsed since the men lived and died whose remains, after being buried for so many ages, rise up again and speak to us so eloquently. No doubt the investigation is a difficult one, and any solution hazarded must be merely tentative. Still, there is evidence in existence on which to base a conjectural estimate, and which has been dealt with for that purpose by Lyell. There seems to be no doubt that man existed in Europe in pre-glacial, or at least in inter-glacial times. Mr. Rau gives (p. 33) one item of evidence, from Switzerland, in proof of this fact; and another (the human thigh-bone discovered in 1873, in Victoria Cave, Yorkshire) is adduced by Mr. Geikie in his "Great Ice Age" (p. 510). Now, Mr. Croll seems to have definitively shown that the last glacial epoch (or rather series of epochs, for there were probably two or three in comparatively close connection) extended from about 150,000 years ago to about 80,000 years ago; the whole series, together with the warm inter-glacial periods, thus lasting about 70,000 years. For ourselves, we have no doubt whatever that the years during which man has existed on the earth must be numbered, not by the thousand, but by the hundred thousand. We will even go so far as to venture a suspicion that before very many years have elapsed, indubitable proof will be discovered of the existence of man during the tertiary period; in which case the years of our race will have to be numbered by the million.

To those wishing to investigate the interesting subject of the early life of man we can cordially recommend Mr. Rau's book, as being a cheap, excellent, and popular introduction to the more elaborate and costly works of Lyell, Lubbock, Wilson, Evans, Dawkins, Geikie, Croll, Tylor, Foster, and Southall.

POETS AND NOVELISTS. By George Barnett Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Mr. Smith has here reprinted a series of literary studies of Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, Peacock, Hawthorne, the Brontes, Fielding, and Buchanan, with an additional notice of some English fugitive poets. He has expressed the accepted judgments of the day on the several writers whose works he discusses, and for people who are not familiar with the current critical literature, the book is not without value. But to others who may naturally expect an interesting book on such pregnant themes it is rather disappointing. Mr. Smith, in his remarks about Thomas Love Peacock, complains that modern criticism is deficient in *vis*. This is precisely the defect we are painfully conscious of in Mr. Smith's own critical essays. The vital force of originality is wanting, nor is its place supplied by the possession of any other remarkable virtues. We fear, indeed, that the unpardonable sin of dulness might be laid at his door, were it not for the quotations with which he illuminates his essays, and which are the part of the book we can conscientiously commend. Mr. Smith claims for his book the merit of "exhaustiveness." We fear it cannot be called exhaustive in any but an uncomplimentary sense, nor is it likely that the labour of many critics yet to come will exhaust such perennially interesting subjects as the genius and works of Fielding or Thackeray. Mr. Smith further claims to have been the first to recognise the merits of Thomas Love Peacock, and he evidently regards him with some of the enthusiasm of proprietorship. Peacock is most widely known as the author of a satirical novel called "Headlong Hall," in which he sets in a ridiculous light the popular theories of his time, under the form of dialogues between such transparent

personages as Mr. Crotchet, Mr. MacQuedy (Mac Q. E. D.), the Rev. Dr. Folliott, &c. He did not possess much creative power, and his satire is not of the kind that lives. Among the objects of his sarcasm, clergymen occupy a conspicuous place, and Mr. Smith seems inclined himself to discharge a few shafts in the same direction. Mr. Smith's remarks on this topic will serve as a specimen of his style and discernment. The life of the parson of sixty years ago was, he tells us, "passed between fox-hunting, card-playing, and drinking. Since then the muscular Christian and other excellent men have arisen. But there have also sprung up with them men almost of a more mischievous type than the old fox-hunter. There are too many pitiful shepherds left who, in quiet, out-of-the-way villages, make the life of the poor a burden to them. These continually enlarge on the duty of labourers to keep their proper stations, and to revere the clergy and the squirearchy, the former of whom are to provide for them their opinions and their spiritual food, the latter their temporal comforts. Many of the latter clergy are, in the eyes of sensible men, little less contemptible than the old; the venue of our contempt has been changed, that is all." The good old parson who cared more for his dinner than his flock was a worthier subject of satire than the most conservative of his successors. Peacock's satire was no doubt relished when it first appeared, but it is not very entertaining now. His humour is lively enough, but it is wanting in depth. The advance of ages has brought with it certain new evils, and placed mankind in some respects in a worse position than our ancestors occupied; but we do not discern much truth or point in the following bit of satire:—

"Forsooth, this is the enlightened age. Not any how! Did our ancestors go peeping about with dark lanterns, and do we walk about at our ease in broad sunshine? What do we see by it which our ancestors saw not, and which at the same time is worth seeing? We see a hundred men hanged, where they saw one. We see five hundred transported where they saw one. We see scores of Bible Societies, where they saw none. . . . We see men in stays, where they saw men in armour. . . . We see prisons, where they saw castles. In short, they saw true men where we see false knaves. They saw Milton, and we see Mr. Sackbut."

Peacock wrote, besides his novels, one or two poems, not of any great merit, as might be inferred from the quality of his humour. We are disposed to think that, in spite of his "precise style, his great research, his boundless sarcasm, his intense abhorrence of cant," with all of which Mr. Smith, with more or less truth, credits him, the neglect into which Peacock has fallen is not undeserved.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF GREECE. By George W. Cox, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers; D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

This work comprehends in an octavo volume of about 700 pages, the history of the Greeks from the earliest times to the death of Alexander the Great, with a sketch of the subsequent history down to the present decennium. The work is intended for the higher class of students, and is not a mere record of events and circumstances connected with the life of the Hellenic race; but the effort has been most successfully made to connect together these facts, so as to present them in their natural and philosophic sequence. Nor is the work in any sense a compilation, either from Grote or Thirlwall, or even from the author's larger history in four volumes, of which, in fact, but two have as yet been published. It is in every meaning of the word a new work, based upon an independent examination of the original authorities. Mr. Cox is a man of marvellous industry and enormous erudition, and he has made himself a thorough master of his subject; and he sometimes takes occasion to call in question the opinions of his predecessors, and to express views at variance with those generally received; and in these cases his presentation of the subject is well worthy of attention.

Of course, in a volume of this kind, it would be absurd to look for that minute detail and those full discussions of moot points which one finds in the works of Grote and Thirlwall, and also in the larger history of Mr. Cox himself. But nevertheless, the author's style and manner, without any straining for effect, is so clear and pleasant, that the reader's interest is kept up in the story—a story full of poetic emotion, philosophic contemplation, tragic situation, and dramatic circumstance; and fruitful in lessons—social and political—even to us living in the light of the nineteenth century. In his preface, the author tells us that he has attempted to bring "the actors in this great drama before the reader as living persons with whom we may sympathise, while they must be submitted to the judgment of the moral tribunal to which we are all responsible." In the first half of this attempt the success of the author is unqualified: but in submitting his various characters "to the judgment of the moral tribunal to which we are all responsible," it appears to us that the author's fervid moral feeling sometimes leads him to the practical unfairness of subjecting the ancient Greek to the criterion of the morality of the nineteenth century after Christ, instead of to that of the fourth and fifth centuries before Him, and that his judgments are, by consequence, sometimes unduly harsh. A similar want of moral perspective was noticeable in the author's small work on "The Crusades." The error, if it be an error, is on the right side; and is, of course, one

of which the author himself is unconscious. Mr. Cox is quite above the petty arts of the partisan historian, and never attempts to slur over or evade difficulties, or to snatch a verdict by means of a rhetorical flourish. On the contrary, opposing difficulties are resolutely met, and argued in the plain language of logic and critical enquiry.

The work is very readable, and is in all respects suited to the requirements of the general student; and its numerous independent opinions will supply ample food for thought, even to the advanced scholar. The maps and chronological table are valuable, and the index is carefully compiled and sufficiently full. Altogether, the work is unquestionably the best history of Greece for students now in existence, and must in time supersede all others.

HIDDEN PERILS: A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

Whether the title of this novel is intended to imply that the perils to which it refers are hidden from the readers of it, or its characters, we do not know; but we are inclined to adopt the latter interpretation; as the perusal of a very few pages brings fairly into view some of the "rocks ahead" upon which its personages are bound to split. We do not by any means urge that this is a fault. On the contrary, to allow the circumstances of a story to be to a great extent the given quantity, and their effect upon certain characters the unknown, presents to the novelist a problem to work out which brings into play much higher faculties than are required for the mere construction of an interesting plot. For the latter little more than ingenuity is necessary; but the former is in every sense a high art. We do not think that the author would fall under the category of novelists who devote more attention to character-study than to plot, nor can she be ranked among those who combine the two. She would seem to be a story-teller, purely and simply, and, as such, decidedly successful. In the present instance, as we have said, the leading features of her plot are very transparently veiled from the first; and her characters are different from those of a hundred other novels only as the familiar face of "stock" actors are different under each new "make up." Yet there is no doubt that she contrives to sustain our interest throughout the story. As "Hidden Perils" is essentially a modern novel, it is refreshing to have its scene laid in rural England, instead of in the capital, or backwards and forwards over thousands of miles with the restlessness so much in vogue now-a-days. We are at least spared, in a country story, the "fastness" and the cynicism which seem inevitably to find their way into novels of town life of the present day, and which hold the mirror up to an artificiality of life which it would be pleasant to persuade ourselves had no actual existence. But we have in compensation the good old crime of murder committed with such frank impetuosity that the author evidently expects that no one will think much the worse of her hero, Rourke Trenham, for it. We had not the highest opinion of him before he made this little *faux pas*. Being engaged to Una Gaveston, a painfully gentle, limp young lady, who comes fairly under the description, "too good to live," he falls in love with her younger sister, Lorraine, passionately avows to her his affection, and yet marries poor Una with becoming resignation. She has so little life about her that the early transition into even less, is easy and natural. When it has taken place, Rourke loses no time in endeavouring to persuade Lorraine that it is "bigotry" which has rejected the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and that love is stronger than all law. We have no wish to wrong the author by giving an abstract of her story, but as much of it as we have thus told, *en passant*, will serve to indicate that the present work may be justly classed among "sensational" novels; and that epithet always implies the relation of very dubious conduct, reconciled by some unaccountable process with high-wrought moral sentiment.

The early portion is the most pleasing. Towards the end there is a general change of disposition among the characters which is not for the better, and which is very insufficiently explained by their situations. Lorraine, as we are first introduced to her, is charming. She is an impulsive, warm-hearted child, held in check by a father who loves her little, and by an eccentric old aunt who represses every sally of her natural joyousness. Her attempt, in the strict loneliness and monotony of her aunt's house, to make a companion of a simple, awkward, countrified housemaid, is described with considerable feeling and humour. When we meet her again, after a supposed interval of seven years, she is the same girl only in name, and has certainly not improved. Similarly with Athol Vere, perhaps the best drawn, and certainly the most lovable character in the book. He is a young doctor, struggling to improve the *res angustæ domi*, and kept under by the extravagance of a selfish and thoughtless sister. His self-denial, uprightness, and perseverance enlist our sympathy, and it is to be regretted that he is finally metamorphosed into an ingenious plotter to defeat the ends of justice in sheltering his friend Rourke. There is at least something original in his plan to save Trenham from hanging; for a prominent feature of it is knocking him on the head so that he subsequently dies, as far as we can glean, from the effects of the blow!

"Hidden Perils" does not in any respect rise above the average of the novels pouring

forth daily from the press; but it can hold its own among many of them. It is very far from being a dull book, and even further from being one of remarkable merit.

ERSILIA. By the author of "My Little Lady." New York: Henry Holt & Co.

For a pure, high-toned, gracefully written story for summer holiday reading, full of true and noble thought, tender and winning pathos, charming freshness and vividness of description, and refined and delicate fancy, and instinct with the life of a generous, idealized, self-forgetting, though passionate love, we can heartily recommend "Ersilia," by the author of "My Little Lady." *This* "Ersilia," however, is by no means to be confounded with an unnatural melodramatic story of the same name—a "story with a moral," published some years ago as an antidote to High Church tendencies. This simple story—a painter's love-story—is but a story of life, a vivid presentation of the silent pathos and unobtrusive tragedy which is so constantly interwoven with the web of ordinary human life. The characters stand before us in the reality of living and suffering human nature—though three of them at least belong to its higher ranks; and Ersilia herself is as pure and sweet and nobly conceived a female character as almost any that is to be found in the whole range of modern fiction. The more ordinary *dramatis personæ*, if less idealized, are well-drawn, vivid and true to life, especially the French and the English fine ladies—Mrs. Grey, with her fashionable veneer and underlying vulgarity; and the lively Mademoiselle Mathilde, devoted to society, dress, and *bric-a-brac*. If the story is a little too sad in its course and its *dénouement*, this is to a great extent relieved by the noble patience, born of suffering, and the purification from selfishness which is the result of the sharp discipline of life—by the atmosphere of peace which broods over the close. It is perhaps a defect in the book that it does not rise a little higher into the unseen life with which the seen one is so closely connected.

The scenery amidst which the events of the story are laid is mainly that of the Pyrenees, southern France, and Paris—though in the too short glimpses given us of the early life of Ersilia and Humphrey, and in the closing scenes of the tale, we are among English meadows and orchards. How vividly the romantic scenery of the Pyrenees—misty mountain and foaming waterfall, sunny valley and dark solemn ravine—is brought before our inner eye, the following passages will show:—

"There is the sound of water everywhere, from the trickle of the tiny fall that drips from rock to rock into basins fringed with purple flowers, to the dash of the cascade that leaps impetuously from some fissure in the wall of mountain cliff, or the roar of the torrent as it rushes over black boulders in the gorge below, churning its deep water into creamy foam tinged with tenderest green. The very snow-wreaths, dying without a murmur on the warm breast of the mountain slopes, wake to a new and musical life in the little, low-voiced rills that wind amongst the long grass. There is rich store of flowers to be found in these upland pastures, long after their brethren of the plain have passed away, and in yonder woods there is the dim blossom of the raspberry, and the fragrance of the small, wild-flavoured strawberry. The mountain girls well know where to seek for the earliest of these amongst last year's fallen leaves; one may see them coming down the road with flying garments and square-folded capulets, bearing on their heads baskets of these scarlet spoils, or great bundles of firm, white, new-pressed curds, the mountain cheese. In the upper gorges, where the ear is filled with the rush of the pent-in torrent, and the sunshine itself seems to borrow a shade of gloom from the early-falling shadows, all day long may be heard the tinkling of bells, as the long-haired shepherds lead their flocks and herds to those flowery, rill-watered *plateaux* far up the mountain side. But in the lower valleys there is a sunny peaceful stillness, for there the road has space to turn aside from the torrent's edge, and winds downwards amongst trees and hedges, between fields bright with the vivid green of the broad-leaved maize, beneath steep, overhanging meadows, where women are tossing and turning the early hay, filling the air with the delicious freshness of the new-mown grass."

"Sometimes, accompanied by a guide, they went far up the mountain side. Sometimes they went no further than to a ravine lying directly above the village, where they passed at once from noise and gaiety into a world of wildness, solitude, and grandeur, forests rising on either side, a torrent roaring and foaming below; above, one snow-flecked peak that for ever caught the latest sunset gleam, or shone faintly radiant in the lingering after-glow."

The same vivid freshness of description, testifying to a poet's mind and a painter's eye, characterizes the brief glimpses of English scenery, of which we give one as a closing extract:—

"It was a pleasant, open, fertile country in which he lived, where the sky dipped on every side to meet the level horizon, and there was little save trees and hay-stacks to break the view of earth and heaven. Red sunsets burned low behind the low black hedges, flat meadows stretched down to the stream which, bordered here and there by trees and bushes, flowed clear and shallow among them; meadows golden with buttercups in spring, sweet with

flowering grasses in summer, where Humphrey's guilty, flying feet left a long shining track, as he sped across to reach his favourite haunts by the river. He remembered the wide-spreading cherry-tree that seemed to fill the window with white blossoms, and red and white fruit, all the year round, and the bed with the blue-checked counterpane, where Humphrey, in the early dawn, would lie listening with a happy heart to the sounds of awakening life, cocks crowing, birds twittering, farm labourers passing to and fro, talking with gruff echoing voices in the morning air, till the boy could lie and listen no longer, but, slipping on his clothes, would run out to take his part in that fresh stir, whilst the grass was still grey with dew, and the old farm buildings golden in the sun's level rays."

The book is an English one, of course, but has been reproduced by Messrs. Holt & Co. in their cheap and portable linen-covered series of books for holiday reading.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. SPEDDING returns to his special subject in the *Contemporary Review*. He makes no formal reply to Dr. Abbott, but attacks the latter's great authority in a paper entitled, "Lord Macaulay's Essay on Bacon examined." It is not completed in the current number and, at any rate, defies analysis in a brief space. Macaulay's Essay, as our readers are aware, was a review of Basil Montague's Life of Bacon, which, like Mr. Spedding's greater work, was a defence of the great philosopher. In the present paper, two passages from the Essay are selected, containing fifteen separate charges which Mr. Spedding proceeds to examine *seriatim*. We may briefly indicate two of these. The first is, that Bacon's "desires were set on things below. Wealth, precedence, titles, patronage," and a great many other things enumerated, had great attractions for him. "For these objects he had stooped for everything, and had sued in the humblest manner," &c. The author asks, "*What* did he stoop to? *What* did he endure?" With regard to the suing, it resolves itself, on Macaulay's own showing, into a request from Bacon, a youth of twenty, to his uncle, Lord Burghley, for "a provision to enable him to devote himself to literature and politics"—no extraordinary petition coming from a poor nephew and addressed to a rich and influential uncle. Referring to Macaulay's highly-coloured picture of what followed, Mr. Spedding says, "The *testiness* of the refusal, the *sharpness* of the lecture, and the imputation of 'want of respect for his *betters*,' are all out of his own head. Bacon's letter is expressly referred to as his only authority, and it is certain that these cannot by any ingenuity be extracted out of it." Then again, with regard to his "abasing himself in the dust before Elizabeth," "as he found that the smallest show of an independence in Parliament was offensive to the Queen," Mr. Spedding proves that Bacon never retracted a word of his speech or implored pardon for any offence committed in debate.

Mr. Arthur Arnold's account of "Turkey" is referred to elsewhere. Like the paper on Persia, published in the previous number, it is exceedingly useful at the present time. A point or two only need be noticed here. The writer falls foul of Mr. Bosworth Smith for his apologetic lectures on Mohammedanism, and he points out one cause for the cruel and oppressive treatment of the rayahs which may not be generally known. The Porte can collect no money by indirect taxation, because England and the Powers will not permit the imposition of a tariff; so that compulsory Free Trade is one cause of the sufferings of the Bosnians. Revenue is raised on the crops, and "by a monstrous euphemism the exclusion of the non-Mussulman population from the army is charged to them as 'exemption,' and they are made to pay about five shillings per man to establish their own degradation." Of course, the tax-gatherer plunders and abuses the people constantly, returning to the Treasury only as much as pleases him. We may add that Mr. Arnold's account of the Christian populations is not over favourable. Mr. Richard Hutton's essay on "Christian Evidences, Popular and Critical," contains much that is fresh and suggestive. He contends that the popular impression of the facts of the Gospels, so far as relates to Christ's death and resurrection, and his previous announcement of them are concerned, "is, to say the least, as fully justified by reason, as any inference, however judicial, from the careful survey of minute historic evidences could possibly be." The writer takes the resurrection as the crucial test of the truth of Christianity, and lays special stress upon the fact that St. Paul, in an epistle written before any of the Gospels were penned, and no long

time after the event, bears the fullest testimony to the universal belief of the Church, naming the witnesses. He then examines the subject in a variety of forms, adducing evidences, internal, external, and collateral.

Mr. Hewlett's "Songs for Singing," is a paper of which it is impracticable to give a detailed account. The subject, so interesting in itself, is treated historically and critically. An important distinction, the writer observes, exists between musical verse and verses fitted for music, resting upon some other ground than that of metre. Thus it happens that "there have been poets, not skilled in music, but universally admitted to have carried the harmony of language and rhythm to the highest perfection, whose verse has seldom or never attracted the choice of composers." Such were Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley. On the other hand, Moore expresses his surprise that Burns, "a poet wholly unskilled in music," should possess "the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, in wedding verse in congenial union with melody; which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt." Then follows a series of conditions of successful song-writing grouped in connection with the meaning and language of poetry. Under the head of meaning is included "all that concerns the structure of sentences, and the varied expression of thought and feeling thereby conveyed;" under the head of language, all that relates to the choice of words for music "which are, if possible, more important than those which concern the meaning and composition of sentences"—for example, the choice of words which is required for the purposes of the singer's intonation.

Mr. Fairbairn concludes his interesting monograph on Strauss. The *Spectator* complains that it is too condensed, and should have been expanded into a volume of three or four hundred pages. There is considerable truth in the remark, and it is perhaps more evident in this third part than in the two previous ones. If the writer had been able to confine his attention to his principal figure this want of elbow-room would not have been so apparent; but, by the nature of the case, he is compelled to give a contemporaneous sketch of the prevailing philosophies and theologies of the time. Here, for instance, we have an account of the old Lutherans, the new Lutherans, the Mediation school, and a sketch, several pages in length, of F. Christian Bäur. So far as regards Strauss, we begin with the new or popular edition of the *Leben Jesu*—a work differing almost *toto cælo* from its predecessor of 1835. Mr. Fairbairn remarks that Strauss's mind had been embittered by the invectives poured upon him, and the result is that the "tendency in the new is more earthward than in the old;" the advance is being made "from the Religion of Christ to the Religion of Humanity." Finally, we come to "The Old Faith and the New," in which the question "Are we still Christians?" is put and answered in the negative—the substitute being the worship of the "Universum." Christianity is a "world-historical humbug," and "the universe, the great whole which comprehends and unifies all forces, is the only God modern thought can know or recognise." Such was the goal reached at last by David Friedrich Strauss.

Mr. Jukes defends his work on "The Restitution of all Things," against the Roman Catholic view presented by the Rev. H. N. Oxenham. The paper is so discursive, going over the entire Scripture and patristic ground, that it is impossible to attempt a synopsis of it. Perhaps a sentence or two may suffice. "Nothing, perhaps, has made more so-called infidels than the assertion that the Gospel declares unending torments. No question, therefore, can be of greater moment, nor can a theology which blinks the question meet the cravings which are abroad, and which I cannot but believe are the work of God's Spirit. For the 'restitution of all things,' is to the Church what 'the call of the Gentiles' was to Israel; and those who, like Paul, can receive the 'wider hope,' like him must be content for a season to be rejected by the Pharisees and Scribes of Israel." Mr. Grant Duff contributes a rapid sketch of the present state of European affairs under the caption of "The Pulse of Europe." He is opposed to what has been called Turkophobia, but thinks it would make very little difference to England if Russia were in possession of Constantinople.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a paper on "Harvey and Vivisection," by Dr. Bridges. In their report, the Royal Commission on Vivisection remark—"Harvey appears to have been almost entirely indebted to vivisection for his ever-memorable discovery, *i. e.*, the circulation of the blood." Dr. Bridges denies this assertion *in toto*, and proves, in Harvey's own words, that although he made experiments upon living animals, the results were extremely unsatisfactory. The writer further shows that Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was not due to the bringing to light of new facts, but to his constructive genius in framing a valid hypothesis. This is shown by a history of research touching the functions of the heart, commencing with Vesalius and passing through Servetus, "Calvin's victim," Realdus Columbus, and others, to Fabricius of Acquapendente, Harvey's instructor. Neither did he verify his hypothesis by vivisection, since "no such verification by the process of direct inspection ever has been made, or by the nature of things can be." Dr. Bridges, unlike many of his brethren, is a determined foe to the unpopular practice,

at least as at present conducted. Mr. Walter Bagehot's sketch of "Adam Smith as a Person," is an exceedingly valuable aid to the understanding of his great work. It shows that although an absent-minded, retiring student, he fell upon the task which made him immortal by planning an impossible work, which was an account not merely of the progress of the race in arts, sciences, laws, politics, and morals, but the growth of the individual also. Some amusing stories are told of his absence of mind. He was called upon to sign an official document on one occasion, and "he produced not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the person who signed before him; on another, a sentinel on duty having saluted him in military fashion, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy—a very clumsy copy no doubt—of the same gestures." Lord Brougham relates that when passing through the Edinburgh Fishmarket, "in his accustomed attitude—that is with his hands behind his back and his head in the air—a female of the trade exclaimed, taking him for an idiot broke loose, 'Hech sirs, to see the like o' him to be aboot. ,And yet he is weel eneugh put on' (dressed)." The turning point for Adam Smith's career was his selection as travelling companion to the young Duke of Buccleuch, by Charles Townshend, who married his mother. Mr. Bagehot shows the advantages he derived by his study of the commercial and fiscal system of France, and also the lessons he gathered from the French economists.

Sir David Wedderburn's paper on "English Liberalism and Australasian Democracy," is a comparison between the two. He endeavours to disabuse the reader's mind of the notion that party names have the same meaning in the Colonies as in England—"Where the feudal system has never prevailed, where there are no privileged classes, no privileged sects, and no standing armies, and where land passes readily and cheaply from hand to hand, we need not look either for Liberals or Conservatives, as their names are here understood." The attraction of Australians for British institutions is illustrated by a remarkable example. In order to prevent a deadlock between the two elective Chambers, it was proposed in the Legislature of Victoria, "the most democratic of colonies," that the Norwegian plan should be adopted, of combining the two in one Assembly to decide the question. Sir David tells us the result: "No little ingenuity and eloquence were displayed on both sides, but the arguments of orators hostile to the measure might have been summed up in the words: *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.* The scheme was denounced as un-English, and this objection appeared to weigh with the Assembly more than any raised upon the intrinsic merits of the amendment." The writer refers to so many topics that we are compelled to make a selection of two. He is a thorough-paced Radical, and wants a reconstruction of the House of Lords on the model of the Victoria Legislative Council. There is very little fear of any revolutionary proposal of the sort being entertained, but if Canada be permitted to contribute her experience, the result would be a verdict against the adoption of any such model; we have not yet settled the problem of a second Chamber, nor are we likely to do so definitively for some time to come. The writer says that Australian Democracy is Conservative in the matter of Protection, and, after appearing to object to this policy, remarks: "Whatever may be their prospects of success, it must be admitted that every colony, when first established, requires extraneous aid and protection, as much as a new-born infant . . . The sudden adoption of a Free-Trade policy may extinguish such interests as have not yet attained the self-supporting stage, and still demand a certain amount of protection."

Mr. Statham's "Reflections at the Royal Academy," is a running criticism of the pictures exhibited this year, which appears to be both acute and intelligent, but is of little use in detail to those at a distance. Last month, in giving an account of the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, we complained of "the woful lack of ideas" manifested in the collection. Singularly enough, Mr. Statham finds the same deficiency at Burlington House. "The mere fact of a picture being what is called well-painted, is not sufficient to justify its existence, or render it an object of intellectual interest. It must have a certain *intensity* of execution, of feeling, or of aim, to stamp it as an individual creation." He then proceeds to to apply most unmercifully his canon of art to individual pictures. The article is well worth the attention of the members of the Ontario Society. Mr. Courtney's "Political Machinery and Political Life" exposes the defective state of the representative system, and propounds a modification of Hare's plan for the representation of minorities, applied to groups of constituencies, and not to the entire kingdom. He refutes objections in a very masterly way. "Past and Present," by Frederic Harrison, is a letter to Mr. Ruskin, in reply to that pessimist view of the age which the Professor has adopted. It is a most eloquent appeal against the growling and cavilling spirit, and there is a happy hit at Mr. Ruskin for his aping Carlyle. Mr. Gurney's paper "On some Disputed Points in Music," is a rather severe dissection of Herbert Spencer's theory of its origin, nature, and functions.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE engagement of the Vokes Family by Mrs. Morrison, for the purpose of enlivening her patrons during the "silly season," was a remarkably "happy thought." The genius of dulness which had, as usual at this time of the year, laid his leaden hand upon us, was chased away for a brief period, and his existence forgotten for the time being. The entertainments given by this remarkably clever family, and of which "The Belles of the Kitchen," and "The Right Man in the Wrong Place," may be taken as typical specimens, simply defy classification. They are an indescribable compound of comedy, farce, and burlesque, which in its occasional extravagant absurdity, gives one a faint, pleasant flavour of opera bouffe, and negro minstrel "acts." The whole, however, is pervaded with a wholesome atmosphere of refinement, so that the fun, no matter how fast and furious—and it is both at times—is perfectly innocent and irreproachable. Of the three sisters, it is difficult to say which was the favourite, their styles being so diverse, and each being so good of its kind; Victoria, demure and dignified; Jessie, elegant and aristocratic; Rosina, merry and mischievous as Topsy herself, but with a sprightliness and vivacity all her own;—all of them graceful and ladylike. The singing of Miss Victoria was excellent, and quite enjoyable, notwithstanding that her fine voice is a trifle coarse in its lower notes, and her intonation was uncertain at times. Perhaps, however, the best feature of the entertainment was the dancing, which in grace and modesty we do not remember to have ever seen surpassed in Toronto. Of the two brothers, Fred. is much the cleverer. He has an agreeable tenor voice, and, with his sister Victoria, sang the music of the tower scene in "Il Trovatore" exceedingly well. His voice and singing, however, are quite put into the shade by his lower limbs. We have heard it said of some very intelligent animals that they "can do anything but speak;" and we are sure that the same thing may be said of Mr. Fred. Vokes's amazing legs. When he is dancing they seem to be ubiquitous, or at the very least to have the faculty of being in two places at the same time. The only noteworthy characteristic of the other brother, Fawdon, is his remarkable agility and nimbleness in dancing. The troupe, as a whole, is quite unique of its kind; and their week's performances here were witnessed by large and hugely delighted audiences.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Belford Bros. continue their issues of reprints and original works with unflagging enterprise and industry. The volumes published by them during the past month, of which we are in receipt of copies, are *Roman Catholicism, Old and New, from the standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine*, by John Schulte, D.D., Ph. D.; *The Life of William III., Prince of Orange*, by Historicus, of Belfast, Ireland; and *Edith Lyle: A Novel*, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes.

The Milton Publishing League, of Montreal, send us a small pamphlet bearing the suggestive title, *Scotch Pebbles;* being excerpts from the Letters, Journals, and Speeches of the late Norman Macleod. The extracts are eighty-six in number, and it is stated that in selecting them special prominence has been "given to those expressions of Catholic sentiment and large-heartedness which abound in the writings and utterances of the revered founder of 'Good Words.'"

The sixth part of *Daniel Deronda*, entitled *Revelations*, reaches us from Messrs. Dawson Brothers, Montreal. The interest of the story is culminating, and a tragic denouement appears to be in preparation, at least as regards Gwendolen and Grandcourt.

We understand that a Canadian edition of Lord Amberley's *Analysis of Religious Belief* is being prepared for publication.

The most important work issued in England during the past month is *The Geographical Distribution of Animals; With a study of the Relations of living and extinct Faunas, as elucidating the past changes of the Earth's surface*, by Alfred R. Wallace, author of "The Malay Archipelago." Mr. Wallace was the co-discoverer with Mr. Darwin of the principle of natural selection, and is one of the leading naturalists of the day. His present work is in two volumes, and will, no doubt, take its place as the great authority on the subject treated of.

A new volume by Robert Browning appeared in London on the 18th ult., entitled *Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in Distemper, with other poems.*

Last month we alluded to the completion of the portion of the *Speaker's Commentary* relating to the Old Testament. It is now announced that the New Testament will occupy four more volumes: two for the Gospels and the Acts, the third for the Epistles of Paul, and the fourth for the Catholic Epistles and Revelation.

The Canadian Monthly Directory.

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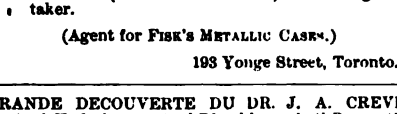
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VOL. 10.] SEPTEMBER, 1876. [No. 3.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK II.

A FALLEN FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VII.

ANGELO'S WOOING.

IT was not a difficult task for Angelo Salmon to discover the new home of Miss Westbrook. There had been but little disguise about it—only one faint effort to keep "herself to herself" for a day or two until she had had time to arrange her plans, and look more closely at the future. Mabel had no wish to hide for ever from the friends who had gathered round her in the days of her prosperity—even from the friends whom she had made in Penton; but as she told Dorcas very frankly, she did not desire to be "bothered" with them at present. They would respect her seclusion for a few days, she thought, not reckoning on the pertinacity of Mr. Angelo Salmon, whose reverence for her did not extend to keeping in the background for a minute longer than he could help. She had parted from him in a hasty fashion, and he was entitled to say "adieu"—if it were to be adieu—in his own way, at all events. He had taken counsel of Brian Halfday, a sober and discreet man, before he had ventured to act upon the impulses of his own soft heart, and he would tell all this plainly to Miss Westbrook, quote his authorities, and make his apologies, and she, he trusted, would forgive him. He was at the door of the house wherein Miss Westbrook had sought shelter from society, at nine in the evening of the day she had been driven from St. Lazarus by the flyman whom Angelo had "interviewed" and given a sovereign for "information received."

Miss Westbrook and Dorcas were not at Penton, but residing in apartments in a rustic little villa between St. Lazarus and the city itself. A bill in the upstairs window, calling attention to furnished lodgings within, had arrested Mabel's notice on her journey from the Hospital, and she had called to the driver to stop, with something more of her old impulse than she had lately exhibited.

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

"If we could rest there for a day or two, Dorcas," said Mabel, "I should be glad."

"But your rooms are at the 'Mitre'?"

"Oh! I must give them up, and the maid who is waiting for me there—I haven't told you that I am down in the world, Dorcas."

"Down in the world!" said Dorcas, opening her dark eyes to their fullest extent at the announcement, for she had heard not a word of the loss of fortune which had befallen her companion.

"Yes—I will tell you when we are settled."

And when they had settled in these quiet country quarters, and Dorcas had heard and been amazed by the news—and had only found time to express a little sympathy, and give way to several showers of tears, at which Mabel Westbrook laughed—it was formally announced by the landlady that Mr. Angelo Salmon was waiting below, and would be very glad to be honoured by an interview with Miss Westbrook.

The gentleman in attendance would have been scarcely flattered had he heard the frank expression of Miss Westbrook's opinion upon his advent.

"How very tiresome!" she exclaimed; "then he has found us out already."

"He is always prying about," said Dorcas, in a more angry tone than her mistress; "he is——"

"Hush! child," said Mabel, very quickly now, "this is a dear friend of mine, of whom we cannot afford to think unkindly."

"A dear friend!" said Dorcas, with her eyes widening again, "you don't mean that ——"

"That he is anything dearer than a friend. Oh! no," she added, with another little laugh.

"Ah!" said Dorcas, "but he may be presently. There is no telling what may happen after the first start."

"That's philosophy, Dorcas," answered Mabel, "but we will leave the consideration of it for the present."

The subject was postponed, and Mr. Angelo Salmon sent for instead. He came in softly, as though a noise were likely to disturb the inmates of the room, and blushed and stammered as he said "Good evening," and bowed low over the extended hand of Mabel Westbrook.

"You have soon found us," said Mabel.

"Yes, I have found you," he replied, "and I am very glad."

"How did you obtain the address?"

"I met the flyman—accidentally, just now, in the High Street—and it struck me he would know," replied Angelo, blushing more vividly than ever.

"Yes,—but how did you know the flyman?"

"The flyman?—oh! the flyman, I think you said," was the confused reply, "well, Hodsman told me that there was a piebald horse to the fly, and there are only three piebald horses in Penton, and I—but I am very glad to see you again, Miss Westbrook."

"I did not anticipate the honour would arrive so speedily. You might have given me more time to collect my thoughts," said Mabel.

"I was uneasy—I was anxious—I was really miserable, Miss Westbrook, to think you had left us," answered Angelo.

"Indeed."

"And I hope you are not angry with me for taking the first opportunity of coming to see you," he said imploringly.

"No," said Mabel thoughtfully, "I am not angry at a kind attention, or a generous impulse—no true woman should be."

True woman! He remembered Brian Halfday's words of consolation and encouragement at once: "A woman is only ungrateful to true affection when she is no true woman!" They gave him courage to speak out by degrees all that was in his heart, poor nervous being though he was, at his best. And Angelo Salmon was certainly at his best that night.

"I did not feel I could rest until I had discovered you," he continued, "and I hope you are not in any way vexed because I have arrived so quickly after your departure from my father's house. I have not acted hastily, or entirely on my own judgment in this matter."

Mabel looked surprised.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Angelo," she said.

"I will explain in one minute, Miss Westbrook," he replied.

He took time to recover that amount of composure which he had lost, and whilst absorbed in the process, Dorcas stole from the room, like a considerate young woman as she was on that occasion. Angelo did not notice her departure; but Mabel let her go for purposes of her own. It might be as well that this folly of Angelo Salmon's

should be ended at once and for ever—it would leave his path of life very clear ahead of him, and there would be no misunderstanding between them from that night. Let him confess all that was in his heart, and thus put an end to the delusion which he had fostered.

Angelo recovered himself somewhat, coughed faintly, and began again—

"I have not acted entirely on my own judgment, Miss Westbrook, I was saying," he commenced; "or rather, I submitted my own impressions to one in whom you once desired me to place confidence."

"Who is that?" said Mabel, quickly.

"Mr. Brian Halfday."

"Yes—but——"

She did not complete her sentence, and Angelo Salmon, after waiting a few moments, resumed the thread of his argument.

"You told me it was your conviction that I might rely upon Mr. Halfday as a friend; and I went to him when I discovered you had left the Hospital of St Lazarus."

"I would have preferred your coming straight to me. It would have been more manly," said Mabel thoughtfully.

Angelo looked disconsolate at this. He had followed her advice, and she did not compliment him on his blind obedience.

"I had quite made up my mind what to do, Miss Westbrook," he said, "before I saw Mr. Halfday, for that matter."

"What was the use of disturbing him, then?"

"I—I—don't know. I thought I would hear what he had to say."

"And now I will hear what you have to say, Mr. Salmon," said Mabel readily; "and we will set aside this Mr. Halfday from our discussion. Proceed."

She leaned back in her chair, and waited very patiently and coldly for his statement, whilst the red blood deepened more upon his forehead and cherubic cheeks. But with all his confusion, his courage was not lacking to confess the truth. It was the courage of despair, too, he knew already; but he went on, speaking with less embarrassment as he proceeded:

"I am resuming a subject which I began this morning—which I would have finished then if you would have allowed me," he continued; "and which, if I blunder through now, I hope you will forgive. For I am clumsy of speech; I have not the happy knack of expressing by words exactly what I wish to say."

"I think you have."

"I thank you for the compliment, but I know I haven't," he replied. "I know very well I'm not a man quite up to the mark—that 'a rock or two more,' as the old women term it, would have completely settled me. But that is neither here nor there; I wish to say, to begin with, that I hope you will not consider me less your friend than formerly, and that in every way in which I can be of service, I hope you will command me."

"I do not see that in any way I can call upon you for assistance," was Mabel's answer.

"You cannot tell. The loss of a large fortune may entail upon you, for a short while, at least, pecuniary embarrassments for which you are not prepared at present, and I—I may—I beg your pardon," he added, as Mabel held up her small white hand.

"Do not talk to me of money," she said; "you are very good, and I appreciate your goodness, but please do not talk to me of money. I have a balance still at Penton Bank."

Angelo remembered Brian Halfday's warning.

"I beg pardon," he said again. "I will not mention another word concerning it, only I did not know how you might be situated after the collapse of the bank in the States, and—and it suggested itself to me ——"

"You will spare me, I know," said Mabel, once more interrupting him; "you will understand that I am a proud and independent little woman at present. Mr. Halfday surely did not advise you to talk of money to me?"

"Oh! no."

"I am glad of that," said Mabel.

"It is only fair to Mr. Halfday to remark that he strongly advised me not to mention money to you."

"He and I have quarrelled about money matters before this," said Mabel thoughtfully, "and he knows the danger of the topic. But," she added, with her white forehead knit a little with the "second thoughts" behind it, "why did he ask you to be careful in this case with me?"

"One moment, if you will allow me, and I will explain," he entreated.

"I am in no hurry."

Angelo Salmon took a long breath, and then dived into the one great subject of his life, and got over it for good.

"Miss Westbrook, Miss Mabel," he began, "it is useless to dispute the fact that—that I have been a different being since I first had the pleasure of your acquaintance. I—I have felt a wiser and better man, if you will not think me conceited in saying so. I have seen before me something to live for—and strive for—and pray for—and that is your affection. Miss Westbrook, upon my word and honour, I love you very much indeed."

It was a simple confession, and soon related. There was no eloquence about it, and a great deal of embarrassment; but it was a genuine utterance, which affected the listener more than a page and a half of the best blank verse would have done under similar circumstances.

Mabel looked down, and changed colour at the young man's earnestness, and the tears for a while swam in her great grey eyes.

Angelo awaited her reply, and presently it came:—

"My poor Angelo," she said, in a strange, sad tone which he knew at once presaged his death-warrant, "I am very sorry you should have thought of me. I am not unmindful of the value of the compliment you pay me, or why at such a time you speak out all that is in your heart; but I wish you had not said a word."

"Why not?"

"Because you might have seen the truth for yourself, and spared both of us," she replied; "because your proposal suggests that I have given you encouragement."

"Now, pray don't think that for a moment," Angelo hastened to add. "I am presumptuous, I know—I should have waited a longer period—addressed you in a different manner—said and done a hundred different things in a hundred different ways—but I could only realize the facts that you had met misfortune, were going from Penton, and that in a single moment I might lose you. I was miserable—and I came to you."

"In declining this offer, Angelo," she said, "do I render you less miserable?"

"I—I don't know," was his reply.

"And I must decline it—thankfully, but very firmly—and trusting that such a question as this may never rise between us again."

"Very well—certainly—of course it shall not," said Angelo, with a great gulp down of something in his throat, "I am the last man to harass and distress you by my pertinacity."

"I believe that."

"Although I did not expect you would say 'yes' to my proposal," he continued, "or was vain enough to believe that I had made any impression upon you. Quite the contrary."

"Why then——"

"But as I told Mr. Halfday a short while ago, I only wanted a faint hope to build upon, a hope that in good time—a long day hence—I don't care how long—I mean I do care about that a little——" he said correcting himself, and blushing more vividly at his blunder, "that you would learn to regard me with less—less—dislike."

"I do not dislike you, Mr. Salmon," Mabel replied; "I know you are an honest and true friend. Keep so—I am short of friends just now—but never let me think again that you are dreaming of me as your future wife. I am totally unfit for you."

"Yes," said Angelo with a heavy sigh, "he said so."

"Who said so?"

"Brian Halfday."

"This evening?"

"Yes."

"You two appear to have been discussing all my merits and demerits," said Mabel.

"You said he was a man to place confidence in."

"Yes. But one man does not go to another to trouble him with such love nonsense as this."

"No—no," cried Angelo, "not nonsense—to love you!"

Mabel coloured again.

"A man like Brian Halfday would consider your confession nonsensical and trivial," said Mabel.

"Oh! no—he didn't," answered Angelo, "because he saw I was in earnest."

"And needed his advice?"

"Well—yes."

"And he gave you a sufficient amount of it to bring you here?"

"Yes," Angelo said again, and this time very mournfully.

"A sufficient amount of encouragement, I mean?"

"Yes," said Angelo for the third time.

Mabel clasped her hands together, and leaned forwards, full of interest in the subject.

"Tell me what he said," asked Mabel Westbrook, almost sharply.

CHAPTER VIII.

"PUMPING."

ANGELO SALMON was not a quick-witted man, but he looked up as Mabel's voice changed. There was something in the tones, and in her manner, that struck him as peculiar, and Mabel saw that he perceived it.

"I am only curious to learn how so hard and strange a man as Brian Halfday would consider a matter of this kind, and in a light encouraging to you," said Mabel as if in explanation.

"Yes—exactly."

"It is no secret, I suppose?"

"No—but why should I embarrass you further by all this?" he replied.

"Don't mind me, Angelo," she said. "Mr. Halfday, I should have imagined, would have been angry at your intruding on his studies—would have laughed at your romance, even if he had finally warned you of the folly of fostering it."

"I have said, Miss Westbrook, that he did nothing of the kind," replied Angelo; "he received me favourably—and listened patiently—after a time."

"And what did he advise you to do—and say? This man," she added angrily, "who had no right to advise you concerning myself—who knows less of me than you do, and cares a great deal less too. Why will you not tell me what he said?"

"It is no use," said Angelo shaking his head, "it is only prolonging my pain."

"Prolonging your fiddlestick," cried Mabel, with more energy and less sentiment. "I suppose you did not follow his advice, and don't like to confess as much to me. He told you to keep away—you know he did!"

"Upon my honour he did not," said Angelo, lured into the relation of the facts at last; "he told me to persevere—to tell the truth of my love, and win you."

"And win me!" said Mabel, her voice sinking very low, "as if it were an easy task for you."

"No—he did not imply that."

"As if I were an easy conquest to any man with money enough to keep me."

"I have already told you, Miss Westbrook, that he cautioned me against mentioning money in your presence," answered Angelo.

"Ah! so you have," was the reply. "He sketched out quite a plan of the campaign for you. I hope you have followed his instructions."

"You are vexed with me for going to him," said Angelo.

"It does not matter in the least," replied Mabel. "No, I am not vexed—but you acted foolishly in going to him, that is all. Shall you return and tell him that his advice has been vanity and vexation, and you have not secured me?"

"I don't know what I shall do now," responded Angelo, helplessly.

"He will be surprised at the result of your mission," said Mabel.

"He may be. I can't tell."

"Women, in his estimation, are easily captured, it is evident," she continued thoughtfully; "although wise men make mistakes at times, when women are in question."

"You are offended with me for not acting on my own judgment," cried Angelo, "and yet I should have come here with the same words on my lips—the same feelings in my breast."

"I am not offended with you," she replied.

"With him, then?" he said shrewdly.

"No, certainly not."

"Not for encouraging me, and wishing me God-speed?"

"In wishing you God-speed," she repeated, "he must have been deeply interested in this case, and I am very much surprised."

"He would be naturally interested," said Angelo.

"Why?"

"He is interested in you."

"Yes—so it seems!"

"You did not doubt that?"

"I did not think much about it," replied Mabel carelessly; "I came to England in search of his grandfather,—of himself and sister—of any one of his kin, and that probably aroused a certain amount of interest in me in return—such interest as it was. But

there, there, do not let us talk about it any more. It is not worth the waste of words we have given to it, Angelo."

"If you remember, it is not my fault that we have dwelt upon it so long." said Angelo.

"Is it not?" she answered absently. "Ah! well—perhaps I was curious a little. And now, you will promise me never to speak of this again—to take my answer as final—to accept my thanks once more for the honour you have done me—and to remain my friend for the little while longer I am on English ground."

"Are you thinking of leaving England, then?" he faltered forth.

"Yes, I shall go back to America very soon."

"You have not said anything of this before to me," he said, half reproachfully.

"I have not had much time," answered Mabel with a smile; "but there are many friends over there who can help me—and will help me."

"I fancied you had no very intimate friends there. I—I thought you said it was your grandfather's wish you should remain here in England," remarked Angelo.

"He thought I should be a rich woman. In England there is not much sympathy for a poor one."

"Oh! Miss Westbrook!"

"What is the matter!"

"I did not think you could speak so bitterly as that."

Mabel laughed.

"You see, I am not perfection," she said, "but a cross-grained female whom a little puts out. You will find me my own self to-morrow if you care to call."

"If I care!" exclaimed Angelo; "of course I care—although I am awfully distracted in mind, and dare hardly see you yet."

His voice shook a little with its old feebleness, and Mabel looked critically at him.

"No; upon second thoughts, don't come, Angelo, to-morrow."

"Very well—if you wish me not."

"Take a holiday. Go to your chambers in London—or to the sea-side, where a change will do you good. I am sure of it," added Mabel.

"I am not."

"You have taken Mr. Halfday's advice—now, do me a favour and try mine."

"And go away from you?"

"Yes—for awhile."

"It might be for ever. You will disappear, and never tell me where you are again."

"No, I will not. Although it would be as well, perhaps," she answered.

"I will go," he said, rising; "I am sorry I have troubled you so much this evening, but I felt I should like to explain the true state of my feelings, and I have done so—with a vengeance," he added in so dismal a tone, and with so odd a look, that Mabel Westbrook might have laughed pleasantly under different circumstances.

She was in no laughing mood that evening, however; Angelo had said much to disturb her, and there remained food for thought in his confession. She was sorry now that he had come wooing to her. Only a little while ago it had seemed better for him and her that they should clearly understand each other, but she was scarcely certain now of the wisdom of the step he had undertaken. It had been done in a hurry, and there was confusion in consequence. She was glad when he had shaken hands with her, and quitted the house; there was a sense of relief in his absence—in the loneliness that seemed to come to her by way of comfort after he had gone.

She did not move from the seat where he had left her, but drifted at once into thoughts born of the interview and of her stay in England, and both strangely intermixed. Life had been a whirl of events with her since she had acted for herself in it, and there had ensued much responsibility, some mystery, and more mistakes. All her girlish thoughts, her girlish happiness even, seemed to have vanished in these latter days, and to have left her a cold, hard, matter-of-fact woman. She had looked for peace and rest in England, but they had not come to her; she had dreamed of friends here, and she was only surrounded by people whom it was impossible to comprehend. The world had been full of sudden changes, and it was natural that she should change with it; but she was not growing more content.

A soft pressure of two folded hands upon her shoulder aroused her from thought at last, and to the consciousness of the night's being an hour older since her guest had withdrawn.

"You are very sad, my mistress," said the

low voice of Dorcas in her ears, "and it is unlike you."

"I am only thoughtful."

"There are tears upon your cheeks."

"I did not know that," said Mabel, hastily brushing them away.

"Is it because of the money you have lost, after all?"

"No—no, Dorcas."

"I am glad of that. I have heard so much of money in my life—there have been such struggles for it in my family—I see the value and the power of it myself so clearly, that it was natural to think you should grieve for its loss."

Mabel shook her head and smiled faintly.

"When it loses me my friends, it will be time to grieve," said Mabel.

"I am to be one of your friends—do you think you will lose me?" inquired Dorcas.

"I hope not; and yet you may not like to go to America!" said Mabel.

"To America! You have not spoken of that journey before?"

"No—I have just made up my mind."

"To America!" repeated Dorcas; "that is a long way, and—and Brian may not like me to go."

"We will not discuss the question to-night," said Mabel, wearily; "I am tired of discussion."

"I thought you had come to England to live," continued Dorcas, despite this protest; "I thought you had told me so, or Brian had said so—but oh! don't go yet awhile, please, Miss Mabel. Don't leave me yet—don't take away the better thoughts which have come to me since I have known how good you are!"

Mabel was astonished at this outburst, and replied—

"Why, Dorcas, you are as upset to-night as I am, and both without much reason for it."

"But when shall you go to America?" said Dorcas.

"I am in no hurry," was the reply; "I have learned my lesson in life, never to act in too great haste again."

"Will that man go with you?"

"What man?"

"That Mr. Salmon—as your husband."

"Why, Dorcas!—is it likely?"

"He is a man very fond of you. And he is rich—independent of his hateful father—and you don't care for anybody else."

"No!"

"And he spoke outright all that was in his heart, as a man should who cares for a woman, and——"

"Dorcas, you have been listening!"

"I—I——" began Dorcas.

"I did not think you could have acted so meanly as that," said Mabel with a severity of tone that surprised and depressed her companion.

"I was afraid he was going to separate us—that you were going to accept him—and—and I did not listen long," said Dorcas by way of extenuation; "I——"

Dorcas paused, for there was a sudden crash of glass in the window of the room, and both women were taken off their guard, and not too heroic to scream. A window had been broken from without, and before Dorcas and Mabel had crossed the room, and torn aside the curtains to look into the front garden and the high road, a second window followed the first to destruction.

"What is it?—who is it?" exclaimed the inmates.

"Let me in," said a feeble voice from without; "I am ill—I have news for you—and there's no time to lose."

Mabel opened the window and looked down from it some three feet to the grass lawn, whereon was a human figure that had been endeavouring to attract attention by demolishing the window-glass with the handle of a heavy walking-stick.

"Who are you?" inquired Mabel.

"Peter Scone, of St. Lazarus," was the reply.

CHAPTER IX.

PETER CONFESSES.

TEN minutes after the question and answer with which our last chapter closed, Peter Scone was seated in an arm-chair in the room, with Mabel and Dorcas bending over him. They had brought him into the house with difficulty. When he had first arrived he had been too weak to reach the front steps, and had plunged madly at the windows with his stick to attract attention, which having secured, he had dropped on the lawn like a stone.

In Mabel's room he had come back slowly

to himself, and was now sipping some spirit and water, and glaring over the glass at the fair Samaritans who had befriended him. His natural colour had not returned to his face, which was greenish-grey, instead of yellow parchment—otherwise, at first sight, there did not seem to be any marked difference in his personal appearance.

"Now, will you tell us, Mr. Scone, what has happened to bring you here in so much haste and excitement?" asked Mabel.

"You wanted me to call to-night."

"I answered your letter, which was full of mystery," was the reply; "I expected you earlier in the evening, but I was certainly unprepared for the way in which you announced your presence. You have given me and Dorcas a great fright."

"If you had had such a fright as I have, I doubt if you would have survived it," said Peter; "just feel the left side of my head, ma'am."

Mabel did so, and found a lump as large as a walnut very speedily.

"You have had a fall."

"I have had a blow. I believe it has been done by a small crowbar, but it will not be easy to prove that."

"Who has done it?"

"That girl's father—William Halfday."

"William Halfday!"

"But I'll have the law of him—I'll have my revenge of him—I'll let him know what it is to attack an honest man whose age should have brought him reverence, not violence. If I had my way," he hissed between his closed gums, "I'd hang that devil. He deserves it—he meant to kill me—he meant to leave me in the Close for dead—he tried to kill me—he did, he did—I'll swear it!"

Peter's excitement was great now; he hammered his stick upon the floor, he stamped his feet, his eyes blazed in their sockets, and his whole face was convulsed with rage.

"To think I should be served like this at my time of life," he cried, when he had recovered a sufficient amount of breath to speak again; "to think I might have been murdered and nobody the wiser. The man who picked me up in the Close would not believe me, and told me I was drunk. Drunk—I, Peter Scone!—think of that now!"

"What can we do?" asked Mabel; "you do not explain to us—you do not give us any news. What of this William Halfday?"

"He must be followed—and found out at once. It's for your sake, Dorcas, for you are a rich lady."

"A rich lady!"

"I make no terms with you—but you won't forget me," he entreated; "I always liked you very much, Dorcas—I persuaded your grandfather to do this for you—but all I want is to foil that wretch, and see him, before I die, begging for bread in Penton streets."

"He is raving mad," said Dorcas, "or, yes—he *is* drunk!"

"I'm as sane and sober as you are, you young cat—you unkind child, I mean!" cried Peter Scone; "but you will not listen to me. There's a will; I tell you there's a will—drawn up by your grandfather, and leaving all his money to you—and that means the twenty thousand pounds which this lady paid away."

"Where is the will?" asked Mabel.

"Go on, Peter, go on. Oh! great Heaven, if this man should die before he tells us where it is," exclaimed Dorcas, as excited as the old man now.

"Ah! I thought I should interest you presently," said Peter Scone.

"Go on," cried Dorcas, "you don't know—you can't imagine—what all this means to me. Go on, Peter—I will make you rich, too, if you will tell me where to find the will."

"Patience, Dorcas, patience," said Mabel.

"Madame, I have no patience," answered Dorcas peevishly.

"Your father wanted to bribe me," but I wouldn't have it," said the mendacious Peter. "I was for justice to the orphan. When he found I was not to be talked over, he offered me two thousand pounds, as true as I'm sitting here—and he knocked me down with an iron crowbar when I wouldn't take it."

"Had you the will with you?"

"No—but in my pocket-book, which he stole along with my key—I'll get him two years for that too!—there is a memorandum where the will is," said Peter. "I don't know for an absolute certainty, of course, but I fancy the will's there. He was fond of hiding things away from Dorcas."

"In the old church? behind the panel and under the oaken seat where he used to

sit," cried Dorcas; "I know—I know; I could find it in the dark."

"Yes—that's the place—and William Halfday is hunting for it now, or I'm no judge of what a blackguard he is."

"He cannot tell where my grandfather used to sit at church."

"It is all explained in the pocket-book," said Peter; "I thought if I died suddenly it ought to be found—and ——"

"Tell her the rest," interrupted Dorcas; "think what is best to be done till I come back—don't follow me, for I am safe enough. I cannot stop another moment."

"Where are you going?"

"To St. Lazarus—by the cross cut over the meads," she cried; "don't stop me—don't ask me any questions—my whole life's happiness is at stake."

Dorcas dashed out of the room, and the instant afterwards the front door was heard to slam noisily behind her. Mabel ran to the window and called to her stop, to wait for her, but Dorcas only looked back and shook her head and hands, and went on bareheaded like a wild thing.

The night was warm but dark, and the stars had disappeared as she turned in the direction of St. Lazarus, and ran, with extraordinary swiftness for a woman, along the dusty high-road.

CHAPTER X.

AN ESCORT ON THE ROAD.

LEFT alone with the senior member of the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor, Mabel Westbrook remained for a while uncertain how to act. She was not disposed to wait patiently for the return of Dorcas, as that excitable young woman had enjoined her to do; the mission was too full of mystery and danger.

Mr. Scone watched Mabel with his blinking eyes, as if doubtful of her purpose, and when she suddenly started to her feet, he said—

"What's the matter? What are you going to do?"

"I must follow Dorcas to St. Lazarus."

"You had better not!" warned Peter; "you can't get into the place now she has the start of you."

"I can wake Hodsman, the porter."

"That's no use. Dorcas will have failed or succeeded long before you are at the Cardinal's Tower, young lady."

"But that dreadful man, her father?"

"A dreadful rascal,—don't call him a man," said Peter, with supreme disgust.

"They will meet perhaps in the church," said Mabel; "he may have found the document before she reaches there, and what may follow then? I cannot wait till she returns."

"There's no use in going, I keep telling you, but you're very obstinate," he muttered.

"I can't rest here," said Mabel.

"What is to become of me?" he asked; "is anybody going to take care of me, or am I to be sent away now there's nothing more to be got out of me, and with this lump on my head, too? By Gosh," he added, as he passed his hand carefully over it, "it's growing like a wursel."

"Would you like to see a doctor?"

"No, I should not," he replied; "I have done all my life without one, and I am not going to begin now."

"I will ask the landlady to prepare a bed for you."

"I shall sit up till Dorcas comes back from St. Lazarus."

"You are tired—you have gone through much excitement to-day," said Mabel.

"I would have gone through fire and water to do Dorcas Halfday a service."

"You are very kind," said Mabel.

"She was a girl I always liked——"

"You have said so before."

"Though we had our little quarrels at the Hospital, for a more aggravating girl I don't know. Where are you going now?"

"To get my hat and cloak. I must follow her."

Mabel hastened from the room, and the old man crossed his hands upon his stick, and thought of all his wrongs, and all his chances of reward for this last noble action of his life. He was dozing before Mabel Westbrook returned, but his small eyes glittered from beneath his shaggy brows as she came into the room.

"You are wasting your time—you don't know where to find her—you will put William Halfday on his guard, if he is prowling about the church," said Peter Scone.

"I shall die of suspense if I stay here."

"It's a pity women can't take things quietly," he said, "but must always rattle on in a flare-away fashion. Dorcas is quite safe—she is used to this kind of game, but you are not."

"Used to this!"

"Many and many a row about meeting her lover in the fields beyond the cottages has she had with old Adam—"

"Her lover!" repeated Mabel; "she has a lover then?"

"To be sure; she was as agile as a cat after him too; she would cross the river with one spring—there was no keeping that madcap on the premises when she wanted to get off them. She—"

"Tell me all this another time," said Mabel, restlessly; "I must go to St. Lazarus to-night."

"You will never find her," said Peter; "she will return as she came, by the field-path, which you do not know."

"So that she has met with no harm, I shall not care for that," replied Mabel; "I shall not be long away—anything that you require, ring that bell for."

"I shall want some supper, and some beer," mumbled the old man, "and there's an awful draught in this room somewhere, which will give me my death of cold if it's not stopped."

"The air comes through the windows which you broke."

"Oh—I forgot the windows. They can be stuffed up with something, I suppose."

"Yes—yes—tell the landlady. I am going now."

"It's very foolish of you, I must say again," said Peter; but Mabel took no heed of his renewed protest against her wilfulness, but went at once from the house. She paused at the gate before commencing her journey—some one was rapidly approaching along the high road, and the sharp, quick steps seemed not wholly unfamiliar to her. The traveller was advancing from the sleeping city towards the country suburbs, and instinctively she waited for him, standing back in the shadow of the trees which grew within the garden. It was as well that travellers on the road should pass her, if untrustworthy and bound in her direction.

The footsteps came nearer; from her point of observation Mabel could perceive now the figure of a man walking in the middle of the road, and at a fair swinging pace. As it approached and passed her, she called out,

"Mr. Halfday."

Brian, for it was he, stopped at once, and Mabel came from her hiding-place to meet him.

"Miss Westbrook!" he exclaimed, "something *has* happened, then!"

"Yes—something has happened."

"What can you be doing here—where are you going?" he asked, almost sharply.

"I will tell you as we proceed, and if you will accompany me to St. Lazarus."

"I am going to St. Lazarus—but you?"

"Your sister is there," exclaimed Mabel; "she has heard news from Peter Scone—"

"Of a will—yes," he said, interrupting her with his customary quickness.

"How did you know?" asked Mabel.

"I will tell you presently. Have you seen this Scone?"

"He is in my house," said Mabel, pointing to the cottage she had recently quitted.

"You are lodging there?"

"Yes."

"I will see that old scamp before we proceed any further," said Brian, stepping towards the house, when Mabel put her hands upon his arm.

"We are losing time," she said; "Dorcas may be in danger—your father may be already at St. Lazarus."

"You are right, Miss Westbrook," he said; "I can learn all the news from you,"

He turned, and together they proceeded along the country road.

"I am selfish in allowing you to accompany me," he said, stopping again; "I can act in this matter, if Dorcas is really in danger, so much better without you. You must go back."

"I could not do it. Please let me come with you," she entreated, "I am unhappy in that house already."

He wavered and relented, but not too graciously.

"I hate to keep changing my mind—like a girl," he said, "but—but you wish it," he added suddenly.

He offered her his arm, and she placed her hand confidingly upon it.

"I am glad I have met you," Mabel said frankly, "I feel safe with you."

"It is something to have gained your confidence," Brian replied, "and yet I hardly know now why distrust has changed to faith. I don't deserve it."

"I hope you do," was her reply.

"I am only trying to deserve it."

They walked on in silence after this, Brian increasing his pace unconsciously, until Mabel found herself trotting and panting to keep up with him.

"I am walking too fast for you," he said suddenly.

"Oh, no—not at all," replied Mabel, in little spasms of apology, "I—I always walk—fast."

"There is no hurry—and there is no danger," Brian said, relaxing his speed; "any one would think we were hastening to stop a murder, or catch a murderer. Dorcas is on her own ground at the Hospital, and could defeat half-a-dozen such miserable tricksters as my fatheris. Tell me now all that has happened, please?"

Mabel related the particulars of Peter Scone's arrival at her house, and the news which he had brought. She spoke of Dorcas's excitement and departure, and he listened with great interest, and refrained from interrupting her.

"She must have the start of William Halfday," he said, "and she knows where a key of the church is to be found. I did not think of the church—I was going to search in the cottage where you told me once I was cruel and a coward."

Mabel started.

"What a memory you have!" she said.

"I am sure to remember the hard words that are hurled at me—and youwereaparticularly hard upon me that night. Have *you* forgotten?"

"Oh, no—but it has all been explained. Why do you think of it again?"

"I like to think of it," he said.

"That is hardly an answer."

"It is satisfactory to have lived down your bad opinion of me—to find myself acting as escort to the lady who abused me so soundly. It is pleasant to think——"

He stopped suddenly, and there was a change in his voice, which deepened and vibrated more.

"But I will not think about that."

"You are mysterious, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel.

"I am idiotic—that's all," was his prompt reply, "and I am neglecting business, and forgetting the mission we have in hand. What is our course of action?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose not," was his dry reply; "we must make for the church—where the will is hidden."

"If Dorcas is only safe, and has found it, I shall be very glad," said Mabel.

"Fresh complications will arise with this fresh disposal of the money," said Brian; "are you prepared for them?"

"I haven't thought about them."

"Disappointments may ensue—will ensue."

"In what way?"

"You will be disappointed in Dorcas, to begin with," Brian replied; "she will change with her good fortune, or I have misunderstood her all my life."

"Sometimes I fancy that that is possible,' said Mabel thoughtfully.

"That she will change?"

"No—that you have misunderstood her."

"She is incomprehensible in many respects, I confess," Brian said, "and that there is some good in her, I have never denied, or she should not have taken her place in your home to distress you at a time of trial."

"The trial of the money, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"My losses do not affect me," replied Mabel; "it is very wrong, I know, but I do not seem to care about them."

"You have fallen from riches to comparative poverty—and that is a heavy fall."

"For a man," added Mabel caustically.

"For a young, earnest woman without knowledge of the world, or what respectable indigence is like, the fall is great," he said.

"I shall recover from it," answered Mabel.

"As for this money which you put in Penton Bank, you are not a hair's-breadth closer to it, even if all that Peter Scone has said is true," said Brian.

"I am not thinking of it—why do you always talk to me of money?" she asked irritably.

"It was a money question which made us first acquainted," said Brian, "perhaps that is the reason."

"No—it is not."

"Or you have not a proper respect for money," he continued, "and I am educating your mind by degrees to regard it with reverence."

"Will that take much time?"

"Probably. But we are both young, and have time before us."

"You will have to follow me to America, then, to teach me your theories."

"What is that?" he said sharply, and in a different tone.

"I am going back to the States—that is all."

"You have not said anything of this before," he said reprovingly; "how long has this idea of your return to America been under consideration?"

"I don't know—I can't say."

"How long——"

"We are forgetting Dorcas."

"She is quite safe. I am not alarmed for her safety in the least. How long have you given up your promise to——"

"Who is this coming across the fields to the left? There is something moving in the dark!" Mabel exclaimed suddenly; "is it Dorcas?"

"Yes—it is," said Dorcas, leaping lightly over the stile into the high-road.

"Have you the will?" asked Brian.

"Yes."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WALK BACK.

BRIAN asked a few hurried questions of his sister as the three stood together in the high-road, and Dorcas answered them in as hasty a fashion as they were put to her. She had run all the way to St. Lazarus; she had encountered no one in her progress; she had entered the church and found her way in the dark, like a cat, to the old pew where Adam Halfday had sat for many years, and dozed and dreamed and schemed, and seldom prayed, and she had found the will secreted in the place to which Peter Scone had given her the clue.

Mabel Westbrook and Brian were each struck by Dorcas's manner, which was new and peculiar. The excitement of the adventure and the triumph at the result had not raised her spirits or rendered her communicative, and the agitation which had preceded her departure had completely vanished. She was calm, and grave, and sullen—it was the Dorcas whom Mabel had first seen in the quadrangle of St. Lazarus, one evening late in May, with the fire and impulse of her nature pressed down in her heart.

"How is it he is with you?" Dorcas asked in her turn, and of Mabel Westbrook.

"Your father had disclosed the secret of the will to him—and your brother was coming on to the Hospital."

"It is lucky I was there before you, Brian," she said, steadily regarding him.

"Why lucky?" he inquired.

"You would have taken sides against me," she said; "you would not have treated me fairly in this matter.

Brian shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply.

"You would not have seen so much in the will—and planned for me so much, I am sure," she added.

"Have you read its contents?" asked Brian.

"I have seen enough to know that I am mistress of the money," said Dorcas.

"The lawful owner of the money is here, Dorcas—and you know that as well as I do," said Brian sternly.

She glanced at him, and said moodily—

"I know what is right—and what is just to her, and I will have no prompting from you."

"Has anything new happened since you left home?" asked Mabel.

"No," answered Dorcas; "but you see how he meets me with suspicion, as if I was planning against you. As if I am likely to forget the first woman who held her hand out to me and called me friend."

"We need not talk of this now," said Mabel.

"No—no. Please let me be awhile—I have much upon my mind—I have more to think about than any one dreams of—I am going mad with thought," Dorcas said, with a flash of her old impetuous manner as she stamped her foot upon the ground.

"May I see this will?" asked her brother.

"It is too dark here," said Dorcas.

"I have the short-sighted gift of reading in the dark," said Brian.

"You can see it, if you like," said Dorcas, sullenly again.

"I do like—very much," was her brother's emphatic reply.

Dorcas took the will from the bosom of her dress, and said to Mabel—

"See, I trust him more than he trusts me—and yet you cannot imagine how he has taken part against me."

"We will tell Miss Westbrook the whole story presently," said Brian, "and she shall judge between us."

He took the will from his sister's hands, and opened it where they were standing, holding it close to his eyes, after looking upwards once as if doubtful of the quality of the light to be obtained from the stars, a few of which had stolen forth again from the cloudy sky. His was a strong sight and did not betray him in this instance—and his grandfather's handwriting was familiar to him. He read the document through quickly—it was not a long one—folded it, and returned it to his sister.

"Yes—you are quite right, Dorcas," he said in a deep voice; "you have more to think of than people fancy—and the end of this is far from clear."

"I know it," answered Dorcas.

The three went on together a few more yards, and then Dorcas stopped again.

"I wish you two would proceed by yourselves. I don't like this watching of me," she said sullenly again.

"We are not watching you, Dorcas," said Mabel.

"I did not expect you to follow me like this."

"We thought there might be danger."

"I am used to danger," said Dorcas; "go on, please; I will keep you in sight. I can only bear with my own company to-night."

"Come, Miss Westbrook," said Brian, offering his arm again, which Mabel did not take this time, but walked on by his side, at a pace less rapid than they had set forth upon their journey.

"What makes her so strange?" asked Mabel of her companion.

"On the brink of her good fortune, she turns giddy—that is all," was the reply; "weak-minded folk invariably do."

"It is a poor explanation," said Mabel, "but I do not wish to force myself upon your confidence."

"Meaning that there is no confidence between us?" he rejoined.

"Not much," answered Mabel.

"After paying twenty thousand pounds for it too—that is hard," was his caustic comment.

"Are you in one of your aggravating moods to-night?" she asked.

"Very likely," he confessed; "I have been perplexed, harassed, tortured within the last few hours; if I have said anything harsh to you, forgive me."

"You are strange, that is all," said Mabel, softened by his apology.

"I come of a strange family. You will find that young woman in the background a trifle eccentric also on a closer acquaintance," he remarked.

"Yes. But I have seemed to look to you for help, in some incomprehensible way," said Mabel; "I feel to be waiting, as it were, for your courage to support me when my troubles come. But that is an odd feeling that will soon die out."

"Let it last, Miss Westbrook, if you can," he added earnestly.

"As long as I live?" she rejoined archly.

"That may be too rash a promise, like the other."

They went on in silence for awhile, with Dorcas Halfday some thirty yards in the background. Dorcas had no interest in them at that time;—beyond the present hour, and present life, she was trying vainly to guess of all that might be waiting to change her, tempt her, set her apart from the man and woman going on away from her—just as they would do presently for the remainder of their lives, and she not much to blame for it.

They were talking of her again, but she did not hear them.

"You do not ask me the tenor of the will which Dorcas has discovered," was Brian's next remark to Mabel.

"I am not curious."

"No."

"It lies further away than ever; it is wholly beyond your power to recover it; and you do not feel as if you had fallen into the hands of robbers?" he said.

"No—but I thought we were not to speak of this money again," said Mabel. "What an inexhaustible subject it is to you! how you change and twist it into different shapes to lead me into an argument concerning it! Why is this?"

"It is on my mind, and you have been treated badly," he replied; "I have tried hard to restore you to your rights, and failed so miserably—my family is ever a curse to yours—and two generations only perpetuate the wrong."

"You regard this morbidly, indeed."

"And you too lightly," he replied; "if you would only fret about it, or revile me, you

would be acting more naturally, and—more like a woman."

"Thank you for the compliment."

"I said a little while ago that I was glad Dorcas had baulked my father in his greed—but I am not now."

"Indeed! Why?"

"William Halfday is a weak, vacillating man, over whom I might in time, and with study, have exercised some power for good—but with Dorcas I am doomed to fail."

"Your failure will not distress me," said Mabel; "why should it affect you?"

"Because—but there, there, I have said all this before, and you will not listen patiently. Until I knew you I was a vain prig, and thought myself a student of human nature, whom no man or woman could deceive. But you are as great a riddle to me as when you came to Penton Museum one evening in May."

Mabel laughed pleasantly. The shadows of the night had vanished; the dangers of it had crept back into the darkness, and she could look at life brightly again. The serious mood of Brian Halfday was worth a smile or two, she thought.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," he muttered in half reproof.

"I am not unhappy," she said; "why may I not laugh?"

"At me?" he rejoined.

"At your dulness, which cannot read a woman who has not attempted much disguise," she answered.

"And yet I understand you partly," he murmured, "and value your friendship and esteem before any one in the whole dark world before me."

"Why dark world?" she asked.

He did not explain. He confronted her with another question that brought them to debatable ground again. These two could not agree upon any question on earth, each was fully convinced a few minutes afterwards. Quarrel they must, by the law governing the lives of cat and dog.

"Have you seen Angelo Salmon this evening?" he inquired.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW WORDS.

MABEL WESTBROOK had forgotten Angelo Salmon for the last hour or two, and this question which, figuratively speaking, her companion had suddenly hurled at her, brought back many unpleasant recollections. There was a little furrow between the eyes as she answered slowly:—

"Oh, yes—I have seen Mr. Salmon."

Mr. Halfday glanced at his companion as if the tone of her voice had surprised him, and then went on:—

"He told me he should call upon you this evening."

"And he told me that he had done himself the honour of calling upon you," Mabel remarked.

"Yes, he called," Brian said.

They walked together in silence, feeling that an embarrassing, even an objectionable topic of discourse had arisen between them, and Brian was already convinced that he had been impolitic in mentioning Angelo's name. Still Mr. Salmon had called, had probably offered his hand to the lady, and Brian Halfday was anxious to learn what had been the result of this love-suit. There was something cold and hard in the new manner of Miss Westbrook, and it was probable that Angelo had blundered in his courtship, and complicated matters by dragging Brian's name into question—as the reader is already aware that he had done. The April nature of Mabel Westbrook helped to puzzle and distract him, Brian thought—she was never twice alike, hence there was no opportunity for a deliberate study of her character. Only a few minutes since there was the ripple of her musical laughter in the summer air, and now no judge looked graver. Yes, an enigma, this young woman from America!—he wished that every word of hers did not trouble his mind so much. It was aggravating, and came between him and his studies.

He was the first to speak again. Something that Angelo had said was evidently lying between them like a bar now, and that must not be. They were friends—she had acknowledged that she should look to him for help, if help were needed, and no paltry misunderstanding must set them apart, even for an instant. He had been never afraid to speak out all that was in his mind, and Mabel Westbrook should not daunt him. He looked behind at Dorcas, who kept the same distance from them, and was still strug-

gling with a host of her own thoughts, and then said quickly:—

"Did Angelo Salmon tell you why he called on me?"

Mabel hardly cared for a leading question of this character, and she hesitated before giving him an answer. It came at length, however, and was brief enough.

"Yes," she replied,

"What reason did he give?" asked Brian; "pardon me, you look surprised—but I wish to know. He is a weak young fellow, and prone to exaggeration—and he may have said more than he intended in a moment of excitement."

"Was he likely to be excited?"

"He was excited when he came to me."

"I do not know that I am called upon to answer you, Mr. Halfday, but I will do so for a motive of my own."

"Thank you."

"He told me that he came to you for advice about offering me his hand in marriage," she added frankly, "and that you gave him in return very foolish counsel."

"Did he call it very foolish?" said Brian, with a surprise that was amusing in the naive conceit which it betrayed; "I thought it impressed him a good deal at the time."

"No—but *I* call it very foolish," said Mabel, angrily; "I do not see the wisdom of his step in coming to you at all. He should have acted on his own judgment, as he knew better than yourself the feelings of his heart. What did you know about him or me that warranted you in giving him advice in this matter?"

"It was good advice, I am still inclined to consider," Brian muttered

"It was unwarrantable."

"I did not think you were offended with me," said Brian, thoughtfully regarding her.

"I am not offended exactly. I should not have said a word about it had you not dragged in Mr. Salmon's name, just now, without any rhyme or reason."

"I thought you liked Mr. Salmon."

"What put that in your head?" asked Mabel, speaking as quickly as her companion.

"He is a man that a girl should like—gentle, affable, generous, straightforward, tolerably well educated, and immoderately modest."

It was Mabel's turn to look at him inquiringly.

"You are satirical."

"No—it is the man's true character."

"You have forgotten one attribute by which it struck you I might be tempted into an acceptance of his suit."

"What is that?"

"His wealth," answered Mabel; "Mr. Angelo Salmon is very well off, if you remember."

"Do you think I would have recommended a poor man to come to you?" said Brian.

"Then you think I am fond of money, after all?"

"No—I have seen in you too great a disregard for it," was the reply; "but I feel assured you would not be happy as a poor man's wife."

"Why not?"

"You have never experienced poverty in any shape, and you have no knowledge of what a struggle it is for some people to live," said Brian; "you have been surrounded by riches all your life, and though you have not been spoiled by them, you will never bear up against their loss. You are not much more than a child——"

"Mr. Halfday!"

"And," he continued, not heeding her indignant exclamation, "you will feel as bewildered as a child when the hard truth of your position is closer to you than it is."

"I am sorry you have so poor an opinion of me, after all," said Mabel, compressing her lips; "what a weak creature you must think me!"

"Hence, Miss Westbrook, when this honest fellow from St. Lazarus divulged his secret, which he had allowed every one to see beforehand very clearly," Brian continued, "it struck me that here was the solution to the perplexity which your sudden reverses had created. Here was a gentleman of position to save you from the world, and to keep you in that sphere to which you have always been accustomed."

"And are so well calculated to adorn," added Mabel; "that is how all this rodomontade should wind up."

"If you consider it rodomontade, I have done," said Brian, feeling indignant himself now at the manner in which his explanation had been received.

"You have been talking dreadful nonsense for the last ten minutes."

"Oh, have I?"

"Just as you talked nonsense, and gave the worst of advice to Angelo Salmon, when you induced him to come to my house to-night."

"And the result of that visit?" asked Brian curiously.

"It is easy to guess."

Brian shook his head.

"No—it is not," he said.

"You thought he had only to ask," said Mabel, with a lip that trembled a little in spite of her.

"Pardon me, but I did not think that."

"He was rich—and you have such an immense idea of what money can do, Mr. Halfday," she said ironically.

"He was a gentleman, with all his weakness," answered Brian; "he would have studied hard to make you happy. You are unfit for a poor man's home in every respect, I repeat, and I can scarcely think you have wholly discouraged him."

"What extraordinary thoughts people trouble their brains with; they have forgotten the art of minding their own business," said Mabel, very tartly now.

Brian regarded her again with a lowering brow.

"I did wrong in advising Mr. Salmon, then?"

"Yes; you had no right to advise him to come to me."

"And it was not *my* business?"

"Certainly not."

"And the result—you have not told me the result?" he continued pertinaciously.

"I have refused him—as I would refuse any man in England who asked me to become his wife."

"You don't like Englishmen?"

"No—they are upstarts. They assume too much. They do not treat women as an American gentleman does—with respect."

"Have I shown any disrespect to you?" asked Brian.

"If you ask me plainly—yes."

"Very well—I am sorry—it was unintentional—that's all," he said in short, rapid, little sentences; "but—but you must not say I have treated you with disrespect. I will not have that. You do me a gross injustice—do you hear me, Miss Westbrook, a gross injustice?"

"You are shouting at me, Mr. Halfday. I am not smitten with a sudden deafness."

"Good-night, madam—good-night," he cried.

They had reached Mabel's house, and Brian walked past it with this salutation, and strode on towards Penton City without another word to her, or another thought for his sister and the will which she had found, and which was to influence more lives than her own. The thought of his indignities had swept away every consideration for the great change which was at hand, and he marched back to his lair to brood on all that had been said.

"She's the same as other women, after all—irritable, unjust, and capricious," he muttered to the winds, "and I am cruelly disappointed in her. And yet—as long as she lives I shall never get this Mabel Westbrook out of my mind again."

Or out of his heart. Poor Brian!

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL OF THE ORGAN.

THE soul of the Organ awoke:
Awoke, but the *how* and the *why!*
That remains to be told.
From the great pipes of gold
Came a breath and a sigh,
In the air up so high,
'Twixt the choir and nave,
On the silence it quietly broke,
Like the sound of a rippling wave
Turned from ebb-tide to flow,
In the light of the moon;

And again it fell soon,
Soft, solemn, and slow,
Till it filled all below
With a strange, mystic thrill—
A thrill nothing human e'er gave;
And then all was still,
Save the quivering air.
Through the silence then stole
Forth the Voice of the Soul.
Was it God himself there,
Or a dream of the prayer
Of the lost, of the dying, the dead,
That sent through the heart such a thrill?
Through the dim aisles it fled,
And it moaned and it sighed,
Mocked by echoes it raised,
'Till despairing, amazed,
Mercy and pity denied,
Wailing "Lost! Lost!" the voice died:
Sank with a great throb of pain,
Died in the arches o'erhead.
Then it rose once again,
But now with no suppliant moans,
With the raging of seas,
With the crashing of trees,
And the might of the storm in its tones
And thunders, and shriekings and groans,
In the last great day of the world:
And the voice with its might shook the fane.
The sound was battled and hurled,
From transept and chapel back thrown
To the tower so high—
Where the bells hummed reply—
And to grim knights of stone,
In the crypt, all alone;
Till the blazoned panes shook,
And the dim, dusty banners, unfurled
On the walls, with their weird, ghostly look
Shuddered!——And then, far above
And beyond the high roof, to God's throne,
With the hearts that were stirred by its tone,
Rose the sweet song of Love
Faith and Hope. Like the dove
With the message of peace—so it spoke
In a sermon that came from no book.

.

This was *how* it awoke,
The Soul of the Organ; but *why?*
Grey-haired and bent,
One, at the instrument,
With cunning hand and eye
Made tuneful melody:
And, by his Maker lent,
His soul through the organ spoke.

Ottawa. F. A. D.

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

IT must have been a matter of regret to many that Mr. Mill did not live to notice and reply to the elaborate criticism of some of his leading opinions contained in Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's work entitled "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Not that his opinions have lacked defenders, or that Mr. Stephen's arguments have passed unchallenged; but because it would have been specially interesting to note how Mr. Mill himself would have dealt with the objections urged, and what modifications, if any, he would have found it necessary to make in the statement of his views. Of one thing we can be certain, and that is, that no one would have been readier than Mr. Mill himself to acknowledge the force of any valid criticism directed against his writings. In this respect he offered an example which many who are scandalized at parts of his teaching might imitate with much advantage. If all writers and thinkers strove as hard as he to see the truth, and carried the same candour into all their discussions, a great deal of useless and hopeless conflict would quickly disappear, and the progress of a true philosophy be greatly accelerated.

That the views so vigorously expressed by Mr. Stephen have had a considerable effect in certain quarters, no careful observer can have failed to note. The tolerance towards all shades of opinion, taught by Mr. Mill, may be in accord with the best and, upon the whole, the dominant tendency of the age; but it is far from being in accord with the instincts of all individuals, and so long as it was not seriously challenged it must have weighed upon many minds as a most inconvenient and unwelcome "counsel of perfection." Such, we may well believe, were groaning inwardly for redemption from the yoke; and how gladly they listened to Mr. Stephen when he came forward with an imposing apparatus of logic and rhetoric to tell them that there was no particular need for tolerance—that, in fact, intolerance served a most useful purpose in society—can easily be imagined. Here was a gospel indeed for saturnine souls—to be able to abuse to the top of their bent those from whom they differed, to give way to every suggestion of personal animosity, to inflame popular passions, and add strength and bitterness to popular prejudices, and to do all this with a comforting sense of performing a public duty! As regards Mr. Stephen himself, we can only look upon him as one of that class whose bark is said to be worse than their bite. His bark is very bad, very savage; but when it comes to biting he holds back. Much as he differs, or fancies he differs, in theory from Mr. Mill, it would be hard to discover in his book one single practical recommendation which is pointedly opposed to Mr. Mill's teachings. Indeed he reminds us in more than one place of the prophet who, trying hard to curse, only succeeded in uttering blessings. Not so, however, with some of Mr. Stephen's disciples. Here we see every disposition to snap right and left—to treat opponents without a shadow of fairness, and to employ against them weapons that have no legitimate place in the field of controversy; and this on the cynical ground suggested by Mr. Stephen, that nobody should broach unpopular opinions who is not prepared for all kinds of opposition, foul as well as fair. Mr. Stephen, as we have already hinted, is not the man to put his own theories into practice; but we are strongly of opinion that he has done serious harm by suggesting to men far less high-minded than himself a justification (though of course a very hollow one) for conduct to which their own instincts make them prone without any external encouragement. We hardly think we are mistaken in attributing to the influence of Mr. Stephen's book the suggestion made in one of our most influential journals, that a suit-

able answer to give to any man who, in Canada, echoes the opinions so freely expressed in England in favour of a separation between the Mother Country and the Colonies, is to knock his hat over his eyes. No one can deny the superior simplicity of this mode of argument, or that it has much of ancient precedent to plead in its favour; but, somehow, we had imagined that other methods less summary had been found, upon the whole, more satisfactory, and that we should hardly again be recommended by any public authority to settle individual differences of opinion with fists or with bludgeons. Why, indeed, if this fashion is to be revived, we should content ourselves with simply knocking a man's hat over his eyes, is not very apparent. Suppose he calmly replaces it and continues his discourse; or suppose that, to save further trouble, he places his hat aside, what is to be our next manifestation of disapproval? Possibly what the Bishop of Oxford recommended in the case of the rural agitators—a ducking in the nearest horse-pond. This, however, is a minor question; once lay down the general principle that unpopular opinions are to be silenced, not by argument but by violence, and modes of application will suggest themselves *pro re nata.*

Mr. Stephen finds in Mr. Mill untenable views, not only in regard to Liberty, but also in regard to Equality and Fraternity. These three words, he says, constitute "the creed of a religion" which, though vaguer than any of the forms of Christianity, is "not on that account the less powerful." On the contrary, this "Religion of Humanity," as Mr. Stephen calls it, is "one of the most penetrating influences of the day," and has secured the devotion of men who are prepared "to sacrifice for it all merely personal ends." On each of the subjects referred to, our views are far more in accord with those of Mr. Mill than with those of his critic; but space would fail us in a single paper to follow the latter through the three divisions of his work; and we shall therefore confine ourselves to an examination of the objections made to Mr. Mill's views of liberty, especially in relation to thought and discussion.

The object, as Mr. Mill tells us, of his Essay on Liberty was to assert the simple principle "that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection; that the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will, is to prevent harm to others." We may remonstrate with a man for his own good, or reason with him, or entreat him; but unless his conduct is calculated to produce evil to some one else, we must not make use of compulsion. "Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign."

To the principle thus set forth Mr. Stephen brings forward the strange objection that it is in opposition to every known system of theology, and even to the idea of a final day of judgment, since these bring a constraining influence to bear on men's conduct, irrespective of the effect of their conduct upon others. But how empty this objection is will be seen at once if we consider that the systems referred to are simply the beliefs which men impose upon themselves, and which therefore necessarily shape their actions. These beliefs may be either true or false; but in any case it is impossible to argue from the constraint which men, by adopting them, put upon their own conduct, to a right possessed by society or by a majority, to compel individuals to this or that course of action, in matters of no direct concern to any one but themselves. As regards a final day of judgment, the argument is far too strained and unnatural to require any refutation here.

"Mr. Mill's system is violated," the critic goes on to say, "not only by every system of theology which concerns itself with morals, and by every known system of positive morality, but by the constitution of human nature itself. . . . The condition of human life is such that we must of necessity be restrained and compelled by circumstances in nearly every action of our lives." Then because we have to fight with circumstances—because nature has to be subdued before she will lend herself to our purposes—because, in Matthew Arnold's words,

> "Limits we did not set
> Condition all we do,"

we must forsooth recognise the right of our neighbours to thwart us at every turn. Because the wind blows our hat off, we must allow the first passer-by to knock it off. Because accidental fires occur, we must look

benignly on the incendiary. Surely we show our disposition towards the opposing forces of nature sufficiently by setting ourselves to overcome them; and if our neighbours were blind forces, we should do our best to overcome them in the same way. But they are not blind forces; they are intelligent agents, who know the effect of their actions, and have some comprehension of the relations they sustain to other human beings. They know, amongst other things, that they have, or desire to have, certain reserved rights of their own, and they may consequently be expected to respect similar rights in others. However, if, and in so far as, they interfere with us, we either resist their interference, or else acquiesce in it for reasons satisfactory to ourselves. We certainly *never* acquiesce in it on the ground that we cannot always have our own way with the natural forces of the universe, or cannot surmount the limits of our own constitution.

Mr. Mill has fully granted that the conduct a man pursues in matters which only directly concern himself may subject him to the unfavourable judgment of others, and that from such unfavourable judgment certain disadvantages are inseparable. Thus, if a man is extravagant, intemperate, foolishly vain, &c., we must estimate his conduct according to our own standards; and our bearing towards him will naturally express the judgment we have formed. Mr. Stephen says there is no difference between this and visiting such faults with specific penalties. It seems to us, however, that when a man has expressed his own disapproval of conduct that is not personally injurious to himself, he will feel that he has gone as far as he has a right to go. He is not his brother's keeper in the sense of being *responsible* for his faults; and, if he is not responsible, on what ground should he presume to interfere with another's liberty? In such a case no reason is required for non-interference, beyond the general reason, "*The man was doing me no harm;*" but for interference a special reason would certainly be required. And what would that special reason be?

Mr. Stephen next shows us that religions have in past times been established, in great measure, by force. Suppose they have; the question which Mr. Mill undertook to discuss was, what is right *now*. The peculiarity of the present age is that it is, as Mr. Bagehot has described it, "the age of discussion." Many things are possible now that were not possible a century ago. Mankind are more given to reflection, and less swayed by instinctive feelings. There are a dozen ways out of a difficulty now to one that existed a couple of centuries ago. The fact that wars cannot even now be wholly avoided does not conflict with Mr. Mill's general principle in regard to the rights of individuals? If there were no true path there could be no false ones; and it is no answer to a man who undertakes to point out a true path to instance all the cases in which a false one has been taken. Of course brute force has had tremendous sway in the history of the race, and it will have some sway for years to come; but that in itself was an excellent reason for the writing of the "Essay on Liberty," with its wise counsels for the avoidance of irrational and hurtful struggles. "If Mr. Mill's view of liberty had always been adopted and acted upon to its full extent," says Mr. Stephen, "every one can see that there would have been no such thing as organized Christianity or Mahommedanism in the world." Does everybody see this? Supposing the Roman empire had never persecuted the Christians, why should not Christianity have "organized" itself? Are we to hold that Nero and Diocletian were the true fathers of the Church? or does Mr. Stephen mean that Christianity could never have made its way without having had recourse to persecution? Surely not. Christianity had made its way before it had the power to persecute,—while as yet its means of influence were wholly of a moral and intellectual kind. As to Mahommedanism, which Mr. Stephen, with broad liberality, brackets with Christianity, some persons will be inclined to think that, if Mr. Mill's principles would have impeded its development, there must be some truth in them. (*Non noster hic sermo est.*)

Mr. Stephen has a wonderful talent for coming up fiercely to the assault, and then, just when we expect a decisive blow, turning aside with some evasive phrase. For example: "Estimate," he says, "the proportion of men and women who are selfish, sensual, frivolous, idle, absolutely commonplace, and wrapped up in the smallest of petty routines; and consider how far the freest of free discussion is likely to improve them. The only way in which it is practically possible to act upon them at all is by compulsion or restraint. *Whether it is worth while to apply to them*

both or either, I do not now enquire." Why not? We should like very much to know what Mr. Stephen thinks can, as the world is constituted—and it was for this world, not for another, that Mr. Mill's treatise was written—be done in the way of compulsion to benefit these misguided people. As to its being "worth while" to do them good, to amend all their distressing qualities, no ordinarily philanthropic person can entertain a moment's doubt. If, in spite of its being worth while, the thing still cannot be done, there is a strong presumption that it ought not to be done; or, in other words, that the difficulty arises from a natural and legitimate repugnance on the part of people to be interfered with by others in matters that concern only themselves. When Mr. Stephen says that the "freest of free discussion" could do such people no good, he makes a somewhat venturous statement. Frivolity and the spirit of routine are qualities which are directly promoted by an undue pressure of traditional opinions and customs. "It is to liberty," says Mdme. de Staël, speaking of the vigorous public life of England, "that we must attribute this emulation and this wisdom. In France men have so rarely had it in their power to exert any influence by their writings upon the institutions of the country, that they have scarcely aimed at anything beyond a display of cleverness, even in the most serious discussions." The wide-spread frivolity of French society under the late Empire was the theme of universal remark. Everywhere indeed tyranny and levity, liberty and seriousness of character, have gone hand in hand. The question, however, is not so much what direct advantage the frivolous classes would derive from the removal of restraints, but what the effect would be upon a different class, and what the indirect effect would be upon society at large. That a vast amount of mere make-believe passes current as real opinion, Mr. Stephen would probably not think of denying. And what must be the effect of all this pretence, first, upon those who practise it; and secondly, upon the poor "frivolous" classes who take whatever is offered them by their recognised opinion-makers? These are questions which it would not have taken Mr. Stephen at all out of his way to have answered.

Mr. Stephen joins issue with Mr. Mill as regards the pretension which may properly be said to be involved in the act of a legislator who forbids any one calling in question certain opinions. Mr. Mill says that a legislator who acts in this way virtually lays claim to infallibility; since he claims to be *certain* that the opinions he shields from discussion are the true ones, which he cannot be unless he is infallible. "Complete liberty," he says, "of contradicting our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right." Mr. Mill's critic tries to parry this argument by saying that a law forbidding people to deny the existence of London Bridge would not weaken any man's rational assurance that the bridge in question exists. But what an empty flourish this is! The assurance which any one who has not seen London Bridge, has of its existence, is an assurance acquired in strict conformity with Mr. Mill's canon, inasmuch as no one has ever denied its existence, though, so far as legal prohibitions went, every one has been at liberty to do so. And, forsooth, we are to reject the canon because we cannot imagine our rational assurance destroyed by an absurd and impossible law. Surely this is the merest trifling with a serious question. Let any one who desires to judge Mr. Mill fairly, simply ask himself what is the natural effect of legal restrictions on the expression of opinion. Such restrictions, in the first place, are never imposed except where a number of persons hold, and desire the privilege of expressing, the opinions that are placed under the ban. In the second place, they inevitably suggest that the proscribed opinions, if allowed free utterance, would gain additional adherents. In the third place, as they discourage all discussion on certain points, they deprive the authorized opinions of the advantage they would derive, if true, from a searching investigation of their claims. Once protect a certain set of doctrines by law, and make the protection effective, and what interest has any one after that in setting forth their claims to a rational acceptance? There can, of course, be no kind of satisfactory discussion where one side is silenced. The *advocatus diaboli*, who is sometimes introduced to give a show of fairness, very poorly represents his principal. If we are to hear what the devil has to say, we must let him plead *in propria persona*.

Again, Mr. Stephen says that if the plaintiff in a libel suit has gained his case, and

obtained, say, £1,000 damages, there may then be said to be a heavy fine hanging over the head of any one who ventures to repeat the particular charge. In other words, a certain opinion can no longer be expressed without danger; but does this, he asks, weaken the general confidence in the plaintiff's character? Certainly not; because, in a fair trial, it has been ascertained that the accusation brought against him was false. Both sides were heard, which is not the case when opinions are legally suppressed. Both sides, moreover, may be heard again; and all that a future defendant has to do in order to escape all penalty is to overcome the evidence brought forward by the plaintiff. Nothing fairer than this can be imagined; and the man who issues unscathed from such an ordeal may well have even increased claims to confidence. On the other hand, suppose that the judge had manifestly favoured the plaintiff, and had prevented the defendant from showing the full strength of his case, then certainly no inference in the plaintiff's favour could be drawn from the fact that no one else cared to risk against him the dangers of the same court. More than this, the conduct of the court would necessarily throw a shadow of suspicion over the man who had thus won his suit without a fair trial. Well, the government that suppresses certain opinions is precisely in the position of the unjust judge; and the opinions upon which it bestows its injurious patronage, though an ignorant population may embrace them with passion, will not be held with that frank and rational assurance of their truth which may be felt in regard to opinions that maintain their ground in spite of all that can be said against them. Mr. Mill's rules, it may be here remarked, were intended for general application and for broad interpretation. His Essay on Liberty is not a mathematical argument; and to criticize his definitions as if they were intended to support long chains of the most exact reasoning is to misunderstand entirely their character and purpose. Mr. Stephen, however, is very hard put to discover a flaw in Mr. Mill's reasoning when he has to have recourse to such a hypothesis as that of a law forbidding people to deny the existence of London Bridge. Surely if Mr. Mill is so entirely wrong as his critic pretends, the fact could be shown in some more ordinary and natural instance than this.

One of the oddest things in Mr. Stephen's whole work is his statement that there are "two classes of cases to which Mr. Mill's argument does not apply—cases in which moral certainty is attainable on the evidence, and cases in which it is not attainable on the evidence." If these "two classes of cases" do not include all possible cases, we must have sadly forgotten our logic. But if Mr. Mill's argument has no application to any case whatever, it is a strange thing to find so formal a reasoner as Mr. Stephen saying that there are "two classes of cases to which it does not apply."

The theory which Mr. Stephen sets up in opposition to that of the Essay on Liberty is as follows:—

"Compulsion is bad—

1. When the object aimed at is bad.

2. When the object aimed at is good, but the compulsion employed is not calculated to obtain it.

3. When the object aimed at is good, and the compulsion employed is calculated to obtain it, but at too great an expense."

When, on the contrary, "the object aimed at is good," when "the compulsion employed is such as to attain it," and when "the good obtained overbalances the inconvenience of the compulsion," the compulsion must be good. Mr. Stephen, however, forgets to observe that whether an "object" is good or bad is a matter of opinion; that in fact, knowledge, in the present condition of the human intellect, is relative and not absolute. What he should say, therefore, if his argument is to take the above form at all, is:—"When the object aimed at is *thought to be* good, and when the compulsion employed is calculated to obtain it, at what *is thought* not to be too great an expense, then the compulsion is good." But Mr. Stephen would not say this because it is absurd on its face; but is the *veiled* absurdity of what he does say one whit less? We think not. It is granted that "all coercion which has the effect of falsifying the opinions of those who are coerced is bad in itself; and from this the inference is drawn that coercion should only be practised where the opinions sought to be protected are "so probable that a reasonable man would act on the supposition of their truth." But how, in the name of reason, is a ruler who wishes to suppress all opinions but his own to know whether he is a "reasonable" man or not? And if

he is not reasonable, who is going to persuade him of the fact? Some of the unfortunates against whom his pious indignation is kindled would like to drop him a hint on the subject; but it is ill arguing with zealots in power. Mr. Stephen, in his zeal for workable principles, lands us here in a perfect quagmire, where not one solid foot of ground is to be had. Imagine the principle established, that it is perfectly proper to persecute for opinion's sake, provided only the persecutor thinks himself a reasonable man—how many would-be persecutors, can we suppose, would fail of the necessary qualification? Instead of anything workable, we have in this way of looking at the matter nothing better than a confused nightmare of an argument, from which it is a vast relief to escape to Mr. Mill's clear and satisfying propositions. Mr. Stephen reminds us of a celebrated mathematician who is said to have expressed the opinion that perpetual motion was not an impossibility, but that its discovery depended on the solution of a certain equation which, so far as he saw, was quite insoluble. Give us an absolute test of good and bad objects, and of reasonable and unreasonable in conduct, and compulsion becomes, on Mr. Stephen's theory, at once possible and proper in a number of cases to which at present it cannot be applied at all. Everything hinges on the test, and the test is the insoluble equation. Further on Mr. Stephen tells us of a most interesting and important question, the answer to which depends on the answers to be given to five other questions, "most" of which "are obviously insoluble." Such are the splendid results of taking a strictly practical view of things and discarding all high-flown theories.

In order to illustrate the application of his doctrines to what would be called an extreme case, Mr. Mill undertook to show that perfect liberty for the expression of their opinions should be allowed even to disbelievers in God and a future state. Mr. Stephen agrees with Mr. Mill that no legal penalties should be imposed upon such persons, but he arrives at the conclusion in his own way, which is somewhat peculiar. He begins by inquiring into the advantages of compulsion. *If*—Mr. Stephen's philosophy is full of "ifs"—the doctrines of God and a future state are true, then compulsion for the purpose of causing them to be universally believed is compulsion for a "good object." Whether the doctrines are true he does not inquire; but he proceeds to say that they are useful, inasmuch as the morality of the community is founded upon them. "If, then," he adds, "virtue is good, it seems to me clear that to promote the belief of the fundamental doctrines of religion is good also." The question of their truth or falsehood has thus faded out of sight. It is enough that they are useful to make compulsion for their maintenance "compulsion for a good object." Further on, however, Mr. Stephen returns to the question of their truth with the remark: "I do not pretend to have anything to add to this tremendous controversy. It is a matter on which very few human beings have a right to be heard." Who, then, are those few? Are they the civil rulers of each State? If so, how came they by so much wisdom? "We see no reason," said Macaulay long ago, "for thinking that the opinions of the magistrate on speculative questions are more likely to be right than those of any other man. None of the modes by which a magistrate is appointed, popular election, the accident of the lot, or the accident of birth, affords, as far as we can perceive, much security for his being wiser than any of his neighbours." * Whether Mr. Stephen has a much higher opinion of magistrates in general than Lord Macaulay we seriously doubt. As has already been observed, however, Mr. Stephen does not propose to visit disbelief of the great doctrines above mentioned with legal prosecution. He gives his reasons for this decision very briefly: "In the first place, it is impossible; and in the next place, to be effective it would have to be absolutely destructive and paralysing; and it would produce at last no result for which any one really wishes."

This is a very summary deliverance; but one is tempted to ask whether, if legal compulsion is so totally out of the question, and if it would require to be so destructive and paralysing in order to be effective, Mr. Mill's position is not abundantly justified?

* "L'état," says M. Jules Simon, "est profondément incompétent pour autoriser les cultes. Où est sa doctrine religieuse. . . . Il n'est ni métaphysicien ni théologien. Il ne peut pas commettre un juge d'instruction ou un commissaire de police pour examiner les dogmes."—*Liberté de Conscience*, p. 182.

What Mr. Mill saw very clearly (and what Mr. Stephen, no doubt, sees too) was that persecution for opinion's sake leads to the falsification of opinions; that every man who is affected by it feels that his most intimate and inalienable rights are invaded; and that the final effect is always to prevent some portion of the truth coming to light, and to produce stagnation of thought in place of a natural activity and progress. These are, in substance, Mr. Mill's reasons, and they certainly seem to support the conclusion which is common to himself and Mr. Stephen at least as well as the more roundabout argument of the latter.

Mr. Mill, however, condemns "social intolerance" quite as much as legal coercion; and here Mr. Stephen joins issue with him. "Our merely social intolerance," says the author of the Essay on Liberty, "kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active measures for their diffusion. And thus is kept up a state of things very satisfactory to some minds, because, without the unpleasant process of fining or imprisoning anybody, it maintains all opinions outwardly undisturbed. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind." To the last sentence in this passage we cannot quite assent. *Danger* cannot be said to destroy *courage*. On the contrary, courage is called forth by danger; and if there were no danger there would be no courage. With Mr. Mill's general meaning, however, we are entirely in accord. Social intolerance does produce a vast amount of hypocrisy; inasmuch as a great many persons who have been led to reject certain popular opinions have not the courage necessary to avow their conclusions, and are thus compelled on many occasions to act a part which sadly conflicts with every honest impulse of their nature. Mr. Stephen has no sympathy for such people. He says that "to attack opinions on which the framework of society rests is a proceeding which both is and ought to be dangerous," and that a man who does so need not complain if he finds himself "fiercely resisted." Now, certainly, if every one knew on what opinions the framework of society rested, no one could have any excuse for attacking those opinions. But it is by no means the case that the opinion of the majority as to what constitutes the foundation of social order is always correct. Moreover, nothing can be more fitting than that foundations, whether material or moral, should from time to time be examined, in order that they may be kept in good order. Why then should a man be "fiercely resisted," in other words, treated as an enemy, for merely setting forth *how certain matters appear to him?* How can such a statement—supposing it to be a sincere and dispassionate one—affect the foundations of society? It is only a representation of the working of one mind. If its reasonings are false, let their falsity be shown; if they are true or partly true, can society, in a matter *ex hypothesi* of great importance, afford to shut its eyes to the light? Mr. Mill writes as to wise men. He thinks the time has come when the community ought to be able to bear with the expression of any *opinions* whatsoever. The time has been, of course, when a word, a name, has been sufficient to precipitate the fiercest struggles, simply because the word or the name, instead of summoning to reflection, served merely to fire explosive passions; and there are numerous backward communities in the present day where such is still the case. But in modern civilized societies this should not be. Emotion may mingle with our reflections, but that which calls for thought should receive thought, for thus and thus only—as we ought perfectly to know—can justice be done to truth. "No one," says Mr. Stephen, "has a right to give the signal for battle unless he has first drawn the sword and knows how to make his hands guard his head with it." The critic here, we cannot help thinking, has allowed himself to be carried too far by an arbitrarily chosen simile. What need is there for a "battle" at all? Why should a man "draw the sword" in connection with a candid and temperate statement of his opinions? Again, what is meant by "drawing the sword?" Does it mean preparing to say bitter things in return for bitter things? laying up a store of insults for opponents who are expected to be insulting? If not this, then what? If "drawing the sword" means simply doing one's best to understand the true merits and bearings of a discussion, we can only say the expression is a very fierce and military one for a most peaceful and commendable proceeding. But if this is the meaning—as a sen-

tence on the same page on which the expression occurs would lead us to believe—how on earth is a man, by any mastery of arguments, going to "guard his head" from the offensive imputations which are the real weapons employed by "social intolerance?" On the supposition that "drawing the sword" meant preparing to pay back in kind, the thing would be intelligible; for, of course, in a Billingsgate encounter, the combatant who has the strongest and vilest expressions at his tongue's end comes off comparatively scatheless; even though the vocabulary of his opponent may not have been lacking in richness or fragrance. At this point Mr. Stephen seems to need a commentator, for he does not explain himself.

In one respect, the writing of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" must have given great relief to its author, for it has afforded a vent for a vast quantity of unusually strong language. We cannot help thinking Mr. Stephen's experience must have resembled that which Mr. Tupper has described in the following striking lines, which have never quite vanished from our memory since we caught a glimpse of them some years ago:

> "Through the vext bowels of my soul
> Lava torrents roar and roll,
> Bursting forth in angry tide
> From my rugged crater's side." *

Mr. Stephen imagines the "advocate of innate ideas" in his heart accusing the experientialist of desiring to root out religion from life; and the experientialist as saying in his heart to his friend of the opposite persuasion: "You are a liar, and the object of your lie is to protect from exposure what you know to be nonsense." Again: "Concede the first principle that unfeigned belief in the Roman Catholic creed is indispensably necessary to salvation, or the first principle that the whole Roman Catholic system is a pernicious falsehood and fraud, and it will be impossible to stop short of the practical conclusions of the Inquisition and the Reign of Terror." We do not undertake to answer for what would be done in pursuance of the Roman Catholic principle here mentioned, if the Church could regain the power it possessed in the Middle Ages; but it seems to us entirely possible to regard that Church as grounded upon delusions, and to a large extent also upon imposture, without wishing to revive the Reign of Terror. Supposing the Roman Catholics to constitute a large proportion of the entire community, a Reign of Terror such as Mr. Stephen has in view would be an impossibility. On the other hand, were the Roman Catholics a small and feeble body in the State, is it to be imagined that the rest of the community would dream of rising up to exterminate them? Mr. Stephen's imagination is altogether too violent and sanguinary. The Roman Catholic has his own way of looking at things, which *we* think a false one; but it must be abundantly clear that we shall not help him to take a different view by any form of persecution. The utmost we can do by that method is to make him execrate us and our principles. The logic of events, the lessons of competition in a world where everything has to struggle for existence, will cause light to penetrate where our arguments cannot reach, and will shatter systems that persecution—except on an Albigensian scale—would only harden and confirm.

Throughout his book, Mr. Stephen constantly argues as if the experience of the past were strictly applicable to the condition of things to-day. He asks us to imagine any argument that could have been successfully addressed to Philip II. against the persecution of the Protestants. Of course, we know that the bigotry of Philip II. was such as no reasoning could have overcome; but is that a reason for denying all power to argument, or for abandoning the case in favour of free discussion? The "Essay on Liberty" was not written for Philip II., but for the contemporaries of Mr. Stephen; and it will hardly be denied that it has had already a very powerful effect in inclining men to be tolerant of differences of opinion, and to accord a larger measure of respect to one another's sincere convictions.

"Upon the whole, it appears to me," says Mr. Stephen, summing up his argument, "that if our notions of moral good and evil are substantially true, and if the doctrines of God and a future state are true, the object of causing people to believe in them is good, and that social intolerance on the behalf of those who do, towards those who do not, believe in them cannot be regarded as involv-

* If this is not quite correctly quoted, we beg to be excused, as we have not Mr. Tupper's works within reach.

ing evils of any great importance in comparison with the results at which it aims." But surely it is unnecessary to remind this practical writer and thinker that courses of conduct are judged, not by the evil they do in comparison with the good *at which they aim*, but according to the net balance they yield of good or evil. Here again we are left with an insoluble equation on our hands. What we want to know is what good is *done* by social intolerance, either to those who exercise it or to those who are its objects; but upon this point we get no information whatever—we are simply told that the good *aimed at* is immense in comparison with the evil wrought. This leaves us face to face with a confession that some evil is wrought, and if we cannot ascertain that any good *is effected* as a counterpoise, we are to comfort ourselves with the thought of all the good that is *aimed at!*

Suppose now that a man comes to Mr. Stephen for advice as to whether or not he should practise "social intolerance" towards a neighbour whose opinions he considers "dangerous." "Well, my good man," we might expect the gentleman consulted to say, "if your opinions are true, and if the other man's are, as you say, false and dangerous, you could hardly do better than be intolerant towards him; the evil you will do will be as nothing in comparison with the good at which you aim." But would Mr. Stephen really say this? It seems not; for we read further on: "No one has a right to be morally intolerant of doctrines which he has not carefully studied. . . . Most people have no right to any opinions whatever upon these questions [*scil.*, questions of religion and morals], except in so far as they are necessary for the regulation of their own affairs." Once more, and at the most critical moment, Mr. Stephen draws off his forces from the citadel of liberty, which he seemed bent upon forcing to surrender at discretion. We breathe freely again and raise joyful eyes to heaven, as we learn that the luxury of social intolerance is not *à l'usage de tout le monde*, not for the million, not for anyone who does not understand, who has not "carefully studied" the opinions he undertakes to condemn. Balaam has indeed blessed us altogether; the good he has done is only equalled by the mischief he aimed at doing. Deliver us from the brute prejudice of the masses, and we can bravely stand the judgment of competent and honest men. They at least know what evidence is; they know something of the genesis of opinion in candid minds; they can distinguish involuntary error from wilful trifling with the truth; above all, their own minds are not sealed against further light, and they may therefore learn even from those whom they set themselves to controvert. Is it not manifest that such men cannot be intolerant in the sense the word has always hitherto borne,—that self-respect and a consciousness of the intellectual rights of others will compel them to be simply *just?* Mr. Stephen's final judgment under this head is contained in the following sentence: "I think it highly important that men who really study these matters should feel themselves at liberty not merely to dissent from, but to disapprove of, opinions which appear to them to require it, and should express that disapprobation." To which we say: Most decidedly, provided only that no injurious imputations as to motives or character be indulged in, unless there is full and conclusive evidence that these are deserved, and that their expression is a matter of public duty. What Mr. Mill contended against was the fashion of arguing from opinions to character without reference to the mode or spirit in which the opinions might be set forth. Truth as well as error may be "held in unrighteousness;" and error as well as truth may be held in a sincere and religious spirit. There are perhaps not many men living whom Mr. Stephen would be content to hear inveighing in a tone of lofty moral disapprobation against Spinoza, Hume, Strauss, Grote, Mill, or Spencer.

Let us, however, leaving Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, consider briefly what attitude it is desirable, on general grounds, to maintain towards new opinions and their authors or adherents. The first thing to consider is, that all our opinions were at one time new, and that many of them have been pronounced preposterous and even blasphemous. To the Jew, Christianity itself was a stumbling-block, and to the Greek it was foolishness. To the rulers of the Roman Empire it was an anti-social doctrine, which could only lead to the overthrow of all order in the State. The sciences of astronomy, geology, and ethnology have had to fight against established prejudices for almost every inch of ground they at present possess. We

smile when we think of the weakness of these who, in past times, trembled to admit that the earth was not the centre of the solar system; but are we, in our turn, subject to no vain terrors? May we not be fighting against the truth, and that not by argument, but by the mere expression of dislike, or by arbitrarily closing our eyes and ears to evidence that only asks to be examined? In so far as we follow these methods at all, we place ourselves in the wrong; for supposing our present opinions to be true, we do them injustice by such a mode of defence; while if the opinions we reject be true, we not only do them cruel despite, but we make any rectification of our own point of view impossible. There is more hope of a fool, some one has said, than of a man wise in his own conceit—which must mean a man so persuaded of his own wisdom as to be prepared to treat all opinions at variance with his own with intolerance and contempt.

The next point that strikes us is, that in the *mêlée* of opinions, truth, unless betrayed by its friends, is well able to take care of itself. When, however, an opinion or belief has been long established, and has enjoyed a kind of privileged existence, its adherents, and even its official exponents, do not altogether like to have to fight for it with the weapons of argument. They would like it to shine with a kind of self-evidence, and there is a great temptation to say that those upon whom it does not so shine must be—well—bad men. Until within a few years past, the temptation was freely yielded to; but it was found by experience that calling people bad names did not altogether prevent their opinions receiving attention, while it created a damaging impression that bad names constituted the chief stock-in-trade of the upholders of orthodoxy. If the latter are too lazy or too impatient or too haughty to engage in discussion on equal terms with those who dispute their doctrines, they must not be surprised if they find the verdict going against them by default; but let them manfully set forth the truth as they understand it, and, if the truth is with them in reality, controversy will be only as the wind which, while it shakes the tree, roots it more firmly in the ground. Everybody believes this, or professes to believe it, and yet what a deep-seated aversion exists in many minds to any discussion that touches fundamental questions! Weak minds they say will be disturbed, as if it were desirable that weak minds should for ever rest in the *ipse dixits* of certain leaders. If anything could confirm weak minds, it would be to see those from whom they are accustomed to learn waging fair, honourable, and successful warfare in the open field of controversy, shunning no foe, evading no argument, shirking no responsibility. The *morale* of an army is not improved by continual retreating; and the weak minds whom it is wished to screen from danger will begin some day to wonder whether it is really *they* who are so weak, or a certain cause that is so precarious. Wrong opinions, say some, are a moral poison which we should do our best to prevent from spreading. Yes, by all means; if, by "doing your best," you mean meeting them by argument and trying to demonstrate their falsity. But if you mean anything else; if you mean a policy of frowns and of suspicion; if you mean closing, as far as possible, all avenues of public expression, so that the opinions you hate may never, if you can help it, bring themselves to the light; then we say, why not resort to more stringent measures at once? Why not enact repressive laws? Why not establish an Inquisition? Why not show your faith by your works, in an *auto-da-fe*? But no; you do not want persecution, you only want suppression; but what difference is there in spirit between the tactics you are prepared to adopt, and the simpler, bolder, and more comprehensive measures of St. Dominic? You both aim at the same thing—*the suppression of opinion without argument.** You both make the same plea, that argument has been exhausted, that a final result has been arrived at, and that henceforth it is only necessary to hear one side. How hollow the plea is, and how readily it lends itself to the purposes of tyranny, it is needless to point out. The necessity for argument has not ceased so long as there is one individual as yet estranged from the truth; and what hope is there of winning him if he is not allowed—nay invited—to utter freely all he thinks? But the fact is, that the plea that argument is exhausted, is urged with the greatest positiveness at the very periods when new argu-

* "L'odieux de la persécution n'est pas dans le degré, il est dans la persécution elle-même."—JULES SIMON, *Liberté de Conscience*, p. 275.

"Le silence est la plus grande persécution."—PASCAL.

ments are being produced in greatest abundance, when men's minds are fullest of new thoughts, and when old lines of defence are felt to be most inadequate. It is a poor device at the best, and can scarcely impose even on those who resort to it. When arguments have really been exhausted, it will be quite unnecessary to discourage further discussion. The late Dr. Brownson was, to his dying day, by no means satisfied that the sun did not revolve round the earth; but his doubts were not considered dangerous to the orthodox system of astronomy. The only trouble he would have had, if he had wished to ventilate his peculiar views, would have been to get anybody to listen to him.

Let us consider, lastly, that, constituted and situated as men are, differences of opinion, even upon matters of the greatest moment, are inevitable. Minds are not all of one pattern, nor are any two men acted upon by precisely the same external influences. Every one is apt to think his point of view the only true one; but should not sensible people be on their guard against this only too natural illusion? On the simple principle of doing to others as we would be done by, we should treat all sincerely-held opinions with respect, while maintaining our own with all needful energy and firmness. It does not in the least follow that a man must himself be in a wavering state of mind because he is willing to give a fair hearing to opinions opposed to his own. A really earnest believer, who is persuaded that, at every point, his view is in harmony with truth, will be glad to have the difficulties that others feel, or the objections they make, fully stated in order that they may be as fully met. Every one may not feel himself competent to defend his opinions by argument; but he is entitled to ask those whose guidance he follows to make good their claim to be his guides, by showing themselves ready to defend what they teach. Every opinion, it should be remembered, that finds expression in print represents a more or less considerable body of similar opinion that has never found such expression; and if they who regard themselves as possessing the truth have a sincere desire to bring it home to the minds of all men, they will rejoice to be supplied with indications as to the directions in which it is most necessary to work—always supposing that they are truly settled and grounded in the faith they profess,—that their minds are not haunted with doubts, nor their hearts with misgivings. Of course, if the latter is their state, much that we see every day becomes intelligible.

The practical question with which the public of this country has to deal is, what complexion our growing civilization shall assume—whether it shall bear the mark of a free and vigorous intellectual life, elevating and dignifying all lower activities; or whether it shall tell of thought in fetters, conventionalism triumphant, and all materializing influences bearing unchecked sway. We boast of our system of education, primary and secondary; but what do we propose as regards the intellectual future of the youth whom we are yearly sending out, bright-eyed and full of hope, from our schools and universities? Do we wish to veil from them the true condition of the intellectual world, to accustom them to look askance—never fair in the face—at opinions that are considered dangerous? Are we prepared to tell them that the Apostle's injunction to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," was fulfilled long ago, and that nothing now remains but to *ap*prove what our forefathers *proved*, or thought they did? We may, if we like, adopt this tone and this policy. We may, by a well-directed pressure on the organs of public opinion, bind them for some years longer to the service of a stereotyped orthodoxy in politics, philosophy, and religion; we may tell those who would help to build up our national literature that unless they can work to pattern, they had better keep their labours to themselves; in a word—a word homely, but strong—we may, if we like, *boom* ourselves in, like so many saw-logs, from the main-current of thought in the present day; but, if we do, the future of Canada is not one to which any man or woman whose pulse keeps time with the great movement of the world can look forward with much enthusiasm.

"There is one road
To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye!"

It is but a mockery of peace that comes of repression—a hateful hiding-place of hypocrisies, a treacherous calm before the abyss of revolution.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, HALIFAX, N. S.

HEART, I hold our future fast
With these hands of mine,
Not overbold nor deep downcast,
Trusting unto eyes divine
That mark our future as our past.

Was it well our hands have met,
And our lives are joined?
Why should tears dear eyelids wet,
And joy from molten grief be coined?—
No answer comes to us as yet.

No answer gives the rounded sky
To our quest of looks,
Not a whisper of reply
Comes from vainly questioned books—
Yet we fail not, you and I.

You and I, with eager hands,
And this love of ours,
Wait the falling of the sands,
And the creeping of the hours,
Grasping love's and life's demands.

Let the troubled Heavens have rest
From our selfish cries,
Till the sun is in the west;
Ask not why the bright day dies—
Wait the sunset—that is best.

When silver stars bedeck the blue,
And no throstle calls,
And silence fills us through and through
As off the day's care-burthen falls,—
The reason's plain to me and you.

Comes a shadow out of time
With the key to all;
'Tis not found in prose or rhyme
Why God should give us or recall
The meaner things or the sublime.

Comes a day our quest shall find
What we yearn to know,
We shall read with purgèd mind
Meanings of our life below,
When our eyes were blurred or blind.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

BY G. S. H., TORONTO.

THE daily press brings to our homes not only useful information, tales of joy, of sadness, and of woe, but ofttimes rich food for laughter—odd glimpses of humanity nowhere else to be found. Not a few of the most curious items it supplies, are to be seen where one is perhaps least likely to look for them—the advertising columns. It occurred to the writer a few years ago to make a collection of advertisements; and this, though by no means very extensive or varied, nevertheless includes some *morceaux* which it would be a pity to consign altogether to oblivion.

To begin with, let us take the Births, Deaths, and Marriages. What must have been the feelings of Paterfamilias as he penned the following brief notice of his oft-repeated blessings?:

"In B——, on the 21st June, the wife of Mr. E. P—— of a son, it being the twenty-eighth child of the prolific parent."

Prolific indeed! one a year for twenty-eighth years; or perhaps, indeed, they came by twos and threes! No doubt that twenty-eight times blessed parent rejoiced with the Psalmist, and was not ashamed to meet his enemy in the gate.

Here we have one who is evidently an ecstatic Irishman, rejoicing over the birth of a son in the following terms:

"M——. Hurrah for the Kingdom of Canada! Birth. In this city, on Monday, the 9th of September, the wife of Mr. John M—— of a son. Union for ever! Beattie and Cameron! Harrison and Wallis! God save the Queen!"

Perhaps by the time this happy father has chronicled the arrival of his twenty-eighth infant, his feelings may have become less exuberant; in the meantime who could be heartless enough to find fault with the seeming extravagance of his joy?

Matrimony is essentially invested with a certain poetic halo, and yet, for the most part, advertisements of marriages are principally noticeable for the unromantic uniformity with which they are expressed, and it is almost a relief when they do step a little out of the beaten track, even if it be only to bring to the notice of all whom it may concern, that the bride's great-grand-cousin twice removed was bootblack to his Serene Highness, the King of the Cannibal Islands. Here is an announcement, however, which breathes of nothing but orange flowers, moonlight, and gentle zephyrs. It tells how two hearts were made as one:

"By Dr. J. A. Sherrill, at twilight, on Wednesday evening, February 28th, 1866, in Catawba County, N. C., at the house of the bride's widowed mother, after *a short but most delicious courtship*," &c.

Among advertisements of deaths, few have occurred of recent years more remarkable than the following:

"At New Deer, on the 13th instant, in the 87th year of her age, Bathia Reid, sister of the late Chief Justice Reid, Montreal, North America, and relict of the late Mr. John Copland, Peterhead. For 53 years she practised midwifery, and brought into the world upwards of 3,000 children."

Few ladies, we presume, can show such a record of industrious perseverance, as that exhibited in the life of this lamented lady—an average of rather over a child a week for fifty-three years! Who can beat that?

It is with somewhat different feelings that we read the following note, appended to an announcement of the death of a lady from consumption:

"The husband of deceased wishes to return his heartfelt thanks to the Rev. Messrs. N——, E. C., A——, Presbyterian, and M——, Methodist, for their constant attendance in divine matters, and also to the neighbours for their kindness during illness, and the honour paid her at death, it being the largest funeral ever seen in this section of Canada."

Passing over the telegraphic style in which this "card" is written, one would be inclined to doubt whether the constant "attendance in divine matters" of three reve-

rend gentlemen of radically different opinions was altogether a matter for unmixed thankfulness at such a time, or of much benefit to the departed, and the concluding line has an unmistakable Barnum ring about it.

Not a few persons avail themselves of the advertising columns to relieve themselves of their indignation and wrath, which, when reduced to black and white, generally takes the form of "bitter irony." Here is a rather curious specimen:

"MR. W—— T—— AGAIN.

"I suppose Mr. W—— T——, — Yonge Street, will deny sending, on Wednesday afternoon, a lady that wears a cloth Raglan, bound with red braid, to my room to get a squint at the improvement to our American skirt-lifter to pattern from. Can any other conjecture be made? When the lady called, suspicion on her was put, and in consequence she was traced to Mr. T——'s store, on Yonge Street.

"Now, Mr. T——, I would come to the conclusion that

> "Your will is made,
> Your day is past;
> You never more shall rattle;
> When you go off, you wont come back

to make any more Yankee skirt-lifters.

"E. R. T——,

"Over Wesleyan Book Room."

This is dreadfully cutting and would seem to indicate feminine authorship, and it is to be hoped the advertiser felt better after it, because this method of relieving one's wounded feelings is almost as expensive as employing a physician.

Here is another of the fair sex, whose sense of wrong found harmless vent in a somewhat similar explosion. She had evidently had the misfortune to sit near some rattle-brained young folk at an entertainment which she had hoped would have proved "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," but which appears to have been sadly marred in her estimation by the clatter of her neighbours' tongues. But let her speak for herself:

"A CARD OF THANKS.

"A lady presents her compliments to those young people who sat almost behind her at the Music Hall last night, and desires to thank them for their very valuable remarks on back hair, ear-rings, soldiers' coats, ear-piercings, &c., &c. In addition to the originality of their ideas, justice demands a recognition of their sprightliness of manner, fluency of diction, and vigour of voice. Owing to the deep interest (however unwillingly) taken in their utterances, the merriment of the "Merry Wives" was rendered comparatively tame and insipid by contrast. "Theirs gratefully,

"E. R——."

The sarcasm here is too apparent, and E. R——, we think, will have to try again before she can be said to have mastered that particular style of composition. More progress is manifested in that line by J. E——, who advertised for his melon seeds under somewhat adverse circumstances. This is what he said:

"A Modest Request.—Will the gentleman who stole my melons on last Sabbath night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as the melons are a rare variety?

"J——. E——."

The phrase "*gentleman* who stole" is decidedly rich.

Here is an advertisement by an unfortunate Benedick, announcing the departure from "bed and board" for the sixth time of his truant wife:—

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"The public are hereby cautioned not to trust, or give credit to, or harbour on my account, my wife E—— J ——V——, she having left my bed and board, three children, a comfortable home, and a good, indulgent husband, without any cause or provocation. She is respectfully requested not to come back this time—having been five times away before—without she has made up her mind to be a dutiful and industrious wife.

"J. V——."

On the principle of *audi alteram partem*, one would naturally like to know what Mrs. J. V——. might have to say regarding this "good, indulgent husband," from whom she found it necessary to take leave so often.

Another unfortunate Benedick was made to eat "umble pie" in public in the following fashion. The gray mare in this case had proved the better horse:

"The notice appearing in Thursday's daily *Globe*, as to my not becoming responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, J—— A——, I hereby withdraw the same, being personally to blame.

"JACOB A——."

Here is another, in the satirical vein, from an irate Balloon speculator. It will be best explained by prefacing it with a short extract from the "City News :"—

"Balloon Ascension by Professor King.—Yesterday afternoon, the first of a series of balloon ascensions to be made in Canada, by Prof. S. A. King, the celebrated aëronaut, took place on the Toronto Cricket Ground. The number of spectators present on the ground was not so large as might have been expected, as, unfortunately for the promoter of the enterprise, the ascent could be witnessed far and near without any charge. As a consequence, there were five times the number of spectators on the commons on the west of Beverly Street, that there were on the grounds."

This is how the disappointed *entrepreneur* of the aëronaut relieved his feelings:—

"A CARD.—In consequence of the Toronto Cricket Ground being so far from the present centres of attraction, I deem it advisable to withdraw the programme advertised to take place on these grounds to-day, as I do not desire to enjoy a repetition of yesterday's experiences. And could I have exchanged the number of inside spectators for the *thousands* in broughams, waggonettes, phætons, and on foot, enjoying a CHEAP outside view, financially the 'swop' would have been a success, though the exchange would have been silver for SHODDY.

"J. T. K——."

Poor man! It might have been thought that an enterprising balloonist would have known by experience that, in this mercenary age, few are to be found who will pay for that which they can get for nothing.

Sometimes the printers play havoc with the type, and two advertisements get "mixed" in rather an incongruous fashion. For instance, we have one before us, from which it would seem that clothing for gents and youths is "sold in pint and quart bottles."

In these days of refinement, it is not surprising to learn from an advertisement of certain coal and wood dealers, that "our carters will be found both gentlemanly and obliging."

Here is a man who evidently desires to have the supreme satisfaction of being able to say, "I told you so." He therefore advertises :—

"AN ARITHMETICAL PROPHECY.—The last seven years to commence August 1st, 1878; renewal of Jewish Sacrifices, May 29th, 1879; day of the Consummation, September 13th, 1885."

One can almost picture this arithmetical prophet on that fatal September day, seated on some elevated pinnacle—who knows but that it may be the summit of St. James's cathedral—with the *Mail* newspaper in his hand, pointing to his solemn warning, and perhaps proclaiming with a loud voice to us heedless mortals, when it will be, alas, too late: "Ah! I knew how it would be, I gave you due notice." But if, peradventure, this inexorable world should happily continue to go on in spite of the arrival of the "day of Consummation," the advertiser will hardly think it necessary to remind his readers that his prediction, like scores of others, has proved untrue.

It is somewhat difficult to the uninitiated to understand how a suitable response could be made to the following :—

"WANTED, a respectable person of neat habits, and that has passed 'from death unto life,' otherwise than by outward baptism, as housekeeper, where occasional assistance may be obtained. Address, stating full particulars, F. D., Post Office, Ottery, St. Mary, Devon."

And yet we presume the law of supply and demand proved equal even to that emergency.

We conclude with a warning for the benefit of all bad little boys and girls, clipped from a recent English paper:—

"A WIDOW, a great invalid, wishes to place two of her daughters, aged twelve and thirteen, under the charge of a lady, who would, when necessary, administer the birch rod, as they are extremely troublesome. *Terms liberal.* Address, Mrs. Jno. C. T——, Post Office, B——."

THE ROSE.

BY REV. T. T. JOHNSTON, QUEENSVILLE.

FLORA, the presiding deity over the flowery kingdom, had an attendant goddess once who lived in the woods, and whose virtues were as great as her beauty was remarkable. But Death's cruel shaft strikes the virtuous as well as the vicious, the fair as well as the ill-featured. The poor little dove, stricken by some ruthless hand, quietly folds its tired wing over the arrow that has stricken it, and in the throes of an untimely death patiently waits its happy release. The wounded deer, true to the instincts of its nature, immediately seeks the deep shade of some secluded spot, apart from life and danger, where it may die in solitude. So this woodland nymph was found dead, far away from loved ones in her own sylvan home, and Flora was wild with grief when she heard the sad news. Desirous of doing something to perpetuate the memory of this beloved deity, she appealed to all the gods and goddesses of the universe to help her to change the nymph into an immortal flower, whose perfections would surpass the rest. This would be a monument appropriate to the deceased and to the mourning deity, and lasting as the lives of "nymphs and godheads yet unknown." In answer to her request the different gifts of the divinities were cheerfully made. As she was moulding the fair flower with every charm and perfection her faultless skill could devise, Cupid, eager through love to have a part in this meritorious work of remembrance, emptied his quiver of the bee-stings which served him as arrows, and adorned the queenly flower with its thorns.

But beautiful though it appeared after its formation was complete, it was still dead to its mission and work. Flora then besought Apollo to give it life, which he did with condescending grace, and Bacchus, the lord of wine, with a rollicking spirit bathed it in the nectar of the gods. Vertumnus, the deity of spring, and Pomona, the goddess of fruit —whom he passionately loved—then came to render gifts as tokens of remembrance. The one gave the sweetest perfume, and the other caused it to fructify in its season. Flora then completed all by placing on its head a beautiful corona, and in grateful acknowledgment crowned it the queen of the flowery realm. Thus, according to traditionary lore, the white rose adorned the Elysium of the gods.

In process of time man was created; Paradise bloomed; and the lord of creation fell. One of the consequences of that calamitous event, which deluged this fair and faultless world with sin and all our woe, was that the first human pair were driven forth from the garden of Eden to battle with the realities of a sin-cursed world. Shrinking from the presence of their Creator, and filled with the first emotions of shame, our first parents snatched the broad leaves of the fig-tree to cover themselves as they passed along. But when Eve saw the rose blooming so lovely and fair beside their path, she could not refrain from plucking the emblem of the innocence, purity, and immortality which on earth were theirs no longer. A fast hold of it she kept, as the threshold of Eden was crossed for the last time, and the flaming sword burned across the way. Then with a sigh she placed it in her bosom, as the only memento of her bridal home, till she could find out some favoured spot where she could plant it that it might blossom again.

Thus, according to traditionary lore, the snowy rose—the only thing that survived the wreck of Paradise to tell of a brighter to-morrow—was transported into the world. After a while white roses became plentiful and gods and men enjoyed their matchless beauty. On one occasion, Venus, the mother of Love, was completely enamoured with a beautiful young man named Adonis. He was reclining in the midst of a bed of roses, and, full of affection, she ran to meet him. Love is said to be blind and regardless of results, and so she did not see the blooming flowers that wasted their sweet perfume around her beloved. Cupid never dreamed that his mother would ever be so blinded by

passion when he poured out his quiver at the feet of Flora, and his bee-stings were sharp as they stood in array beneath the green leaves and white petals of the roses, so that the blood of the goddess dyed them many a delicate hue of pink and purple.

"On every nodding stem bright roses bloomed,
And scattering petals crimsoned all the ground:
And the rich atmosphere, with sweets perfumed,
Diffused a languid ecstasy around.

"In tints of bright carnation some were dyed,
And others gleamed with golden gorgeousness,
And some in purest white—like a young bride
Peeping timid forth in virgin bashfulness."

And thus, according to traditionary lore, the many-tinted roses beautified the world.

Perhaps it was about this time that "the angel who takes care of the flowers and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring morning in the shade of a rose bush. When he awoke, he said: 'Most beautiful children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odour and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it.'

"'Adorn me, then, with a new charm,' said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

"So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire—the moss rose—the most beautiful of its kind."

Some time afterwards Cupid gave the red rose to his friend Harpocrates, who was the god of silence, and by him it was made the joint emblem of secrecy and love. From this circumstance the custom has arisen of placing a rose over the doors of guest-rooms, to signify an entire freedom of conversation and absolute secrecy afterwards. So when the strife was raging between the houses of York and Lancaster, their secret council-rooms had their emblematic rose painted on the ceiling, intimating that the members were *sub rosa*, and by this observance that feud was called the "War of the Roses."

But interesting as the legends of the rose may be, its moral teachings are far more profitable. It instructs us in the duties of life, and occupies a well-thumbed page in the compendious book of Nature. It speaks of a virtuous, faultless character, bathed in the highest and purest love for all around. And in telling us of faults that are as thorns to wound the affections of others, it would remind us to hide them beneath the rosy petals of a fragrant life—loving our neighbour as we love ourselves.

"Live like the rose; so bud, so bloom,
In growing beauty live;
So sweeten life with rich perfume
That gentle actions give."

Yet all flowers bloom to fade, and earthly blossoms wither. The lovely petals soon fall to the earth, and the emblem of purity, secrecy, and love soon breathes out its sweetest perfume in death. Has it then lived in vain? The meteor all aglow with borrowed light lives brightly for a moment and then suddenly dies out in the spacious darkness. Dies the rose unread and unknown as that erratic child of the sky? Let the parable of Krummacher answer:—

"'It is a pity,' said a youth to his father, 'that the rose, when her flowers are faded, does not produce sweet fruit, and thus express her thanks to Nature in the summer for the beautiful season of her bloom in spring. Thou callest her the flower of innocence and joy; ought she not then to be the image of gratitude also?'

"'And does she not then offer all her loveliness,' replied the father, 'to beautify the spring, the darling child of Nature? For the dews and the sunbeams which fall upon her from above, does she not render to the air her delicate fragrance? Born for the spring, she dies with it; and believe me, dear child, a delicate and unobtrusive gratitude is the most beautiful of all. And how is it possible for innocence to be unthankful?'"

"Die like the rose; that when thou'rt gone,
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,
Like fragrant rose-leaves, may be strown
Upon thy memory."

Thus the rose, in life, is a teacher of *morality*, but in death it speaks of *mortality*.

Solomon was a botanist, and he wrote about roses. To the west of his palatial home, in that fertile valley extending between Cæsarea and Joppa, they bloomed to perfection. Their fragrance was exquisite; their bell-shaped flowers were faultless; and their colours rivalled the tints of the rainbow. He found none in his researches to surpass the queen of the flowery kingdom, and, in his pastoral dialogue between the Messiah and the redeemed, he represents the Spouse as saying in his grace and beauty—"I am the Rose of Sharon."

"And in the whole wide world that Rose shall bloom,
Beauteous beyond compare, I know full well;
A rainbow in the darkness of earth's doom
Art thou, O lovely Rose, Emanuel."

But when the days of the beauty of the Sharonic rose were over, and the lessons of morality taught, then, as it took up the subject of mortality, its leaves circled round the dry and crispy blossoms like the wrapping of a shroud around the lifeless marble mould. Little by little the supporting stalk withered away, and the flower became changed into a faded ball. Then, loosened by the summer's stormy blast, the angry breeze took it up and sported with it over the plain at its will. But when the strength of the tempest was exhausted, there, down in the quiet shades of the valley, the breeze, dying away to the faintest zephyr, sighed a mournful dirge as it gently laid it at rest. Thus endeth the second lesson of the rose of Sharon.

The last that it teaches is the best of all. The little shrivelled ball carried the seeds of another life in its bosom. Morality, mortality, and immortality, these three, but the greatest of these is the power of an endless life.

"Roses bloom
In the desert tomb,
Because the Saviour once lay there."

Soon the seeds germinated, and as lovely a flower bloomed beside the lilies of the valley as ever shed its fragrance over the plains of Sharon. The Jews called the rose an emblem of the resurrection, and venerated it for the precepts it taught. What a pity they did not believe that the Rose of Sharon was the one altogether lovely, the resurrection and the life! They lost half of the lessons it teaches to us, but let us have a care lest we, too, in our blindness, lose the end to be gained, and have the rose to blossom and die in vain.

LA ROSE DE SHARON.

JE suis la rose de Sharon,
Et le lis ornant les vallées.
Comme est du lis le blanc fleuron
Parmi les ronces désolées,
De même est mon amour, brillant comme le ciel,
Près de l'amour chétif des filles d'Israël.

Comme le pommier se remarque
Parmi les arbres des forêts,
Mon bien-aimé comme un monarque
Eclipse tout par ses attraits.

Je m'étendis sous son ombrage,
Et je sentis son fascinage;
Ma bouche garde avec bonheur
De son fruit la douce saveur.

Vers la salle aux banquets mon bien-aimé me mène;
Son amour m'appartient, et sa gloire est la mienne.

Apportez-moi vos senteurs
Pour rappeler mes couleurs;
Donnez-moi des pommes mûres
Pour supporter mes blessures;
Car d'amour mon cœur languit,
Et sous son faix il fléchit.

De sa main gauche en sa tendresse
It tient ma tête avec bonheur,
Et de sa main droite il me presse
D'une étreinte pleine d'ardeur.

Je suis la rose de Sharon,
Et le lis ornant les vallées.
Comme est du lis le blanc fleuron
Parmi les ronces désolées,

De même est mon amour, brillant comme le ciel,
Près de l'amour chétif des filles d'Israël.

Hamilton. JULES FOSSIER.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES AND THE BEST MEANS OF IMPROVING THEM.*

I.

BY THOMAS DAVISON, TORONTO.

MOTTO.—"*To make the Mechanic a better Man; the Man, a better Mechanic.*"

To the President and Executive Committee of the Mechanics' Institute Association of Ontario.

I PRESUME that the Executive Committee of your Association, in offering prizes for the best Essays on "Mechanics' Institutes, and How to make them more Attractive to Mechanics," had in view the interests of all working-men, whether engaged in mechanical pursuits or not; therefore, the few suggestions I make will be directed towards the general good, without distinction of class.

In order to bring the matter clearly before us, we will imagine a town or village without a Mechanics' Institute or other Literary Association, and proceed to discuss the best method of establishing one, floating it off on the tide of public favour; and, secondly, the objects it should aim to achieve.

Whilst the interests and peculiar wants of working-men should be jealously guarded in forming a constitution and by-laws, care should be taken not to alienate the mercantile or professional classes, from whom all Institutes in this country receive the greatest support. Without going into details for the present, it will, I think, be found best to have the Board of Direction composed of twelve (12) members, namely, President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and nine (9) ordinary Directors. In places where a permanent paid Secretary and Librarian is too great a tax on the resources of the Institute, and the office is honorary, that officer should have a seat at the Board. The composition of the Board should be six employers and six employees, regardless of occupation. In cities where there are an unlimited number engaged in mechanical pursuits to draw upon, half the Board is sometimes restricted to that class. In country towns, however, no small share of the members are to be found amongst the agricultural class, and for that reason they should have the fullest opportunity of being represented. Having formed the Board, obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to ensure success, and having secured a suitable building, we now proceed to furnish the Institute with a

LIBRARY.

It is an unfortunate fact that the public taste inclines to "fiction"—a taste that must be met by a judicious selection, the greatest care being taken to exclude anything approaching to what is known as the "yellow cover" style. The works of men like Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Lytton, and many others, are now admitted by the most eminent clergymen to have a tendency to do good. History is perhaps the next section of the library that will demand attention. Next, books of travels and voyages. Scientific works should form an important feature in every library. It is to be regretted that whilst, as a rule, they are costly, they are but seldom read. There are, however, cheap editions of the most popular works to be had, sufficient to train and stimulate the artizan to further researches. Donations to this section may be readily had, if the Directors will make their wants known. All books of great

* [The Mechanics' Institute Association of Ontario some time ago offered two prizes, of $40 and $20 respectively, for the best and second-best Essays on "Mechanics' Institutes and the best means of Improving them." Fifteen compositions were sent in, and the majority of the judges awarded the first prize to this Essay, by Mr. Thomas Davison, and the second prize to the following one, by Mr. Richard Lewis.—ED. C. M.]

value, whether by reason of their cost or their rarity, should be classed as works of reference, and only allowed to leave the library under certain restrictions. When your library is completed and opened to the public, it should contain the following sections—1. History and Biography. 2. Science and Art. 3. Voyages and Travels. 4. Fiction. 5. Poetry. And 6. Miscellaneous. In numbering the books, sometimes each class is designated by number and letter, as A 21, History; B 110, Science, &c. The letter and number together sometimes leads to confusion in the entries. If you make History run from No. 1 to 200, Science 200 to 400, and so on in proportion, you will save any possibility of error through duplication, and, at the same time, will more readily enable you to know what class a book belongs to without reference to the catalogue. The duty of recording the issues, whilst of the simplest character, is often neglected. The Directors, as custodians of the members' property, should see that it is properly attended to. An excellent plan was published by your Association some time ago, well adapted to all towns and villages. Another plan is to enter the book to the member the same as one would enter a sale of merchandize in a day-book, then posting it into the member's account in the ledger. The methods are almost as different and as numerous as the libraries. Having fully sketched the necessities and requirements of the library, we will next proceed to furnish the

READING-ROOM.

The first and most desirable newspapers are local, next Canadian, next English, then the United States journals. As you will not be able to furnish each reader with a paper, it will be found well to have the most prominent papers placed on a shelf running round the room, filed, and raised so high that a person can comfortably stand to read. By this means two can often peruse at the same time, and besides, having to stand, the tendency so often displayed by some avaricious members to monopolize the paper for hours is checked. Papers not in much demand, and such magazines as you may take, can be placed on the table, to which there ought to be comfortable chairs. The whole room should be made as cheerful and comfortable as a private parlour. Don't be afraid of paint and whitewash. Coal oil and gas are cheap: have the place well lighted, and, above all, have it properly heated and ventilated. Make the place so nice that its comforts will excel those of the saloons and taverns. Members ought to be invited to place such papers as they personally receive, after using them at home, on the table; and as nearly every one takes a Magazine or Journal of some sort, you can by this means make the cost of your reading room comparatively small.

The "Reading-Room" and "Library" at present constitute the sum of the attractions in most Institutes, but I think another should be added—namely, a

CONVERSATION-ROOM.

While the reading-room and library possess attractions for the student, there are a large class to whom any lengthened study after a hard day's manual labour is anything but enticing. This class resort often to saloons and taverns almost from sheer necessity, as an asylum from the cold charities of a boarding-house. What was done originally to while away an hour becomes a fixed habit, with its usual attendant—intemperance. Whatever can be done to provide rational amusement, even if not combined with instruction, is a benefit to the working-classes; and it is here where Mechanics' Institutes have an hitherto unbroken field on which to sow good seed. By all means, then, provide a "Conversation Room" separate from the "Reading Room." Leave it to the vote of the members whether smoking shall or shall not be allowed; if it is, I think it will be all the better. Introduce harmless but interesting games, such as Chess, Drafts, Dominoes, &c., and if your funds will permit, a bagatelle table, or even a billiard table. In this room the members will become acquainted with each other, and besides the ordinary chit-chat of the day, discussions of an ordinary character will often arise, in which, started by two or three, the whole company will be drawn in. If your room is large enough, have a horizontal bar, swing, or other gymnastic apparatus for the enervated Dry-goods or Bank Clerk to strengthen his muscle. Have the room as large as your means will afford; it need not necessarily be expensively ornamented.

Presuming you have your library, reading and conversation rooms fitted up, try and

interest your lady friends to furnish you a few pictures and flowers for their ornamentation.

If your means will permit, devote another room as the nucleus of a museum and model room. Most of your members can contribute something—old coins, manuscripts, models of art and machinery, &c. In a little while you will find you have actually a museum worthy of the name.

MANAGEMENT.

In the executive management it is imperative that you should have men whose heart is in the work. I would rather see a plodding, earnest, hard-working President than a brilliant man of position who neglected his duties, and thought he honoured the position instead of the position honouring him. Let all your Board be earnest, and not feel that because the responsibility of the management is divided amongst a number, they are not called upon for individual effort.

It will be found an advantage to form the following Committees:—1st, Finance; 2nd, Library; 3rd, Classes; 4th, Lectures and Entertainments. As to their duties, it will be for the FINANCE COMMITTEE to look closely after the receipts and expenditures; to fix the rate of subscription, so as to make the Institute self-supporting, when aided by the Government Grant. The moment you get behind in your payments you will begin to flag. Books cannot be bought as readily on credit as for cash. In fact, it will be like any mercantile business—credits will have to be paid for. The Finance Committee should also see to the proper repairs of the building, and letting of rooms, if there are any. For these reasons it is well to have one member conversant with financial matters, and one mechanic acquainted with building.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

The duty of this Committee will be to select the books, to see that they are properly used, not abused, and to generally supervise the library. It is hardly necessary to say that in a thoroughly non-sectarian Association the greatest care must be taken to exclude anything of a character likely to offend the prejudices or belief of any member. I do not say, however, that the Board should deny shelf-room to religious works of a controversial character, when presented to the Institute.

CLASS COMMITTEE.

The work of this Committee will depend largely on the population of the town or village in which the Institute is located. I can hardly imagine, however, a place so sparsely populated but that one or more classes could be successfully formed. In our country there are a large number who in the land they left, either from poverty, improvidence, or neglect, have grown up in a state of ignorance, but who, coming to Canada, and succeeding in their occupations, feel sadly the need of more learning. I think that it should be the duty of the Government and Municipalities to provide for adult education; but until that is done—if ever it is—Mechanics' Institutes must supply the want. The classes most desirable are—1st, Writing; 2nd, Spelling; 3rd, Grammar and Arithmetic; 4th, Architectural, Mechanical, and Ornamental Drawing; and the study of telegraphy and phonography, in this progressive age, are also well worthy of attention.

Should the number of pupils warrant it, these subjects might be taken up separately. Two lessons a week, of one and a half hour's duration, will be found quite as much as the majority of pupils can do justice to. In distributing rewards for proficiency, punctuality should not be overlooked. It is no slight sacrifice for a youth to give up all amusements and devote himself to culturing his mind, whilst his companions are disporting themselves.

LECTURES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

In these days, when sensational entertainments are all the rage, a Lecture Committee has up-hill work. Still there is no reason why they should not succeed in providing the public with instructive entertainment, even if the financial result is not always what may be desired. In every town you have a doctor, a clergyman, a lawyer, and an editor. Secure the services of these four gentlemen, and you have "a course," even if you fail in getting others. Unless, however, your town is very small, there is no reason why you should be restricted to those gentlemen I have named for the sake of illustration. To secure the support of all classes and creeds I would recommend the

formation of an Auxiliary Committee, some of whom should be ladies. Let your lectures be preceded and followed by some cheerful vocal or instrumental music and select readings. This will make your entertainment pleasing to all, and the number participating in the performance will tend to popularize it and bring in the money which no Lecture Committee pretends to despise. I would strongly urge the appointment of some ladies on this Committee. Where the conversation room is sufficiently large, it might be used for these lectures, thereby saving the rent of a hall, which may be away from the Institute.

In conclusion, permit me to make a few GENERAL REMARKS. The non-success of most Literary Associations is—first, bad management; second, want of means. If directors and members will work together with a will, there is no reason why either should prevail. Institutes are for the public good, irrespective of creed, class, or colour, and only require a proper representation of their claims to meet with the hearty support of every right-thinking citizen. It is often the only Institution in the town that attempts to counteract the baneful effects of the drinking saloons. From every pulpit (it would not be too much to say) its claims should be urged. Let, then, any community who may have, or intend to have, an Institute, see that it does not halt, but go steadily forward, progressing with the population, and fulfilling the duties of a public educator and public benefactor.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES, AND THE BEST MEANS OF IMPROVING THEM.

II.

BY RICHARD LEWIS, TORONTO.

MOTTO.—"*To make the Man a better Mechanic, and the Mechanic a better Man.*"

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES form an important element in the development of popular education. They are associated with the history and progress of National and of Sabbath Schools, and their claims upon public benevolence and philanthropy arose almost simultaneously with those great institutions which, in their splendid results, are now regarded as the great necessities of civil society and the Church. When National Schools for the education of the youth of the country were claiming the sympathies of the philanthropist and the statesman, the friends of the adult population urged the pressing necessity of supplying them with the means of instruction. While the common schools, open to the poorest, were established to arrest future ignorance and all its evils, it was urged that multitudes who had never received the advantages of early culture were hungering and thirsting for knowledge—suffering all the consequences of neglected education—ripe for vice or crime or any form of lawlessness, because they were destitute of common knowledge, and because man is never satisfied to exist in a state of ignorance and mental darkness—ripe for intellectual improvement and for advancement to a higher state of social life. Deeply impressed with these views, able and benevolent men, at the head of whom stood the great Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck, urged the necessity for establishing night institutions for the education of the working-classes in the useful branches of elementary knowledge, and for their instruction in science by means of popular lectures, and their entertainment by means of public reading rooms. The idea was novel, striking, and reasonable,

and at once commended itself to the good sense and generosity of the wealthier classes. Mechanics' Institutes sprung up in every part of the country, and were liberally supported by all ranks: the rich contributed their wealth, and gave their influence and their co-operation to manage the affairs of the Institutes; and the classes for whom they were especially designed did not show themselves ungrateful or unworthy of the interest and the generous efforts made in their behalf. For many years the classes were crowded with faithful and zealous students, and the lecture rooms were the favourite resort of all classes, and formed a bond of social reunion between ranks of society too widely separated by the accidents of fortune and position. If the history of Mechanics' Institutes were written, it would present very satisfactory evidence that the benevolent designs of their founders were most successfully accomplished. In very many instances, and especially in the towns and cities of manufacturing districts, not only were the Institutes flourishing, but the instruction was sound and useful, and the lectures were frequently of a very high character. The ablest literary talent of the country was engaged,* and the subjects were of a thoroughly practical and elevating character. The spasmodic system of single lectures, now so prevalent on this continent, did not then prevail; but courses of six, eight, or twelve lectures were given on a scientific topic, embracing all its leading points, with ample illustrations and apparatus when necessary. These lectures were generally distinguished for their simplicity, fulness and appropriateness, and could not fail to be the means of diffusing a great amount of useful knowledge throughout the country, and amongst all classes of the community, but chiefly that class for whom they were especially intended. But apart from this issue, a still higher result followed in the cultivation of scientific and artistic and literary tastes. No one could listen to the popular analysis of the steam engine by Dr. Lardner; or the delightful discourses of the unfortunate Haydon on painting, and art, and the Elgin marbles; or the interesting histories of animal nature by Professor Owen; or the fascinating histories of music and the old madrigals, with the charming illustrations of voice and instrument, by Professor Taylor, of Gresham College, and a host of other splendid lectures by equally able lecturers, all open to the members of the Institutes, without being edified, instructed, and refined. These were moral and intellectual advantages associated with this feature of the Mechanics' Institutes of thirty years ago of which we can have but a dim conception now. The enthusiasm with which they were then supported secured for their success the services of the highest cultivated minds in literature, art, and science; and while that order of talent was engaged in the work of popular adult education, the classes and the lecture halls were crowded, and the libraries were filled with books in harmony with the pursuits and the tastes stimulated and sustained by the lectures.

A great change has marked the history of Mechanics' Institutes during the last twenty years. The lecture platform has ceased to be occupied by the best literary and scientific talent of the countries in which these Institutes exist, and in too many instances the lectures have been made to pander to low tastes and emotions, with no reference to the elevation of the masses or the instruction of the members. It has been asserted that the working-men found the subjects too dry, and deserted the lecture hall because they had no desire for scientific or literary culture of a solid and high character; and it has been said that the conviction is gaining ground that adult education is a hopeless task. With reference to the failure of the popular lectures, it is quite possible that the indifference lay as much on the side of the lecturers and the wealthier classes whose munificence, while it lasted, kept the Institutes in successful action. Many of the lecturers gave their services gratuitously, while the enthusiasm associated with a new and popular movement prevailed; and under the pressure of that enthusiasm gave their best efforts to make the lectures interesting, clear, and instructive; and when the lecturers were paid for their services, the temporary liberality of the wealthy patrons of the Institutes removed all financial difficulties. Even at the present day,

* The writer has had the privilege, as a member of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institute, of hearing courses of lectures by Dr. Lardner, Professor Owen, Haydon the painter, George Thompson, Sheridan Knowles, Dr. Epps, Professor Wallis, Hemming, John Wilson the Scotch vocalist, and many others of equal eminence.

when the lecture is sensational and the lecturer popular, the cost often exceeds the receipts; and when the lectures were of a higher order and spread over a term, it is more than probable that they failed because the moneyed supporters failed in their donations, and the qualified lecturers failed in their zeal when their lectures were gratuitous.

There are, however, no grounds for believing that adult education is a hopeless task. On this continent and in this Province there are abundant evidences of adults learning mechanical and agricultural pursuits, and entering upon a course of long and arduous study with eminent success; and in England and France, where the education has been adapted to their special necessities—the direct technical culture of workingmen—they are at this hour crowding the class-rooms and pursuing their studies with all the ardour of professional students.

THE WORK OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

The work of the Mechanics' Institute is the education of adults—of all who have passed out of the common school into the workshop, or the business of life, whatever it may be, and whose education is defective in the pursuits they are following. In its lowest aspect it is designed to supply the deficiencies of early education; but in its highest and widest application it may legitimately aspire to the highest technical culture of the industrial classes in their special occupations, and their general culture in all that enlarges and refines the mind, and fits them to be useful members of society, and to enjoy all the intellectual resources of which their nature is capable. The importance of this special education has been recognised by most of the civilized Governments of the world. The general education of the youth of a country is admitted to be a State necessity—an imperative obligation for securing rational obedience to the laws, respect for all just authority, the safety of public liberty, and the advancement of civilization. But the technical education of the industrial classes—the education of the agriculturalist in science, and of the mechanic in art—has special objects and methods which cannot be introduced into any system of common-school education. Whatever it may exclude, it must embrace all those studies which have relation with the manufactures and productive arts of a country. Statesmen and politicians may suggest forms of legislation for the encouragement of native industry; but in the markets of the world, the produce of manufacturing and agricultural labour must always finally rest their claims to preference on their superiority and intrinsic value. Even manufactures native to the soil, if dependent for their development on the patronage and protection of the Government, will never advance beyond a certain point of excellence, and will inevitably depreciate in value, unless by the skill of the producer they are able, by their superior finish and appropriateness, to compete with the products of the outside world.

The great Exhibitions of Arts and Manufactures which, since 1851, have been held in the chief cities of the world, have been the means of showing the importance of this technical education, especially in industrial drawing, to the artizan class; and as these Exhibitions have given indubitable evidence that nothing but the superior education of the producer, in his special pursuits, can advance art manufactures, the leading countries of the world are making great and liberal efforts to educate the operative manufacturer in the specialties of his work.

Professor Ware, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says: "At the Universal Exhibition of 1851, England found herself, by general consent, almost at the bottom of the list among all the countries of the world in respect to her art manufactures. Only the United States among the great nations stood below her. The first result of this discovery was the establishment of Schools of Art in every large town. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867—that is, after the experience of only sixteen years—England stood among the foremost, and in some branches of manufacture distanced the most artistic nations. It was the Schools of Art and the great collection of works of industrial art at the South Kensington Museum that accomplished this result. The United States still held her place at the bottom of the column."

"The report of the French Imperial Commissioner upon technical instruction, says: 'In some countries, as in Wurtemburg and Bavaria, (Nuremberg,) drawing is the special object of the schools; and the impulse it has given to all the industries requiring that art is sufficiently striking, and so generally recognised as to render evident the usefulness and necessity of this branch of instruction. A glance at the

immense variety of children's toys with which Nuremberg supplies the whole world, will suffice to show the progress due to this diffusion of the art of drawing. The very smallest figures, whether men or animals, are all produced with almost artistic forms; and yet all these articles are made in the cottages of the mountainous districts of the country. They find employment for the whole population, from children of tender age, as soon as they can handle a knife, to their parents; and this home manufacture, which does not interfere with field work, contributes greatly to the prosperity of a country naturally poor and sterile.' It has recently been said, by one who ought to know whereof he asserts, that some of the great failures which have recently occurred among manufacturers are largely or wholly due to the fact that the companies have been obliged, of late, to sell their goods below cost because of inferiority in design. Other companies manufacturing the same kind of goods, but of superior design, find no difficulty in disposing of all the goods they can produce, and at a large profit.

"A writer in a recent educational journal, in answer to the question why there is such an interest in art education, says: 'It is because the great Industrial Exhibitions of the world, from the first one at London in 1851, to the last at Vienna, show, beyond a scintilla of doubt, that such an education is a leading factor of national prosperity. Because a large class of American manufacturers have discovered that under the levelling influence of steam transportation and telegraphy, they must be completely driven from even the home market, unless they can carry to that market in the future more beautiful products than hitherto. Indeed, nothing is so saleable as beauty. Because American artisans are learning the more artistic the work they can do, the better the wages they can command; that, in truth, there is hardly any limit to such increase. Because they further find, in all varieties of building construction, that a knowledge only sufficient to enable them to interpret the working-drawing placed in their hands (and nearly everything is now made from a drawing), will add one-third to their daily wages.'"

IMPROVEMENT OF EXISTING ORGANIZATIONS.

In the meantime, however, we are bound to carry out as we best may the twofold objects of the Mechanics' Institutes as they exist and are organized. We have no central Model School of Art like that of South Kensington, and we have an industrial population whose intellectual necessities and appetites must be satisfied and gratified. The Institutes of the Province have at present a most irregular and anomalous aspect and organization. In many instances great and sometimes successful efforts have been made to raise them to their legitimate uses. Classes for the instruction of adults have been formed, made to introduce science and art studies. In many Institutes classes for elementary instruction to meet the deficiency of early education have been successfully formed, and occasionally lectures of a scientific character have been delivered. The efforts of the Association formed for the affiliation of Mechanics' Institutes are awakening a deeper interest in the work of such Institutes, and a truer conception of their ultimate design, and that Association, if judiciously directed, will, no doubt, offer the bases of all our future labours in developing and advancing industrial education. But in most instances the Institutes of the Province as they stand are simply night schools to supply the deficiencies of early education in the commonest rudiments of knowledge, or in such subjects as students require who are anxious to escape the drudgery and social degradation which they associate with mechanical or agricultural labour, for the more ostentatious and respected, if not respectable, positions opened to them in commercial life; or they are simply resorts for intellectual pastime and entertainment.

IMPORTANCE OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION TO THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

It would be a most unwise and unjust policy, in our efforts for the improvement of these Institutes, to divest them of their popular character. While the ultimate purpose of the Institute is to be kept in view—the technological education of the industrial classes—a very large proportion of that class will rise amongst us wanting in the commonest elementary education; and policy as well as philanthropy demands that we should secure for those classes the best elementary education in our power. Every argument that can be advanced in support of a national system of education for the youth of the country, holds with equal force in behalf of the education of the working masses. They form the dangerous classes of every community while they are ignorant, and in the aspect of their mental helplessness they appeal to the sympathies and benevolence of all educated men and women. With them the great peril is a moral

one, that while they are shut out from participating in the enjoyments and pursuits which knowledge offers to its possessors, they naturally desire mental action and excitement, and find their gratification in low pursuits and dangerous vices. The purpose of our system of education is to supply the necessary education, but it will be a long period before the system we have inaugurated shall meet all the defects of past neglect; and however successful and widespread that system may be, as a country whose population must grow out of immigration, we shall still be subject to the deluge of European ignorance. In this view, elementary instruction for adults becomes an object of national importance, and Mechanics' Institutes, whether in that or higher education, have as strong a claim upon the support of the country as Universities, High or Public Schools.

NATURE OF THE STUDIES IN THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

The really essential subjects of instruction in classes for adults are few. These subjects are—(1) READING and SPELLING; (2) ARITHMETIC; (3) PENMANSHIP. In the arrangement of these studies, a system of grading like that adopted in the best class of Public Schools should be established. Throughout the land, in city and rural districts, there will exist a large class scarcely able to read or write, or make the simplest calculations. Amongst this class there will be found many obstacles to study—a false shame, or an utter indifference, or a disposition to magnify the difficulties or undervalue the importance of the studies under consideration. We make great efforts to secure scholars for the ragged and the Sabbath schools; and the necessity for pressing adult ignorance, especially when it is full of the life and energy and restlessness of youth, into our evening classes is equally great. The most ignorant—those who cannot read at all, or write their own names—ought to find the evening classes ready to help their necessities, and to give the help in the best and kindliest spirit. While every inducement should be offered to lead the ignorant to enter on to the path of improvement, every objection or obstacle likely to discourage the beginner ought to be removed. In all cases the teacher, whether a paid or a voluntary agent in the good work, ought to exercise patience and gentleness and firmness. It is always unwise to allow boys and girls to associate in the classes with adults. In the adult, there is the consciousness of ignorance and sensitiveness to ridicule or impertinence, and in the young a disposition to exercise these powers. One means of inducing the most ignorant class to pursue these studies would be that of reading to them selections full of interest and beauty, but simple and equal to their comprehension, to show them what delights the faculty of reading would open up to them, and how much they were losing by its want. Thus, too, in the study of arithmetic, while head and hand practice should predominate, and theory be disregarded, yet purely mental exercises suited to the understanding, but not in any respect childish, ought to be mingled with the regular practice. It would add also to the charms and attractions of study if the teacher would sometimes throw aside all books, and give in the most familiar style a popular lesson in popular geography or astronomy, and by a mere statement of interesting facts connected with the one, or marvellous wonders discovered in the other, excite attention and inquiry; while the practice might be varied by an occasional lecture on "Common Things," and the philosophy of "Common Life." While these arrangements have reference to the grading and instruction of the lowest class of students, the curriculum must embrace that class which has not been altogether neglected, which possesses some knowledge of elementary subjects, aspires to higher attainments, and by previous culture is prepared to pursue them. A second grading in reading would have reference to delivery, expression, the power of uttering literary composition with the distinct articulations and scientific inflections of the elocutionist; and arithmetic would be expanded into a science, embracing a knowledge of Fractions and Ratio, and their application to science and commerce, popular mathematics—*i.e.* elementary algebra and geometry and mensuration. Again, instruction in plain book-keeping is necessary, especially when females attend the classes—and their attendance ought to be contemplated in all evening classes. But here the instruction should be simple, and aim at nothing higher than facility in keeping the details of common life, and in the case of females, of household expenditure. The elaborate systems of book-keeping em-

braced by the commercial colleges are not necessary to the education of mechanics. They are intended to make the professional book-keepers; and as the object of the students who desire the higher course is to escape from mechanical toil, Mechanics' Institutes are not justified in devoting their time or spending their funds to aid such aspirations. The elementary and necessary book-keeping suggested may easily accompany the arithmetic studies, and by complementing them and penmanship, be of service to both studies. Equal, however, in importance with reading and spelling, and closely associated with them, must be classed the studies of grammar and composition. A popular study of grammar, which secures to the pupil as much knowledge of the subject as will enable him to parse and analyze common sentences with facility, and understand and practise in composition the essential rules of syntax, would not only offer exercises highly valuable for their intellectual discipline, for the knowledge of language and the relations and logic of thought cultivated by them—most important for the development of mental power, but absolutely necessary for understanding and enjoying the higher order of literature, with all its elevating and refining influences. Further than this, it must always be considered that as mechanical education means something beyond a mere knowledge of the material principles of art and science—should, in fact, aim at and embrace refinement of taste and development of imagination, the influence of all high-class literature—it is really necessary to the mental culture of the artizan, if we are to aspire to that excellence in mechanical industry which will add beauty and gracefulness to usefulness and completeness of work. The practice of composition should always commence with and accompany the study of grammar. The mere study of the latter subject, the knowledge of the parts of speech exhibited in parsing and analyzing a sentence, offers an exercise as valuable in its logical and intellectual bearings as the study of arithmetic, to students who will never enter into the study of true logic or classics. But the *uses* of language in the expression and the cultivation of correct habits of thought can only be secured by practical composition. The practice need, however, never be very comprehensive, and should rarely go beyond what is necessary for the daily life of the mechanic. When once that power is acquired, native talent will prompt to higher efforts, and if the student have special gifts and tendencies in the direction of literature, the elementary start he has secured will be enough to help him to higher triumphs. Elaborate themes on subjects far beyond the knowledge and experience of beginners should have no place in primary education; while the exercise of composition on familiar topics may be introduced in the commencement of the grammatical studies, and should never be separated from them nor neglected.

TEACHERS, PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR.

The organization for this elementary instruction cannot be effective without the aid and the superintendence of the professional teacher. His skill in directing the studies, in classification and methods of teaching, is indispensable to the success of the night classes. When the pupils are numerous, however, and the attainments varied, requiring separate classification, and the funds of the Institute not ample, the *voluntary aid* of benevolent and qualified instructors might be secured. Every educated person could not give money to secure professional assistance, but every educated person could assist in the elements of instruction required for adult education. There is some analogy between the claims of the night classes of the Mechanics' Institute and those of the Sabbath School. Both are established to supply knowledge, to remove ignorance, to advance virtue and truth, and especially to provide instruction to those whose circumstances would, without such help, leave them destitute of any culture. The duties of the Sabbath School have higher objects in view, it is true; but in a mere temporal point of view the education of the working classes in the Mechanics' Institute is quite as important in its moral aspect as that of the pupils of the Sabbath School, and presses with equal force on the benevolence of qualified voluntary teachers. In the absence of paid professional teachers, arrangements might be made of the following kind wherever voluntary aid could be secured: One night in the week might be given to each of the important subjects, Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, and, if possible Free-hand Drawing. Four teachers

could undertake the instruction of the classes, and thus each teacher would only be required to devote one night a week to the duty. If a superintendent, as in the Sabbath School, were appointed, the machinery for carrying on the evening classes would be as complete for action as that of the Sabbath School. If such an arrangement were made, it would be of the first importance to act on a well-prescribed system—to have a programme of duties prepared for a session—to have monthly examinations, not for exhibition, but for testing progress. If a professional teacher could not be secured to act as superintendent, and to lay out the best plan for operations, the next best course for the managers would be to consult the School Inspector of the district, and secure his advice and assistance in drawing up the plan for forming and conducting the classes. It has been one great cause of failure in the conducting of these evening classes hitherto, that there has been no well-organized and uniform method, as we have now in our public schools, where uniformity of action could combine with uniformity of purpose, and thus lead to the best results of harmonious instruction. In the method suggested, only four nights in the week are allotted for instruction in classes. The fifth night would thus be left for miscellaneous subjects. Amongst these miscellaneous subjects might be included lessons in history, geography, and subjects of a similar kind, which are best taught in the form of familiar lectures. Completeness and depth would not be necessary in this instruction. To awaken interest in these subjects, to suggest modes of study and books to be read for wider knowledge, would be the chief object, and the clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, or the schoolteacher could all in turn be enlisted to serve in so good and useful a work.

Before concluding this subject of elementary classes, it may be useful to ascertain what is done now in this regard in our own Province. According to the Report on Mechanics' Institutes for 1874, it appears that out of thirty-seven Institutes in affiliation with the Association, sixteen had evening classes and twenty-one had none. The cost of these sixteen classes amounted to $2,709, and the receipts probably about $1,500; so that the net expense of instruction would not exceed $1,200. The expenditure is inevitable, and the more efficient we desire to make the classes, the higher ought that expenditure be. It is judicious to make a small charge for the education to adults. But when the duty is so imperative; when the cost of ignorance is so immeasurably greater than of education; public policy as well as philanthropy not only justifies this cost, but a far heavier one, to be supplied out of the public treasury, if we would make the Mechanics' Institute what in reality it should be—a College for the Industrial Classes. The teaching power and the machinery for instruction are totally inadequate to the great end in view. While for merely moral and social ends the education of adults presses with as strong claims upon the liberality of the country as that of youth, art ought to have as adequate aid; its importance to commerce and manufactures and agriculture —the certainty that an educated industrial class would enrich the country by its superiority of workmanship and the higher moral principle governing it—this would justify and repay the costliest expenditure on adult education. We need capacious class-rooms; we need apparatus and educational diagrams; but above all we need the very soul of effective instruction, skilled and educated teachers. The Institutes are now doing the best they can under the circumstances; but they cannot, with their present meagre means, their chief dependence on private benevolence and the small subscriptions of their members, ever accomplish the great work apportioned to them. To raise them to the height of their important duties they must receive the grants of the nation in the same spirit of liberality and justice as it now supports its other educational institutions; and the Government, exacting the condition that the classes it supported should be placed under professional inspection, would secure a methodical and progressive and competent system of instruction.

THE READING-ROOM, LIBRARY, AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

It is by a combination of attractions and duties that the Mechanics' Institutes can be best made to succeed. The earnest student, conscious of his intellectual defects and deeply anxious to remove them by zealous and patient study, will offer no difficulty. He comes as the humble disciple to the feet of his Gamaliel for instruction, and needs

neither prize nor spur to attain his purpose. But there is another class, in moral aspect the more important class, that we must allure from low and sensual pursuits to the studies of the night classes. It is the ignorant and indifferent—the class that in cities and villages and rural districts give the greatest trouble, because, destitute of all intellectual tastes, weak in moral principle, yet strong in animal energies and passions, they must have occupation, and when freed from the labours of their daily life, they find their excitement and a relief to their passions in lawless disorder, intemperance, and even violence. If they are able to read, the reading-room and library must exist and be made attractive. Then the literature must be varied as the tastes of the classes to be considered and the funds will allow. We are now regarding the mental necessities of the class destitute of reading tastes and habits. It is vain to press the solid literature of science or philosophy or history upon them. We must excite and gratify their imagination as the most accessible faculty of their natures. Healthy and innocent, but attractive fiction and poetry must be amply provided; for it is better they should read fiction, or what is termed light literature, than read nothing. Indeed it is so important, and yet so difficult, to establish the habit of reading anything in minds never accustomed to any study, that special lectures, explanatory of the leading works of fiction, illustrated by reading extracts in the best dramatic style of impersonating and realizing the character and creation of fiction, would greatly aid the object in view. Of course, if such illustration could be given with the best elocutionary effect, the influence would be stronger; but the fictions of genius have always a charm and a beauty in them which commend themselves, even without elocutionary efforts, to all natures. They appeal to the hearts of men; they exercise and delight the imagination in so healthy and natural a manner, that the most ignorant are captivated by them. In the theatre the most popular drama ever performed is that of *Hamlet*—the most intellectual and spiritual, and the least distinguished of all Shakespeare's plays for that kind of energy and action which it is supposed an ignorant audience most desires. The lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institute might be made almost as attractive an interpreter of poetry and fiction and the drama as the theatre, and assuredly more healthy and elevating.

But still, regarding the claims of the most ignorant classes, the Institute should be made a rival to the tavern, to the saloon, to the low theatre; and for a successful competition we must learn the tactics of our enemies, and if legitimate and practicable adopt them in our policy. The scenes of depravity and vice which attract the ignorant and the weak owe their power to the natural desire for association and leisure. No doubt, a leading source of power lies in the intemperance such places foster. There is, however, much that is legitimate and just in this tendency to associate, and the Mechanics' Institute should add to its organization of classes, reading-room, and library, the attraction of society. In England, the principle has been recognised and adopted with great success. Working-men's reading-rooms add to their attractions a meeting-room for social purposes, for conversation, for smoking. In the United States, billiard tables have been added to the attractions of Y. M. C. A. Thus we have the principle suggested that opportunities for social enjoyment should be added to the facilities for mental improvement; and these attractions, if surrounded and elevated by all that cleanliness, refinement, and order can add to social intercourse, would not fail to exercise an influence opposed to that of vicious or licentious attractions. Much of the success of the Working-men's Institutes in England has been owing to the organization being largely in their own hands. It would be the worst policy to place the entire management of the Mechanics' Institutes in the hands of any one class. The influence, the sympathy, and the assistance of an educated and of a moneyed class are necessary to its success, especially in its higher educational objects. But it would be quite practicable and the best policy to associate *bona fide* working-men and women in the management of any department especially introduced for their benefit and pleasure.

POPULAR LECTURES.

The popular lecture has not lost any of its power or its usefulness. In town or in rural districts, a power of drawing crowds together is human and civilizing. Reading-rooms and night-classes are not social in their tendencies. The reader or the stu-

dent is, for the time being, isolated from his kind, wrapt up in his pursuit or enjoyment, and indisposed to hold intercourse with his neighbour. Our reading habits, as we pursue them now, are opposed to social enjoyment and that friendly intercourse which softens and cheers life. The influence of the popular lecture or entertainment brings us out of this seclusion and isolation, and the discussion of a common topic which interests and instructs every one who listens, awakens those sympathies which develop and sweeten social intercourse. The lecture which aims no higher than the exposition of some useful branch of knowledge possesses all these social advantages —it brings people together; it brings them out of themselves and their selfishness, and in the very fact of exciting interest on some subject outside of self, it elevates and humanizes an assembly. When the lecturer, however, adds the charms of eloquence and poetry and imagination to his expositions, the delight is not only so much the greater, but the moral and social advantages are incalculable. In this sense the appeal to emotions which bring the tear of sympathy into the eye; or which rouses a generous indignation against oppression, and wrong, and cruelty; or by innocent humour and wit, transforms gloominess and surliness or sorrow into mirth and laughter; is an ally to religion and virtue, and aids the final purpose of all education—the moral culture of man.

Very much useless censure has been cast upon the popular lectures of Mechanics' Institutes, because it has been said of them that they were superficial, that they have been amusing rather than instructive, and that the true method to master a science or an art is to study it in all its details. But instruction has not been the final object of the popular lecturer so much as suggestion and stimulus. A course of five or six lectures on Astronomy it was never pretended could make an astronomer, any more than the delightful lectures of Haydon could make an artist. But when the lectures on astronomy were illustrated by diagrams and apparatus, a very large amount of information was conveyed to the audience, curiosity was aroused, a new interest in knowledge was awakened, and many a listener has been induced and stimulated, by the descriptions and illustrations of the subject, to pursue it on a scientific method, and master the details which could only be referred to in the popular lecture. In this view the popular lecture, whether it be on science, or art, or literature, while it may assuredly be made to convey a very large amount of useful and delightful knowledge on a subject not familiar to the audience, will always have the higher and wider influence of awakening an interest in intellectual pursuits.

The Reunion or Musical and Literary Entertainment, as it is called, if prepared with judgment and taste, has, to say the least of it, an intellectual tendency. The performances of amateur musicians, vocalists, and readers, may have many defects in the ears of professional people; but if these performances attract a large number of people from idle pursuits, from indoors, from low theatres, and divert them from low thoughts, their influence is undeniably good. The time may come when these entertainments shall improve in character, and the classes of the Institute will form one of the means of that improvement. Music and elocution may now be studied in the Mechanics' Institute, and when our Public School system shall recognise these arts as a necessary part of daily instruction and practice, the power to sing, especially in parts, and to read with expression and taste, will be as common as the Public School, and the public entertainment will become one of the necessary social institutions of the land.

In the meantime, let the censure upon popular lectures be disregarded.. Let every effort be made to revive the old enthusiasm for these lectures. Let any and every topic, useful or interesting, be made the subject of such lectures. The country has now a large number of educated men in every profession, and if lectures of a useful kind were delivered regularly and at cheap prices—cheap as the popular entertainment—they, too, would form one of the means for improving the taste and adding to their attractiveness.

SUMMER PURSUITS AND STUDIES.

The arrangements of most of the Mechanics' Institutes at present are intended chiefly to give mental employment and enjoyment in the winter months. But there are good reasons and many inducements to

extend their operations into the summer season. Out-of-door exercises are, it is true, preferred in the summer time; but a system of games, with all the necessary apparatus, might with great advantage be established both in town and country districts in connection with the Institutes. The ultimate object, of course, is to secure members, and to bind them by every means to the Institute; and the interrupting summer engagements have a tendency to weaken the hold of the Institute on its members. But if every club for gymnastic exercises, racing, ball-playing, cricket, and lacrosse had its focus—its home—in the Institute, the ties would be strengthened and maintained, and the inducements to return to studies and intellectual pursuits in the winter be more practicable and easily applied. Besides all this, there is always a class of more thoughtful members, anxious to pursue study and enjoy mental exercise; an encouragement and inducement should be afforded to that class, to gratify their tastes. In the absence of a regular teacher, a Mutual Instruction class could be formed, and studies which can best be pursued out of doors, such as geology, botany, and natural history, might with every advantage and the most healthy influences be introduced. It is not too much even to conceive and trust that in a country so well supplied with trained teachers and medical men, many of whom have made specialties of some one of these or kindred studies, there would be no difficulty in securing the occasional assistance of qualified instructors and lecturers even in the summer months; and assuredly no occupation to the studious members could be of greater benefit, more delightful and sociable, than that offered by an occasional botanical or natural history excursion under the superintendence of a scientific guide.

THE HIGHEST OBJECT OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

The object of the preceding remarks is to give hints and suggestions rather than any definite plan for the management of the elementary department of instruction in the Mechanics' Institute, with the consideration and the end ever in view that these provisions for elementary education, however elaborate and liberal they may be, are only destined to last while the education of youth is so defective and limited. The time will arrive, and we are assuredly approaching that time, when a nation will regard the comprehensive, thorough, and liberal education of its youth as the most sacred and imperative duty of the State; when all that is needed to be taught now in the evening classes of the Mechanics' Institute to supply the defects of early education, will be taught so thoroughly and widely in the public school that the deficiency which is now the general rule will then be the exception. In the mean time, however, the organization of the Institute must aim at the higher and special objects of its existence—the Technological Education of the industrial classes.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

What is understood by technical education?—what are its requirements? The necessity for technical education is the first question. Its importance applies to every mechanical art, because every mechanical art is based upon scientific and art principles; and the nearer and the more perfectly industrial art is made to harmonize with these principles the more rapid our progress to excellence and finish of workmanship. In the construction of a building or of complicated machinery, or the making of the commonest utensil, science and art are necessary, and however much utility may be the governing principle, beauty of construction, elegance of finish—the æsthetic principle mingling with the utilities of life—give a higher value to the products of industry. But the practical workman who carries out the designs which culture has prepared is often ignorant of the principles on which he works; he is too often a mere boring machine, working blindly, almost aimlessly, certainly destitute of any art purpose or inspiration, and therefore incapable of suggestion and further improvement. In this view of the value of technical education we may conceive how much we lose by its absence—how every workshop would have its sources of inventions and improvements, and possibilities of excellence and superiority of manufacture multiplied, as every worker might be a centre from whom improvements would radiate and increase. And this view applies to every department of human industry. The decorations and furniture of our houses might be raised at little cost to a high order of beauty, and the power of producing multiplied and

cheapened so as to be placed within the reach of the classes who make them. The tailor, the dressmaker, the shoemaker, rarely think of making beauty of design harmonize with the laws of health, and the anatomy of the body they labour to clothe. Yet how much disfigurement, distortion, pain, and ill-health are the fruits of this ignorance. Fashion, which dictates imperious laws, obeys only a wayward fancy; and the possibility of fancy being guided by art and physiology, so as to combine gracefulness, elegance, and beauty of construction with ease and good health never enters the minds of the constructors or of the princes of fashion.

Now, the technical education of the worker, which is the remedy for all this costly deficiency in the world of human industries, will be best carried out in the classes of the Mechanics' Institute. Free-hand drawing from objects will no doubt in due time be taught in our public schools as widely and as thoroughly as any other necessary branch of education. But the higher principles of Art and Design demand special culture and the special opportunities for applying them to production; and before this kind of education can be appreciated, the student must be a producer—that is to say, a mechanic engaged in applying scientific principles to manufactures. Hence, however ample the provisions of the Public School may be in the future, there will always be a necessity for special instruction and study in the evening class of the Art School.

At present, however, we have no efficient provision for art instruction in our public school, and whatever facilities and inducements there may be in the increasing prosperity of the country to develop manufacturing powers, we shall still be in the condition of the nations who are "at the foot of the column." We are, therefore, urged by self-preservation, industrial success, and that proper pride which, as a young nation, we naturally feel in taking a respectable position amongst other nations, to do the best we can, in the absence of better arrangements, to establish art classes in every Institute of the country. The Institutes offer many advantages in this direction. There, more than elsewhere, the class needing this culture assemble, and, by the preparation of the elementary classes, are ready to enter upon the higher study of Technical Art. It is true that the time of the adult, engaged during the day in working for his living, is very limited; but the study of art is not more laborious than the up-hill work of mastering the first principles of language or arithmetic, and certainly far more agreeable, as it incessantly excites and charms the imagination. When drawing was first introduced into the National Schools in England it became a question "whether the one hour per week allotted to this subject would be sufficient to give the pupils any practical power in drawing, and many asserted that the hour per week, or the forty hours per year, was totally insufficient to give even a smattering knowledge to adults of any subject, and ridiculously so to impart instruction to young children. The examination of children who had received a year's instruction of one hour per week, speedily set at rest the vexed question. By means of exercises in the subjects of free-hand drawing, geometry, perspective, and model drawing, worked in the space of forty minutes for each subject, it was found that a very valuable power of drawing had been acquired. The accurate imitation of a form in outline, cleanly executed from a copy; the power of remembering, colouring, and working out as many as six geometrical problems from a text-book containing sixty or seventy problems; the representation in outline of a geometric model drawn free-hand from the model itself, and the working out of simple perspective exercises—all these were found to be executed with facility by children of from ten to fourteen years of age, who had received a year's instruction of forty hours." Not only was this success manifested after so limited a time to study, but the authority from which this has been quoted adds that schools irregularly attended during the week were crowded on the occasion of the drawing lesson.

We have then experience and encouragement to support our efforts in raising the Mechanics' Institute to the position of a School of Arts and Design. Our present state of advancement in this important duty is very low. A large number of our Institutes, probably for want of means, confine their functions to the narrow limits of the reading-room and library—very imperfectly supplied with materiel—and to the lecture-room, in which useful and suggestive lectures are the exception, and light entertainments

by unqualified performers are the rule. But the Mechanics' Institute is there; and if the classes for elementary studies can be formed on the methods suggested in this Essay, the obligation to add to these classes the means for studying elementary art and science becomes a practicable fact, and their application a pressing duty. In France and Prussia and England, wherever art classes are formed, they are crowded by the students for whom they are specially designed—the practical mechanic and designer—and in England they are, to a large extent, self-supporting. Of course, it is understood that in the countries named there is a greater demand for skilled mechanics trained by art studies for their work. But in one view there is little doubt that the special culture of the mechanic for his work has helped very largely to create a new demand for his labour; and in another point of view it is equally true, but too often forgotten by economists, that the best way to create and nourish home industry and manufacture is to create a class of skilled manufacturers. We are destitute of a central School of Art and Design; and while manufacturing interests are said to suffer for the want of a protective tariff, it would be a wise policy if the parties chiefly concerned would invest some of their capital, or urge the Government to take some steps for establishing such a central school of this character. The central Schools of Art are the fountain heads whence flow the teaching life of the country, and neither High nor Public School provisions have a stronger claim on the Legislature than Schools of Art.

ENGLISH ART STUDIES.

Nothing can surpass the admirable arrangements of the Department of Practical Art in England, in its labours to spread a knowledge of art throughout the kingdom; and whatever shall be suggested in that direction in this country, we may safely take the experience of the Department to guide us in our future efforts. It is not necessary to give the details of that experience in this essay, but the following brief outline may serve to aid us in forming our views and our plans.

Two leading principles guided the operations of the Department. They were determined to introduce drawing into the public schools in the kingdom, and to make the studies self-supporting. A very costly and ineffective system had previously been in existence, carried on by about nineteen Schools of Design. These Schools cost the country £7,750 per annum, in the form of a parliamentary grant. But in one year the Department established sixteen Schools of Art, which were carried on in a most satisfactory manner, and only cost £160 per annum. Previous to these operations, a training class for masters had been established, and subsequently art masters were prepared, and, when qualified, certificated; and none but such masters were sanctioned by the Department, while provision was made that these masters were to be chiefly paid by fees and subscriptions. Thus the system was made self-supporting. The whole curriculum of art education at headquarters was divided into six groups, having a certain number of branches of art in each. For the successful passing, in both theory and practice, of each group, an annual allowance was made to a master, varying from £10 to £15, and every other as well as this pecuniary inducement exercised to excite the desire to excel. It was also one of the characteristic features of the new system that very ample provision was made to teach art in what was called the poor schools of the country, so that art instruction was extended among the mass of the people. The Department not only prepared the teachers, but it also supplied, and still supplies, copies, books, examples, casts, models, &c., for a systematic study of art, and thus, by its superintendence and liberality, and admirable general arrangements, the Department has created a great national system of art culture, which enables England to compete with the foremost nations of the world.

It is true we have all this to initiate. We have no Department to superintend art education in the school. But the Mechanics' Institutes Association of Ontario presents the nucleus of a power of this kind, and might make arrangements to inaugurate a system by which methodical art instruction could be given in the Institutes. At present the system of instruction is unfixed and unscientific. The great majority of pupils simply learn by copying from examples, and have rarely any theory explained to them. They draw for amusement, and not for the special object of becoming skilful as artizans.

It would be a step in the right direction if the Association would make systematic art instruction, under the best teachers they could procure, one of the conditions of affiliation and support, and this initiative effort might ultimately lead to the desirable end for which all Institutes and their friends should agitate—the establishment of a great Provincial Central School of Art, on the system so successfully carried out in England.

SCIENCE TEACHING.

Our progress as a manufacturing and agricultural country must depend not only on our art knowledge, but also on our science knowledge, especially in the departments of chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and botany. It is true that little can be taught in the classes of the Institute. It is also true that we have an Agricultural College, where the farmer may study the science of his calling. But the efforts made in a few Institutes in this direction have their important influence. Popular and superficial as such lectures are, they suggest what is to be known—how science can be applied to production, and how the subject, the threshold of which has been touched in these lectures, may be pursued. In this regard they have a valuable tendency, and ought to be encouraged. Ultimately, it is to be hoped, courses of lectures will be delivered to classes, as indeed they are now in the Technological College of Toronto, to all students who choose to attend, on chemistry, natural philosophy, and geology. Our advanced civilization, and the rapid increase of educated men amongst us; our medical men and improved class of public school teachers, are supplying us with the means for such instruction. Many, from motives of benevolence and the pleasure of conveying instruction, would assist in this work; and as the country advances, means will arise to employ, at adequate remuneration, qualified teachers.

PHYSIOLOGY AND THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

Amongst the numerous subjects taught in the Institutes of the Provinces, Physiology seems to have no place. This subject, in its relation to the laws of health, at one time held a very prominent position. When Dr. Andrew Combe published his admirable work, many years since, on the Laws of Health, other medical men directed their literary talents towards diffusing this most important knowledge both on this continent and throughout Great Britain. Great interest was awakened in the subject by these efforts, and Mechanics' Institutes not only engaged eminent medical men—Dr. Combe, the author of the *Constitution of Man*, being amongst them—to lecture to their members on these subjects; but such lectures led to the formation of classes for the prosecution of the study. Is there wisdom in endeavouring to revive these studies? Their importance is scarcely understood by the general public; yet in the application of physiological knowledge to sanatorial reforms, to the prevention of disease, to the preservation of health, they are of the first importance, and that knowledge diffused amongst the common people, who chiefly suffer from contagious diseases and a neglect of the laws of health, would not only save them from the grievous evils of disease and preventable sickness and death, but, as was very clearly shown in the Dominion Parliament in an admirable speech on sanatory reform, it would prove a great financial saving to the country.

Popular lectures on physiology and anatomy, always bearing, of course, on the laws of health, might be delivered by any medical man residing in the locality of a Mechanics' Institute; and if illustrated with paintings and diagrams, which are prepared in New York for public lectures, could be made intelligible to all classes. The subject is always one of deep interest to all; but to women, to mothers who have the charge of young children, and whose happiness is wrapt up in their lives, such lectures could not fail to be interesting and useful. To any qualified medical man, the delivery of a popular course on this subject would be an agreeable relaxation; and even if given gratuitously, the increase of reputation would not fail to be attended by an increase of practice and influence.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

In all the suggestions of this essay, it is of course intended that the education—the classes for elementary studies, or for art and science—is designed for women as well as men. It is not only as an act of justice that all the advantages of the best Institutes we have should be extended to them, but it is

for the interest of the Institute and the members. The union of the two sexes gives an attraction to every assembly, whether in the lecture room or the church, and cannot fail to be advantageous to the success of the classes; while the competition arising from the two sexes studying together would have the best effect on their educational progress. Add to all this, too, that the final purpose of all education is moral as well as intellectual, and the Institute which fails in any point to offer the highest and fullest inducements to women to become members, as well as men, will lose in finances as well as in influence and general usefulness.

CO-OPERATION OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

In discussing the subject of Mechanics' Institutes too much importance cannot be attached to the great moral issues of the question. The Institute may be made the agent for elevating the intellectual character of the industrial classes. It may be a most successful agent for spreading all the art and science knowledge necessary to the improvement and development of our manufactures. But its high and enduring value is, that by mental culture it gives steadiness to character, occupation to the mind, refinement and correctness to the taste, and wisdom to judgment. It is in this light that it becomes the ally of every good social and moral movement, and of none more than that which now so much engages public attention—the Temperance cause. Prohibitory laws and the reduction of licenses for selling liquor will be of little avail themselves while there is a vast population destitute of mental occupation—incapable of deriving enjoyment from intellectual pursuits. The almost certain resort of such a class, thirsting for something to do—something to excite and carry away thought—is the tavern and the bar-room. It is certain, on the other hand, that all prohibitory laws will be more effective as they act upon an educated population. In this view of the subject the Mechanics' Institutes have special claims on the organized Temperance Societies of the country. These organizations draw the largest number of their members from the very class for which the Institutes are supposed to be established, and that class suffer the most from the vice of intemperance. Now, the Temperance organization, however laudable its object, has a very weak point. It trusts too much to principle, and expects too much from human nature. It aims to reform the drunkard, but it offers no counter-attraction to that of strong drink. The occupation of the members in a Temperance Lodge is a dull exchange to men who have been accustomed to the wild excitement of the whiskey saloon; and hence it too often happens that the convert to temperance principles, suffering from the craving of old excitements, and finding no compensation for those excitements in the dull routine of the Temperance Lodge, lapses back into his old habits, with no desire to change them for the dull associations he has deserted. If Temperance organizations studied human nature better, they would give occupation, and the attraction of mental pursuits, to the mind too much diseased and weakened by pernicious habits to be satisfied with the change of sensual excitements for abstract principles. The Temperance Lodge could co-operate with the Mechanics' Institute by uniting the privilege of membership with both organizations. The reading room, the library, the classes, the Mutual Instruction Society, the debate, the music, and the literary exercise, would offer occupation of the very best kind to minds disordered and distempered by long intemperance; and in the mental culture, the improved taste, and the new attractions of study, as well as all the influences of a new created self-respect, there would be established a most powerful aid to the work of reformation.

MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS.

The importance of making the Institute attractive has been frequently urged in this essay; and in view of the attractions which vice and worthless pursuits and indulgences hold out to their victims, it is a wise policy to avail ourselves of the methods by which self-interest throws charms around temptation to make it successful, and to imitate in every legitimate way its expedience. Hence it is a safe expenditure of the funds to make the sitting rooms of the members not only cheerful, but, as far as practicable, elegant and luxurious. Many a slave to intemperance leaves the home which his vicious habits have made cheerless, wretched, and dirty, to enjoy the elegance, the light, and the luxuriance which are studiously attached to the bar-room and the drinking

saloon; and if Mechanics' Institutes could surround their literary attractions with the brightness, warmth, and comfort of the whiskey saloon, add to the reading-room a conversation-room, supply the members at a moderate cost with refreshments, especially tea and coffee, and allow the same freedom of intercourse and opportunities of innocent occupations and enjoyments which give to the tavern some of its attractions, the industrial classes would have less reason and less inducement to frequent the tavern, and in the new habits and higher tastes formed the home would change its gloom, and dirt, and wretchedness for the comfort, and elegance demanded by improved tastes.

The popular entertainment has its place and its value in the organization of Mechanics' Institutes. It may be made the agent of high and refining enjoyment, and may lay the foundation of a taste for music, the arts, or literature. But there is no branch of the Institute duties that requires more care, vigilance, oversight, and caution to give the high moral effect to the public entertainment. The programme of the entertainment should be examined by the managers, and the character of the performers. Everything opposed to good taste, good manners, purity of sentiment, and elevation of mind—everything low in tone, leaning towards sensuality or unhealthy sensationalism, or calculated to bring the pure, the good, and the beautiful into ridicule, ought to be expunged. It is too true that low entertainments marked by sensationalism and gross buffoonery are popular, and fill the hall and the treasury of the Institute. But the right estimate of its mission and its destiny regards it as the ally of the Church and the School—an agent for the moral and intellectual advancement of men, and therefore diverted from its great purpose, and desecrated to vile uses, when used for entertainments that vitiate and corrupt their audiences. It is one object of these entertainments, as well as of the popular lecture, to elevate the intellectual tastes of the members; and although the low entertainment may, while public taste is low, pay the best, a persistent effort to refuse the low and encourage the high would in time cultivate a purer taste, and amply repay the Institute for its temporary sacrifice.

It has been suggested in these remarks that Government aid should be granted more liberally in support of the Institutes. It is, however, not proposed, nor at all contemplated, that the nation should do all, and the classes for whom the Institute is to supply great advantages nothing. For all benefits given the members ought to pay as high a fee as their means will allow. But besides this, the wealthier classes have a direct interest in sustaining the mechanic's interest. Employers have an interest in getting skilled, educated, and honest employees, and not only have the Institutes a claim upon their finances, but it is the interest and the duty of all employers to urge upon their servants, whatever position they may hold, the importance of becoming members. There are employers blind to their own interests, who believe all they are required to do is to pay the wages of their employees, and often they suffer, and beyond calculation they lose from the ignorance they encourage or the indifference they create. There are also employers who regard studious and reading habits with doubt or with antagonism. They believe that the love of reading, or that mental pursuits are inimical to business habits. But it is almost inevitable to young men, that if they have no intellectual resources and enjoyments, they will have recourse to gratifications of a doubtful if not of an assured vicious character. Few employers meet with honest and skilful servants whose only study and delight are to attend to the routine of daily work. All need relaxation and change of occupation. It is only extreme dulness that requires no change in the daily life, and if employees, after the labours of the day, have no mental resources, the probability is that their leisure hours will be spent in the saloon or in worse scenes, and that the employer who thinks it possible to make the whole mind of his servant slave to his interests and wishes, will sometimes have to suffer from fraud and dishonour, because he expected dulness to be honester than intelligence.

The Mechanics' Institute is as much a fact and necessity of civilization as the Public School or the University. It is demanded on the very conditions of industrial life. It is established to complete the work of the Public School—to fill the same position to the industrial classes of every kind as the Club and the Literary Society fill in the

lives of wealthier classes; and while it already affords enjoyment and occupation to many who have been fortunate enough to possess higher tastes, its destiny is to enlarge itself—to become the popular College, and Reading-room, and Library, and Lecture-room. Just as our Public Schools increase and improve, Mechanics' Institutes will grow and increase, to continue the work of industrial education, and to satisfy the intellectual wants of their members; and it is therefore the wisest policy as well as the duty, of the nation and the Government, to support and foster the Institutes, and increase their numbers and strengthen their powers.

MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

BIRTHDAY number twenty-one,
Long expected, now begun,
Brings new duties on the run,
Much too swift;
But old Time has so decreed,
That all mortals who succeed,
Shall to him give their due heed,
Or must drift.

Out of minor's blest domain,
Into major's pelting rain,
Anxious steers the verdant swain,
Seeking fame;
But so oft his fragile bark,
By the billows huge and dark
Is foundered, while in his heart
Burns the shame.

Thus life's sea so treach'rous proves,
That who on it safely moves,
Must, of Him who kindly soothes
All its storms,
Ask a helping, saving arm,
To protect from cares and harm;
Of false fears and faults disarm
Whom He warms.

But with His almighty love,
Man for good may useful prove
Sending all his praise above,
Through His Son;
Pointing out the portals wide
Through which brother mortals glide,
Uniting lastly by His side,
At the Throne.

Let us try then, by His grace,
To improve our fallen race—
Bid it turn its blushing face
To the Lord;
And believe His promise true,
Ever keep His face in view,
Each rebelling thought subdue,
Deed and word.

Wyoming. N. H. B.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION:

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR., QUEBEC.

OUR neighbours' self-glorification over her century's progress leads us to look about for a parallel. And we have not far to seek; for soon after passing the portal of the Main Exhibition Building we reach the group of Australian colonies and our own department. It would ill become us to estimate, even at its true value, the advance we have made within the same period —an advance, considering the drawbacks of climate and situation, not by any means inconsiderable; but modesty need not interfere with our appraising the attainments of our sister colonies at the antipodes.

But little more than 100 years ago, in 1770, while revolution was brewing on this continent amidst a thriving population of about 3,000,000, Captain Cook sighted the savage shore of Australia; but it was some years later before New South Wales and Tasmania were selected as convict settlements, and a few struggling emigrants dared to found colonies among savages described as more ferocious than our Indians, and on the confines of a continent less known than was North America to the emigrants who first planted civilization in Virginia or Massachusetts. For over thirty years the penal character of the colonies and the system of irresponsible government retarded progress; but some ripples of those great waves of emigration which, between 1830-40 began carrying the surplus population of Europe, and especially of the British Isles, to the remotest ends of the earth, beat on the Australian shores. A New Zealand Land Company was organized in England. The same spirit of enterprise stimulated the inhabitants of the older colonies of New South Wales and Tasmania to reclaim other parts of the Australian coast, and by them was founded the colony of Victoria. About the same time South Australia was colonized from England. Thus, though the germ of the older colonies was sown in the end of the last century and beginning of this, the actual colonial existence of most of the seven members of the Australian group dates back no more than a quarter of a century.

Of the use the sturdy Anglo-Saxon of that New World (for our continent is no longer the baby of the human family) has made of their half-century's life, the Exhibition gives significant illustration; and we venture to think that when the time comes round for the colonies or the commonwealth of Australia to celebrate its century's existence, the world will be edified with a story of material progress as great as that which the Philadelphia Exhibition is telling of the Great Republic; and let us hope that the Parliamentary record of their Centennial year may show them not to have turned into license the liberties of free government.

In Australia there is a greater unity of race than upon our own continent. In the colony of Victoria 95 per cent. of the population are of British origin, and the tendency is towards homogeneity, for during the ten years prior to the last census British subjects increased 43 per cent., and foreign subjects decreased 25 per cent. The great distance and the ignorance respecting Australia prevent indiscriminate European emigration, and false notions of British Colonial government deter European settlers from going to Australia, who are drawn to the United States by still falser visions of the glories and delights of Republicanism. The result is, that while in the United States and among ourselves there are strong social tendencies at work complicating the experiment of constitutional government, in

Australia the population is at any rate as homogeneous as that of Britain, and therefore the new civilization that will be worked out under Australian influences may be expected to differ less from the original than that which the diversified population of the United States is shaping out.

The colonies now all enjoy responsible government, and have taken the British Constitution as their model. In all there is a close approach to universal suffrage. Some have filled their Upper House with elective, others with life members. Although there are no constitutional differences, the Houses and the countries are divided by party lines, and the evils of faction as well as the benefits of party government are already felt. A further evil, which does not seem so unavoidable, is intense intercolonial jealousy, which finds vent in protective tariffs, and other expedients for selfish aggrandizement; though it would be fairer to call it the spirit of rivalry when it leads to such hearty emulation as the several colonial displays at the Exhibition evince. It would seem inevitable that colonies of a common race, governed by similar constitutions, exporting the same natural products, must become confederated under some system or other. But although the several Governments seem to find it difficult to work together in harmony, their commissioners have combined to paint a monster map, covered with statistical information, which shows what a vast and rich country they represent.

The area of the whole of British Australasia, including the continent of Australia and the Islands of Tasmania and New Zealand, is 3,116,000 square miles—or about 500,000 square miles less than the area of the United States, including Alaska—or a little more if Alaska be omitted. And as all great land masses have a similar geographical structure, we necessarily trace a likeness between our own continent and Australia. There is to both a well-watered eastern seaboard—an eastern mountain range—the vast arid plains of an interior elevated plateau, separated from a fertile western slope by a western mountain chain. In the Australasian group South America reappears in the Island of Tasmania, and the West Indies are represented by New Zealand.

These smaller islands have a moist climate, and are more or less fertile throughout. But a strip only, seldom exceeding two hundred miles in width, around the main continent, has been peopled, the interior having been assumed to be too arid for the abode of man. In 1862, Stuart crossed the continent from south to north, and since then a telegraph line has been built and water found all along the route at easy stages. A transcontinental railroad is in contemplation. At any rate, it will certainly be proved that the interior is not more valueless than the desert area of our own continent. Strange to say, as cultivation and civilization advances the climate of the interior becomes moister—a fact observed on our continent also. The earlier settlers in Australia confined themselves to stock-raising, and squatted on large tracts of land, to which they had no title. When the lands thus occupied came to be taken up for agricultural purposes, the squatter moved inland; and as he has invaded the interior with his flocks and herds, he has found the land he once despised good pasturage, and that his presence really seemed to carry with it climatic influence. The interior is subject to periodical rains, which for the time cover the country with verdure and create lakes and rivulets; but as they soak in, the dreary aspect of nature returns, and water can be reached only by wells. Hence, exploration conducted at one season reveals a repulsive desert, at another a much less forbidding region. The day may come when this uninviting tract will be peopled—when it shall be found charged with mineral wealth and become the seat of a mining industry, which is always necessarily supplemented with agricultural activity. Considering the vast tracts of land and the enormous mineral deposits now occupied by the present scanty population, one would think the time must be far distant when men will forfeit comfort, and even risk life, to seek for more hidden treasures; yet the experiences of this continent, and of every part of the globe where the foot of Englishmen has trodden, testifies to the fact, that where there is a mystery or an unexplored field the English mind is dissatisfied, and English energy frets until the veil has been stripped away.

Though the discovery of the continent dates back to so recent a period, and its occupation by an industrial population to within less than half a century, it already claims a large share of the world's atten-

tion; for, by its exports of wool and minerals, it is controlling the markets of all countries.

There are represented at the Exhibition six out of the seven members of the Australasian family, viz.:—

(1) New South Wales—The oldest.
(2) The Island of Tasmania—Where was planted a convict settlement in 1803.
(3) The Island of New Zealand—Whose settlement dates from 1814.
(4) Victoria—Whose permanent settlement was first made in 1833.
(5) South Australia—Whose birthday is Dec. 28th, 1836.
(6) Queensland—Which became a separate colony in 1859.

The only absent member is Western Australia—a colony whose age is greater than that of either Victoria or South Australia, whose extent is equal to almost the half of Europe, and whose natural advantages are greater than those of other parts of Australia, but whose growth has been so dwarfed by the grants of land to individuals and corporations in large blocks, that to-day it has a population of only 25,781, and an export trade of only £586,726.

The staple exhibits of all these colonies—though the northern part of Queensland lies within 11° of the equator, and the southern part of New Zealand 47° south—are much the same: wool, wheat, and cereals of all kinds, fruits of the tropical and temperate zones, wines and preserved vegetables; pounds of gold dust, and gilded pyramids, representing the total find; heaps of copper and tin ore, and piles of copper and tin ingots; a profusion of photographs—some among the largest ever made anywhere—illustrating the scenery of the country and the aspect of the towns; excellent maps; collections of geological and natural history specimens; groups of native weapons and objects of archæological interest; in fact, everything that is needful to illustrate not only the products, but the history of the country. And what cannot but strike the observer at the first glance, and leave a lasting impression of the profuse wealth of these thriving colonies, is the quantity of each object displayed. No doubt a pound of wool may be as valuable for a sample as a bale, and one ingot of copper or tin exhibit the character of the metal as well as a ton; but when you see a bale of wool or a ton of ingots, you feel that these articles are so abundant where the samples came from, that bales and tons are as common as pounds and hand specimens among ourselves. Then all the colonies, but notably Victoria and New South Wales, are aspiring to manufacturing independence, and exhibit tweeds, coarse pottery, hats and caps, furniture, pianos, etc.; but manufacturing excellence is not to be reached at a stride, and therefore in these departments they have many a lesson to learn even from us; and while teaching them we might profit by their backwardness by supplying them from our own factories. At present they purchase largely in the United States markets the very articles—such as agricultural implements—which we might, advantageously to both, supply them with.

We have enumerated the colonies already in the order of their birth; we shall now briefly describe them in their geographical and commercial relations.

Colonization commenced in Australia, as here, on the east coast of the continent; but instead of being the refuge for free men, the first Europeans who tilled its soil were convicts, and for long the penal character of the settlement cast a suspicion on its innocent inhabitants, and deterred married men, bent on emigration, from exposing their families to the contaminating influence which pervaded certain classes of society. It was only after the settlements had grown into colonies, and after many applications and protests, that the Home Government refrained from transporting criminals—for the false idea had become a settled principle in the official mind, that without the aid of convict labour the settlements could not thrive. Botany Bay, New South Wales, was the seat of the first and most noted convict settlement. Although this convict station was established in 1788, the colony, even in 1840, contained only 149,669 inhabitants. As New South Wales then included the present colonies of Queensland to the north and Victoria to the south, this number represents the total European population of Australia at that date, except about 15,000 inhabitants of South Australia. Now New South Wales proper has a population of about 600,000
Queensland..... 150,000
Victoria..... 880,000

So that in thirty-five years 149,669 has increased to 1,600,000, or more than ten times, while within the same period the population of the United States has but little more than doubled itself.

The colony of New South Wales, as at present limited, lies on the east coast of Australia, and has an area of about 200,000,000 acres, a seaboard of about 700 miles, and a breadth from east to west of over 750 miles. A section from east to west cuts first the rich plains and low ranges of the coast; then the mountain range, which rises in places to a height of 7,000 feet; then the somewhat elevated inland plateau. In the northern districts of the coast region, sugar cane is cultivated, 6,000 tons having been produced in 1874; but the warmer climate of Queensland, still further north, is better suited to the sugar cane. Queensland began its cultivation in 1866, and now produces over 14,000 tons a year. Tropical as well as temperate fruits are raised in New South Wales. The orange especially thrives, and its cultivation has become, next to that of the grape, an extensive branch of fruit culture. Beautiful specimens of every variety are exhibited, preserved in wine. Grape culture appears in the Exhibition in a great variety of wines—clarets, sherries, and ports,—all, owing to the abundance of sugar in the fruit, rich in alcohol, and fit for exportation, and all pure and unadulterated; all produced from European varieties of the vine and called by European names, but most of them unlike the European production; for wine depends for its flavour as much on peculiarities of soil as on variety of vine. All the Australian colonies vie with one another as wine producers, but New South Wales, in their local Exhibitions, always carries off most prizes. Her production of wine reached, in 1874, 500,000 gallons, and of brandy 2,000, and 1,000 tons of grapes were consumed as fruit. Victoria, to the south of New South Wales, even exceeded this production by making 577,493 gallons of wine. South Australia, on the south coast, added 733,478 gallons; and Queensland, which occupies the north-east corner of the continent, a considerable quantity to the total yield, so that already Australia produces over 2,000,000 gallons of wine.

The variety of tropical and temperate fruits which these beautiful lands produce is wonderful. In the Exhibition cases are seen models in wax, or specimens preserved in wines or spirits, of strawberries, pears, apples, peaches, oranges, pomegranates, guavas, custard apples, figs, bananas. Fruit ceases to be a luxury which the rich only can enjoy, when grapes are one halfpenny per lb. and peaches threepence a dozen.

But the most important staples of New South Wales and of the other colonies are wheat and wool. In New South Wales the best wheat-growing districts are on the table lands, from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above sea level. The coast lands, likewise, of Queensland in the north, are too hot for wheat culture, but the cooler south colony of Victoria and the southern parts of South Australia produced, the former 5,371,866 bushels, and the latter 9,862,693 bushels in 1874, whose average value was 5s. 6d. South Australia last year exported, after supplying her own population, 180,000 tons of breadstuffs. The yield of wool is still more remarkable. "The real history of New South Wales," says the Government pamphlet, "begins with the 19th century, at about which time the introduction of merino sheep—mainly due to the enterprise of Captain Macarthur—laid the basis of Australian commerce;" and sheep farming has been the first resource of the farmer in the early days of each of the colonies. New South Wales, on its cool uplands, raises successfully long-wool sheep of the Lincoln, Leicester, and Cotswold breeds, but the Merino sheep is the wool producer of this and the other colonies. The romantic side of sheep farming has afforded the plot of more than one popular novel; the practical phase of it, reduced to figures, is that the seven Australian colonies exported, in 1874, 651,576 bales of wool, of a value of over £12,000,000 sterling. According to Messrs. Goldsborough & Co., most of the unwashed wool is secured by American dealers—the washed being excluded by the American tariff. Some also finds its way into our own tweeds, which are so much better than those of Australian manufacture that we might profitably re-ship them their own wool transformed into clothes.

While the soil of this rich continent and its adjacent islands is thus producing the choicest fruits and supporting countless flocks and herds, its rocks are saturated with metals, and vast coal-beds on every side

afford the fuel for separating them. The value of the minerals produced by the colonies in 1874 was as follows :—

GOLD—New South Wales	£1,874,837	
Queensland	1,500,000	
Victoria	4,600,000	
South Australia	amount inconsiderable.	
Tasmania	18,000	
New Zealand, 1871	2,788,368	
TIN—New South Wales	484,322	
Queensland	500,000	
Victoria	16,333	
South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand	Large quantities discovered, but as yet little shipped.	
COPPER—New South Wales	311,519	
Queensland	150,000	
Victoria, in 1870	5,500	
South Australia	480,000	
COAL—New South Wales	1,304,567 tons.	
Queensland	Large area undeveloped.	
Victoria	2,909 tons.	
South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand	Extensive coal fields, but little worked.	

Iron is abundant in all the colonies, and often in such proximity to the coal as to render it certain that ere long the home consumption will be supplied by home production, but as yet little has been done towards mining it and still less towards smelting it.

The present happy condition of New South Wales may be judged of by the fact that the only question which distracts its legislators is how to dispose of a large surplus! seemingly a more difficult operation than to contract a large debt.

As already explained, New South Wales originally comprised the whole eastern section of Australia, and the Governor exercised by deputy authority over the present independent colonies of Victoria and Queensland. Queensland to the north obtained its independence in 1859. Its geographical features are essentially the same as those of New South Wales, but the climate is necessarily warmer. It is claimed that nearly the whole of its area is fit for settlement, though some portions are fit only for pasturage, others for the cultivation of the sugar-cane, and others of the cereals. In the Queensland Court there is a most interesting series of coloured photographs, which describe better than words the aspect of the open glades of the pasturage, of the densely wooded scrub lands, and of the scenery of the gold fields, and the life of the emigrants. Under each photograph is printed the price at which such land can be purchased. The Land Office offers—

Best agricultural lands, in blocks of from 40 to 640 acres, at 15s. in 10 instalments.
First class pastoral lands, in blocks of from 80 to 2560 acres, at 10s. in 10 instalments.
Second class pastoral lands, in blocks of from 80 to 7680 acres, at 5s. in 10 instalments.
Sugar and Coffee lands, in blocks of from 320 to 1280 acres, at 15s. in 10 instalments.

The returns for 1873 give the following statistical information :

Imports, £2,885,499, or £19 17s. per head of population.
Exports, £3,542,513, or £24 3s. per head of population.

Revenue	£1,124,107.
Expenditure	956,707.
Population	146,690.

Though Queensland is the largest offshoot from New South Wales, Victoria has proved the most important. It has the small area of only 88,198 miles, and only 600 miles of coast line on the South Pacific and Bass's Straits. Her history is briefly told.

Cook sailed along the coast of New South Wales in 1770. In 1788 Captain Arthur Phillips landed in Botany Bay to found a penal settlement on the same eastern coast. But it was not till ten years later that Bass disproved the supposition that the Island of New Zealand was part of the coast of Australia, by rounding Nelson Promontory, in South Australia, where, meeting a strong western swell, he inferred that there was open water, and not land, in that direction. In the first year of this century, Lieut. James Grant, of H.M. brig *Lady Nelson*, passed through Bass's Straits, from the westward. It was two years later—*i.e.* 1802—before Philip Bay, in which stands now the town of Melbourne, the eighth in size in the British Dominions, was discovered and entered. An abortive attempt was at once made to found a penal settlement on its shores. The spot selected

was so barren and unhealthy that the settlement was soon abandoned. Such an ill repute attached to South Australia from this failure, that twenty years elapsed before two brave explorers, who struck inland in a westerly direction from Sydney, N. S. Wales, after passing through an arid interior country, gained this same Port Philip Bay, and by their report dispelled the mistaken notion of its barrenness. But not till 1833 was a permanent settlement made in Victoria. Portland Bay was chosen by Messrs. Hentz, merchants, of Van Diemen's Land, as the site of a whaling station. In the year following, two expeditions from the same colony selected land in the adjacent bay, or, more properly, land-locked gulf of Port Philip; that under John Pascoe Falkner choosing the site of the present town of Melbourne, on the Yarra Yarra River, at the head of the gulf. Rumours of these successful ventures, and the report of the Surveyor-General of New South Wales, Sir Thomas Livingston Mitchell, began drawing settlers from Van Diemen's Land, New South Wales, and the mother country. In 1836, the colonists asked the authorities of New South Wales to establish some form of government. A site was chosen for the metropolis, and then it was named Melbourne by Sir Richard Bourke, in 1837, the very year Chicago elected her first Municipal Council. The colony grew in numbers and wealth, and in 1851 was constituted an independent government, and its former superintendent, Mr. La Trobe, was raised to the rank of Lieut.-Governor.

That same year gold was discovered in Victoria. Two years previous a lump of the pure metal had been exhibited in Melbourne as having been found in the Pyrenees Range by a shepherd; but as the reputed finder failed to re-discover the site of his discovery, his story was disbelieved. As early as 1841 the Rev. W. B. Clark had found gold in New South Wales, but the Government, thinking that the publication of the discovery would be detrimental to the colony, Mr. Clark consented to suppress it. In 1850, a Mr. Hargreaves returned to Australia from California with the intention of searching for gold. In 1851 he found it at Summit Hill Creek.

Emigration from the newly-made colony of Victoria to the diggings of New South Wales at once began, which instigated the Victorians to offer a reward for the discovery of gold within the colony: but even before this inducement was held out, the precious metal had been found, and the Victoria gold fields became rapidly more famous and profitable than any in the world, attracting a large population of a more orderly class than those who flocked to California. All went to seek gold, but many soon abandoned the direct for the indirect search, and found more congenial occupation and better remuneration in developing the agricultural resources of this semi-tropical land, and the colony thus received an impetus, through the discovery of gold, which was felt in every industry. The case of Victoria is so similar to that of California, in its incipient, as well as its advanced stages, that a comparison of their relative prosperity may not be amiss.

Their chief exports are the same: cereals, wool, gold; they date back the beginning of industrial progress to about the same recent period; the conditions of climate are very similar, but California has somewhat the advantage of situation, and if there be any advantage in it, home industries in both countries are fostered by high protective tariffs. If, therefore, we find that the British colony has kept pace with the Republican State, it will be fair to argue that race, not trifling difference in form of government, has brought about the result:—

Area of Victoria is only....	88,198
" California.....	188,981
Pop. of Victoria in 1870.....	709,839
" California.....	560,247
" Melbourne, 1871	206,780
" San Francisco, 1870..	149,472

Even Chicago, whose prosperity is due to her advantages as a shipping port for the grain of several of the richest States of the West, and whose growth is the pride of the United States and the wonder of the world, and whose foundation antedates by some years that of Melbourne, only counted 289,977 inhabitants in 1870.

If we take the products of the two rivals, we find that while California outstrips Victoria in the growth of cereals, the balance is almost re-established by the larger production of wool in Victoria; but as a gold-producing region, Victoria is far in advance of California.

	1873. Gold.	1870. Wheat in bshls.	1870. Wool in lbs.
California...	$17,000,000	16,676,702	11,391,743
Victoria.....	25,000,000	2,870,409	52,123,451

In 1874 the yield of wheat in Victoria had increased to 5,371,866. California's success in silk culture has stimulated Victoria to emulation, and soon this product will enter the comparative table.

Judging from the display of the manufactured articles, Victoria takes the lead among the other Australian colonies. Her success, such as it is, her politicians claim to be due to her protective tariff; but N. S. Wales, which has adopted a free trade policy, is making such commendable progress as to render the explanation doubtful. The New York *Tribune* says :—

"Victoria, exceptional in this respect among her sister colonies, has a protective tariff, and levies 25 per cent. duty on all imports, for the avowed purpose of stimulating home industries. Here appears to be a good opportunity for political economists to test their conflicting theories, for the neighbouring colony of New South Wales pursues a precisely opposite policy, and has established absolute free trade. If each will adhere to its system long enough, we shall have something like a fair trial of the merits of the two systems. Now, the advocates of each might find encouragement in the exhibits of manufactures made respectively by the two countries, the Free-trader pointing to the excellent woollen cloths, blankets, and shawls, cordage, stoneware, wines, saddles, harness, and food preparations in the New South Wales Court, and the Protectionist exulting over the same articles in the Victorian Court, and discovering besides furniture, stained glass, glue, paper, basket-work, and other articles. It must be admitted, however, that Victoria displays the greater variety of manufactures, and might have sent many other things equally creditable, while New South Wales puts her best foot forward. The representatives of the latter colony affirm, however, that their commerce is increasing at the expense of that of Victoria, and that they are drawing population constantly from that country. It will take at least a quarter of a century to work out the problem, and see which of the two systems is the better for industrial development. Meanwhile, in the interest of social science, let me hope that each colony will stick to its own theory."

Hardly less remarkable than the growth of Victoria has been that of the neighbouring colony to the west, South Australia, or as she should be named, Central Australia—for her territory stretches in a band about 500 miles wide across the continent from north to south, separating Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria on the east, from the vast unoccupied territory of West Australia.

Her colonial life began in 1836 (when her population amounted to 546 souls), under an Imperial Act obtained by the South Australian Association. The Act provided that the Association might borrow for the purpose of transporting emigrants, £500,000, to be a charge on the sale of lands, and £200,000 for the first cost of administration, to be a charge on future revenues. The Crown vested in commissioners the sale of the public lands, which were to be disposed of at 12s. at first, but afterwards at £1. per acre, and not given away. He who should be too poor to buy, was obliged to work till he could earn the means of purchasing. The conditions imposed by the Act were that no married man be conveyed to the colony without his family; that there be no State Church; that the colony be no expense to the mother country; and that no convict be allowed to land on its shores. This system of colonization, which refuses the grant of large blocks of land to any purchaser, and the cession of any Crown land, except for cash payment, and devotes the proceeds of the cash sales to the importation of a labouring population, which by dint of necessity must aid the landowner in the cultivation of the soil, till rich enough to become proprietors themselves, was known as the Wakefield system. It was carried out with a certain degree of consistency in South Australia, and attempted likewise in New Zealand; but the demand of the sheep-farmer, who appropriated large tracts of land for which at the utmost he could pay but a small rental, and for his improvements, on which the law very properly allowed him compensation when the agriculturists came forward to purchase, necessarily interfered with the application of the Wakefield system in all cases. Moreover, the man with money bought the good lands at auction at an average price of 25s., and resold on credit to the needy farmer at 50s. to 60s. The Land Act of 1872 introduced the credit system into the land regulations; authorized the lease of large tracts under conditions of settlement; and after lands in settled districts had remained unselected for a certain number of years, permitted their being sold in blocks for cash. The law has on the whole worked well, though it has been found as impossible as in our own experience to prevent speculators evading the spirit of the law, while not infringing its

letter. To induce settlers to enter and occupy the wilds of the northern territory of South Australia, more liberal terms are offered, and a lower price, 7s. 6d. per acre, is put on the Crown lands.

More attention has been paid to copper than to gold mining, and her copper mines—the Burra Burra, the Wallaroo, and Moonta Mines—are known the world over. South Australia makes the same profuse exhibit of mineral and agricultural wealth as her sister colonies, and her statistical records show that her exhibit aptly represents her resources, for in 1875 her thriving population of 210,000 souls had under cultivation 1,330,484 acres, of which 839,638 was in wheat; owned of live stock, 93,122 horses, 185,342 cows, and 6,120,211 sheep; imported to the value of £4,203,808, and exported to the value of £4,805,051. The capital, Adelaide, as seen in the photographs exhibited, though not as large or as substantially built as Sydney or Melbourne, has as handsome public buildings as either.

The Island of Tasmania is separated from the main land by Bass's Straits, lies 120 miles to the south, is cooler and moister and more heavily wooded. It owes its first settlement, in 1803, to the overcrowding of Botany Bay, and the necessity of establishing a new convict station. Risdon, on the east bank of the Derwent, was chosen, and next year another party of the same unpropitious colonizers was landed near Hobart Town. The first large influx of free settlers was from Norfolk Island in 1808; and gradually since then the population has grown, till it now numbers over 100,000. These are scattered over the main and adjacent smaller islands, and cultivate 330,000 acres of land; have expended during the last ten years nearly £1,000,000 on public works, roads, bridges, and railroads; have a revenue of £328,000 and expend only £308,000; and export of grain, preserved fruits, dairy produce, wool, tanned leather, bark, lumber, live stock, over £900,000. Tasmania, likewise, has her store of mineral wealth. She extracts about £19,000 of gold; and is taking the lead among the Australian colonies towards utilizing her iron deposits. Altogether they must be an industrious 100,000 souls, and may well feel proud of their little court in the great palace, where they display not only gifts which nature gave them, but the products of their own industry.

The last of the group of Australian colonies is New Zealand.

Two long islands shaped very much like the kingdom of Italy, supposing the Bay of Naples to be cut through to the Adriatic, but with the heel of the boot pointing north-east, having an area of about 100,000 square miles, and therefore nearly the size of the British Isles, with some smaller islands compose the colony of New Zealand. As the extreme distance from north to south is over 1,000 miles, the climate of the two islands is materially different, and further local variations are due to the disturbing influence of the great mountain chain which forms the backbone of the islands, rising to a height of 6,000 feet in the northern island and 14,000 feet in the southern. These Alps tower above the limit of perpetual snow, feed mighty glaciers, and give a grandeur to the scenery such as the Australian continent cannot offer to the emigrant who has a soul above sheep shearing. The same forces of nature which elevated these mountainous islands are still active in the volcano of Tongariro, and in geysers which have covered a wide area with a siliceous crust, white as snow, and produced scenery as strange and varied as any in the valley of the Yellowstone. A series of remarkably beautiful photographs in the Exhibition illustrates these wonderful phenomena. But at the very base of the volcano and along the flanks of the Alps are rich pastoral lands, so that though one-tenth of the northern island and four-fifths of the southern are mountainous, that proportion of the land is by no means valueless.

The population of the colony in 1872 was 279,560, who exported:—

Gold, valued at.....	£1,730,992
Wool	2,537,919
Grain and flour..... ...	118,733
Kauri gum..... ..	154,167
Phormium (N.Z. flax).	99,405
Hides and tallow.....	90,551
Preserved meats	161,840

The list of imports is of still greater interest to us, as it contains articles we certainly might supply, such as—

Apparel, boots, shoes, hats, etc.....	£415,970
In all the imports were valued at.....	5,142,951
Exports	5,107,186

And this, as the New Zealand statisticians show, is more per head of population than in either Victoria or New South Wales. For taking an average of six years the figures are as follows :—

	Population.	Imports.	Import Rate.	Exports.	Export Rate.
			£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Victoria.....	696,027	9,611,917	13 16 2	10,149,743	14 11 8
New South Wales	475,532	6,114,096	12 17 2	6,332,836	13 6 4
New Zealand.....	234,434	4,805,291	20 9 11	4,491,699	19 3 2
Do including Natives.	271,597	4,805,291	17 13 10	4,491,699	16 10 9

The interesting volume published by the Government shows further by comparison that per head of the population New Zealand has produced more gold, wool, cereals, timber, flax, than either Victoria or New South Wales.

There is undoubtedly an irresistible fascination about the Australian courts in the Exhibition. Great skill has been shown in their arrangement. At a glance you see the variety and the value of the products which the lands they represent yield. And their Governments have taken other means of publishing their countries' wealth. From the opening day catalogues and statistical volumes were distributed to all who promised to make good use of them; and these works are in some instances models of well-digested information and examples of excellent typography. No Canadian can compare the contemptible pamphlet, just issued as our catalogue, badly printed on bad paper (in which the name of the exhibitor—about which no one cares—stands at the head of the line, and the article exhibited at the foot) with the official Record of the Victoria Colony, printed in Melbourne, and the descriptive catalogue of New South Wales, printed in Sydney, without a feeling of keen mortification.

To sum up the material results of Australian progress:

These seven British Colonies, with an area of	1,994,241,040 acres,
Have a population of	2,545,972
They have built of railroads	3,124 miles.
Telegraphs	24,944 "
They import to the value of...	£44,664,350 annually
Export	41,460,788 "
They expend on the public service ...	12,570,457 "
And tax themselves to the amount of	13,380,244 "

And all these attainments have been made under the influence of British Colonial rule. We have heard Englishmen profess gratitude at the success of the American revolt, on the plea that under British rule this Continent would have been still in a state of tutelage. They forget that the British opposition to the just demands of the American colonies was the expiring effort of the old Colonial system, and that the new system would certainly have won its way in the end. Under some system of responsible government the United Colonies might have waxed as prosperous as now are the United States. Of course their relation to the mother country could not have partaken of even such dependence as that in which we stand; but in the course of events some form of Imperial Confederation might have been devised which would have given Western Britain her full influence in the General Council, and through which she would have influenced Eastern Britain and the world at large more potently than she even now does as a separate Power.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY DR. NOSTREBOR.

THERE is a legend in the South,
I heard it from an old chief's lips,
That by the Minnewassett's mouth,
Just where the stream in ocean dips,
There dwelt a tribe of mighty fame,
Whose hunting-grounds extended far,
And yet whose bands, where'er they came,
Found not a worthy foe in war.
The young men spent their youth in chase,
And trained their sinews well in strength,
The maidens drew the beaded lace
Through belt and shoe, until at length
Their fame became in peace as great
For pleasing art and skilful bow,
As it had been their prouder fate
Upon the bloody path to show
The might and valour of their braves,
Their calm endurance under wants,
Their knowledge of the streams and caves,—
Indeed, the whole a savage vaunts.
The spring had dressed the plains in green,
The plain had drunk the bison's blood,
The Minnewassett's banks had been
Oft strewn with brave fish from its flood;
The swift-wing'd geese had fallen low
Beneath the young men's deadly aim,
The bounding deer had met the bow,
Each bird and beast which they called name.
The swaying corn had spun its silk,
Had formed its ears and garnered been,
The juicy stalks had lost their milk,
And Autumn red bedecked the scene,
When, as the ancient custom stood,
The feast and games had been prepared
Upon the plain beside the wood,
And all the mightiest warriors shared
The contest for the peerless hand
Of Idahnade, the Sachem's pride,
The loveliest form of all his band,
Since Wanesade, her mother, died.
They bent the bow, they hurled the axe,
They rode young steeds with necks untamed,
They beat the stout elm's fibres lax,

They vaulted running horse unmaimed,
They threw the whizzing tomahawk,
They tossed their knives upon the grass;
Their barks upon the rapids rock,
Yet safely through the eddies pass;
They swam the flood and dived below,
They leaped the spiked bars set breast-high,
They, running, caught the fresh-loosed doe.
They tested arm, and foot, and eye,
Until but three young braves were left
Who had not failed from lack of might,
And fainting sunk, of hope bereft,
When slow advanced the shades of night.
Fearing lest Ormok's strength abate,
Against the others in the strife,
Young Idahnade sprang up elate,
And said, "Who wants me for a wife
Must follow me and share my fate;"
Then to the forest swiftly fled.
Quick, hot pursuit the warriors make;
Young Ormok yet some distance led,
When in a root that crossed the way
He tripped and fell: they onward sped.
He for a moment senseless lay,
Then woke, and bravely pressed behind
The twain, fast gaining on the maid,
Her black hair streaming on the wind.
Turning, she shuddered—then she bade
Them save the Sachem's daughter true,
Then boldly leaped she from the bank
Of rocks into the waters blue.
Appalled, the foremost two back shrank
From that dread precipice of death,
And, cowards, sickened in despair;
But Ormok, never slacking breath,
Sprang from the stone she late had pressed,
Gave his proud war-cry to the air,
Then sank beneath the river's breast.
The crowd upon the plain in view,
With a loud cry of anguish rent
The quiet air. Her father, too,
In horror saw it from his tent,
And breathed a prayer, then sinking fell
As ne'er before. But, when he woke—
Oh words! his joy ye poorly tell—
He saw, to his heartfelt relief,
Young Idahnade, and thus she spoke:
"Behold thy future son and Chief!"
Then, standing proudly by his side,
She told how Ormok won his bride.
The Sachem, stretching forth his hand,
Made Ormok chief of all the land.
Brave Ormok and sweet Idahnade
There dwelt in peace, the legend runs,
And when the next red path was made,
The tribe was led by Ormok's sons.

HEAVYSEGE'S "SAUL."*

BY LOUISA MURRAY, MONTROSE.

IN Mr. Charles Heavysege a very real and fervid, though a most unequal and irregular, genius has passed away. His drama of "Saul," when first published, attracted some attention and criticism both in England and America, but partly, no doubt, owing to its great length, and also, it must be confessed, to a want of clear construction and artistic form, combined with certain obvious faults of taste and judgment, it failed to obtain general appreciation, and is certainly far less known and read than it deserves to be. We think, therefore, that we cannot honour the author's memory better than by giving such extracts from this remarkable poem as may show something of its merits, and perhaps induce some of our readers to get the work and read it for themselves.

But first we must say a few words by way of preface.

"Saul: a Drama in Three Parts," relates the tragic story of the first King of Israel as it is told in the Bible, with the addition of some imaginary incidental scenes and details, and an elaborate spiritual machinery of evil demons and good angels, who play a very important part in the development of the drama and the fate of its hero. For this machinery the author is of course indebted to the grotesque imaginations of mediæval demonology; but he uses it with some originality: especially is Malzah—Saul's evil genius, or rather the embodiment of the evil side of Saul's nature—effectively and vividly drawn. We do not know if Mr. Heavysege was a believer in modern Spiritualism, but in his treatment of the denizens of the invisible universe he thoroughly carries out the Spiritualistic philosophy, depicting them altogether as human beings, though under changed conditions, possessing all the good and bad passions of humanity, its follies and weaknesses, and higher aspirations; and, in fact, exhibiting all the phenomena of terrestrial life, as we know it, in the supramundane sphere. Here is a song of Malzah's, which an English reviewer has called scarcely short of Shakespearian:

"There was a devil and his name was I,
From out Profundus he did cry;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of a varying dye:
It had many a hue; in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green in the sea and white in the sky.
Oh, do not ask me, ask me why
'Twas blue in the sea and white in the sky,
Why from Profundus he did cry.
Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;
And quaintly cut was his motley coat."

Finding Saul in one of his dark moods of rage, Malzah says:—

"Now is my time:
I'll enter him that I may work his doom,
His mind's defences are blown down by passion,
And I can enter him unchallenged, like
A traveller an inn, and when I'm there,
He is himself now so much like a demon,
He will not notice me."

In this way the author attempts to reveal the Spiritual influences, natural and supernatural—and chiefly those of his evil genius Malzah, and his good angel Zoe—which tried the temper of Saul's soul, till at last, "faith being wanting," evil triumphs, and he is given over to destruction. Though in the main presenting the Scriptural view of Saul's character, and attributing his downfall to want of faith in God and disobedience to God's commands as given through the priests, the poet, half involutarily as it seems, gives us glimpses of another interpretation held by many critics of Hebrew history, in

* Saul: A Drama, in three parts. By Charles Heavysege. New York: Lovell Printing and Publishing Co.

[The present paper was written prior to the publication of Dr. Clark's article which appeared in our last number, and is consequently an independent review of Mr. Heavysege's dramas.—ED. C. M.]

which the tragic fate of the great first King is ascribed to the rage and revenge of the priesthood when he rebelled against their tyranny and refused to be a mere instrument in their hands. He scorns

"Not God Himself, but the haughtiest hierarchy
That ever sought to be paramount in the world."

.

"God now shall help me in another way.
He shall assist me to transform the Hebrews
Into men!"

When Abner says

"Jehovah's ways are dark,"

Saul answers:

"If they be just I care not.
I can endure till death relieves me—ay,
And not complain; but doubt enfeebles me,
And my strong heart that gladly would endure
Falters beneath misgivings, and vexed, beats
Into the speed of fever, when it thinks
That the Almighty greater is than good.

.

But that I dare not let my thoughts have birth,
Much less array these embryo thoughts in words,
I should deliver me of such conceptions
As would appal the reverent ear of men,
And make me seem, even what I fear I am,
The Omnipotent's accuser."

Evidently, Mr. Heavysege had studied the Bible, Milton, and Shakespeare till he had become not only familiar with the letter, but thoroughly imbued with the spirit of those great orbs of light and inspiration. We see that it is chiefly through the glasses they hold out to him he beholds the universe, and he often reproduces a thought or an image from one or another of his great models with little change of colouring. Yet, somehow, this does not offend as commonplace plagiarism does; probably because we feel unmistakably that a mind of original power and genius underlies these involuntary imitations, and constantly asserts its own individuality. Not always happily, however; too often, unfortunately, in the use of coarse, extravagant, or ludicrous figures and tropes, or grotesque and inappropriate modes of expression, which can only be attributed to a want of early educational training and culture. We need not, however, dwell on these defects now. They may be easily seen, laughed at, or condemned by readers not so well able to discern the ethereal fire of which they are only the fantastic and erratic gleams, like Will-o'-wisps or Jack-o'-lanthorns—the fire of genius, which, though often in a smouldering and half-smothered fashion, does really glow through all the imperfections of this extraordinary production, making it a real and living poem, and not merely an artificial simulacrum of one.

The homely force and vigour of some of the similes are often very striking, as when David, on receiving his father's permission to go to the battle-field, exclaims:

"As a coiled cane, when suddenly unloosed,
Rebounding quivers, throbs my heart with joy."

Saul, when left at home at Gilead, says:

"I am like
A taper that is left to burn to waste
Within an empty house."

And here are two more apt similes from the abundance offered:

"Their demerits
By his worthiness show greater than first fancied,
Even as the dusty atmosphere of a room,
When bars of sunshine are projected through it,
Shows more polluted than we first believed it."

"Let their evil in his good be lost.
Even as the filthy and defiling smoke
Is lost in the pure air."

Here is a fine thought finely expressed:

"It were wise, nay just,
To strike with men a balance. To forgive
If not forget their evil for their good's sake—
Thus cherishing the latter,
We shall grow rich in life's pure gold, and lose
Only its base alloy, its dross and refuse."

Some lines are noticeable for their keen and concentrated energy, such as Saul's answer to the men of Jabesh-Gilead when they entreat him not to fail them:

"Fail!
Let the morn fail the east, I'll not fail you,
But swift and silent as the streaming wind
Unseen approach, then gathering up my force
At dawning sweep on Ammon as night's blast
Sweeps down from Carmel on the dusky sea."

In the scene describing the slaughter of the Amalekites, Mr. Heavysege shows a power of evoking images of horror and dread almost Dantesque; and in the soldier's savage speech, the pleasant sum-

mer sights and sounds of rural peace and happy industry, of cleft-dropped waters, and the mower's scythe, are forcibly blended and contrasted with the fearful sights and sounds of battle. When the cruel work has been consummated by the death of Agag, and the ground,

" After the smoking draught of blood,
Smacks its brown lips,"

one of the demons, who had been exultingly watching the slaughter, proposes to return to hell, but his companion stops him :

" Stay, for the road thereto is yet encumbered
With the descending corpses of the slain.
'Tis said they choke Hell's gates, and stretch from thence
Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf
Wherein our spirits, even as terrestrial ships
That are detained by foul winds in an offing,
Linger perforce and feel broad gusts of sighs
That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom
At midnight of the salt flood's foaming surf,
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

Our next extract is part of a scene after a victory over the Philistines, in which the half-sceptical, half-superstitious character of Saul is well indicated.

SCENE—*A wooded part near Ajalon.*

TIME—Evening.

SAUL, JONATHAN, AHIAH, ABNER, *Officers and Soldiers.*

SAUL (*casting himself reclining against a bank.*)
" Now for a little rest, for though my spirit
Is fresh, my body has no longer vigour.
Bring me a drink.
(*A soldier presents to him a cup of wine.*)
No, give me water. I to-day have poured
Out wine sufficient in the blood of foes.
(*Water is brought and he drinks.*)
Sweeter methinks that draught is unto me
Than ever was the warm-spiced juice of grapes.
How little delights us when we truly need !
Sit, friends, for we are equals all to-day.
Now bring some food and let those eat who may.
Freely eat, and hoard up strength
To re-pursue the enemy, before
The young moon has gone down."

AHIAH.— " Low in the west,
Even now she is, and from her lighted censer
Gives but a weak though sacred beam : same time,
The fragrance born of yon adjacent wood,
Along the dewy air diffusing incense,
Both ministering seem at this great sacrifice,
And wonderful oblation of our foes."

SAUL.— " See the clouds clear off,
And leave the expanse of the sky serene,
Though still obscure."

FIRST OFFICER.— " This is the most romantic
Of all time's hours."

SECOND OFFICER.— " Witchcraft now seems to hang
Between the horns of the moon that cannot shine
Through the vast darksome chamber of the night,
Which now appears, to my imagination,
Upgiven to magic and the spells profane
Of sorcerers and the hags whose bodies bend
Into caldrons of incantation. Art thou not,
O Saul, afraid of the magicians' charms,
Directed 'gainst thee for uprooting them ?"

SAUL.—" I fear them not, nor anything that comes
Within the range of their claimed ministry,
Whether ghosts of the departed, or bad angels
Who 'tis affirmed are sold into their service
For the price of their own souls ; yea, if the Devil
Now stood alone by me on this dusk field,
I'd snub him with ill manners. Yet the moon
Wears unto me the same weird aspect as
She wears to thee, and when I was a boy
I was, and even to this hour I am,
Fascinated by the magic of this quarter,
Loving it more than when, the orb expanding,
The dim equivocation wears away,
Until at full she lights up all the sky,
And shines down like an angel."

FIRST OFFICER.— " Now spectre-like,
And with a few spectator-stars, she goes
Down westward, as if leading the obsequies
Of those of her idolatrous worshippers
Who by their own swords or by ours have perished
Since broke this day's strange morn."

SAUL.— " Hearken ! the blast
Sighs through yon cypress tops the dismal dirge
Of the remainder, whom their own cusped goddess,
Pale Ashtaroth, yon moon, shall from heaven's verge
See scud like spectres over the dim ground."

As the drama proceeds, the spirit scenes become more numerous, and the good and evil influences which alternately sway Saul contend for his soul. But evil obtains the mastery. Zoe, his guardian angel, departs from him, exclaiming,

" His fault was found in his own heart.
Faith lacking, all his works fell short."

Malzah, " the evil spirit from the Lord," now takes full possession of the unhappy King. Priests and oracles are dumb to him, victory deserts him, the people murmur, and the soldiers no longer follow him to the field ; he feels that he is a King only in

name, and in the intervals of madness despair overwhelms him. In his agony he cries out :

" To have the soul swallowed up of its own self,
Like ocean by its own devouring sands—
Oh, no stout-hearted courage can brave that !
.
The King's most lawless subject is himself.
His thoughts of late have strangely scorned his rule—
They are as shifting winds that scorn the sun."

His lament for the days that are gone and can never be recalled is pathetic :

" Even strife and change can now but feebly stir me.
I feel I'm growing old ; and creep along
The remnant of my shortened days of life
Indifferent, toward where looms desolate
Death's sullen land. As a tired traveller
Crosses a dull, monotonous, windy common
Beyond which lies his goal, some smoky town,
Like him I journey to some foul obscure.
O, I am sick to the bottom of my being !
And there is no physician ; no going back
To youth, and health, and herd-keeping in Gibeah."

For help he turns to those magical spells which, when he trusted in Jehovah, he had tried to root out of the land, but which now he was ready to invoke. Passionately he cries :

" I will have knowledge of a kind beyond
That of my present insight ! "

Mr. Heavysege has succeeded in giving the scene with the Witch of Endor a truly ghastly and supernatural hue, but it is too long to be given unabridged, and mutilated extracts could not convey any idea of its power. In the last few scenes the poet has indeed almost risen to the height of his theme—no easy task, for it is one that can scarcely be surpassed in its lurid and tragic grandeur. From Saul's last speech we give some lines of sad and touching beauty :

" As round some spent delirious one
Fallen at last asleep, the hand of friendship
Draws the close curtains, who shall draw around
My memory some apologetic shade ?
Abner may survive,
And vindicate me somewhat ; but if he
Die too (for David will not curb the priesthood),
Then I must leave a blotted name behind me,
And enemies whose pens shall slander me
On biding parchment."

The spirit characters in the drama are numerous. There is Gloriel with his band of celestial spirits, and Zaph, the chief of a troop of demons ; Zoe, the guardian angel of Saul, and Malzah, his evil genius; Peyona is Malzah's consort. Sometimes these spirits remind us of tricksy Gothic sprites, sometimes of darker and more malevolent legendary fiends ; for the demons have much more marked personalities than the angels, though the angels are superior in power ; they quarrel with each other, talk scandal, and try to escape from their tasks and duties as human beings might do. Both angels and demons are depicted as leading lives of ceaseless activity, flitting to and fro, swift as the wind, on earth, in heaven, and in hell, and having much mysterious influence over the affairs of men. In some of the spirit scenes there are touches of quaint satire and grim humour which are not without power, though they will not bear to be taken from the context ; and some of the songs and rhapsodies in the same scenes are most musical and fanciful. As this song of an angel :—

" Swiftly let me now return
To my shining seat on high ;
Now the breaking light is born,
Now the day-dawn I descry ;
Up the opening track of morn,
Let me like the lightning fly.
Let me who for heaven yearn
Through the melting shadows hie,
Where the stars of lustre shorn
In the light of morning die.

I, who ever starlike burn,
I, who ever heavenward turn,
Let me soon to heaven draw nigh.
There with wings my visage shading
Midst effulgence never fading,
Holy ! holy ! holy ! cry."

Here is an exquisite bit of description :

" Zepho, the sun's descended beam
Hath laid his rod on the ocean stream,
And this o'erhanging woodtop nods
Like golden helms of drowsy gods.
Methinks I now will stretch for rest
With eyelids sloping towards the west,
That through their half-transparencies
The rosy radiance passed and strained,
Of mote and vapour duly drained,
I may believe in hollow bliss,
My rest in the empyrean is."

At a meeting of the demons near Gibeah, Widewing, the universe-exploring spirit, describes the flight he had taken before his arrival among them :

"O'er the earth and up the air,
Passing regions cool and fair,
I have voyaged beyond the bounds
Of our customary rounds;
Even soared to heaven's gate,
Even on heaven's threshold sate,
Sang thereon a plaintive ditty
That many an angel moved to pity.
Many an angel whom I knew
Was moved to pity; but a few
Sudden rose, and thence in ire
Drove me with empyreal fire;
Drove me down the wide abyss
Lashed with lightnings down to this.
Wrapped in wreaths of forky flame,
Comet-like I hither came."

After the spirits vanish a Hebrew enters the scene, the place and the hour filling him with superstitious fear as he speaks to himself:

"'Tis said
That at the dayspring dark and evil spirits
Break up their nightly meetings where they dance
To parodies of strains they learned in heaven;
But at the dawn they flee, and holy angels
Opening the gates of the East, as now they're doing,
Guard the awakening world."

ARCHBISHOP CONOLLY.

BY A PROTESTANT.

THIRTY-FOUR years ago Thomas Louis Conolly came to Halifax. He was then Secretary of Walsh, the first Roman Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of Nova Scotia, and who was appointed the first Bishop of Halifax on the division of the Province into two dioceses. Conolly had studied with success at Rome and Lyons, and soon after his return to Ireland had offered himself, and been appointed, for Foreign Mission work. He made sacrifices, apparently, in coming to Nova Scotia. In some parts of the old country Canada is still classed with the Fiji Islands, and a clergyman who goes on service to the one colony or the other is looked upon by sorrowing relatives as a possible, perhaps probable, martyr. At the time we speak of, this was the accepted faith in most circles; but to the ardent young priest the prospect of suffering or of living in obscurity had no terrors. He was full of life and hope, and—we may add—of hatred to England; and the New World offered wider scope, after all, for his energies than poor old Ireland. He threw himself into active work in Halifax with all the zeal of a buoyant, deeply religious spirit. No danger appalled him. Twice he was stricken down with ship-fever. He faced fearlessly the worst forms of contagion, on land as well as on emigrant ships. His geniality and *bonhommie*, in addition to his higher qualities of bravery and untiring industry, soon made him a general favourite; while his scholarship and powers as a theologian gave him position in the Church. Three years after his arrival he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese; in 1852 he became Bishop of St. John, N.B., and in 1859 Archbishop of Halifax.

It is not for us to record his virtues and achievements as priest or bishop. Are not these written in the chronicles of his own Church? The schools built, the nunneries established, the cathedrals renovated, the sermons preached, all belong to a region beyond us. Had he been simply one of the hierarchy, his name would have been little known on earth, save in the two cities where he spent the greater part of his life. But he was more than a prelate, and to this fact is it owing that his death has been mourned widely by all classes, insomuch that throughout the Dominion it is felt to be something approaching the magnitude of a national loss.

When he arrived in Nova Scotia, the Roman Catholic population was in a state of internal discord, and, of course, at deadly feud with Protestants. So was it also all over the Maritime Provinces. Further west it was worse. In Lower Canada the French

hated the incoming Irish, who were pouring across the sea by thousands, and pushing themselves into employment at their expense. And the worst term of reproach that an Irishman could use was, "You're as bad as a Frinchman!" In Upper Canada Orangeism was all-powerful, and the Irish Roman Catholics felt themselves degraded by a proscription that was social rather than political, and that was none the less galling because it was often impalpable and never acknowledged. British America was infected with the cancer of a bitter sectarianism that fed itself fat on the memories of old national and religious quarrels. Our fathers had persecuted each other, therefore we should go on doing the same. Every emigrant brought with him to the New World a live coal from the ancient altar-fires, not merely to rekindle a pure flame on his own hearth, but, if possible, to burn down the homestead of his neighbour. The emblems and watchwords of old faction fights were lovingly cherished and paraded. There was no national sentiment, as in the United States, to dwarf them into insignificance; no healthy public opinion to kill them with ridicule.

Few clergymen can rise much above the level of their flocks. If the flock is animated by a common and deep-seated sentiment, the most that the average clergyman can be expected to do against it is to hold his tongue. The clergyman mixes only with his own people, and naturally sympathises with their grievances, real or fancied. And when both the parties are Celts, it is almost unavoidable that the two should act and react on each other. Even if the clergyman is wiser, he sees that rest is good, and that it is easier to swim with than against the current. If anything of an orator, it is pleasant to gain an easy popularity by trading on prejudices he himself partly sympathises with, and by giving articulate voice to the passions of masses of whom he is the acknowledged leader.

Now, Conolly was every inch an Irishman. Of humble parentage, he ever remained a man of the people. He knew well the wrongs they had endured in the past, and he sympathised with their national yearnings and their maddest efforts for deliverance. His style of speaking—profuse, homely, and, when he was excited, grandiose—was the very kind best adapted for effective popular oratory. His position and learning gave force to what he said, while his vehemence—occasionally broken and enlivened by native humour—enabled him to sway an audience of his countrymen, and to find his way, when he liked, not only to their hearts, but far down into their pockets. Had he been a man of ordinary ambition he would have been the idol of his flock and a danger to the public peace and welfare. He could have cultivated what the religious newspapers call "a healthy denominational spirit" to an unlimited extent, and at his death he would have left the Protestants and the Roman Catholics of Canada more estranged than he had found them.

He had a higher and a rarer ambition. Sick at first of the feuds and the selfish aimless clashings everywhere in British America, and with a genuine Irish dislike of England, he looked to the United States with hope for a satisfactory solution of the Canadian question. But he was too close an observer for illusions to retain a permanent hold upon him. A study of facts and tendencies in the Republic dissipated the dream of his young Ireland days, and thenceforth Annexationism became in his eyes a heresy of the worst kind. The union of these Provinces into one country, the more closely connected with Britain the better, and with institutions modelled on hers—a country where Protestant and Roman Catholic should 'live and let live'—then became the aim of his life. To the carrying out of this aim he steadily lent thereafter all the influence of his position, tongue, and pen; for though by nature impulsive, he had a strong will, and on all great matters his course was consistent throughout. With his statesmanlike breadth of view and sound judgment, he saw clearly that if Canada was to prosper, or even to exist, the feuds of past centuries and of the Old World must be forgotten, and a permanent peace be established between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Through the providence of God, they were in the one boat, they were pretty evenly divided, and three centuries of European history had proved that the one could not convert or pervert the other. This conception of a Peace of Westphalia for Canada, by a Roman Catholic prelate, is enough to show that he could look at the country from the standpoint, not of a clergyman, but of a statesman.

He himself describes in his voluble and vivid style the exasperation of races and religions that he found in British America. "On the occasion of my first visit to Canada," he says, "I saw that there was no fellowship, no bond of union, no common standpoint whatever between Protestant and Catholic; and what was still more extraordinary and unintelligible, the same rule obtained to a large extent between French and Irish. The three parties seemed to me to resemble three unleashed bull-dogs, more or less ferocious, let into the same enclosure for the mere purpose of worrying each other, without any imaginable benefit—nay, rather with sturdy unsightly cuts and ugly bruises, and positive and downright injury to the most successful among the three. . . . In the Maritime Provinces also, the banners of the respective contending parties seemed 'Love God and hate your fellow-creature as heartily as possible.'" He avowed himself the friend of whatever man or party sought to mitigate this blighting sectarianism, and to fuse all classes and creeds in a common love of country. To none did he give such whole-souled admiration and love, and a more unswerving support, than to Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in whose genius, honesty, and unselfishness he thoroughly believed. McGee's crime for which he suffered, was, said the Archbishop in his funeral oration, "that for the last ten years he laboured to amalgamate Protestant and Catholic, French and Irish, into one body politic and social, in this happy land. I, too, in my own way, have been guilty of the same crime, and I confess it not with remorse, but with honest pride. For the true interests of the Catholic Church, and still more for the material as well as the spiritual welfare of the people committed to my care, *I feel it as much my duty to conciliate Protestants, and to preserve heavenly peace and happiness in this land, as to preach a sermon or to perform any other portion of my Episcopal functions.* I believe that my humble efforts in this particular have brought more real blessings of every kind on the Catholic community over which I preside, than all my other labours together. I found my people nine years ago in the turmoil of religious strife; and if I die to-day, thanks to God and to the co-operation of clergy and laity, I leave them without any polemical heartburnings,—in peace, happiness, and union with their fellow-citizens of every creed and class." Right noble words! Worthy of being pondered by every man and woman in Canada; by those especially who profess to be followers of the Prince of Peace, and shepherds of the flock of Christ.

One illustration may be given here to show that he spoke but the simple truth in 1868, in boasting somewhat of the religious concord that had sprung up in Nova Scotia, and grown and filled the land. When his predecessor died, the flag over Government House was hoisted at half-mast. The Protestantism of the Province rose in its might. The newspapers teemed with letters and editorials on the outrage. So violent was the storm, that the Government of the day quailed before it. The Governor's name (Lord Mulgrave's) had to be used to certify to the world that the act had been done not with the connivance of the Government, and not even by his own order; that an indiscreet Roman Catholic man-servant had done the deed *proprio motu;* and that in deference to public opinion, the said servant had received notice to quit. When all that is mortal of Archbishop Conolly was borne to the grave, Protestant church bells tolled; Protestant clergymen walked behind the Town Council in the long procession of mourners; the flag waved over Government House half-mast high, and no one opened his mouth against it or cheeped.

This work of making justice and peace kiss each other, was his great work in New Brunswick as well as in Nova Scotia. Though, on many accounts, the difficulties were greater in New Brunswick, he triumphed over them. Without sacrificing principle or his own dignity, in the teeth of obstacles from without and within, he persisted in his policy of conciliation. The New Brunswick school difficulty would never have threatened the stability of the Dominion, had Conolly remained Bishop of St. John. His judicious course two or three years ago, in dealing with a public agitation concerning the state of the schools in Halifax, sufficiently proves this. He knew what was possible and what was impossible in the community in which he lived. And he knew how to preserve much substance that otherwise would have been lost by not insisting too loudly on the form.

"It was Napoleon, I believe, who invariably asked, when hearing of a great man, What

did he do? It was not his genius, learning, or patriotism he cared for; nor what he said, nor what grand speeches, or promises, or professions he made. No! it was invariably what he did. . . . It is not the power that slumbers, but it is power brought into action and tested by results—it is indomitable will and holy ambition, and energy, and industry, and high sense of honour and honesty, and the spirit of sacrifice, and a big heart, that makes the man of great intellectual power truly great in all the width of that expression." Thus he wrote in 1867, with reference to D'Arcy McGee. We may apply the passage to himself, and ask what better work can a citizen do than influence his fellow-citizens to lay aside long-cherished hates and suspicions, and cultivate a spirit of mutual brotherliness instead? His hospitality, his speeches, letters, conversation, sermons, his whole life tended to this one end. In prosecuting this life-work, a great love for Canada grew up within him. Never ceasing to be an Irishman, passionately adjuring his countrymen to cast out the demon of feuds and faction-fighting that had so long cursed them, warning them that until this was done they could not expect a blessing nor hope to exert their legitimate influence in the new country where they had built houses to leave to their children and children's children—he became none the less thereby, but all the more, a Canadian in every nerve and fibre. He identified himself with Canada, and believed in the great future that is before it. The future he foresaw was, however, no cloudland picture, not a future dissociated from the present, but one growing naturally out of the present. With his vigorous common sense he scouted the notion of separating from the Old Land, and breaking up the grandest Empire the world has ever seen. He was no theorist. He took his stand always on solid facts, and from that base would not be shaken. He was a truthful man himself, and was able therefore to estimate the respective value of facts and of visions.

He loved this Canada of ours. He valued his position as enabling him to do something for his country, and would not have exchanged it for any other that Church or State could have given him. His public policy was always openly avowed. The cultivation of a Canadian national spirit, or even our continued existence, was impossible without Confederation; therefore Confederation was to him a matter of course. When others were led astray by party cries or entangled by illusions, the true policy was to him clear as a sunbeam. And when others were discouraged, he did not falter for a moment. "Had I foreseen how little Confederation was going to do for Halifax, I would have opposed it—and so I am sure would your Grace," remarked a gentleman to him not long ago. "If I had to do it all over again, I would do it again with all my heart and soul! I advocated Confederation, not because it was going to make my fortune or yours, but because it was the best thing for all these great Provinces as a whole; and it will be the best thing for us in particular *if we will be true to ourselves.*" Such was the answer he gave, and let us hope the gentleman profited by the application.

The attitude of such a man towards the Infallibility dogma could easily have been predicted. When he found that it was determined to force it on the Council, he was grieved to the soul. He had anticipated great pleasure in being present, but this terrible cup poisoned everything, and he felt miserable all the time he was in Rome. He viewed the dogma, not as Newman did, a mistake religiously, the triumph of "an insolent and aggressive faction" in the Church,—but a mistake politically, the inauguration of a policy which, if logically carried out, would create a hopeless *impasse* in the relations between Church and State everywhere. He saw that its tendency was to undo in Canada all that he had been labouring to do; that it would isolate the Roman Catholics and make Protestants suspicious. Accustomed to speak his mind freely, and more accustomed to debate and speech-making than the generality of his brethren, he bore a foremost part in the discussions. His boldness and power took theologians and prelates by surprise, and gave offence in the highest quarters. But he freed his own soul. Publicly and privately, in the Council and out of it, he made no secret of his dislike to the new decrees, and to the unfairness of voting down prelates who represented millions of Roman Catholics by nominees of the Pope, who did not even represent themselves. But when the decrees were proclaimed, he submitted. Like most politicians and most churchmen in similar circumstances, he had—with a wry

face—to make the best of a bad business. The thought of rebellion never crossed his mind. Though personally a religious man, he had not in him the stuff of which religious reformers are made. He was a sincere Catholic, and had no idea of trying to wreck the ship or even of taking to the jolly-boat, because, in his opinion, captain and pilot had blundered.

It is not our intention to analyse or go over in detail the mental features or other characteristics of Archbishop Conolly, nor to speak much of him as a theologian and preacher, nor of his personal and social life. He liked to preach, and he preached as earnestly to little backwoods congregations as in crowded cathedrals. Though he enjoyed life so heartily that with many his reputation was that of a *bon vivant*, he fasted more rigorously, preached oftener, and worked harder than any of his clergy. In preaching, his style was to present and dwell upon broad massive views of truth, discarding all subtleties and over-refining. In ruling, he magnified his office as an Archbishop, a Prince of the Church. He never shrank from undertaking responsibility. He did many a thing because convinced that in the circumstances nothing better could be done, and that delay meant loss, though convinced also that he might be called upon at Rome to answer for his action. To priest, or dignitary, or religious in the diocese, his "*sic volo, sic jubeo*" was the supreme reason, beyond which they need not enquire. From the people he exacted implicit obedience in all the realm over which his prerogative, as their spiritual head, extended. Personally, he was a kind, impulsive, lovable man; mindful of the rights and comforts of the meanest person attached to his household. Free from *hauteur* at all times, he was at his best socially when with only two or three others. He was true as steel to friends, and chose for his friends those whom he believed to be true.

Considering how much influence for good or evil a man in his position always has, it is matter for congratulation that at the beginning and at a great crisis in our early history as a Dominion, such a man as he occupied the position. Despising ephemeral applause, and going counter, regretfully, to the instincts and the prejudices of many of his own people, who were Protestant enough to resent and resist his public policy, he sought earnestly the general good, and laboured for that which would endure. The importance of his labours it would be difficult to over-estimate. When in after years the history of Canada comes to be written, we doubt not that his name will be honoured as one who toiled self-sacrificingly to lay our foundations and build our walls, and who died in faith that his work would not die.

SYMPATHY—A MADRIGAL.

BY ALICE HORTON.

O Dove, that dost bewail thy love
As I do mine,
Would that my woe could find the facile flow
Thou hast for thine!

In every wood I hear thy voice
In loud lament,
While I am fain to send the sounds of pain
To banishment.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine
Know the same grief;
But thine has utterance, while silent tears
Are my relief.

Let us divide our burdens then;
Mourn thou for me,
And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,
Will weep for thee.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE political mill has been kept in motion during the past month upon very little grist. It "grinds exceeding small," but it has to do only with small things, and the results are not by any means proportionate to the amount of energy expended upon them. Three years have elapsed since the Pacific Railway matter was the subject of investigation, and yet the party journals are engaged in discussing it as if it were a perennial whose freshness can never cease to bloom. The attempt to keep it alive by transplanting and watering is perhaps a proof of the growing imbecility of the dominant party; but the Opposition is not without blame. In its eagerness to welcome a fancied reaction, it has begun to glory in its shame. Even Mr. Brown can plead on behalf of his "big push" letter the prevailing practice of the time, and Sir John Macdonald claims as a sufficient apology for his little slip, at the same election, that it was "an error of the head and not of the heart," "imprudent and indiscreet," but by no means deserving of ostracism. In a way, they are both right, if only a clean breast were made of it. When Lord Bacon was arraigned for corruption, he simply pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court, although he had a far better case than either Mr. Brown or Sir John Macdonald. He lived at a time when, from the King upon the throne downwards, there was an unquenchable thirst for pelf. Peerages were sold, honours ceased to be honourable; trade monopolies were farmed out to wealthy buyers, or bestowed upon unworthy favourites; justice was proverbially venal. All this Bacon might have urged in extenuation of his faults; indeed he might have proved himself, on the whole, an elevator of "the standard of purity;" but he preferred to be silent, not merely because he knew his enemies had prevailed at Court, but because he felt that the sins of the age could not be pleaded as an excuse for his own.

But in the case of our party leaders, no such excuse can be offered, and no such open confession of culpability has ever been made. The Pacific Scandal was the natural effect of a base attempt to traffic upon a great work. At the same time, we believe that the actual guilt of the offence was greatly exaggerated, and the tricks of the prosecution were certainly base enough for the meanest of the detective tribe. Even now Sir John Macdonald cannot give his soft "*peccavi*" without being unjustly charged with boasting of what he did, and of announcing his intention to repeat the offence at the first opportunity. The verdict of the country has been unmistakably pronounced upon the matter, and the ex-Premier has too much tact to dispute it; in point of fact, he has not done so. When the moral indignation of the people is aroused, it is apt to take colour from the exaggerations of partisans who have an interest—a selfish interest—in raising it to white heat; but a sober second thought moderates the fury of the furnace, and turns its attention to matters of more immediate concern. In short, men have done their duty in the matter of the "Scandal," the offence has been punished, and order taken that it shall not be repeated at any time to come.

The question of comparative purity, as between the old Government and the new, is the only one of even incidental importance at present. The Pacific Scandal has been discussed and adjudicated upon long since; what the public desires to ascertain now is, whether the *soi-disant* purists were not "tarred with the same stick." If so, the only ground on which the latter attained power—and they have not made too patriotic a use of it—glides from beneath their feet. There may be a chance, perhaps, of purifying the atmosphere of scandal or slander, and emerging again into the clear and incisive conflict of principle. A party which can only exist upon the old transgressions of its opponents is in a fair way of losing its hold upon the country. Now, so far as much of the retort—not always "courteous"—of the Opposition is concerned, we prefer to be silent, not only because the subject is

distasteful in itself, but because it would tend to perpetuate the maglignant system of party polemics against which we protest. Yet, if the Pacific Scandal is to be kept upon the table, as the great party card, it seems necessary that we should require a searching inquiry into the attempt at corruption made by the wire-puller of the dominant party. Hitherto, the cuttle-fish system of eluding pursuit when in close quarters has been adopted by Mr. Brown. His journal persists in affording the reader information he already possesses on the Pacific Scandal, but is ominously silent on the "big push" letter, concerning which there is a great deal every one would like to know, and which no one but the Managing Director can impart. If he had frankly admitted that in order "to work up against the enormous sums the Government candidates have in their hands," it was necessary for some "outsiders" to "come down handsomely to meet the cash against us," as his letter to Mr. Simpson plainly announces, there would have been a satisfactory account of the matter. The writer would have been fighting the devil with his own weapons, and something could have been urged in extenuation of such a course. But no; the letter was sent and received—of that there can be no doubt—and whether Mr. Simpson consented to "be one" or not is of little consequence. Yet doubts have been thrown by the *Globe* even upon these evident facts. Then followed the absurd division of some other fund of $3,700 amongst the eighty-two constituencies; in other words, the apportionment of an amount not proved, or even in question, in a manner directly contrary to the testimony afforded by the letter itself. The "big push fund" was, as the begging epistle clearly shows, intended for polling days in the City of Toronto alone, and therefore the defence utterly breaks down. We shall not again revert to the shameful attack on Mr. Justice Wilson, since the feelings of the country on that outrage have been fully reflected by the press of both parties. Where Reform journals have not spoken out, they have, almost uniformly, preserved an ominous silence on the subject. Courage is not a distinguishing feature in party journalism, and we must, therefore, be thankful for reticence as a tribute paid to conscientious conviction. The dust raised by the *Globe* about an attack on the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario is merely a repetition of its policy with regard to the Scandal; but it is mistaken if it imagines that the former will cover its assault on the Bench, or the latter the flagrant attempt at corruption disclosed by the *West Durham News*. For Mr. Brown's peccadilloes the Government certainly is not responsible; but Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake, as well as the party at large, should pause before they commit their fortunes to a Cæsar who cannot clean his skirts of the imputation cast upon him.

The only item of political news, properly so called, is the result of the local elections in Prince Edward Island. The "burning question" there was one on which we have had, unfortunately, too much experience—that of Separate Schools. It is of very little consequence whether the Hon. Mr. Laird interfered in these elections or not. People have got accustomed to that sort of thing, as they used to be to denunciations of it. Principles enunciated in Opposition sit lightly on men in office; and nobody expects them to be carried to the right hand of Mr. Speaker. Like ballast, they are useful under stress of weather, but may be unshipped with advantage when the vessel gains the harbour. There is a more important question, however, to which we may devote some attention, because it appears to have slipped out of notice in sectional controversies on the subject. The time appears to have arrived when a more comprehensive view of the subject deserves consideration. The bitter discussions on the various Separate School Bills under the old *régime* can hardly be forgotten. So far as the Roman Catholic view of the matter was concerned, the chosen champion from Western Canada was the Hon. Mr. Scott, a member of the Privy Council, as it now stands under Mr. Mackenzie. It is unnecessary to review the arguments then presented, because the opponents of Separate Schools surrendered their vantage-ground from prudential reasons, when the Federal compact was agreed upon. At the same time, we protest altogether, as Mr. Brown consistently did, against any comparison between the ordinary schools of Quebec and those of Ontario. In the latter the education is strictly secular; in the former, obtusely sectarian. To the Catholic of Ontario,

provided the priest performs his duty, no wrong can be done; but in Quebec religious instruction overlaps and smothers secular knowledge, and no Protestant who cares for his creed can send his child to the common school without the risk of finding him an alien in faith and a pigmy in practical acquirements. When the compact—we are almost afraid to call it a Coalition—of 1864 was agreed upon, the necessities of the case forced a different policy upon the *ci-devant* leaders of the Opposition. There certainly was no sacrifice of principle when Mr. Brown accepted the Separate School system; but there was a subordination of principle to expediency. Perhaps no state paper exists which more clearly evidences eager grasping and futile gains than the Confederation Act, which was based on documents drawn up by men who viewed matters from every point of the politico-religious compass. On educational matters, the jurisdiction necessarily would devolve upon the local Legislatures; and here, from the first, there were cross purposes. Sir Alexander Galt, as the representative of the Protestant minority in Quebec, demanded and obtained a guarantee for Protestant rights in the Province; Mr. Brown and his friends, with perfect sincerity, supported the member for Sherbrooke; but, unfortunately, they had to go further. The French wing, under Sir George Cartier, demanded what they called "equal" protection for the Catholic minority in Ontario, and the opponents of Separate Schools were compelled to give way, and these denominational institutions were made part and parcel of our Magna Charta, as it has been somewhat absurdly called.

If the readers of this dry historical *resumé* have understood what has gone before, they will be prepared for the more complete surrender which followed. If we read clause 93 aright, the Colonial Office, under promptings from the Coalitionists, contemplated establishing the denominational system as a national policy. So far as related to the old Province, the matter was absolutely fixed; and the law threw its ægis over the denominational system by the first proviso: "Nothing in any such law [*i. e.* a local law] shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to Denominational Schools which by law any class of persons have in the Province at the union." Nor was that all; the Governor-General in Council was empowered to override any authority, judicial, legislative, or otherwise, which infringed upon the rights of the minority; and in default of necessary legislation, the Dominion Parliament was empowered to make the necessary "remedial laws." In some of the Provinces, no Separate School system existed when they entered the Union, and the result has been a constant ferment in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. During the session of last year, the subject, so far as the former Province is concerned, was vehemently pressed upon the attention of Parliament by the Ultramontanes. Mr. Mackenzie very properly declined to petition the Crown for a coercive amendment of the B. N. A. Act, but he readily consented to an address in favour of a little gentle pressure from Downing Street. His remarks on the occasion show that denominationalism had been deliberately adopted as the policy of the Dominion, and his opinion was expressed in unequivocal language, that New Brunswick, and, *par consequence*, Prince Edward Island, ought to concede to the minority privileges they enjoy in the larger Provinces.

Now, without approving of denominational education in the abstract—for we certainly do not—it does appear that the Roman Catholics of Prince Edward Island occupy an inexpugnable position. They constitute forty per cent. of the population, and a change of two or three votes in the newly-elected House would give them at least an equality. Their belief is that secular education has proved a vicious system, and yet they are compelled to contribute to its support by the majority. Any attempt on their part to secure for their children the training they consider necessary for their virtuous bringing up must be paid for over and above the amount they are forced to pay for the education of other people's children. Now, we do not say that their position is a sound one—from our point of view, it certainly is not—but have they not a moral claim to separate schools, when their Ontario co-religionists enjoy them? Why should a Roman Catholic of one Province be under the necessity—voluntary, it is true, in one sense, but forced in another—of paying two educational rates, where the Ontario Catholic or the Quebec Protestant only pays one? These considerations should, in our opinion,

have weighed more seriously upon the minds of the Prince Edward majority than they appear to have done, because, after all, the abstract question is one with which, under the circumstances, we have little to do. Coercion, either from Ottawa or the hierarchy, should be resisted; but a little calm reflection upon the equity of the case may suffice to turn the scale.

Canadian cities are beginning to feel the pressure of hard times in the shape of increased taxation. Their troubles were supposed to have reached their worst in diminished business, depreciated stocks, and smaller bank balances; but the appearance of the tax-gatherer with unusual demands upon a deplenished exchequer is the last straw which will certainly irritate the camel, whether it breaks his back or not. Now, nothing was more certain to happen than this abnormal taxation; and the only strange or astonishing feature in it is, that people should be astonished. Experience, which is said to be the preceptor of fools, had already taught our merchants, who are by no means of that class, to contract their business, check their credits, and reduce their importations; but neither they nor the rest of this community seem to have thought of municipal reckonings yet to come. Reducing expenditure as far as possible in their private concerns, the people of our cities have appeared to think any extravagance justifiable in public affairs. Take Toronto, for example. Perhaps there has never been a year in which the popular demands for public works, increased police protection, improved fire service, new parks, and so on, has been so peremptory as the present. The revenue of the city has suffered, like private revenues, from commercial depression, and yet the demand for increased expenditure has gone on. It would almost seem as if it were a popular superstition that public bodies can live upon the interest of their debts, or that they have some occult but perfectly certain method of raising money which other people have not. The prospect of an addition of nearly fifty per cent. to the taxation rate will perhaps arouse them temporarily from this delusion. In Montreal, the citizens assembled in public meeting the other day and received some wise admonitions from Sir Francis Hincks, Mr. White of the *Gazette*, and others; perhaps they will profit by them, but the chances are that they will not. The municipal system there appears to be exceptionally vicious, and the people—save in times of pressure—exceptionally careless about civic affairs. If one-half of Mr. Mercer's story were true—and perhaps it was only a half of the truth—the Corporation of Montreal ought not to be treated so tenderly as all the speakers seemed disposed to treat them.

The truth must be faced sooner or later, that, notwithstanding its boasted efficiency, our municipal government in towns is a failure. To those who are familiar with the workings of civic corporations here, the notion of holding them up as models of imitation to England is ludicrous in the extreme. We are speaking now exclusively of our cities and larger towns, for in the rural districts the machinery runs smoothly and efficiently enough; and we have no hesitation in saying that the mischief of close corporations—the *bête noire* of Sir Charles Dilke—is combined in them with all the rottenness of the American system. Partly from the apathy of those whose reason and conscience ought to teach them better, partly from selfish greed for improvements in the neighbourhood of people's dwellings, but mainly from the wretched Committee system of administration, our cities are, and will continue to be, wretchedly governed, until some radical reform is effected. Sir Francis Hincks stated at the Montreal meeting that, as a Minister desired to make his department thoroughly efficient, it was natural a Corporation Committee, charged with a particular branch of the service, should also grasp at a large share of the revenue from similar motives. Be their intentions as laudable as they may, the results are peculiarly disastrous to the tax-payer. Mr. White was nearer the mark when he complained that these Committees were constantly hampering one another. There is no such thing as unity in civic administration, and never will be until there is unity of plan, which means unity of government.

In Toronto, we have ostensibly abolished the vicious plan of ward appropriations, but it potentially exists as it always did. Aldermen, who must do something to justify their presence in the Council Chamber, are as troublesome at present to the City Engineer,

the Committees, and the Corporation as they ever were. Why is not the upper part of St. Magnus Ward gifted with a new sewer? Why is not Pig Lane, with its three houses, containing three voters, paved or gravelled, or lighted with gas? Such are the questions which irritate and finally overcome weak-minded committee-men, as the importunate succeeded in the Gospel. The expedients resorted to in order that the evil day may be averted, are of the most fatuous sort. Of the extra 6¾ mills it is proposed to add to the rates, three are required to pay a deficit handed over by the Council of 1875. This is one device constantly employed, and the issue of more debentures is another. When will people rise above the notion of Micawber, that a debt is settled when a promissory note is given? Not to speak of the deleterious effect constant borrowing must have upon the civic credit, there is the interest to pay yearly and the sinking fund to be provided for—unless the worthy aldermen lay violent hands upon the latter. Every additional issue of debentures must be sold at a lower price, or offered at a higher rate of interest; in any case, the ratepayer must foot the bill. There must be a vital change in method, for palliatives are no longer of any avail. The Committee system is admittedly a bad one, and nothing but its extinction will meet the emergency. We do not pretend to be in possession of any scheme adequate to the purpose; that must be left to our rulers. But we do strongly insist that some remedy is imperatively demanded. The Legislature of Ontario is always tinkering at the Municipal Act; let it change its procedure, and enact one for the better government of cities and towns. As a first and essential step, the people demand the abolition of all exemptions from taxation.

The Senate of Toronto University having issued the first part of the new curriculum, an opportunity is afforded us of gauging the value of their work in connection with the general subject of superior education. The revised scheme, in its present unfinished state, can hardly be satisfactorily or fairly criticized. So far as the part published may be taken as a specimen brick of the renovated structure, the work of reform does not strike one as thorough. The alterations are for the most part judicious, although they appear sometimes to be the fruit of caprice rather than deliberate judgment. The classical work is certainly improved in more respects than one. The addition of the paper on Latin grammar and the elimination of Latin verse, except for a special purpose, are both commendable. Under the old system, the examiner was confined to grammatical questions, suggested by the passage immediately under consideration, and, as these are invariably explained and illustrated in all annotated editions of the text, correct answers afforded no proof of sound grammatical knowledge. A well-coached pupil, apt at the art of cramming, would almost tell at a glance which of his "nubs" must be furbished up, because the passage itself would yield him that much information. Much of the success in training attributed to some preparatory institutions is due to the fact that the "nub" armoury is kept in good order. The new plan, if honestly carried out, will give fair play to all comers, as "special stress is to be laid" upon it. Perhaps it would have been better if the degree of "stress" had been substantially indicated by a division of the marks attainable for Latin. Latin verse, again, is a *dilletante* accomplishment in which few can excel, but which ought not, on that account, to be denied recognition. It was hard to demand it from those who had no taste for the art or facility of acquiring it, and yet it is elegant enough to merit a place somewhere in the curriculum. The Senate appears to have chosen the golden mean.

On the other hand, change for the sake of change appears unwise. The arbitrary fiat which has shut the door upon the laughing cynicism of the Syro-Greek Rabelais was hardly judicious; a matriculation course without the Charon and Vita seems to us, at best a maimed and defective one. The sixth book of the Æneid, again, as a test of mythological and historical knowledge, might have found a place in one or other of the examinations, and now that the ancient classics have been very properly dropped in the philosophy departments, some portions of Plato, Aristotle, or Cicero should certainly be found in the classical portion of the curriculum. On the whole, however, there is not much fault to be found with the changes in this department; and the fair distribution of epic, lyric, and elegiac in Latin verse is admirable. It is gratifying,

also, to note that the mathematical cords have been tightened, although an unfortunate note seems to hold out a flag of truce to superficiality.

The English, French, and German Departments have been skilfully handled. As in classics, the special grammar paper occupies a prominent place, and the introduction of special English texts is a manifest improvement. The department of history and geography also has been remodelled for the better. Instead of sprawling over the entire field, the student has the advantage of being thoroughly acquainted with the men and manners of special periods, and the geography of specified areas. To know and comprehend intelligently the deeds which fill one epoch is better than a superficial acquaintance with universal history; and correct notions of the geography of Greece or Italy are better than a smattering of knowledge touching all lands from Iceland to Shanghai. The system of "thorough," although a failure with Laud and Strafford, is the only sound one in education. In this department, however, there are some notable defects which ought to be remedied. It seems at least singular that Canadian history and geography have no special prominence in the curriculum of a Canadian University. At junior matriculation, "North America" is mentioned certainly under modern geography; and for honours, "the British Empire, including" —as we presume it is always supposed to do—"the Colonies." As for history, so far as the Dominion is concerned, the candidate's mind may be a perfect blank, and it generally is so. Why should men be permitted to pass into our Provincial University without even so much as a nodding acquaintance with Cartier, Champlain, Laval, or Montcalm? To make matters worse, there is neither history nor geography required at senior matriculation, and thus a candidate may become a graduate without assurance that he knows anything of history or geography at all. Is it really intended that students may pass a year at college, or enter the University, skipping a year, without having his stock of historical knowledge properly appraised, we shall not say supplemented? Perhaps next to the natural sciences, of which we have next to speak, no department of knowledge demands more attention at the hands of our University authorities than history, and yet this is the treatment it receives at the hands of the Senate.

With the natural science part of the programme, it is scarcely possible to speak with patience. There are no pass subjects in either examination, but at the end of the "senior" is one solitary "honour" item dropped in as a make-weight—"Inorganic Chemistry. Book of Reference: Roscoe's Elements." Botany and zoology are dropped out entirely, with geology and mineralogy; Gray and Nicholson disappear with Lyell and Chapman. This is progress with a vengeance; for even the Grammar Schools do better than that. In point of fact, a man, who is what the *Globe* terms self-educated, may, under the new curriculum, succeed in obtaining University honours, without the slightest knowledge of the world that is around and about him. Our conceptions of the province of natural science may seem too broad for adoption, although we probably might arrive at, substantially, the same conclusions as to its limits, without attempting, as the Senate is obviously doing, to ignore its claims altogether. Whether University sages like it or not, the truths of natural science, and even its hypotheses and unsolved problems, must be treated with consideration. The ostrich policy is always a bad one, but pre-eminently so in a transitional age, when everything which our fathers deemed stable is floating about in the eddies of inundation. The University curriculum is supposed to be the model, according to which the Grammar Schools and Collegiate Institutes are to shape themselves; and yet the subjects which, above all others, permeate the thought of the age, are systematically frowned upon. Natural science has—rightly or wrongly, it is not necessary to inquire—insinuated itself into every department of knowledge or speculation. It has partially undermined our religion, it has laid siege to our metaphysics, turned upside down moral philosophy, intuitional or utilitarian—in short, asserted the supremacy over human intellect and human conscience. And yet, although Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Clifford, Spencer, Tylor, Lubbock, Mill, and a host of inferior luminaries, are exalting science, as it is now distinctively called, to a dangerous pre-eminence, our Provincial University is determined to know nothing which is not to

be found in the sages of long ago. "Roscoe's Elements"—a good manual certainly—must suffice as a test of, not ordinary or "pass" acquirements, but "honour" work in natural science.

A University should, above all things, reflect the culture of the age, more especially when it is a national and unsectarian University. As it should encourage, instead of obstructing, the spirit of inquiry, so also is it bound, under the severest penalties, not to foster the negative beliefs of Agnosticism. In matters of faith, it must be colourless; in the province of science, it must raise and inform the intellect, until it is fairly abreast of the time. This it may do, as our Provincial University professes to do, not by directly imparting information, for that is a collegiate matter, but by raising the standard of scholarship, broadening the field of study, and encouraging, in every direction, a free and full investigation of the truth wherever it may be sought or found. If the ideal of a University be not a chimera, it means the concentration and dissemination of knowledge from whatever quarter it may come. In Canada, culture, to be serviceable, should be closely allied to the practical wants of the people; and, therefore, any attempt to make our University a thing of shreds and patches, cut from the cast-off garments of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, or Dublin, must prove a failure. What we need in Ontario is an institution which shall prove itself indeed the crowning glory of our educational system; but to secure it, we must away with the fossil obstructiveness which comes of conventional prejudice. We must cease to copy the narrowness of Oxford and Cambridge as they used to be, and emulate the eager spirit of progress which possesses them to-day. In this new country, we must adapt our *modus vivendi* in educational matters, as we do our maxims in politics and economics, to the atmosphere in which we live. It will not do to hanker after the flesh-pots of an abandoned Egypt, when others, more fettered than we, are on the borders of the promised land. It is for the Senate of our University to say whether she shall be shorn of her glory or whether she shall head the army of Canadian culture. The English Universities, especially Cambridge, have enlarged the sphere of their operations to meet the exigencies of the time; shall we be found wanting? Where is our science tripos? Where are our middle-class-examinations? Why do we persist in dragging poor students, who have mounted two or three rounds of the ladder, to struggle from Sarnia or Ottawa to Toronto when they might be examined almost at their own doors? Why, above all, are cultured women, or women who aspire to the intellectual life, excluded from participation in University advantages. Education, like religion, should know nothing of sex or poverty. The path to learning is not an easy one, but it should be open to all; and when we think of the gifted women who have adorned, and under discouraging auspices, continue to adorn, the intellectual firmament of Canada, as well as England, we yearn for the time when to them also the good tidings of equality in culture shall be preached. There is no extravagance in any of the suggestions here advanced, and they may easily be embodied in practice, if the ruling body of the University, in conjunction with the Minister of Education, would set themselves to the work earnestly and without prejudice. If Convocation were anything more than a legislative mummery, it might aid in the cause; in the absence of any vital force within, there is nothing for it but to appeal to the energy which is without.

It is gratifying to observe, *àpropos* of University education, that Rome has lately manifested renewed interest in Laval. The *Minerve* states that a Cardinal has been specially appointed as patron of the Quebec Seminary, and that he will be held responsible for the doctrines inculcated there. Perhaps he will also be styled its Visitor, *a non visitando*, for what good object he can accomplish so far away as Rome it is not easy to divine. It may be that Archbishop Taschereau's orthodoxy is in question, or that the Curia is determined to secure a safe grasp upon education in Quebec—which is its only ecclesiastical preserve, except Belgium. No impression has been made upon Germany; Austria is allowed to take its own way; France is in the hands of the enemy; and Spain has proclaimed *quasi* toleration in the teeth of the Vatican. As a last resource, the Pope has espoused the Sultan's cause, with the Bulgarian atrocities and the wretched misgovernment confronting him. The chair of St. Peter has been filled by pontiffs who have held strange

views and been guilty of strange practices; but not often has it been found in alliance with the Porte. Meanwhile there are signs that Italy is preparing a surprise for the Curia on the death of Pius IX. It has been urged, and upon sound historical grounds, that during the first thousand years of the Church's existence the Italians elected the Bishop of Rome, clergy and laity participating. The College of Cardinals is a comparatively modern institution, and has no basis of Scripture, history, or tradition on which to rest. The Italians desire to get back their ancient rights, and it is even said that the present Government, which is Radical, will insist upon regaining them. There is, however, a serious obstacle in the way, which must be taken into account. Since the Popes were elected by the Church at large, the claim of a universal episcopate has been asserted for the see of Rome; how may that be reconciled with an election by the members, cleric or lay, of a local Church? The Vatican Council declared the supremacy of the Pope over all bishops and pastors—indeed they were obliged to do so when they proclaimed him infallible. Nevertheless, the Roman Catholic Church is distinctively Italian. The Council was packed with Bishops *in partibus*, Generals of the Orders, Abbots, and others who had no claim to admission there. Should the Pope die to-morrow, the College will take care to select the most inflexible Ultramontane they can find. The Roman Catholic nations have lost their veto at Papal elections, as they have been deprived of their representatives at General Councils. The old system has been inverted, and nothing remains but a grinding absolutism, which deifies the Pope, subordinates the Episcopal body, and leaves the priests, as some recompense, entirely in their power. The appointment of an Italian Cardinal to oversee a Canadian University is a fitting pendant to the system. The *Minerve* calls it an honour "accorded to but few European Universities"—an honour, we should fancy, for which few of them have any desire. It means complete subjection to the most bigoted section of the Church, and a reaction against the liberal principles enunciated of late by the Archbishop of Quebec and Mgr. Fabre; it means the introduction of the Syllabus, with all the accompanying monstrosities; it means, in short, a conflict between the narrow notions of the Vatican and liberty of conscience, freedom of inquiry, and enlightened progress. If it be an honour to have our youth enrolled under the banner of intolerance and fanaticism, Ultramontanes are welcome to all the glory it will bring them. We only care that our elections shall be free from clerical intimidation, the basis of national culture broadened, and something resembling complete freedom firmly established throughout the Dominion. Canadians live under British sway, not under the Vatican, and therefore they have a right to protest against the importation of the Roman element into the intellectual culture of Canadians.

The visit of Lord Dufferin to the Pacific Province has not been so agreeable, in some respects, as we anticipated. The British Columbians are in a moody humour at present, and refuse to be gratified even by guests who are so courteous and affable. That there has been considerable bungling in dealing with them, must certainly be admitted; yet that is no sufficient cause for unreasonable demands, still less for churlish behaviour to those who have made a toilsome journey especially to please them. The ideas of our western fellow-subjects must be extremely crude if they suppose that the Governor-General has any control over the policy of his advisers. To address the Crown is one thing; to attempt to exert pressure upon the representative of the Crown is another. A petition to the Queen would be handed to her advisers, and a petition to the Governor must be passed over to the Ottawa Privy Council. So delicate, indeed, is his position, with a double responsibility here and at home, that to approach him at all with a bill of grievances is indecorous in the highest degree. If the telegram may be relied upon, Lord Dufferin was desired to do battle with his own advisers—the advisers not selected by himself, but placed there by the voice of a large majority of the Legislature. To interfere, therefore, in the Pacific Railway controversy would have been a constitutional *faux pas*, and the people who thrust their petition of right into his Lordship's face at Victoria ought to have known better. An absurd telegram from San Francisco made matters worse, since it startled the feebler minds which are always hungering for a grievance, and fur-

nished the *Times* with another pretext for attacking the Dominion. It should have required but slight reflection to assure any one having even an average acquaintance with current politics, that the Governor-General was misreported. Lord Dufferin is too well versed in constitutional law to announce, as a new policy, the abandonment of the railway. Supposing that it had been decided upon by Mr. Mackenzie—and all the statements he has hitherto made have been to a contrary effect—the representative of the Crown would not certainly be the first to enunciate it. Of course, the reference in his Lordship's address was simply to the Bill rejected by the Senate for the construction of the Vancouver Railway. So far as the *Times* is concerned, the matter lies within small compass. Printing-House Square, notwithstanding the power it wields, is at the mercy of any large interest which happens to wield influence in the money market. The story of Mr. Albert Grant and Mr. Sampson is not likely to be repeated, with other names, in the history of any leading newspaper; still there is always a current which appears to constrain financial editors to work in certain grooves. At times it is the promoters; at others, the prevailing turn in the inclination of investors, or the general confidence or depression in the money market. The tone of the *Times* is affected by all these contingencies, and occasionally by something more. Its bitter hostility to the Quebec Loan was unquestionably inspired by the President of the Grand Trunk Company; and the acerbity with which it treats of the British Columbian difficulty is only another phase of the same ephemeral policy, suggested by those who, for the moment, gain its ear. Its influence with the moneyed circles is still too powerful to be underrated in gauging popular opinion, especially in the City. The proprietors and managing men of the *Times* are above suspicion of being corruptly influenced; but they are swayed by atmospheric gusts of which they possibly are unconscious. There is a want of activity in the money market at present, for the most part from the perplexity which troubles the soul of the investor. Turkey and Egypt have gone by the board, with Spain and her *quondam* colonies. What is wanted is something that will bring in ten per cent. if possible, without the risks that usually attach to ten per cents. The *Times* has not succeeded in materially damaging the Quebec Railway Loan, in a great measure because it has been discovered in England that Egyptian bonds at seventeen are not so good as Canadian sixes guaranteed by a local Government. The market quotations are lower than they ought to be, and for that we must thank the leading newspaper; but these are growing proofs that John Bull is not any longer in leading-strings. He sometimes crosses the ocean, and has begun to think for himself, without extraneous aid from financial editors.

Nothing of special importance has occurred in the United States during the month. Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks, the Democratic candidates, after unusual delay, have published their letters of acceptance. Mr. Tilden tries hard to heal the breach in the Democratic party on the question of resumption, and to some extent is successful in the application of his salve. He has a weak-backed opponent in Mr. Hayes, whose attitude in the financial controversy has been singularly infirm. Living in a Western State, the Republican aspirant to the Presidency has felt himself compelled to yield something to the party of greenbacks. In his contest with Allen for the Governorship of Ohio, he was exceedingly pliable, as most American politicians are of necessity. Mr. Tilden, on the other hand, finds himself on the same "ticket" with a "rag-money" candidate, and a "rag-money platform," in one sense. Party "platforms" can be erected for the occasion; but political preferences, strongly stated, are not so easily got over. Mr. Tilden, therefore, bends from his hard-money Olympus, and Mr. Hendricks raises his to be grasped by the Jove above. Between them, they manage to make a tolerable case—a better one, on the whole, than the Republicans. The party which used to monopolize the power and patronage of the Union has been in the shade since Abraham Lincoln entered the White House in 1861, and it is not surprising that they should put forth a strong effort to get back again. There is much to be said in favour of their aspirations. The Grant faction, as distinguished from the honest yeoman body of the Republican party, has utterly discredited it. The government of the United States, north and

south, during the last seven years and a-half, has been exceptionally bad. The President's course, if it could not be accounted for on other grounds, would almost seem the result of infatuation. There has never been a base man in office whom he has not clung to and defended to the last. No one believes for a moment that Belknap's crime was unknown to Gen. Grant when he hastily accepted the resignation and prevented the impeachment, or at least a tangible result from it. He shielded Delano, Robeson, Babcock, as long as he could do so with safety. There is no chance that Hayes will accomplish any reform of consequence, and the chances are that the best of the Republicans will turn reluctantly to Tilden. On the question of the currency he appears to have conceded something to the advocates of unlimited greenbacks, but after all it is only in appearance. Even Hendricks announces himself as always having been an advocate of resumption; and Tilden's approval of the repeal of the Act of 1875 is merely an impeachment of the Republican policy of legislating declaratively without adopting any practical scheme for ensuring a return to specie payment in 1879. The Sioux war, which was intended by Sherman and Sheridan to be an exemplary instance of revenge upon the Indians wronged by a cruel and corrupt system, has collapsed, because the enemy decamped, families, bag and baggage, without hindrance from the formidable force sent to exterminate them, and thus the "Custer massacre" will remain *in statu quo* for another year.

Mr. Disraeli in the House of Lords will make a novel figure in history. Somebody has compared his retirement with that of a nobler Earl, the elder Pitt. Nothing could be more absurd than the comparison, since the two statesmen had nothing in common. Pitt was "kicked up stairs," in 1766, by his Sovereign, and made Lord Privy Seal; Mr. Disraeli has received similar distinctions, if we may trust the London *World*, also, under continued pressure from royalty; and there the resemblance ends. The Earl of Beaconsfield has had a dazzling career, but, after all, it must always read like the romance of an adventurer. That he was an apt "master of sentences," although in a different sense from Peter Lombard, may be readily admitted. Perhaps few men living have ever launched a quip or pointed an epigram as deftly as he has done. O'Connell, with his rough sledge-hammer, drove some strong nails, and Cobbett succeeded in attaching some pointed nicknames, which are not yet forgotten; but in the art of neat vituperation, Benjamin Disraeli has never been excelled. His persevering energy against great odds alone rendered him worthy of the power he has wielded. To some extent, his Semitic enthusiasm has been of essential service to his country, for he has "educated" his party as far as his "historic conscience" and their capacity for education have permitted. His great shortcomings as a statesman have arisen from a defective moral sense—the absence of strong principles, or at least the want of staying power to stereotype them. There is abundance of tinsel in his life as well as in his writings, and the Earldom he has received is perhaps the fitting conclusion to a dazzling career, which we cannot, taken as a whole, regard with complete satisfaction.

The Servian war may be regarded as virtually at an end. The Slavs have failed in their attack on the Porte, notwithstanding the reported triumphs near Alexinatz. In their own territory, Prince Milan's subjects are able to keep the Turks in check, because the physical configuration of the country favours defensive warfare; outside of it, they appear to be powerless, whether from want of strength, injudicious strategy, or divided councils, it is impossible to say—perhaps a combination of them all. It remains for the Powers, and especially for England, to stand between Servia and those who have perpetrated the Bulgarian atrocities. It would reflect lasting disgrace upon Britain if the Bashi-bazouks, or the regular army for that matter, were permitted to sack and outrage Belgrade. Under the injudicious policy of the English Premier, whose Semiticism always gets the better of him, these massacres have been committed with the hope of impunity. It remains for the English people now to do their duty, and keep the Turk within the limits recognised in civilized Christendom.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM, OLD AND NEW, from the standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine. By John Schulte, D.D., Ph.D., Rector of Port Burwell, Ontario. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

The author of this volume is eminently fitted for the task he has undertaken. He was educated as a Roman Catholic priest, and has been for fifteen years past a Church of England minister. The reticence preserved for so long a period should of itself commend this comprehensive work to general attention. It is not written, as too many polemical treatises are, in the heat of passionate revulsion against an abandoned faith, which has been tried and found wanting. The spirit breathed throughout is forbearing and charitable to a gratifying degree. In the preface Dr. Schulte tells why he has not spoken before, and the account he gives is as creditable to his heart as to his conscience. "Controversy," he remarks, "is not the field for a new convert, because it is apt to drive him to the opposite extreme, and to lead him to form in haste judgments which require mature consideration." Then, again, the "mental crisis" involved in a breach with the old faith had left the heart perturbed and the intellect unsettled. It was better to continue the pursuit of truth quietly and at leisure, rather than rush, like a half-equipped warrior, into the field. Besides, the wrench from old associations and former friendships had been strong, and the sacrifice cannot be better described than in the author's own words :—

"I had experienced the greatest kindness, not only from Roman Catholics individually, but from the Church itself. I remembered the happy years I had spent in the City of Rome. Propaganda College was to me a quiet retreat from the turmoils and cares of the world, and I gratefully thought of the pains which my kind-hearted superiors and professors had taken in my education. I had a high regard for Pius IX., not only for his amiable and Christian qualities, but for his personal kindness to me. I found in the Bishop and clergy of the diocese where I laboured as priest and professor, sincere and attached friends." The ties connecting Dr. Schulte with them all were rudely ruptured, at the call of honest convictions, and they were severed, firmly and definitively, yet not without a pang.

During his residence at the Propaganda, our author came in contact with a convert from Protestantism, of whom he speaks with touching tenderness—Dr. John Henry Newman, who had just broken with the creed and friends of his youth, and, perhaps more sadly than all, with his beloved University. Dr. Schulte studied with him, and afterwards assisted at his ordination. To enjoy Dr. Newman's society was to be brought under the mellowing and softening influence of that gentle spirit which Vaticanism has so mercilessly bruised. The time soon came when our author's perplexities began, and the struggle must have been as trying as that so eloquently depicted by the author of the "Apologia"—the one tending to Protestantism, the other Romewards. It would be satisfactory to ascertain which has really "found peace"—he who sought it under the shadow of the Vatican, or he who looked for it in the bosom of the English Church. Dr. Newman was not before 1870, nor is he now in a proper sense, an Ultramontane. Before the Vatican Council assembled he was as vehement in his protests against the Infallibility dogma as Darboy, Dupanloup, and Strossmayer. He has succumbed to authority, but not without a struggle. At the present time he is a "minimizer," attempting, with that delicate casuistry of which he is so exquisite a master, to reduce the obnoxious doctrine to a harmless and colourless nonentity. Facts, however, which Dr. Schulte brings to bear upon the theory with singular force, are against him, and he fails, as he failed before when he applied a similar method to the Thirty-nine Articles in "Tracts for the Times."

The career of our author has been dwelt upon, in preference to a detailed review of his work, because we desire to interest our readers in it, as well as to show how well qualified the writer is from the knowledge and temper he brings to the task. No one can turn over the pages of the volume without marking abundant evidence of the thoroughness of Dr. Schulte's training. It is the custom with Protestant theologians to begin with the Bible and the Reformation, as if there had been no Christianity existing during the preceding fifteen centuries; yet no greater mistake can be committed. Our religion is a development, not a Minerva from the head of Jove. In this volume the continuity of the faith, as well as its pro-

gressive character, is strongly insisted upon. There is no bigoted dogmatism in it, yet the principles which make up the orthodox creed are firmly indicated. Divided into two parts, the one dealing with the theory of Infallibility and the other with its practical working, it constitutes a repertory of information and argument upon a subject of absorbing interest. There is no branch of the controversy upon which some new light is not thrown, and those who only know the reasons on both sides from the stock arguments of Protestant or Catholic disputants will find in Dr. Schulte's compendious volume a full elucidation of all phases of the question.

MUMMIES AND MOSLEMS. By Charles Dudley Warner. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1876.

A reader of that quaint and placid book, "My Summer in a Garden," would imagine its author to be of a quiet and stay-at-home temperament, not in any way fitted to find pleasure in the varied excitements of travel. After reading it, one could not help associating him inseparably with a straw hat and garden rake, rather than with luggage and railway tickets. Nevertheless, we have followed him, as a somewhat cynical observer of the Maritime Provinces, in the little volume with the queer title of "Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing," and now we find him a genial and entertaining guide through Egypt as it is, in the larger one before us, with the queerer title of "Mummies and Moslems." The attractive form in which it is presented to the Canadian public prepossesses one in its favour, and there is nothing between the prettily designed covers to alter this first impression. Before dipping further into his book than the preface, we were inclined to share the opinion Mr. Warner there expresses, that it is impossible to say anything new about Egypt. It has long been pretty well "done to death," learnedly, ignorantly, profoundly, and superficially; for purposes antiquarian, theological, instructive, and entertaining. In 1821 we find Belzoni modestly declaring that after the labours of Hamilton and Burckhardt, little remained to be said. Yet he said a good deal himself, and there are not many who would care to go through all that has appeared about Egypt since he bemoaned his difficulties, and disputed with becoming warmth about the sites of the Egyptian labyrinth and the Temple of Jupiter Ammon. Happily Mr. Warner makes no pretence of following in the footsteps of Egyptologists like Belzoni, Wilkinson, and a host of others; happily, we say, not because we undervalue the work of such men, but because we think he has chosen a path better suited to him in writing as he has done. "Mummies and Moslems" is a light and interesting narrative of a pleasure voyage up the Nile, from Cairo to the second cataract, at Wady Halfa, in Nubia, as far from being superficial as it is from being dry. It has some points of resemblance to George W. Curtis's "Nile Notes of a Howadji," but none of the semi-poetical vagueness which pervades, and, in our opinion, spoils that book. Mr. Warner has belied his preface, and contrived to say much concerning Egypt that is virtually new, and to throw over what is substantially old the charm of a fresh and graphic style. In every sense a "modern," from the most modern of nations, he passes through a land which lives only in its Past, and in the contrast he finds matter neither for hasty exultation that he is of to-day, nor for oceans of wishy-washy sentiment to pour out at the feet of antiquity. While he is far from being insensible to the awe which it is only honourable for every intelligent man to feel in the presence of monuments of the remote past, he is equally alive to the beauties and the eyesores of Egypt as it is. Consequently his book is free from that greyness of tone, if we may be allowed the expression, which is the blemish of most writers on Egypt, who have eyes only for the wonders of the stones. Mr. Warner's descriptions are a little sketchy and hurried, but they are wonderfully successful in placing us at his side, far away from our prosaic West, and bringing us into the atmosphere of the East, with all its depth of varied colour; its "busy laziness," as he well expresses it; its decayed grandeur; and its picturesque squalor. Among the ruins of Thebes, and in the innumerable temples and tombs which he visits, he never ceases to interest us; but it is in the towns and villages along the banks of the Nile that he appears to best advantage. His pictures of every-day existence among the people are vivid and life-like, full of observation, and glowing with Oriental colouring. The streets of Alexandria and Cairo he is especially happy in sketching. There can be no harm in extracting a passage, almost at random. Here is a street scene at Alexandria:—

"What impresses us most is the good nature of the throng under trying circumstances. The street is so narrow that three or four people abreast make a jam, and it is packed with those moving in two opposing currents. Through this mass comes a donkey with a couple of panniers of soil or of bricks, or bundles of scraggly sticks; or a camel surges in, loaded with building-joists or with lime; or a Turkish officer, with a gaily-caparisoned horse impatiently stamping; a porter slams along with a heavy box on his back; the water-carrier with his nasty skin rubs through; the vendor of sweetmeats finds room for his broad tray; the orange-man pushes his cart into the throng; the Jew auctioneer cries his antique brasses and more antique raiment. Everybody is jostled and pushed and jammed; but everybody is in an imperturbable good humour, for no one is really

in a hurry, and whatever is, is as it always has been and will be. And what a cosmopolitan place it is! We meet Turks, Greeks, Copts, Egyptians, Nubians, Syrians, Americans, Italians; tattered derweeshes, 'welees,' or holy Moslems, nearly naked, presenting the appearance of men who have been buried a long time and recently dug up; Greek priests, Jews, Persian Parsees, Algerines, Hindoos, negroes from Darfoor, and flat-nosed blacks from beyond Khartoom."

It must be confessed that there is much in Egypt which it is hard to invest with interest for a reader who has not seen it with his own eyes, and who has become sated with the many works which have allowed the dust of their subject to invade their style. Oft-described temples and sculptures cannot easily be made entertaining, unless by abandoning all seriousness, and joking with the outrageous felicity of a Mark Twain. As, when Mr. Warner is serious, he is not pedantic, so when he is amusing he does not plunge into mere burlesque. "Mummies and Moslems" abounds with his well-known humour, playful and coquettish; peeping out at odd moments, and never remaining long enough to grow tiresome. We might give many instances of it, were it not that the task of selection would be a hopeless one, and that there is nothing about which opinions differ so much upon what is very funny.

The faults of the book are few and venial. It would be improved by considerable compression, as in its present form there is a good deal of repetition that becomes tiresome. Occasionally a joke has too much of the American flavour, as in the remark that "if Homer had been more careful in slinging around his epithets, he would have saved us a deal of trouble." Although we scarcely approve of the manner in which this is expressed, we will take the hint home to ourselves, and cordially recommend our readers to get "Mummies and Moslems," and become their own critics, or "sling around" their own epithets concerning it. The missiles will not be dangerous ones, that we will vouch for.

HAY FEVER; OR SUMMER CATARRH: Its Nature and Treatment. By George M. Beard, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

Dr. Beard, of New York, has written an interesting monograph on that singular disease called "Hay Fever." At first sight, it might seem that this work is purely professional. This, however, is not the fact. The style is simple, and the work has few technical words, which generally discourage and stagger an ordinary reader. Happily in Canada this disease is not very prevalent. Only isolated cases come under the treatment of our medical men; but in the United States it is said that the victims number from 25,000 to 50,000. It looks strange to see a book addressed to "The members of the Hay Fever Association." Such is the case, and for years large numbers of such invalids congregate in the mountainous regions of the country, where, during the summer months, they are comparatively free from the distressing attacks of this malady. Each rendezvous has its patrons, whose particular locality is chosen, as affording the greatest exemption, as evinced from actual experiment.

After giving a history of the disease, and showing that it was almost unknown previous to the beginning of this century, the author gives in minute detail the experiments which the invalids made upon themselves. He shows the great difference of opinion among those who have tried a legion of remedies, both in respect to its cause, and the reasons given. One suggests the floating particles from hay; another the pollen of flowers; some the ripening of fruit; others ozone in the air; many the heat and sunshine; and not a few hold to the exciting cause being in germs or parasites. Each theorist defends tenaciously his views based upon his own observations, and too often forgets (as hobby-riders are apt to do) that there may be a combination of these, or that the disease may be only synchronous with the supposed exciting causes. It seems to be a disease of to-day's civilization, for no definite account is given of it in medical works before this century. Yet all the above-mentioned excitants were in existence then as now. It is possible that the change lies in our pampered constitutions, as one of the concomitants of our modes of life. The causes may be in our physical system, and the occasion may be from a myriad of external influences, singly, or in groups. It is interesting to read the various descriptions given of the disease by its victims. There is grim humour in that of Henry Ward Beecher when telling his experience of nasal irritation. He says:—"You never before even suspected what it really was to sneeze. If the door is open you sneeze. If a pane of glass is gone you sneeze. If you look into the sunshine you sneeze. If you sneeze once, you sneeze twenty times. It is a riot of sneezes. First a single one, like a leader in a flock of sheep, bolts over; and then, in spite of all you can do, the whole flock, fifty by count, come dashing over—in twos, in fives, in bunches of twenty." Fifty-five questions were sent out to a large number of those afflicted with this disease. These interrogations covered the whole matter in all its bearings. In reply Dr. Beard got answers from 200. This is a small number to generalize from, but the replies point conclusively to its being a hereditary and nervous disease. It is transmitted as surely as cancer, or consumption, from generation to generation. The nervous constitution does not simply mean those who are weak in nerve power, but also

the nervous in strength. Among two sets of near relatives there were twelve cases of hay fever. Out of the 200 afflicted, 66 had relatives subject to it. The larger number of those affected are professional persons, and men more than women. If fever or inflammation supervene, the asthma and bronchial irritation often cease. Dr. John Brown, in "Spare Hours," says :—"Many a man's life is lengthened by a sharp illness; a brisk fever clarifies the entire man. Such a breathing time my father never had during that part of his life and labours when it would have availed him most."

Canada and our lakes are highly recommended to such invalids. It is said that "Canada is a favourite resort and refuge for those who are not benefited by the White Mountains." A large number of medical remedies are given, but it seems, from actual experience, that Quinine and Arsenic bear off the palm, as the most potent to bring relief.

The work is interesting even to ordinary readers, and to those who are victims of the malady of which it treats, it is invaluable. Of all the ills which afflict humanity this is one of the most singular and erratic, and deserves the care and pains bestowed on the study of it by Dr. Beard. The book is got up in Harper's best style.

STARBOARD AND PORT. THE "NETTIE" ALONG SHORE. An account of a Yachting Cruise to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. By Rev. George Hepworth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

This timely and deeply interesting book comes "just in season," and is worthy of a more extended notice than we can give to it.

Yachting is now generally recognised as one of the healthiest and most invigorating of pastimes, and as one result of this view, large additions are annually being made to the already noble fleet of "flyers" afloat, set apart especially for pleasure sailing. Nothing so stirs the sluggish blood as a cruise on a trim and weatherly yacht. The rolling, restless waves, the ever-changing scenery along our coasts, and the pure air, all combine to drive "dull care" out of our minds, and to leave us a full round of pleasurable enjoyment.

Mr. Hepworth's experience is the old story of charming associations on yacht-board and ashore, and he relates his adventures in a most entertaining and intelligent manner. He is evidently a good critic, and has considerable knowledge of yachting. While his views are well worthy of careful study, his evident dislike to shallow "centre-board" yachts leads him to overlook the fact that they are admirably suited for inland lake and river navigation. His reasoning in reference to them is in the main fair, but he does not draw sufficient distinction between ocean and inland cruising. Where good harbours are numerous and easy of access, as they are along rivers and on our own grand fresh-water lakes, the light and graceful centre-board yachts are as safe, properly manned and rigged, as "deep draughts," and, owing to the shallow water along shore, much more desirable on account of their drawing so little water.

There is as wide a difference between ocean and inland yachting as between a roadster and a draught horse. Each is suited for its special purpose, and so with light and deep draught yachts. A centre-board yacht, properly constructed and skilfully sailed, can live as long and sail faster than a deep draught yacht, and of this there have been many practical tests of late. In the great series of races for the Queen's Cup at New York, Commodore Ashbury's *Livonia*, in her ocean race of twenty miles to windward with the *Columbia*, was easily beaten in a ten-knot breeze. The latter yacht is a shallow centre-board craft; but she stood up better, sailed faster, and was dryer on deck than the crank, deep-draught *Livonia*, one of the best of her class.

It is, doubtless, true that in the great rivalry which yachting develops, yachts may be, and often are, lightly built and over-sparred, and that *stability* gives way to *speed*. But this is a matter which time, experience, and taste will remedy.

Yachts are usually constructed for a certain purpose, in the same way that "shells" are used by oarsmen. As a refuge in a storm, a "fifty-pound" shell boat would not be a success; but it answers admirably for the work it is intended to do. And so with yachts. The modern American yacht, taken all in all, is well suited for the service to which it is dedicated. Accidents will happen to all kinds of yachts, precisely as they do in all modes of transit. The recent deplorable accident to the *Mohawk* was one of those occurrences which fall like a thunderbolt, and yet it did not prove that yachting is any more dangerous than carriage driving, for often a runaway horse drags the occupants of the best of carriages to a sudden and shocking death. The fact is that whenever man indulges in any sport, or puts himself in any place which takes him off the ground—his mother earth—he is in more or less danger. And in this view there lies the answer to timid objectors to the noble sport of yachting.

Aside from the rich and racy chapters devoted to descriptions of the sea and its ever-changing phases, Mr. Hepworth's studies, during his cruise, into the early history of the Lower Provinces, are amply interesting. His story is one that should have a place in every library. It is as fresh and delightful as a sea breeze in August, and treats in charming style of the two grand themes, yachting and the

ocean. Of these one need never tire, and especially happy has the author been in his suggestive criticisms upon how best to enjoy them both.

To yachtsmen it will become a valuable book of reference, and to all tourists it will furnish entertaining reading wherever they may roam.

EDITH LYLE: A Novel. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1876.

"Edith Lyle" looks so attractive in its Canadian dress, that it is disappointing to find that the tempting exterior is an introduction to a very trashy, third-rate American novel—and the third-rate American novel is apt to be more vulgar if not more weak than the corresponding English one. This one is unnatural and melodramatic in construction, slipshod and vulgar in execution, and, to a certain extent, false in moral tone. As an instance of the first, the youthful hero and heroine, whose deception and secret marriage is very lightly condoned by the authoress, have respectively the names of *Abelard* and *Heloise*—the first being an absurdly unlikely cognomen for the son of a peasant family in the north of England. The heroine, however, drops *her* French appellation as soon as it has ceased to be appropriate to her circumstances. The scene of the story is partially laid in England, and the English as well as the American characters talk American English—say "I reckon" and "I guess," and "I don't know *as* she had;" while the authoress thus renders the north-country dialect into what she calls "good English:" "Is the something which *he don't know* a sin?" The heroine's mother after her second marriage is continually called "Mrs. Dr. Barrett," while the American Colonel Schuyler's successive wives are not seldom styled "Lady Emily" and "Lady Edith," for no reason, apparently, except a very undemocratic fondness for titles. The phenomena of sea-sickness are described with a medical minuteness that we have never seen rivalled, and we have various curiously realistic particulars as to the demeanour of the principal characters. Here, for instance, is the way in which a fascinating and aristocratic American widower communicates an interesting piece of intelligence to his son, an equally fascinating young fellow of nineteen:

"'Yes,' and the colonel walked to the window and *spat on a rosebush outside*, and wiped his face, and mustering all his courage, added: 'Miss Lyle has promised to be my wife, and you will agree with me, I think, that she is a remarkable—yes, a very remarkable woman.'

"He had told his story, and waited for Godfrey's reply, which came first in a low suppressed whistle, and then in a merry laugh as he jumped up and, giving his pants a violent shake, said, 'I agree with you, father; she is a very remarkable woman, or she wouldn't consent to be my mother and Julie's. My! won't she pick her eyes out, and aunt Christine will help her.'"

Godfrey's "pants" figure largely in the story—even in the conversation of his *fiancée—e.g.* "But you are hurt, Godfrey? Oh, I am afraid you are. Look, your pants are all dirt!"

Here is another scrap from this fashionable New York young lady's conversation. Her lover, who has been getting tired of her in proportion as he becomes fascinated by the *real* princess in disguise, tells her, when jealous and indignant with some reason, to "scratch and bite like a little cat, if she wanted to." "'I don't want to scratch or bite, and *I ain't* a little cat, but I do not think it fair in you to admire that girl so much, and take her lilies and violets and things, and you engaged to me.'"

The authoress appears anxious to show up the snobbishness of her high-class Americans, and their pride of wealth and caste. Unfortunately, the same ignoble spirit peeps out here and there in the narrator herself, as the following extract will show. It must be premised that the bride in question had married chiefly for financial reasons, without any warmer emotion for her husband than "liking him very much." Here is her reward:—

"The dining-room at Schuyler Hill was one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, and it looked beautifully now with its glass and silver and flowers, and Edith felt a pardonable glow of pride and satisfaction in the thought that this pleasant home, with all its luxury, was hers, the gift of the man who led her so proudly to her seat at the head of the table. The colonel, who was inclined to be a little stiff in his manners among strangers, appeared well at home, and especially well at his own table, and Edith, as she looked at him presiding with so much dignity and ease, thought what a handsome gentleman he was, and *felt herself blessed in the possession of him.*"

The heroine, for whom our chief interest is claimed, is remarkable for little but her "exquisite beauty," her habit of fainting when anything painful occurs, and a peculiar affection of the throat—"iron fingers clutching it"—which miraculously disappears in the satisfactory *dénouement* of the story. Gertie Westbrooke is a far more interesting character, and *her* love-story is considerably more satisfactory, though it ends a little too much like the conventional fairy-tale. One good thing we must notice in the book, amidst much rubbish—the retributive remorse and painful repentance which at last overtakes the deceitful Mrs. Barrett. Here and there, too, is a bit of tolerable description, which seems to show that the authoress might have done better under more auspicious influences. As it is, however, it says little for the taste of American readers that she should have achieved so much popularity, and it is not easy to see why a book of such dreary twaddle should have been reprinted in Canada.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. SPEDDING continues in this month's *Contemporary* his criticism of Macaulay's Essay on Bacon. This instalment seems to us a triumphant vindication of the great Chancellor. His dealings with his uncle, the great Burghley, are traced with a minuteness we are unable to follow. So far as Essex is concerned, he was evidently a spoiled child, petted and pouted at in turns by the Queen. Bacon was his mentor, so long as he remained amenable to any advice or remonstrance, but the time came when even Bacon could not manage him. His foolish conduct in Ireland and his still more foolish attempt at rebellion are clearly set forth in this paper. No exertions on the part of the philosopher could have been of any avail. Bacon lost favour with the Queen on his account, admonished him and struggled with him in vain; indeed, so far did his friendship lead him that the throne was for a time in danger. Mr. Spedding exposes a number of errors and confusions of date and circumstance in Macaulay's rhetorical essay, and the paper, as a whole, deserves an attentive reading. Mr. Brassey follows with an answer to the question, "Has the British seaman deteriorated?" and his answer is in the negative. The evidence he adduces is somewhat conflicting; still it bears out, in the main, the writer's contention. Some valuable suggestions are offered for improving the seaman's *morale*, and a eulogy is passed upon Mr. Plimsoll.

Canon Lightfoot breaks silence, after a considerable interval, with his eighth paper on "Supernatural Religion." It deals with the Gallic Churches, and appears overpoweringly convincing. Of course, the chief reference here is to the testimony of Irenæus; and Pothinus, who was the senior of the Father and his predecessor in the bishopric of Lyons, is another link in the chain of testimony. That the Four Gospels and some of the Epistles as we now have them were recognised as canonical Scripture in the time of Irenæus, and were then universally received by the Church, can hardly be disputed after such a *résumé* of the evidence as we find in this paper.

Mr. Bayne's able monogram on Clarendon, is concluded in the current number. It is exceedingly interesting, especially that portion which embraces the period of his Chancellorship; and yet it is not always satisfactory. The theory that Clarendon was acting a part when he burst into a frenzy when he heard of his daughter's marriage with the Duke of York, seems a strained and improbable solution of the problem. It is far more likely, as the *Spectator* remarks, that he was, for a short time, earnestly indignant. His notions of royal dignity were extremely high, and, besides, he had reason to tremble for himself when the Court and the politicians saw him likely to be the father of their kings to be. The affair of Fanny Stewart filled up the measure of his iniquities in the eyes of Charles. Clarendon, in that matter, acted perhaps with an eye to the main chance, but, on the whole, as an honest man should have acted. Readers of Pepys know well what the fate of the Stewart would have been but for her hasty marriage with the Duke of Richmond. Seven years after, Clarendon died in exile.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the well-known founder of Secularism, treats, in a somewhat high-flown strain, of "A Dead Movement which learned to Live again." The dead movement is co-operation, and the paper is chiefly useful as a record of historical remembrances. Professor Campbell will rather startle the strictly orthodox with his third paper on New Testament Revision. Some of his remarks savour of Unitarianism, and he wields his sabre regardless of friend or foe. We give one specimen in the Professor's own words: "There is probably now hardly any clergyman of average scholarship who believes in the genuineness of the text of the three witnesses (1 John v. 7). Yet it should not be forgotten that, for two centuries and more, no clergyman could have questioned the authority of this verse without incurring the danger of being reputed a Socinian. This and some other facts about the Bible have passed out of the stage where it was said of them, 'They are not true,' into the other stage, in which the orthodox interpreter declares, 'Everybody knew them.' It is not quite well that these sudden conversions or revolutions of opinion should be passed over, like the changes in some men's political views, without the slightest reference being made to them afterwards. 'Let bygones be bygones' is not applicable to scientific questions.'" With this specimen brick from the ancient University of St.

Andrews, no doubt some of our readers will be more than satisfied. Mr. Gardiner's brief paper on "The Political Element in Massinger" is exceedingly interesting. Some of the quotations illustrate, in a remarkable way, the absorbing question in the reign of James I. His desertion of the Elector Palatine was of a piece with all that the "British Solomon" did. The elder Disraeli tried to rescue his name and reputation from contempt; but he was essentially a mean man, grasping at pelf wherever he could get it, regardless of the dignity of the peerage or baronetage, and what was of more importance, the honour of England; perhaps, indeed, he was degraded by still baser vices. Lord Blachford (better known to us as Sir Frederick Rogers) contributes a very clever paper on "The Reality of Duty." It is a powerful criticism of the utilitarian theory of morals, as illustrated by the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. Perhaps some of the reasoning and some of the illustrations are strained; still, the force of the paper cannot be denied. He is specially severe with the *petitio principii* lurking in the sensational system. Take as an example his setting of its metaphysical position: "Why are we to believe any abstract or general truth whatever? Because of experience. Why are we to believe experience? Because the course of nature is uniform. Why are we to believe that the course of nature is uniform? Because of experience. Why are we to believe experience? Because the course of nature is uniform. And so on, *ad infinitum*."

The *Fortnightly Review* contains more than one article of deep interest. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's paper on "The Territorial Expansion of Russia" is as instructive as it is interesting, especially at the present time. The prevailing idea in England seems to be that Russia is bent, of settled purpose, upon a career of territorial aggrandizement—southward to Stamboul, south-easterly to the confines of our Eastern empire. Mr. Wallace interprets in this way the common notion—"legend," he calls it—"about the insatiable, omnivorous Russian, which is always anxiously waiting for a chance of devouring Turkey. When she has devoured Turkey—so runs the legend—she will take India as her next sweet morsel, and then she will leisurely eat up the Chinese empire, or turn towards the setting sun and take a copious meal on her western frontier." Against this notion, or legend as we may choose to call it, Mr. Wallace sets his face. In his view—and he appears to bring no small store of information to sustain him—Russia has extended her boundaries because she has been compelled to do so. The paper is especially valuable in two respects: first, in its description of the process of amalgamation on the North, resulting in a sort of Abyssinian or Coptic Christianity, with the difficulties which have beset colonization and consolidation on the steppes of the South; and secondly, in its graphic account of the difficulties in the way of stopping in the career of conquest. When you have robbers next door, you must prevent them from continuing their depredations, and erect an effectual barrier against the future recurrence of them. In Mr. Wallace's opinion, no such barrier can be of any avail until England and Russia meet. No sooner is one errant tribe conquered, than another meets the Muscovite on a new frontier, and the writer appears to think that as the Powers are destined to meet, there is no reason why they should not meet amicably and arrange the boundaries of empire to the satisfaction of both. So far as Turkey is concerned, Mr. Wallace imagines there can be no possible breach of European peace; he agrees with Mr. Arthur Arnold and Mr. Grant Duff in believing that, apart from her sympathy with the Slav populations, Russia has no ambitious designs in that quarter.

It is always pleasing to read a paper by Mr. John Morley, even when we cannot agree with his views. His style is so limpid and attractive that we cannot help admiring it. The first instalment of an essay on Robespierre is written in the best form, but whether it be from our own obtuseness or the writer's prejudices, we cannot follow it in spirit. The biography is skilfully put together, with the usual anecdote about the hero's horror of bloodshed, of course, included. But he is a very poor hero when all is said, as Mr. Morley candidly admits—a man with no "political intuition," no "social conception, and had nothing which can be described as a policy." The anecdote regarding the visit to Rousseau marks the character of both master and disciple, although it is not told of them:—"Robespierre may well have shared the discouragement of the enthusiastic father who informed Rousseau that he was about to bring up his son on the principles of Emilius (*L'Emile*). 'Then so much the worse for you and your son.'" The sketch of Robespierre's life is interesting, because it is human, and not monstrous, in delineation. Strange it seems, however, that Mr. Morley should be so far blinded by his prejudices, agnostic or radical, as to censure Barnave and the Rolands, and on the whole approve the Jacobins. His character of Marie Antoinette is drawn in the vein of the Extreme Left. Above all, Mr. Morley distinctly advocates centralization, a novel Radical doctrine which the revolutionists of all ages have found convenient when it served their purpose.

We should like to have touched upon the remaining articles in the *Fortnightly*, but have already transcended our limits. Mr. Louis Jennings' article on American affairs is especially good, and Mr. Sully's light on the dark "Philosophy of the Unconscious," if not so clear as it might be, owes its obscurity to Hartmann, the high-priest of darkness, and not to the writer.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE understand that Mr. Adam, a member of the firm who publish this Magazine, has joined with Mr. Lovell, of Montreal, in a partnership, partly as an independent publishing house, and partly as representing the Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., of Rouse's Point and Montreal. The new firm will be known as Lovell, Adam & Co., and will have their headquarters in New York. The gentlemen comprising it have the advantage of a practical acquaintance with the wants of both American and Canadian markets, for the supply of which the printing-house established some years ago by Mr. Lovell, at Rouse's Point, will afford unusual facilities. Favourable arrangements have been entered into with English authors and publishers for the publication of reprints of English works. We have no doubt that the new firm will by their labours help materially in stimulating the growth and progress of a healthy literature in this country as well as in the United States, and they have our heartiest wishes for the success of their enterprising venture. A list of their forthcoming works will be found in our advertising columns.

One of the most important and attractive books to be issued for the coming season will be Dr. Russell's "Narrative of the Tour of the Prince of Wales in India," including his visits to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal. The work will be issued with the sanction of His Royal Highness, and will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Sydney P. Hall, the Prince's private artist, who accompanied the royal party throughout their journey. Arrangements have been made by Messrs. Lovell, Adam & Co., of New York, for reproduction of the work for the markets on this side.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have sent us a couple of their new novels, both reprints of English works: *Cripps the Carrier*, by Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the well-known author of "Lorna Doone" and other excellent novels; and *Rose Turquand*, by Mr. Ellice Hopkins, a writer as yet unknown to fame. Both novels are very highly spoken of by the leading London critics.

The same firm have just issued another attractive volume on Japan, from the pen of Mr. W. E. Griffis, M.A., late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. The work is entitled "The Mikado's Empire," and embraces (1) A History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D.; (2) Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, from 1870–74. Profuse illustrations add to the interest of the volume, as many of them are reproductions of native art.

An interesting work, entitled "Under the Northern Lights," by Mr. J. A. MacGahan, favourably known as the author of the entertaining work on the Khivan Expedition, has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. It embraces a narrative of a voyage in the *Pandora* to the Arctic regions, undertaken at the joint expense of Lady Franklin and Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and will be found full of graphic descriptions of exciting incidents of travel in the "Far North."

A new novel, entitled "The Three Brides," from the pen of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," has just been published. Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose recent novel, "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," has been very favourably received, commences a new story in "Belgravia," under the title of "From Dreams to Waking."

Professor Asa Gray, the eminent American botanist, has compiled, under the title of "Darwiniana," a collection of Essays and Reviews pertaining to Darwinism, which comes to us with Messrs. Appleton's *imprimatur*.

Messrs. Longmans have just completed a condensation of the admirable Dictionary of the English Language of Dr. R. G. Latham. It extends to 1,500 pages royal 8vo., gives the bulk of the words, definitions, derivations, etc., in the original edition, but omits the illustrative quotations which are its distinctive feature.

Mr. Charles Lindsey, of Toronto, widely known as an experienced journalist and *litterateur*, has been engaged for some time in preparing a work dealing with the relations of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada to the Civil Power. Mr. Lindsey's great industry, his familiarity with the history of the country and the sources where its records are to be found, give him special advantages in the preparation of such a work. Recent events in the Lower Province, and the constant aggressions of the Church there, have given importance to the subject, and the work will, doubtless, be looked for with impatience. It, moreover, will be of much interest to those in Britain and the United States who watch the intrigues of Ultramontanism with apprehension.

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THE

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August, 1876.

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JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER I.

SOTHERNE COURT.

A FAIR flat valley wherein a river winds and winds like a streak of light; low rounded hills, purple with evening shadows, melting away into a yellow sky; russet woods, wide meadows, cows waiting at the farm gates, waggons jogging wearily homeward through the lanes, and over all the golden hazy glow of an autumn sunset.

This is what Sotherne Court—red-gabled and many-windowed, standing aloft on the slope of the hills—looks down upon, whilst Juliet Blair, fair queen of the old house and of the many rich acres on every side of it, sits alone under the sycamore tree on the lawn.

She had thrown off her hat, and the slanting sunlight flickered through the drooping branches over the small dark head and among the rich laces and draperies of her dress. Here and there a yellow leaf had fluttered down upon her from the tree above. A little shower of rose leaves lay at her feet, and a sleepy bumble bee kept on buzzing backwards and forwards in front of her.

She had neither work nor book; her slight hands were clasped together idly upon her knee, and her face was turned towards the fast sinking sun across the valley below.

It needed not the warm glow of the sunshine to set that face alight.

The small mobile features, the rich curves of the sensitive mouth, the dark passionate eyes inherited from the young Spanish mother who has lain for years in the churchyard below, all speak of an ardent and impulsive nature; a nature that is intense in its capabilities of loving and suffering, yet with that strange mixture of weakness and recklessness that is so often the fatal curse of an impetuous character.

Miss Blair, of Sotherne Court, is by no means an unimportant personage in her native county. For years she had been the idol of a doting father, who, after the unhappy death of his young wife in the first year of their marriage, had centred every hope and thought in the child whose birth had cost its mother her life.

Miss Blair—she had never even in her baby days been called anything else—was in her father's eyes a person of the greatest importance; everything was done with a view to her comfort and in accordance with her wishes. From the time she could speak her own mind—and it was pretty early in life that she learned to do so—Mr. Blair

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would never so much as cut down a tree on the estate without consulting his little daughter. And even when, with that fatality which seems sometimes to take possession of old gentlemen, he suddenly brought home a second wife when he was nearly sixty—a person most unsuited to him in every way—he lost no time in making Mrs. Blair number two understand that she was to be but nominal mistress in the house that was eventually to belong to his young daughter.

Mrs. Blair sat for two years at the head of her husband's table, and then the old man died, and the day after the funeral Juliet, who at seventeen was fully conscious of her new dignities, sailed up to the post of honour at the dinner table, and motioned to the step-mother to take the place at the side which she had hitherto occupied herself; a position which Mrs. Blair was far too wise a woman to dispute.

For Juliet was now mistress where she had been but daughter. The house and all the broad lands were hers, and the widow was left with only a modest jointure, to which Juliet at once, in accordance with her father's wishes, added the request that she would make her home at Sotherne Court as long as it should suit them both to live together.

Mrs. Blair accepted the offer, as she herself would have said, "in a right spirit." People said it was an unjust will and hard upon her; but, if she thought so herself, she never said so, nor gave Juliet for a moment to understand that she was otherwise than perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

A guardian and trustee had been appointed to the young heiress—a certain Colonel Fleming, the son of an old college friend of Mr. Blair's, who held a military appointment at Bombay, where he had been for many years. When Mr. Blair died it was not considered necessary for Colonel Fleming to come home. A great many letters passed between him and Mr. Bruce, the family solicitor; sundry papers and documents were sent out to him, which he duly signed and returned; and he wrote two letters to his young ward, whom he had not seen since she was five years old.

After that, Juliet heard nothing more of her guardian for several years, and privately hoped she might not in any way be troubled with him. But when she was twenty-one there were sundry alterations in rents, and transfers of leases, an accumulation of voluminous accounts, and so much business of different kinds to be gone through, that Mr. Bruce deemed it advisable to have the advice and presence of Miss Blair's guardian. He therefore wrote to Bombay and urged him to come home.

Colonel Fleming thought Miss Blair and the Sotherne estates an intolerable nuisance. He had lived in India for so many years that he had lost his interest in England, and he had no particular desire to come home. It had always been a puzzle to him why Mr. Blair, who had been very kind to him many years ago, when he was quite a young fellow just joining his regiment, should have chosen him, of all people, to be his daughter's guardian. As long as it entailed no trouble he did not so much object to it; but when it came to going home to look after all these things which he hardly understood—why, it was a nuisance, no doubt.

Still, if Mr. Bruce considered it essential, of course it must be done.

Mr. Bruce did consider it essential, and Colonel Fleming came home.

Colonel Fleming has now been at Sotherne Court a week, and for several hours in the day he and Mr. Bruce, who is also staying in the house, are closeted together over the accounts; after which the keeper is sent in with Miss Blair's compliments to ask whether they would like to shoot, and the two gentlemen go off together after the pheasants.

Perhaps it is the good shooting, or the quiet and peace of the country, or the luxurious ease of the comfortable old house, or perhaps it is all these things together and something more; but Colonel Fleming is inexpressibly charmed and soothed by the life at Sotherne Court, and he begins to hope these accounts and papers which he dreaded so much at first may last for many days longer. Juliet, from her seat under the walnut tree, catches sight of the sportsmen as they come wandering homewards: she puts on her hat and goes to meet them coming up the hill.

Hugh Fleming thinks he never saw a sweeter type of womanhood than this girl who is his ward, and yet almost a stranger to him. Juliet is in black, a rich heavy silk deeply trimmed with lace (she never wears any but the handsomest dresses), a white shady straw hat over her eyes, and a knot of scarlet geraniums in the front of her dress;

and she comes towards him with a little timid smile that somehow cannot be usual to the imperious Miss Blair.

In after years, he often thought of her as he saw her that evening.

"Have you had good sport?"

She looked at her guardian; but little Mr. Bruce, fat and fussy, with his face very red from his walk, and his hat pushed far off his bald head, answered her.

"Capital, my dear, capital. Bigley Wood is as good covert as ever; and I can tell you, Miss Blair, you have got a guardian who is a first-rate shot!"

"I am afraid I am wasting my time dreadfully, Juliet," says Colonel Fleming, turning to his ward. He called her Juliet from the first in his letters, and he cannot drop it now. "I have done no work to-day to speak of."

"The more time you waste at Sotherne the better I shall be pleased, Colonel Fleming," answered Juliet with her little gracious-hostess manner. "Besides, in such lovely weather it would be a sin to be indoors. We shall not get many more such summer days in October."

"No, indeed;" and then they saunter homewards together, the two men one on each side of her.

Mr. Bruce begins chattering about the people at the farm—Joe Biggs, who has set up a public in the village; Mary Hale, who wants to be infant schoolmistress—and a hundred other little local topics which he and Juliet have had in common for years, and which Miss Blair, as Lady Bountiful of the parish, is bound to be consulted about.

And Colonel Fleming walks on beside her in silence. He is a tall slight man, with a soldierly upright figure that makes him look younger than he is; there are deep lines scored upon his face, and silver streaks in his dark hair and moustache; and he is tanned, and bronzed, and weather-beaten by the Eastern skies. He is by no means a handsome man, and yet the strongly marked features have a charm of their own that almost gives the effect of beauty.

Juliet keeps covertly glancing up at him from beneath her dark lashes, but, if he sees her, he does not seem to do so; his eyes are fixed on the house in front of them.

Juliet, imperious little queen, accustomed to have everything her own way, and tired, perhaps, of good Mr. Bruce and his voluble stories, gets impatient.

"You are very silent, my guardian; what are you thinking of?"

"Of you, my ward," answers Hugh, turning to her with one of those sudden smiles that are so fascinating on a grave, stern face.

"Of me!" she cries, flushing up with pleasure.

"Yes, of you, Juliet, as you were years ago when I was last at Sotherne, a little dancing, bright-eyed child, clinging on to your father's hand; an impetuous, self-willed little monkey you were, I remember. I was wondering if you were much altered now—now that I find you a tall stately young woman with ever so many lovers."

"You will find me pretty self-willed still, especially about the lovers!" said Juliet, laughing.

"Ah! I have no doubt."

And Juliet blushes rather prettily; she could hardly have told why.

And so they come to the house.

"How is your step-mother's headache?" asks Colonel Fleming, as he makes way for Juliet at the doorway.

"Oh! she won't appear again to-day," answers the girl, carelessly.

"She seems a great invalid."

"Oh, dreadful!" says Juliet, with a little sneer that her guardian thinks unbecoming.

Mrs. Blair does not appear at dinner-time, so the three dine and spend the evening alone; a quiet, peaceful evening. Old Mr. Bruce gets drowsy after the good cookery and the excellent wine, and dozes in his arm-chair; Juliet, at her piano, crones over all sorts of dreamy old songs to herself one after the other; and Colonel Fleming sits bolt upright under the reading-lamp at the centre table, with a volume of Napier's "Peninsular War" in his hand.

It is a book which he professes to admire immensely; but if any one had taken the trouble to watch him narrowly this evening, it might have been seen that during a whole hour he has turned over only one page, and that his eyes were fixed over the top of the book on to the fire beyond.

Now and then, as some familiar old strain comes from the singer behind him, a sort of spasm of pain fleets rapidly across his stern features; but for that you might imagine his thoughts to be far away.

"When thou art near me sorrow seems to fly;
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells no one so blest as I!

But, when thou leav'st me, doubts and fears arise,
And darkness comes where all before was light.
The sunshine of my life is in those eyes,
And, when they leave me, all within is night"—

sings Juliet with her rich contralto voice, trembling with a tenderness and passion of which she herself is hardly conscious.

"Sing that again," says Colonel Fleming, as the last notes died away.

"Do you like it? I did not know you were listening: it is one of my pets."

And once more the sweet old song rings through the silent room.

But she is conscious of an audience this time, and does not sing it quite so well.

He does not interrupt her again.

Old days, old scenes, conjured up by the quaintly sweet song, are coursing rapidly through his brain. He sees once more through the midst of years a rose-covered cottage near a wood, an open window, himself a happy penniless lieutenant, leaning outside against the window-sash, listening to a sweet voice that sings over again,

"The sunshine of my life is in those eyes,
And, when they leave me, all within is night."

And then, from the gloom towards him, advances a girl with blonde head and blue eyes; who stretches out her hands to him for one moment—one moment and she is gone; and he sees only a face; the same face, but cold, and white, and impassive, as he saw her last—ah! God, in her coffin!

"Oh! my darling, my lost darling," he murmurs below his breath.

And meanwhile Juliet at the piano is singing a joyful song about hope, and new life, and love that never dies.

She is nothing to him, this dark-eyed girl with her passionate voice; it is but a fictitious tie that has bound them together. He knows her not; she has no part in his life or his past; she does not even remind him in the faintest degree of that other who has gone, and whose memory is dearer to him than the sight of all other women; and yet there is something in this imperious girl who is haughty to all others, and who yet can be humble with him,—who is a queen and yet a child,—that attracts him wonderfully.

Colonel Fleming throws Napier's "Peninsular War" impatiently aside, and walks across the room to the back of her chair.

"You have given me a great deal of pleasure by your singing, Juliet; a great deal of pleasure, and a great deal of pain."

"Pain?" she asks, looking at him inquiringly; "I am sorry for that; but if the pleasure has been greater than the pain ——?"

"I don't say that: the pleasure was pain. The two are often so mixed up as to be indistinguishable. You are perhaps too young to know this."

"No, indeed, I understand you perfectly. Was it my singing that pained you?"

"It recalled the past," he answered almost sternly.

She looked at him a little curiously. What was his past? she wondered.

"It is that old song; I am very sorry; I will never sing it again."

"Don't say that, my dear child. I told you the pain was pleasant; and I dare say I shall often ask you for it." He laid his hand lightly on hers as she spoke, in a manner that was almost fatherly. Juliet hardly seemed to appreciate it; she rose and began putting away her music.

"If you will excuse me for saying so, I cannot help thinking that there is something morbid and unreal in trying to foster and cherish the memory of any sorrow that is long ago gone by. Is it not a proof that the trouble is a trouble no longer if we have to make a perpetual effort of conscience to keep it alive?"

She could not tell what made her say this, not kindly nor gently, but rather bitterly and hardly. Colonel Fleming looked at her for an instant in astonishment, and then said somewhat coldly,

"If you were older you would perhaps understand better how some things in one's life are so part of one's self, that no effort is required either to forget or to remember them. I trust, my dear Juliet, that you may never find out this by experience."

And then he turned away and took up his "Peninsular War" again.

But afterwards, in the night, he lay awake long and thought much of her words. They had cut him like a knife when she had spoken them, but, after all, was she not perhaps right?

Was the memory of that dead girl indeed a living sorrow to him, or had the sorrowing for her become a habit, or almost, as Juliet had said, an effort of conscience?

Colonel Fleming found that he could give no satisfactory answer to these questions.

Meanwhile Juliet had gone to bed in a great fit of indignation against herself. Why had she spoken so to him? Why had she shocked and startled him with her unkind and heartless words? What had possessed her?

She could not say. Only she knew that she felt a blind unreasoning hatred against that "past" of which he had spoken so regretfully and yet so tenderly—a woman of course! What past can a man have in a woman's eyes that is not connected with her own sex?

But how foolish of her to imagine that her guardian, Colonel Fleming, old enough nearly to be her father, had had no such past—no woman to love or to deceive him in all the years he had lived!

And after all, what could it matter to her—Juliet Blair—whether this were so or not? She asked herself this last question several times over, and ended by answering it to herself very definitely before she went to sleep. Decidedly no; it did not matter to her in the least!

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BLAIR'S FIRST MOVE.

THE following morning found Colonel Fleming to all appearance hard at work in the library. The table was covered with papers and books — big parchment deeds, account books of all sizes and kinds, letters, and note books full of pencil memoranda; and in front of them all sat Miss Blair's guardian, with his forehead leaning on one hand and a pen in the other.

Mr. Bruce had set him his task, and left him, if the truth must be told, to slink away, and read the morning papers.

"It is quite necessary that you should understand the nature of all these things, my dear sir," he had said: "if you will kindly read these deeds very carefully through, and go over the Holmby farm accounts, I will look in upon you by-and-by and see how you are getting on. I should only bewilder you if I were to stay with you now, and it is perfectly simple, my dear sir—perfectly simple, I assure you." And with that Mr. Bruce had retired to the breakfast room with the *Times* under his arm, chuckling inwardly at the prospect of a good hour's quiet read before he need in any way disturb the labours of the much-bewildered Colonel.

The library windows opened on to the rose garden, and there among the late autumn roses, with a basket and a pair of big scissors, wandered Juliet, cutting a few flowers, and clipping off a dead leaf or a drooping branch here and there; not doing much good thereby, and considerably disturbing the peace of mind of the head gardener, who hovered about in the distance eyeing her suspiciously.

A pretty graceful figure in perpetual motion, passing and repassing continually before the library windows;—what a fatal distraction for a man with sheets of dry accounts spread out before him, for which the beauty of the morning alone made him feel sufficiently disinclined!

To do Miss Blair justice, she was quite unconscious of being watched. The writing table in the library was not close to the windows, and there were muslin draperies in front of them, which made it difficult to see plainly into the room from the sunshine outside, even if it had occurred to her to look that way, which it did not.

Juliet knew that she was handsome, but I doubt if she often thought about it. It was not as a beauty that she estimated herself. She had plenty of self-esteem, but it was as Miss Blair, the owner of Sotherne, whose position gave her a right to a voice in everything that concerned her native county, who indeed had a right to vote—she often said indignantly—as much right as Squire Travers and Sir George Ellison, her neighbours on either side! If Juliet valued herself at all, it was in this light, and not at all on account of her beauty.

Moreover, Juliet was singularly simple-minded. She flitted about among her roses because she wanted some flowers for her drawing-room, and enjoyed cutting them herself, without a passing thought of what sort of a picture it was she made, as she moved to and fro before the windows.

Meanwhile Colonel Fleming was looking at her intently. How graceful she was! How beautiful! And what a fine character was traced on that open fearless face! How wonderfully she interested him! Was it not certainly his duty as her guardian to study her character and learn to understand

and know her thoroughly? Of course she was nothing to him personally; a mere child, albeit a most charming one. She had not the sweet gentleness of that other woman who was the love of his life, and who was dead; but after all that did not matter to him, for of course she was nothing, never could be anything to him of that kind: all that sort of thing was over and done with for him for ever. He was her guardian; simply and solely her guardian, and she his ward, his child almost. And surely it was most proper and most right that he should try and win her affection and confidence, in order that he might obtain that influence over her which her poor father would certainly have wished him to exercise.

Just at this point of his reflections there came shambling across the lawn towards Miss Blair a tall, loosely built young fellow about three-and-twenty. He had fair, straight hair, and blue eyes, in one of which was stuck an eye-glass, and a pale but not bad-looking face, with fairly good features set in a little straw-coloured frame of young whiskers.

He came and stood behind Juliet as she bent over her rose bushes, looking very nervous and shy, and didn't seem to know quite what to do with his arms and legs.

"Hallo, Cis!" she said, turning round suddenly upon him; "I didn't see you. How are you?" And she put out two fingers to him.

Cecil Travers took the fingers, pressed them adoringly between both his hands, and bent over them in speechless worship.

"Home for your holidays, Cis?" said Juliet, unconcernedly snipping off a rose with her disengaged hand, and not looking at him as she spoke.

"Holidays! You mean vacation!" answered the youth rather indignantly; "why, what are you thinking of, Juliet? Don't you know that I have left Oxford for good now? I have been in Scotland shooting lately," he added rather grandly.

"Oh, ah! yes, I forgot," said Juliet, coolly going on with her snipping and clipping.

He stood by her for a minute or two in silence, watching her.

"Have you nothing to say to me at all, Juliet? Here have I been away two months, and I thought you would be glad to see me back, and you don't speak to me—you don't even look at me!"

"I am very sorry, Cis; I am sure I don't mean to be unkind to you; what shall I say to you? I hope you have enjoyed yourself. How is your father? and have you brought any message from Georgie? and—why, Cis!" turning upon him and looking at him for the first time full in the face, "why, *how* your whiskers have grown!"

Now, if there is anything a young man of three-and-twenty, who has left college and considers himself in every way a man, hates, loathes, and detests, it is to have remarks made upon his improved looks, height, or hirsute adornments, especially when, as in this case, the remark is made laughingly by the object of his affections, whom he worships and adores, and to whom he has been in the habit of writing the most passionate and despairing love sonnets, sitting up late every night composing them for the last two years, and then burning them in the candle before getting into bed.

> Juliet, fair object of all my hopes and fears,
> For whom I nightly shed these bitter tears,
> Low bowed beneath thy feet I lie,
> Smile once upon me, or I die—

ran the last of these productions. Luckily, Juliet had never seen any of them, or how she would have laughed!

And now this divinity for whom he said he shed tears nightly, and under whose feet he was supposed to be stretched at full length occasionally, looked at him with those great deep eyes of hers, which in another epic poem he had compared to the stars of heaven, and told him deliberately that his whiskers had grown!

"If you can't find anything better than that to say, I'd better go," he said, turning away with a very red face.

"My dear Cis, don't be so silly;" and she held out her hand to him, which, of course, he seized upon, and came back close to her at once.

"If you won't stare at me in that lackadaisacal way, I shall have plenty to say to you, and of course I am delighted to see you back. Here! hold my basket for me, and then I can go on with my roses and talk at the same time. Now, let me see; what news have I? Oh, you know my guardian is here?"

"So I heard. What a nuisance!" said Cis, quite restored to felicity, and following her about with the basket in both hands.

"Not at all," said Miss Blair, with dignity; "I like Colonel Fleming very much."

"You didn't think you would before he came, and I suppose he is a stupid, dried-up old fogey."

"Nothing of the sort," answered Juliet sharply, with an indignant flush on her face, —she could have hardly told why. "Colonel Fleming is a most charming man, and I won't hear him spoken of disrespectfully; and, Cis, if you can find nothing to say but what is rude and disagreeable—Here! give me the basket."

"Oh, Juliet, Juliet! don't be angry with me; don't take the basket away; I'll say anything you like;" and between them the basket rolled to the ground, spreading the roses about on the lawn. Cis took the opportunity of catching hold of Juliet's hand and pressing it eagerly, whilst she burst out laughing at his agitated and piteous countenance.

And Colonel Fleming, inside the library, leant both elbows on the table and looked on frowning. "Confound that impudent puppy!" he muttered. He could not hear their voices, but the acting of the little scene was pretty plain to him.

The young fellow's adoring looks, the way he bent over her hand, the half-quarrel, the reconciliation, and then the scuffle over the basket, and Juliet's merry laughter—it was all such a natural little love scene to be enacted between two young people on a sunny morning among the rose bushes.

"Ah, I see you are looking at them. Don't they make a pretty picture together?" said a soft suave voice behind his chair.

Colonel Fleming jumped up hurriedly. Behind him stood a lady in the most becoming of lilac cashmere morning gowns, softened by rich Valenciennes lace at the throat and wrists. She leant one elbow on the top of his arm-chair and held up a gold eye-glass, through which she looked admiringly at the young people outside in the garden.

She might have been eight or nine and thirty, and had evidently been, indeed she still was, a very pretty woman. Her hair, fair and soft, if a little thin, was billowed up into numberless curls and puffs above her smooth white forehead, and surmounted by the tiniest and daintiest Valenciennes lace cap. Her complexion was of that indescribably delicate transparency which suggests irresistibly the presence of rose powder and veloutine; her eyes, blue and large, although a little cold and hard, were traced round their lids with a dark line which surely nature alone could never have drawn there; and her lips were of that brilliant coral hue which no young blood of twenty ever gave; in a word, we all know the sort of woman —a beautiful make-up—the details were revolting, but the whole effect was enchanting.

"Such a pretty picture!" said this lady, again referring to the couple in the garden, who by this time had moved off nearly out of sight.

"Mrs. Blair! good morning. I hope your headache is better to-day," said Colonel Fleming, as he jumped up with a start that was almost guilty.

"A little better, thanks," she answered, with a resigned sigh, sinking down into a low arm-chair. "I am a sad sufferer, you know; the circumstances of my life have quite shattered my health—quite shattered!" she repeated, with a wan, melancholy smile.

"Indeed, I am very sorry you should have such bad health," answered he, not knowing quite what form of sympathy was expected of him.

"However—ah, well! I don't wish to speak of myself, Colonel Fleming; I never think of myself, as you well know. It was of that dear child we were speaking—*our* child, I might almost call her, might I not?" and here Mrs. Blair looked up at him with a smile that was almost seraphic.

The Colonel bowed stiffly. It was but a few minutes ago that in his own thoughts he had called Juliet his child, and felt quite fatherly towards her; but that was before the appearance of that lovesick-looking youth; and, moreover, the notion of a joint property in her with Mrs. Blair was not altogether agreeable to him.

"You see how it all is with our dear child, don't you, Colonel Fleming?" continued Mrs. Blair.

"Indeed, I hardly know what you refer to."

"Aha! sly man!" said the lady, tapping him sportively with her fan. "Ah, you gentlemen always pretend to be so impassive in matters of love. Now, love is my atmosphere, my life! I worship a love affair. To see two young hearts drawn together in pure

confiding affection, is a sight to make angels weep with joy!" and here Mrs. Blair, to show her sympathy with the angels, applied the corner of her lace pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, looking furtively at it afterwards to make sure that she had not rubbed off any of the bismuth.

Colonel Fleming pushed his hand into his trousers' pockets, stared at his own feet, lifted his eyebrows, and said, "Ah yes; very true!" with the air of one who expects shortly to be hanged, after the manner of men in such embarrassing circumstances.

"So *sure* you would agree with me," murmured the widow with a sigh. "You will feel, I am sure, what a comfort it must be to see everything going on so well with my darling Juliet and dear Cecil Travers—so suitable in every way; in position, in fortune, in mind, and in age, Colonel Fleming?" and here she glanced up at him with a little cunning in her cold blue eyes.

"Certainly, Mrs. Blair; but you yourself—"

"Ah, don't speak of my unhappy life! pray spare me allusions to my widowed state. It is because, alas! I felt the discrepancy myself; because, because—" Here a gentle fit of sobs interrupted her, and she retired again behind her handkerchief.

"My dear Mrs. Blair," remonstrated Hugh Fleming, feeling more and more ill at ease, "I am sure I am quite distressed to have recalled anything painful; pray, forgive me."

"Say no more, dear friend," said the lady, holding out a white hand towards him, which common politeness forced him to hold for a moment in his own. "Say no more; I know your good heart, I can appreciate the delicacy of your sentiments: but to return to our beloved girl. Is it not a comfort to think that a husband is already found for her; one who is so suitable to her, so desirable in every way, and so devoted to her, so *devoted* to her?"

"Am I to understand, Mrs. Blair, that your step-daughter is engaged to this Mr.—Mr. Travers?" said Colonel Fleming, with a cold stiffness which he in vain attempted to conceal.

Again Mrs. Blair looked up at him with a quick sly glance of curiosity.

"Well, not engaged exactly," she resumed, looking down again and smoothing out the soft folds of her dress. "I suppose to say *engaged* would perhaps be rather premature; but the dear children understand each other thoroughly. Cecil is most eager, dear fellow, but Juliet is a little coy and uncertain as yet. Of course, girls are always timid in such cases, as I was myself, I well remember!" with a little sigh over the recollection.

"Ah, then, Juliet is not quite so *devoted* as the young man!" said Hugh, with a little smile.

"Now, now, Colonel, you mustn't be hard on the dear child. No lack of tenderness and heart *there*, I can assure you. But girls ought to hang back a little, and it has been so long planned and arranged for her—her dear father was so anxious, and settled it long ago with old Mr. Travers—and he spoke of it on his deathbed, he did indeed, almost with his dying breath; and the properties adjoining and all made it so very important—and Mr. Bruce and I, of course, have always felt it our duty to place it before her, and we do *hope*, Colonel Fleming, that we may count upon your support and influence in this matter, as you know she must have your consent before she marries. I do hope you will not let any little dislike you may feel to the scheme stand in the way of her dear father's last wishes."

"I, my dear madam! what can you be thinking of? I have no dislike whatever to any scheme for Miss Blair's happiness; my only wish is to do what is best and most desirable for her; what other object could I possibly have?"

"Thanks, thanks, dear friend," murmured Mrs. Blair, again putting forth her hand, which Colonel Fleming was again obliged to take; it was a very pretty hand, as he could not help noticing as he bowed over it. Poor woman, she seemed very devoted to Juliet's interests, and if she was a little affected and gushing, why was it not a sweet feminine failing? And then she was a pretty woman still, in spite of the pearl powder and rouge, a very pretty woman; a graceful figure too, he further reflected. And so he did not feel very hard-hearted towards her, although she had managed to worry him considerably about Juliet. After all, said Hugh Fleming to himself impatiently, what did it matter to him as long as the boy was steady, and fond of her, and a suitable match, as no doubt he was? That was all he, Colonel Fleming, had to

do with it. She might possibly be worthy of better things, but then women are always fond of throwing themselves away. Nine out of ten clever women are fools in that one matter alone—the matter of the men they marry. If Juliet had set her heart on this lanky youth, and her father had wished it, and her step-mother and Mr. Bruce were also in favour of it—why, there seemed nothing more left for him to do but to set the bells a-ringing and give her away with a smiling face. And then one comfort of it would be that his guardianship would be over, and he would go back again to India, and wash his hands of the whole business for ever. Yes, it was much the best thing for everybody concerned, and would simplify matters very much for himself.

And then he roused himself with a half impatient sigh to listen to Mrs. Blair, who was still going over the many advantages of the match.

"He has known her all her life, you know, and so thoroughly understands and appreciates the dear girl; and, being the only son, of course he comes into whatever money there will be as well as the property. The daughters have their mother's fortune. Nice clever girls the Miss Travers are, and *so* fond of darling Juliet—they make quite a sister of her already; indeed, the whole family are ready to welcome her with open arms. I am so glad to have had this talk with you, Colonel Fleming, and to have secured your sympathy in the matter. I felt so *sure* that your admirable good sense would make you take the same view of the subject as I do; though I fear you don't care so much for the *sentiment* of love as I do; you naughty, heartless, matter-of-fact man!" and here Mrs. Blair again brought her fan playfully into action.

"I certainly am not given much to thinking about love affairs, if that is what you mean, Mrs. Blair," said Colonel Fleming, good-temperedly. "The position of a father to a full-grown young woman is a new one to me."

"Ah, yes; and you so *thoroughly* put yourself into the place of her dear father, don't you, Colonel Fleming? So *nice* of you!" and again went that covert glance up at him from those sharp-looking eyes. This time Colonel Fleming caught the look, and it set him thinking.

Had this pretty *passée* beauty, with her silly gushing affection and her civil speeches to himself, any double meaning in all that she was saying? Was she cloaking a secret enmity under the guise of friendship and frankness? or, gracious heavens! had she read him better even than he could read himself?

And through all the tanned bronze of his weather-beaten face Colonel Hugh Fleming turned red at the bare idea of what she might have seen, or might have fancied that she had seen, of his innermost thoughts.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAVERS FAMILY.

RATHER more than three miles distant from Sotherne Court stands Bradley House, the residence of Mr., Mrs., Master, and the Misses Travers. It is a long, low, irregular white building, with no architectural beauty, and in a very dilapidated condition indeed. The mouldy plaster is peeling off the walls in many places, the window-sashes and door-frames have been guiltless of paint for years, the garden is weed-grown and uncared for, and chickens and dogs wander alike unreproved over the once trim Italian parterre in front of the drawing-room windows. In a word, the general appearance of the house is poverty-stricken and neglected. And yet Squire Travers is not at all a poor man; he has a good moderate fortune derived from a small but compact property, which if it does not show quite the same high standard of model farming as do the adjoining acres of his wealthier neighbour, Miss Blair, is still fairly cared for and productive. Moreover, his wife has a few thousands of her own, quite enough to portion off his unmarried daughters comfortably. There is no reasonable cause why the plaster and paint should be dropping off the outside of the house unheeded and unrepaired, nor why the Turkey carpet in the dining-room should be threadbare and the stairs carpetless, nor why the whole of the antiquated mahogany furniture should be dropping to pieces unmended all over the house.

No *reasonable* cause I have said—no; but there was a cause, and many people, including Mrs. Travers herself, and also her son

Cecil, and her daughter Mary, considered the cause a very unreasonable one indeed.

For Squire Travers kept the hounds, and for a man of small property and moderate means to divert those moneys which should by rights have been spent on the paperer, the painter, the upholsterer, and the cabinet-maker, upon hounds and horses, huntsmen and whip's wages, and compensation to farmers, was felt by sundry members of his family to be a grievance indeed. But old Thomas Travers had kept the hounds for years, as his father had done before him, and he often said he would starve himself and his family on bread and water sooner than give them up.

If you will go round to the stables at the back of the house you will see a very different state of things. There in the red-tiled courtyard, kept as clean and neat as the deck of a yacht, numerous grooms and stable-boys are bustling backwards and forwards in and out of the long rows of stalls and loose boxes which take up two sides of the square; no lack of paint and plaster here! The stalls are light and airy, the woodwork is polished till it glitters, the horses are sleek and shiny, and in good condition; all is life, and brisk business, and order; and Mr. Davis, the stud groom, swaggers about superintending everything and everybody, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, a straw in his mouth, and a villanous-looking but perfectly bred bulldog at his heels—"for all the world like a dook!" as says an admiring under-housemaid, who worships him adoringly at a distance.

If I were to take you on to the kennels, a mile and a half off, you would see the same story; buildings in first-rate repair, with all the most modern improvements carried out to perfection. The stables, the huntsman's house, the kennels themselves, everything in apple-pie order; and meanwhile the Squire's wife catches her foot in that hole in the carpet every time she goes into her bedroom.

The decorations of the entrance hall indicate sufficiently well the predominating influence in the household. Hunting crops, spurs, bits, fox brushes, heads, and pads, arranged in artistic patterns, literally line the walls, while a glimpse through the open door of the Squire's study reveals the same style of ornament relieved by hunting and sporting pictures all over the walls of that most cosy-looking apartment—for there is no such room for comfort and ease and luxury in any house, large or small, as the master's "den." Here resort all the members of the family when they desire a little peace and enjoyment; when they want to fly from the practising of Maria's scales and Czerny's exercises on the drawing-room piano, or from the squalls and shouts of the children's games along the passages on a wet day, or from the stiff decorum of the lady visitors in the morning room. Here are comfortable chairs on which, unreproved, you may repose your feet if you feel so disposed, even if your boots are heavy or bespattered with mud; here you may smoke your pipe or drink your brandy and soda, resting your pipe as you do so on the carpet at your feet with no dread of rebuke before your eyes; here you may snooze away a Sunday afternoon over the last new novel or the "Sporting Gazette," perfectly safe from the inroads of the Reverend Snuffles, who, even if he chance to visit the house during the afternoon, is not likely to venture into the inner sanctum and to catch you at it.

Squire Travers's "study" was a haven of rest after this sort. Many a long hour had he and his eldest daughter, Georgie, spent together in this cosy retreat, whilst the other members of the family were employed in other and more homely avocations; the Squire dozing over his pipe, and Georgie writing letters in her father's name to the farmers, or settling in her own mind all about next month's meets, or often merely conning over the ordnance map, and going over again in imagination some famous run of last season.

For Georgie Travers was her father's own daughter. A slight, wiry-looking little creature, with a blonde head and small baby features; she had, nevertheless, a perfect seat on a horse, a wrist as strong as a man's, and the most indomitable pluck and nerve of any lover of hunting who followed her father's hounds. And keen! Why, there are no words to describe Georgie's keenness in the noble sport. Wind or rain, early or late, nothing stopped her; she was often out and away on winter mornings long before her mother opened her eyes to her wearisome life, or her sister Mary had turned round shivering in her bed to ring for her cup of tea.

Near or far, wet or fine, no meet was ever

without Georgie Travers's slight figure, well balanced on her lean thorough-bred chestnut, or on one of her father's big blood-looking bays, being seen close to the Squire's side when the hounds threw off.

Georgie is her father's secretary and right hand, much to her mother's disapprobation, who thinks her whole conduct unfeminine and indecorous, and often suggests that she should superintend her young sister's practising.

"Let her alone," growls the Squire; "let her alone, ma'am. I want the girl myself;" and so Mrs. Travers is silent, and Georgie takes up her abode in her father's study as a matter of course.

The father and daughter are there now very busy together. The Squire is in top-boots and breeches; winter and summer alike, he is always attired in these symbols of his profession, from morning until dinner time, Sundays excepted, when he dons a frock-coat and sombre-looking trousers, in which his burly form looks sadly out of place.

He sits leaning upon the table with both arms, and dictating to his daughter, who is scribbling away for bare life. Cub-hunting begins next week, ushering in the more solemn rites of November, and pretty well every farmer in the county has to be written to. Georgie has a beagle pup secreted on her lap under the table, which she keeps furtively stroking with her left hand, whilst a superannuated hound, blind with one eye and otherwise considered past his work, and so delivered over unto her as a pet, lies close to her feet on the folds of her dress.

"And I propose drawing the Colebrook woods at six o'clock on Monday morning"—reads Georgie aloud after her father's dictation—"and should be glad to know if you have many foxes in your covers," continues the Squire.

"Why, not one, papa; you know there's not one! I believe that old Briggs has trapped them all the summer," cries Georgie excitedly.

"Shouldn't wonder—surly old brute—but we must write civilly all the same; he knows very well what to expect if he has trapped them, that's all. Make haste and sign it; that's the last. Why do you keep that pup on your lap, child? It is covered with fleas—puppies always are. What a girl you are!" adds the father admiringly, as Georgie stands up and hugs the puppy, perfectly regardless of its reputed inhabitants.

"You ought to have been a boy; can't make out why you weren't. Ah, well!" with half a sigh, "go and find that big milksop brother of yours, my girl; I must give him a dressing now, I suppose!"

Georgie lingers a minute putting away her writing-case.

"Don't be hard on poor Cis, papa; you know he isn't strong."

"Not strong? Pooh, fiddlesticks! What business has a great big fellow six foot high to be ailing like a girl? I've no patience with such nonsense. D'ye ever hear *me* say I'm not strong? d'ye ever find *me* not able to be up and after the hounds at six o'clock in the morning? d'ye ever hear *me* say I've got a headache or a pain in my chest or my back? and I'm sixty and your brother's twenty-three! All d—— nonsense I say," said the Squire, working himself into a rage; "it's all your mother's molly-coddling has done it, I say; and a precious muff she's made of him. A son of mine who can't ride to hounds—ugh!" and the supreme contempt and disgust expressed in the final ejaculation made Georgie laugh in spite of her sympathy with her brother.

Mr. Travers, like many people blessed themselves with robust health and a strong constitution, regarded delicate people with the utmost contempt. It was almost a sin in his eyes not to be able to walk and ride like an athlete. It was a perpetual sore to him that his only son should be weak and unequal to physical exertion; he could not understand it, nor, indeed, believe in it at all, and nothing would persuade him that Cecil was not in a great measure shamming.

He was never tired, he said; *he* was never ill. If he did feel a little squeamish in the morning, why, a pint of home-brewed ale and a good gallop across the fields put him all straight in half an hour! And then, when Cecil shook his head and doubted whether such remedies would have the smallest effect in his case, his father lost his temper and turned round and swore at him for a coward and a fool.

Good-hearted little Georgie took her brother's part and tried to shield him from the Squire's wrath; but she was not free herself from a certain amount of pitying contempt, born of a perfectly strong body and a

healthy appetite, for the delicate indolence of her brother. Like the Squire, she thought Providence had made a mistake, and that she ought to have been the son and Cis the daughter.

She went away to find her brother, with the puppy still in her arms, and Chanticleer, the one-eyed, toothless old hound, following close at her heels.

"Cis, papa wants you in the study."

Master Cis was lying down on the sofa in his mother's morning room, with an open book of Browning's poems on his chest, his eyes closed, and his arms thrown up behind his head. Mrs. Travers, a pale washed-out-looking woman in drab, sat hard by, dictating a French story to Flora, aged twelve, whilst through the open door in the adjoining room could be seen the second daughter Mary, who, reclining on an arm-chair, with a novel, was supposed to be looking after the four-finger exercises of little Amy, the youngest child.

"One, two, three, four—time, child!" in Mary's cross sharp voice.

"Ils n'avaient plus—l'espérance—de sauver—les naufragés"—slowly drawls out Mrs. Travers from the table.

"Do you think they will be saved?" asks Flora, breathlessly, as she writes down an agonising description of the shipwreck of an unhappy pair of lovers.

"Not a doubt of it; and they'll marry and live happy ever after!" breaks in Cis, reassuringly, from the sofa, thereby showing that he has been listening too.

And then comes Georgie with those awful words, "Papa wants you in the study, Cis."

"Your brother has a headache, Georgie," says Mrs. Travers, deprecatingly.

"Well, it will be much quieter for him there than here with all the lessons going on."

"I wish you wouldn't bring those nasty, dirty dogs here," says her mother; but little Flora has slipped down from her chair and thrown both her arms round Chanticleer's neck, and is kissing him rapturously on his blind eye.

"Flora, you naughty child! come back to your chair this minute. I declare, Georgie, you quite smell of the stables, and I wish you wouldn't come in here disturbing your sisters at their lessons."

"The dogs aren't a bit dirty, mamma; they are as clean as Christians, and, if I do smell of stables, it's not at all an unwholesome smell; and I've only come to give papa's message to Cis," says Georgie, answering her mother's complaints categorically, as she does the farmers, in the letters she is accustomed to docket and answer.

"Come along, Cis; make haste!"

"My poor boy!" sighs his mother, looking fondly after him.

"What is it about, Georgie; is he angry with me?"

"Not more than usual," she answers, laughing, as they go out together; "but, if you would just try and please him sometimes, he would be so much gentler to you. Now, why didn't you go out and see them exercising that new mare this morning, as he asked you to do at breakfast, instead of lounging on the sofa with that trash?" she added, pointing contemptuously to the poetry book.

"Browning is not trash," said Cis indignantly; "and what do I care about new mares?"

"Ah, what, indeed!" said Georgie, turning off from him with a sigh; and, passing out through the open hall door, she took the slanting path across the paddock that led towards the kennels, with Chanticleer and the "pup" following boisterously and noisily behind her.

As to Cis, he waited for a moment irresolute outside the study door before he could summon up courage to turn the handle.

He stood very much in awe of his father, and these private conferences in that cosy little room were apt to be of an unpleasant and stormy nature.

The Squire's first words to-day, however, were in an amicable tone of voice.

"Well Cis, my boy, have you been to have a look at that young mare?"

And Cis had the presence of mind to answer, "Not yet, sir."

"Ah! well, didn't suppose you would; but it isn't of that I wanted to speak; light your pipe, boy; ah! no, by the way, you don't smoke; makes you feel sick, don't it, eh?"

This was another sore point with the Squire, that his only son should not be able to smoke a quiet pipe with him; and he was for ever pretending to forget it, in order to remind him of this delinquency and to sneer at him about it. Cis certainly had something to bear from his father, too; he got very red and did not answer.

"Well, Cis, I want to talk to you about Miss Blair."

"About Miss Blair, sir?" stammered Cis, getting redder still.

"Yes; you know very well my wishes on that subject; it's high time you made the running there, you know. She's a fine girl, and a good girl, and goes deuced well across country, too—not to be compared to your sister, of course; but still she goes very straight, very straight indeed, and the property fits in very well; a fine property and a nice girl,—I don't know what more you want, Cis."

"I assure you, sir, my dearest wish, my greatest joy would be to induce Juliet to be my wife. I love her dearer than I love my life."

"Ha, ha, ha!" interrupted the Squire, with the most irreverent guffaw; "ha, ha!" don't go rehearsing the proposal to *me*, my dear boy. What's the good talking of love and sentiment and bosh to me? That's all humbug. What does all that signify? The girl has got a pot of money and a fine property—you needn't say any more about it. Go in and win if you can, and make haste about it. I want you to do something to the old place when I'm gone, Cis. I don't suppose you'll keep the hounds. Ah, it's a pity Georgie wasn't a boy! But if you marry Juliet Blair you'll live at Sotherne and have a little money to do up the old house for your mother and the girls. It's a fine match for you, my boy."

"I don't think of that for one moment, sir, I assure you," said the boy rather hotly.

"Well, then, you should think of it, Cis. Why, what do you suppose I married your mother for?"

"Love, sir, I trust," answered Cis, gravely and reproachfully.

"Not a bit of it. It was for that slip of land that dove-tailed into Cosby farm, down on the flat. I'd always coveted that land, and then she had her bit of money besides, and I don't say, Cis, that I didn't like and esteem her, and she's a very good woman in her way; but I might have liked and esteemed her ever so much, I shouldn't have married her if it hadn't been for the land and the money. Lord bless you! an eldest son *must* think of these things; there's no particular virtue in marrying for love; it's all the same in a dozen years' time whatever you've married for; only, when you've got something substantial besides, it makes everything pleasanter for life."

Cis looked very grave during this philosophical enunciation of his father's views upon marriage in general and his own in particular, and again signified his perfect willingness, nay, eagerness, to marry Miss Blair for herself and her money combined.

"Only," he added sadly, "there's one thing against it. I'm afraid she won't have me."

"And shouldn't be a bit surprised if she wouldn't," said the old man, veering round unreasonably. "Why don't you ride, and hunt, and go about like other men, and do something to make a sensible girl proud of you, instead of wasting your life doing nothing?"

"I haven't done badly at college, sir," remonstrated Cis; "and it is not my fault I am not strong enough for violent out-door exercise. You forget I took a first in mods."

"What's mods?—a parcel of Latin and Greek, and rubbish! I'd rather you'd have broken your collar bone over a stiff bit of timber! Not strong, indeed! No wonder you're not strong—always molly-coddling over the fire with a book, and never clearing your brains out with a good gallop across country. I sent you to college to make a man of you, sir, not to learn a pack of Latin and stuff!"

At which novel view of University education Cis raised his eyebrows and laughed.

"Ah, you may laugh, but you'll laugh the wrong side of your mouth when you find Miss Blair won't have you. There'll be Wattie Ellison and a dozen more after her before you—"

"Why, Wattie Ellison is Georgie's lo——" began Cis.

"Nothing of the sort," thundered the Squire. "Don't go coupling your sister's name with an idle young pauper like that, though sure he *can* ride a bit. Georgie knows better. But you'll let Juliet Blair slip through your fingers if you're not sharp. Go and propose, boy; don't be a fool. Girls always come round at last if a man keeps on worry, worry, worry at 'em. Turn 'em round; keep their heads straight at the fence; if they refuse the first time, turn 'em round and send 'em at it again," he added not unkindly.

"I am most anxious to marry her, sir but she has refused me dozens of times;" and

Cis got very red and looked intensely miserable.

His father burst out laughing. "Ah! she has, has she? Well, I am not surprised; but you were a boy then; now you've come home for good and you're a man—as much of a man as I suppose you ever will be," he added, ruefully; "and I wish you to go as often as you can to Sotherne and do your very best to succeed. Do you understand me, Cis?"

"Certainly, father," answered the youth with alacrity; and then he went round to his father's chair and laid his hand on his. "I wish I could ride better, father; perhaps if I marry Juliet you will forgive me that."

"All right, my boy; we'll square it off so. God bless you!" and the old man gave the young one a grip of his hard old hand. He was a little touched in spite of himself; and after Cis had left the room he sat still looking after him out of the window, as the boy wandered idly on to the drive in front of the house. "Well, well, I suppose he and I don't understand each other; he's a well-intentioned lad too, and Juliet Blair would improve him wonderfully; but he's an awful sawney. Dear, dear, dear! what a pity, what a sad pity, Georgie wasn't the boy!"

(To be continued.)

UNTRUE.

ALONE she stood in pensive mood,
My Queen, tho' all uncrowned,
While overarching skies were blue,
And perfume-laden breezes, new
From dells where dewy violets grew,
Scented the air around.

A little daisy at her feet
Half hid by grasses, long and sweet,
Lifted its modest head:
Its snowy petals, set in gold,
Might to my lady's heart unfold
What I had left unsaid.

She, stooping and with gentle hand,
Removed the tiny flower;
And while the birds attuned their lay,
And brighter sunshine warmed the day,
One petal fluttered slow away:
"He loves!" O, happy hour!

"Loves not!" The sky is overcast;
The joyous song of birds is past;
The wind begins to rise.
The cruel flower, its petals gone,
Is cast away, and sad and lone,
My lady softly sighs.

Her eyes bedimmed with many a tear,
She does not know her lover near,
Nor think that, all unseen,
He heard the tale the daisy told,
And by her welcome grief made bold,
Now kneels before his Queen.

Hamilton. NEMO.

EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY.

BY PROFESSOR J. E. WELLS, WOODSTOCK.

"IS that all?" we can fancy many a disappointed reader exclaiming as he lays aside the May number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, after finishing Mr. Goldwin Smith's article upon "The Immortality of the Soul." "Can it be that all our fond hopes of immortality, all our cherished convictions that the grave is not the goal of life—that these minds, busy with 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' are destined to have a wider scope than that afforded by 'this bank and shoal of time,' have no broader and surer foundation than this?" Feeble proof shakes confidence like faint praise. When one finds the whole contents of three out of four possible classes of evidence of the soul's immortality ruthlessly swept aside as worthless, and the fourth attenuated to the slender thread of a conviction which, however "universal and ineradicable," begins in obscurity and ends in unfathomable mystery, it is no wonder if he be left trembling lest his most precious faith be about to undergo perpetual eclipse. It is true proof is proof. One clear demonstration is as good as fifty. But within the sphere of probable evidence—the only kind attainable upon such a question as that of the soul's immortality—to find the weight of the argument, which is naturally and necessarily cumulative, lessened by the summary rejection of one kind after another, until but a single one is left, is to have created in one's mind a dread, if not a presumption, that that kind, too, may be destined in the hands of the next analyst to be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

But what if it should be? Is not such a suggestion a cowardly attempt to forestall the judgment and becloud the real issue? Should not the great guiding principle in such an investigation be, not regard to the exigencies of a creed, or deference to a cherished conviction, but simple loyalty to truth? What possible interest can we have in deceiving ourselves or others in such a matter? Why fear the TRUTH, or shun it, even though it should threaten to cut from under our feet the foundation of everything most surely believed, and even crush out beneath the ruins the last pulsations of the throbbing heart of faith? True, if such a result were possible, and the conclusions of some of the wise men of the day correct, one might query whether it were not more philosophical to hug a sweet delusion till the swift-coming end rather than, sadly wise, to plod the weary way to darkness under a crushing burden of gloomy, dismal truth. But from such a philosophy the deepest instincts of our nature recoil; much more the instinct of a faith which enters the Unseen, and lays hold on immortality and its Author, who is TRUTH.

Our age is often said to be an intensely practical one. It is well that truth does not compel us to accept the statement without giving to the meaning of the word "practical" a scope wide enough to take in all those great questions of faith and morals which, touching as they do at every point the burning problems of human origin and destiny, and so giving shape and colouring to all our views of life and duty, are preeminently the practical questions for men. Is there a personal author of the universe? Is the world in which we live under the government of a living, omnipresent Will? Is the conscious human soul a perennial flame enkindled and sustained by the breath of an Eternal Source of life, or is it but a transient spark struck out in the play of mysterious, but mindless, natural forces? What is the relation of this sensitive soul to that unending future which, strive as it may, it finds itself utterly unable to do away with in thought? These and the like questions are surely the most intensely interesting, and, assuming the barest possibility of gaining any light upon them, the most intensely practical, that can engage our attention. They are all too solemn to be made themes for cavil, or for the display of attempted expertness in intellectual cut and

fence. Of these truths the writer desires to keep himself constantly reminded in carrying out a purpose which has hitherto been unavoidably delayed, by presenting some difficulties which have been suggested by the article referred to. And in so doing, he cannot refrain from expressing his gratification that Canada is at length able to sustain a Magazine in which such questions may be fully and fearlessly discussed. The fact augurs well for her intellectual future.

"What, after all, is truth?" The reply furnished by the article in question is admirable. Whatever truth may be to the highest intelligence, to us it cannot be other than "that which when put before us we are, by the constitution of our nature, under the necessity of believing." Belief of every kind must ultimately "rest upon our faith in the veracity, so to speak, of our nature and of the Power which we suppose to uphold it." We would gladly accept this, the only sound basis for a true philosophy, as the guiding principle in the following remarks.

The views presented under the head of "Physical" evidence are suggestive of one difficulty of some magnitude. Taking the verdict of a matured judgment as the test of truth, the presumption against ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the ghost stories and tales of spirit rappings and table tippings is strong enough to warrant their summary dismissal. But how are the existence and the almost universal prevalence of such beliefs to be accounted for, apart from the supposition of some background, however remote, of reality? What theory of development can account for their origin? What principle of natural selection explain their survival? We take the spiritualistic absurdities of the day as but the modern representatives of a type with which, in other forms, every age has been familiar. Granted a substratum of fact, in past, even in primeval history—a postulate which includes, of course, the existence of a spirit-world enfolding the world of matter and capable of affecting its phenomena, and so manifesting itself to a kindred human spirit—and the process by which distorted traditions of ancient verities might become fruitful sources of modern hoaxes and hallucinations is comparatively easy to understand. But to account, on the one hand, for the framing of such conceptions as those spirit apparitions and revelations, and, on the other, for the credulous receptivity with which they have been so generally embraced, consistently with the theory that every such conception is but the "baseless fabric of a vision," if such a fabric could be baseless; that the whole vast mass of alleged "supernatural" manifestations, put into the crucible of scientific investigation, will utterly vanish, leaving no trace of any reality outside the world of sense, would seem to require a credulity even greater than that of the most enthusiastic disciple of the "mediums." To show that any one of a thousand specific legends bears the stamp of absurdity may be easy, while to account for the origin and persistence of the mythical tendency in the race, so as to eliminate every superhuman element from the history of the mystic foretimes, is by no means so easy.

The same train of remark is applicable to the objection urged against Butler's argument, drawn from the alleged indiscerptibility of the soul as "immaterial." That argument is manifestly worthless, because based upon an assumption in regard to that which transcends the sphere of our knowledge, and so cannot be the subject of affirmation or denial. But what better ground has the "presumption that the functional activity will end when the organization is dissolved?" What logical basis can all the researches of modern science furnish for such a presumption? Nay, is it not in the very nature of things impossible that legitimate grounds for such a presumption can be reached? "The existence of a disembodied spirit must be supersensual, and of anything supersensual it is impossible to produce sensible evidence." Grant it, does not the statement hold true negatively as well as positively? Is it not, by parity of reasoning, equally impossible to produce sensible evidence of the non-existence of such a spirit? The ready answer, that no one can be asked to prove a negative, will not apply here. The presumption in question is really a negative. Again, the burden of proof does not necessarily fall upon the believer in a separate and surviving soul, since the problem is not one in which a positive quantity is set over against zero, but against another positive quantity. This latter quantity is the sum—may we not rather say the product?—of all those factors in "the constitution of our nature," which compel us to believe that there is that in us which will survive what we call

death. How far those factors have a determinate value, we do not now stay to inquire; but it may be remarked in passing, that an important one of them is, that "universal and ineradicable" conviction to which Mr. Goldwin Smith himself assigns so large a value in the latter part of his essay. But what we wish to emphasize just here is this. The "modern developments of embryology and natural history" leave the question of the existence of a soul distinct from and surviving the bodily organs just where they find it, because it is a question entirely beyond their reach. The sum of facts present to Butler as to Spencer is that of the manifestations of functional activity, not when, but before the organization is dissolved. Modern science has certainly made valuable discoveries as to the relation of the brain to the mental functions, and has thus narrowed the field of observation, but it has changed no essential condition of the problem. Can it be shown to be even probable that the organization of the brain is not often as perfect the moment after death as the moment before? Does not, then, the fact that the functional activity in such cases ceases before the organization is dissolved, prove that activity to be conditioned upon something else, which eludes the edge of the keenest scalpel? The nature of this something, this mysterious life-principle, has hitherto just as effectually baffled the quest of modern physiology as of ancient metaphysics.

Before leaving this point, it may not, perhaps, be presumptuous to ask whether the argument based upon the assumed impossibility of spirit manifesting itself to sense does not contain something very like a *petitio principii*? If such a thing as a human spirit, as ordinarily conceived, exists at all, it is mainly known to us through its relations to matter and its power of affecting it. The fancied necessity for a *tertium quid* to bridge the chasm between the two, so as to render interaction possible, was the offspring of a purely gratuitous assumption in the metaphysical mind. If spirit dwells in matter, interpenetrating its substance and using its properties for its own purposes, communication with spirit included, why need we suppose this moulding and controlling power over matter to be lost as soon as the connection with a particular organ is dissolved? Clearly such an assumption transcends the domain of science. We are still in the region of mystery. And so long as the most advanced physicists are constrained to admit, with Professor Tyndall, that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable," the theory of a separate and spiritual soul, in some way—to us mysterious, but, for aught we know, to higher intelligences perfectly simple and natural—interpenetrating and vitalizing the mind's material organ, creating all the phenomena of thought and feeling and will, is just as consonant with all the scientific facts yet known as any other possible hypothesis.

A very serious difficulty in connection with the remaining portion of Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay is that of ascertaining upon what principle of selection he proceeds in dismissing, at a glance, the classes of evidence labelled "Metaphysical" and "Theological," and retaining that called "Moral." The inquiry is not about names, but things. The moral evidence which alone is relied upon as valid, is defined as "the universal and ineradicable conviction that our moral account is not closed by death." That is, we cannot as individuals rid ourselves of the conviction that it will make a difference to us hereafter whether we have done good or evil in this life; hence there is a strong presumption that we shall in some way consciously survive the physical dissolution which we call death. To the validity of this reasoning no one can object who assents to the philosophical principle laid down. If truth is that which "we are by the constitution of our nature under the necessity of believing," a belief so universal and persistent as the one in question comes clearly within the definition. Its rejection as worthless would lead logically to the rejection of all positive truth, the testimony of the senses included, and land us in a region of philosophic idealism, or more correctly still, nihilism. But why limit the moral evidence to this single conviction? The argument derived from the possession by the soul of such ideas as those of Goodness, Truth, &c., is regarded as little better than a philosophic reverie. "To give it any substance, we must be assured that Universal Ideas have an existence independent of the soul which participates in them." Yet a little further on we are told, "We have the ideas of eternity and infinity; we

have them as strongly and ineradicably as any ideas whatever," and the possession of these is taken as proof that "physical science, which presents to us everything under the conditions of time and space," is not any considerable approach to a complete knowledge of the universe." Now, in what does the force of this argument consist? Does it imply an objective reality corresponding to those ideas, and "independent of the soul which participates in them?" The writer would not quarrel with that position. But as he is not seeking to establish an hypothesis, but simply stating logical difficulties, the question is in what way that evidence differs from that derived from the possession of such other universal ideas as those of Absolute Justice, Goodness, &c. If by moral evidence is meant that based upon our instinctive faith, stronger than any mere intellectual persuasion, in the veracity and reliability of our own nature, why does not the same argument hold equally good in reference to any universal idea whatever? Probably this is what is meant by the "argument really moral," which is said to lurk under the form of the metaphysical, though we fail to find it appearing elsewhere. But may we not go much further? Is, for instance, our conviction that we are under the rule of an Omnipotent Will, one whit less "universal and ineradicable" than that which Mr. Goldwin Smith accepts as the sole valid evidence of our immortality? It may not exist, it is true, in infants or in savage and degraded races, "except in a form corresponding to the general lowness of their conceptions." But if the destiny of man is wholly "wrought out by evolution and effort," surely one would think the experience and observation of all time could hardly have failed to discover it, or at least to recognise the truth and hold it fast whenever it was revealed by some keen-sighted Leucippus or Lucretius. But no; those apostles of Positivism who have appeared from time to time along the ages are but the exceptions which prove the rule. Swiftly and surely the human mind has reverted to its deities and its hecatombs. The victims upon ten thousand heathen altars and the voices from ten thousand mosques and pagodas and Christian temples attest the universal verdict. We may try the experiment upon the individual. Let us go out into the crowd, and taking any thoughtful common man by the hand, lead him aside and ask him to look back carefully over his past life, to mark well its leading incidents, and say whether it appears to have been mainly shaped either by uniform laws or by the energy of his own will. Will he not tell us that while, on the one hand, he has been conscious of acting every moment as a free agent, and while, on the other, he has felt himself constantly hedged in, on the right hand and on the left, by great moral and social laws, every retrospect but forces upon him more strongly the conviction that his course had been, after all, shaped in accordance with what he now recognises as the design of an overruling Intelligence, by circumstances and influences which his utmost sagacity was utterly powerless either to foresee or to control; that here his path was walled across and a new way marked out for him; that there all the currents of thought and feeling were mysteriously turned into a new channel; that just at this point an apparently trivial event left its mark upon his whole subsequent life; while anon some sudden catastrophe brought confusion to all his plans. Hence he is ready to exclaim, with that great student of human life, who has crystallized in imperishable speech so many of the teachings of nature and experience—

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

That these words express the practically universal conviction of the race will scarcely be denied. The men of science who repudiate it are scarcely more numerous than those who discard the alleged anticipations of conscience in regard to a future state. Logical strictness would probably require the classes to be identical. At any rate, if such an immortality as that of the Comtists is any evidence of the persistence of the one conviction, the worship, "for the most part of the silent sort, at the altar of the Unknown," of a Huxley and his followers, is equally valid in regard to the other.

Let us vary the illustration for a moment. If the universal and ineradicable conviction that our moral account is not closed by death may be accepted as trustworthy testimony to the reality of a future life, how can we refuse to take the conviction, equally universal and ineradicable, that Infinite Justice is at the helm of affairs, as evidence

equally trustworthy that scope will be afforded in a future life for the full manifestation of that justice? And here it may be asked, whether, in the passage in which it is argued that what we see by the light of reason here gives us no "very strong assurance of compensation and retribution hereafter," the real basis of Butler's argument is not inverted? Is it not the very fact that nature seems not uniformly to discriminate between virtue and vice; that we are unable to trace here the full development of that righteous administration whose beginnings are so clearly manifest, which, failing to harmonize with our deepest innate convictions, suggests most strongly that what we see here is but a little section of a great circle sweeping through the eternities? The sense of incompleteness and failure conflicting with that conviction of absolute righteousness which "the constitution of our nature" compels us to cherish, creates a presumption of a future state of rewards and punishments strong as our faith in "the veracity of our nature and of the power which we suppose to uphold it."

Up to this point the aim has been to show that the kind of evidence of a future state called "moral," and derived from the premonitions of conscience, is equally valid, so far as appears, for the objective reality of those things which are needed to satisfy many other universal and ineradicable convictions. Into the underlying question, which readily suggests itself, what, after all, is conscience, if not the faculty whose function it is to gather up, so to speak, and enforce the moral lessons logically derivable from the facts of nature and of human life, we do not propose to enter, save as it may incidentally come up in the course of the following remarks. It can scarcely be supposed that so advanced a thinker as Mr. Goldwin Smith really intends to teach that conscience has a discriminating as well as admonitory power; that its office is to reveal any objective truth intuitively discerned, unless it be the one great truth that we are responsible for our actions. This one great axiom must, of course, underlie all its monitions, just as other intuitively discerned axioms must underlie all other knowledge. But if this be so, then how is the conclusion to be avoided that the evidence of a future state given by conscience is as truly inferential as that derived from our ideas of Justice, Goodness, &c.? Those who have confidence in the veracity of our nature will not regard that evidence as less trustworthy in itself on this account, while the way is left open for its reinforcement from a hundred sources.

The compatibility of a thorough reliance upon moral evidence with a full acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, is the crowning logical difficulty suggested by the article before us. The present writer is conscious of no prejudice against this doctrine, which certainly contains, at the least, a large admixture of truth. On the contrary, he is fully prepared to accept it as soon as the missing links are discovered, and its teachings can be reconciled with other undoubted facts given us in and through the constitution of our nature. And certainly that evolution is not very hard to accept which can be shown to be reconcilable with, 1st, genuine free will; 2nd, a conscience which is more than the principle of individual or tribal self-preservation; 3rd, a belief in a real, personal immortality. Into the large question of the truth or falsity, or the probable admixture of the two, in evolution, it would be quite out of place to enter here, even if time and space did not forbid. The shape of the theory itself varies, probably, with the cast of each containing mind. We are simply concerned to know the particular shape it assumes in the mind of the writer of the article before us, that we may be aided in our attempt to harmonize the apparent contradictions that puzzle us. Unfortunately, the scanty materials at hand are insufficient to afford us such knowledge. "Around us we see animals, *some of them probably representing our immediate physical progenitors*, passing their lives within the narrow circle of their own impressions, which is the universe to them, in total unconsciousness of that larger universe which a *more developed reason* and the appliances of science have opened to us." "It is conceivable that as *from the inorganic was evolved the organic, and from the organic, humanity*, so humanity itself may pass into a higher phase, such as we denominate spiritual life." From the passages which we have italicized in the above extracts, the author's view in regard to the general law of development upward, from the lowest primordial forms, is tolerably clear. What is not indicated is his conception of the power which originates and rules over this develop-

ment, for he can scarcely impugn the veracity of our nature by ignoring causal instinct and taking refuge in nescience pure and simple. Does to his view "the vista of evolution recede into the simply mechanical," and is it "intersected at dimly seen stages by entering lights, first of chemical affinity, then of life, and finally of consciousness?" We need not stay to urge, in the graphic words of Martineau, "This supplies the 'when' but not the 'whence' of each. Something more is needful if you would show that it is the product of its predecessor. Instead of advancing from behind, it may have entered from the side. You cannot prove a pedigree by offering a date."* More to our point is it to ask how, when the new lights which have entered either from behind or at the side predominate so as to give to the whole scene its shape and shade and colour, is it possible still to view it in its pristine aspect. To be more specific, how can evolution in its course develop a thinking being with a genuine freedom of will—a power, that is, of choice and action which is something more than the exact product of the interplay between organization and environment—and be evolution still? So long as we plant our feet firmly upon necessitarian principles, however we may be forced to ignore or belie the testimony of our own consciousness, we may succeed in avoiding this logical pitfall. But the moment that stage of evolution is reached when a living, independent will struggles into freedom from the thrall of blind forces and surroundings, from that moment evolution is no longer lord of nature. A rival power enters, and the autocracy becomes henceforth a Spartan kingship. The destiny of the race is henceforth wrought out, not by evolution, but by "evolution and effort," as Mr. Goldwin Smith himself puts it in his closing paragraph. Nor, it must be admitted, if this utterance puts him outside the pale of orthodox Evolutionism, is he alone in his heresy. No less distinguished an apostle of the doctrine than Professor Huxley says, that in order to perform one's duty in this world of misery and ignorance "it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs—the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events."* And whatever view our experience may have led us to entertain in respect to the first of these beliefs, no one, certainly, can have studied the problem very closely without being fully possessed of the second. The subtile power of the human will counts for very much indeed as a condition of the course of events. But the question just now is, how Professor Huxley himself would rescue the statement above quoted from the dilemma it seems to involve. Are our volitions themselves but so many factors in the eternal progression? Then the second of the above theses is nugatory, being included in the first. Is our volition a condition standing outside and independent of that ascertainable order of nature? Then the second manifestly contradicts the first. If there is a third possible assumption capable of harmonizing the two, will not some believer in the joint sovereignty of evolution and free-will charitably reveal it?

Many, we are aware, will be ready to answer that the above remarks are based upon an erroneous conception of what is meant by freedom of the will. We shall be treated to nice metaphysical distinctions between freedom from law and freedom from constraint, between freedom to choose or act and freedom in choice and action, and these distinctions will come even more fully from Orthodoxy than from Evolutionism. The real question is not what is meant by freedom by this or that class of writers, but what is freedom? We do not suppose Mr. Goldwin Smith is guilty of the misnomer of applying the term to the acts of an agent so restricted by "motive," or anything else, that, given an accurate knowledge of character and conditions, the action of the individual in any given case might be infallibly foretold. A free will that can be harmonized with the doctrine of the abstract predictability of volition is no freedom at all. One can hardly pass from the discussion of this topic without giving utterance to a thought that readily suggests itself. If it is still claimed that, in some way which we have failed to comprehend, a genuine freedom of human will is nevertheless compatible with evolution; if there is no irreconcilable conflict between the conception of a

* "Modern Materialism," *Con. Rev.*, March, 1876.

* Lay Sermon on "The Physical Basis of Life."

grand development under the operation of unvarying natural law, from the time when the globe was a chaos of nebulous matter, and that of the constant activity during a considerable portion of the time, of millions of free agents — agents not only capable of modifying, obstructing, or accelerating the movements of the machinery, but constituting an important and vital part of it, and able at the same time to launch, at any moment, a consciously independent, if not absolutely new force into the sphere, what possible objection can lie against the theory of the constant presence and operation of a Supreme Will? But then, grant that, and what further need of evolution at all, save as a convenient term to denote the mode in which this Will operates? And so the circle is completed. We find ourselves again at the starting point.

The length this paper has already reached renders it necessary that the remaining points be dismissed with a word. The general principles already discussed will in the main apply here. The article under consideration takes strong ground in favour of the authority of conscience. It is more than "the principle of tribal self-preservation subtilized into etiquette." Its evidence, different in kind but not less trustworthy than that of the senses or of reason, assures us that we are "judged by an Unseen Power, under whose government it will be well with the righteous and ill with the unrighteous in the sum of things." "Conscience is the great and hitherto unshaken proof at once of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of God." Its teachings are assuredly excellent, its office sublime. But whence comes it, and who gives it this authority? Evolution; the principle of tribal self-preservation may have been its rudiment. And what was the rudiment of that? Traced to its origin, it leads us away back to a time when it was the blindest brute instinct; nay, it loses itself and us in the darkness which lies far behind the entrance of the light of the lowest animal life, and, we suppose, the simplest chemical affinity. Whence, then, we repeat, has it this authority? What bestows the authority? And when? At what point in the development? We would not stake our highest well-being upon the vaticinations of an unauthenticated seer.

And what of the immortality it foretells? Vague, it is true, and ambiguous is its voice as that of Delphic oracle. It has not even any sure framework of personality to which it may attach the good or ill it foretells. It seems to repudiate with Mill the testimony of "the constitution of our nature," that the attribute of thought must belong to a subject. "Substance is but a general name for the perdurability of attributes. Wherever there is a series of thoughts connected together by memories, that constitutes a thinking substance." "How our existence can continue beyond death is a mystery, no doubt." A tenfold mystery, if the "we," the "ego," which is the stereotyped expression in all languages of the universal belief, strong as man's faith in the veracity of his nature, that thinking is the attribute of a subject, the act of an agent, has no objective existence. There is no longer even a thread of gossamer on which to string the series of states of consciousness which constitutes all there is of us. Memory, itself one constituent of the series, cannot be conceived as such a filament. How then is continuity possible when the organism which must be the only bond of union here is dissolved? The law of evolution is appealed to for an answer. "There can be no reason for believing that the law ceased to operate, and that the series of ascending phases of existence was closed, just at the point at which man emerged from the animal." "It is conceivable that as from the inorganic was evolved the organic, and from the organic, humanity, so humanity itself may pass into a higher phase, such as we denominate spiritual life."

But has humanity passed into this higher phase? If so, when? There must have been a time when humanity had not reached this point in the ascending scale, and so a part of humanity which has no future life. But further, humanity's memory retains no trace of the past stage when it was embodied in those animals which were its immediate progenitors. What ground of assurance then have we that humanity, as embodied in those representatives who have passed or may pass into the higher phase, will retain any *nexus* in consciousness to link the new life with the former? A future life which is not a conscious continuance of the present would be an unsatisfying delusion. Such a continuity to be real must be personal and individual. One marked feature of many modern speculations is the tendency to sink the individual in the mass. This is in direct

antithesis to Nature's method. Her rewards, her punishments, all her motives, primarily regard the individual. Her modes of operation demonstrate to his reason what her voice is ever whispering to his conscience, that he has a being, a duty, and a destiny peculiarly his own, and that upon his being true to himself hang tremendous and everasting issues. The fact that this being, duty, and destiny are interwoven by ten thousand living fibres with those of others all around him, does but multiply to infinity the motives which bind him to make the most of himself in this life, while every fibre of his moral and intellectual being alike thrills in response to the voice of that revelation which alone sheds a clear light on life and immortality in a world to come.

D'ANVILLE'S FLEET.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HUNTER-DUVAR, ALBERTON, P. E. ISLAND.

'TWAS in the month October,
On an Indian summer day,
That a fleet of foreign war-ships
Sailed up Chebucto Bay,—
On the waters of the Basin,
Scarce heaving there they lay.

The ships seemed old and storm-beat,
Their canvas was in strips,
The rust of smoke and ocean spray
Hung on the cannons' lips,
And in the lull, the *fleur-de-lys*
Hung drooping o'er the ships.

There were but seventeen vessels,
As our traditions tell,
Of seventy sail that three months since,
Sailed out of gay Rochelle,
Yet skilful were the captains,
And they sailed their vessels well.

But fogs uprose, with never a noon,
For clouds upclomb the heights,
And then would fall, as dark as pall,
The long Atlantic nights,
Save for the north wind's harbinger,
The bright auroral lights.

Whereby from out the nor'-west cloud
Would storm come on to blow,
And in the wrack tall mast would crack,
Till, shattered aloft and low,
The gallant hulls like wearied things
Lay rocking to and fro.

Four enemies had that struggling fleet,—
The tempest and the sea,
The English ships and the pestilence,—
They might have withstood the three,
But the angel of death sailed with the ships,
And preyed there silently.

Every day the men grew fewer,
And each day lost some ships,
For ever and anon came the boom
From the alarum gun's lips,
Telling that sail, and sail after sail
Were hard in the British grips.

They would get a glance of a straggling hull
As the mist was drifting past,
When out of the fog dashed the English chase,
And had her hard and fast,—
The Lily of France went down, and up
Went George's flag on the mast!

Brave men! but yet stout hearts grew faint,
For whispers dark and vague,
Of spectres such as legends tell
Beleaguered the walls of Prague,
Crept man to man, for men knew then
On board them was *the plague!*

At even-fire the bells were rung,
To cast to the deep their dead;
At morning gun death's rites begun,—
The sheet and the weight of lead,
And all day long the dying groan
Told another vacant bed.

The gunner who fired the sunrise gun,
With a comrade by his side,
Ere eight bells told the hour of noon,
Was drifting out on the tide;
And his comrade ere the day was done
Was ta'en with the plague and died.

And so from wearisome day to day
The pestilence walked the decks,
Till hands were so few that scarce a crew
Could man those floating specks,
And at length, when they lay in Chebucto Bay,
They were little but death and wrecks.

Of seventy sail of armèd ships
That were fitted out in June,
But seventeen sail made up the tale,—
With their Admiral sick,—that noon;
And there, the shattered hulks, they lay
In form of a half-moon.

Arrived at last, men glances cast
At the coast of rock and tree,
While thoughts of home came winging fast
From over the sorrowful sea,
And the little sailor-boy up on the mast,
Up on the mast sang he:

"My cousin spinning at her wheel,
My sister Nanette's tread,
As watches she so kind and leal
By my sick mother's bed,—
Ah! do they in their evening prayer
Pray God and Mary for me?
Oh never again! Oh never again!
My home in Picardie."

Kneeling, the Admiral sadly prayed,
And sadly himself he crossed:
"My soul to God and my sword to the King,
And tell him that all is lost.
Oh weary my life! Oh weary my death!
Oh weary and tempest-tost!"

Next morn the Admiral's barge of state
Was rowed adown the Bay,
And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
The Admiral d'Anville lay,
And sad the boom of his funeral guns
Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then cried the Seigneur d'Estournelle:—
"Shall I command this host?
Shall *I* go back to gallant France
And say that all is lost?
No! weary *my* life, Oh weary my death,
Oh weary and tempest-tost!"

Again the Admiral's barge of state
Was rowed adown the Bay,
And in it, wrapped in the flag of France,
Sieur d'Estournelle he lay,
And sad the sound of his funeral guns
Made the heart of the fleet that day.

Then spoke the crews among themselves:
"Is this without remede?
Ho! Scotsman, Sieur de Ramsay,
St. André be thy speed!
Now that the Admiral's dead and gone,
You help us in our need!"

Up spake the Sieur de Ramsay:
"Make ready to advance!
This is the hand of God, my men,
And not the work of chance;
And by GOD'S help and St. Denis,
I'll take this fleet to France!

"Ho! mates, there! beat to quarters,—
Tell off each man and gun—
Fire wrecks! the rest make sailing-trim
Ere rising of the sun,—
Who is there fears to follow me?
Who? Men of France? Not one!"

All night the forges' sparkles flew,
All night rang hammers' clank,
All night the boat and swift canoe
Plied to and from the bank,—
When morning broke the shattered fleet
Was rearranged in rank.

With swelling hearts, yet steady front,
They turned them to the west;
The pine grove lay in its shadow grey
Above their comrades' rest,
And the wrecks, a fleet of fire they lay
Reddening the water's breast.

Last look all took at the burning ships
 Lit up in fitful glow,
The tongues of flame they whistled and moaned
 As the breeze came on to blow,
 And the sigh of the trees o'er the buried dead
 Sang requiem soft and low.

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En avant! gallant chevaliers,
 And, foemen though you be!
Right glad am I the tale to tell
 That, ere the month was free,
 You reached where flag of Port Royale
 Flamed o'er the western sea.

God sain thy soul, O duc d'Anville!
 D'Estournelle, Christ thee save!
May clement Heaven benignant be
 To all ye Frenchmen brave,
 Though nought now shows your resting-place—
 No cairn to mark your grave,—
Nought save, in hollow of a hill,
 A bed of lichened stones,
With scattered tufts of herbage sown,
 And flecked with pine-tree cones
 From stunted trees, whose prying roots
 Grope among dead men's bones.

Yet, sometimes, some stray thinkers
 Take boat, and downwards glance
Where, blue as Mediterranean,
 "The Basin's" waters dance,
 And see the ribs of D'Anville's fleet,
 The Armada of France.*

* Some license must be allowed to the ballad-maker. Ramsay did not personally conduct the remains of the expedition, but met it at Annapolis. Chebucto, it is scarcely necessary to say, is Halifax, and the scene of the fleet's anchorage was Bedford Basin, the upper part of Halifax harbour.—H. D.

FROM LONDON TO AUSTRALIA AND BACK.

BY J. B. MACKENZIE, TORONTO.

THE VOYAGE OUT, VIA THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WE left Gravesend on Thursday, the 6th of May, A. D. 1875, by Messrs. Green's ship the *Lord Warden*. The crew consisted of the usual number of officers and twenty-four seamen, and we had also eight midshipmen who had paid a large premium for the privilege of studying the rudiments of navigation which a first voyage afforded. The captain, unlike the major portion of his profession, was very religiously inclined, and made many efforts to bring both passengers and seamen to a proper knowledge of serious affairs. There were two amongst the passengers who might have been called distinguished personages, the one being the recently consecrated Anglican Bishop of Ballarat, who was proceeding to the scene of his labours, and was remarkable for the possession of fine talents and an amiable disposition; and the other a young gentleman, quite an ordinary mortal in himself, but having the honour of a remote connection with the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and who bore the same name as that eminent man and model disciplinarian.

We had unfavourable winds for the first few days until the Isle of Wight was reached, when the services of the pilot and tug-boat were dispensed with, and fair, pleasant weather was encountered until the Island of Madeira was sighted on the eighteenth day out. When the pilot left it seemed as if the last tie binding us to England were loosened, and those who purposed making Australia their adopted home, and who might, in all human probability, never have an opportunity of revisiting their native shores, found it a matter of some difficulty to suppress their not unnatural emotion.

The first incident of the voyage was the apparition of a half-dead stowaway from the hold. The unfortunate man had been unsuccessful in procuring employment at home,

and being desirous of trying his fortune in the Colonies—as the Australian group is still called by Englishmen, Canada being looked upon as a much more independent possession—had endeavoured by every possible means to find his way out in an open and honest manner, but, having failed in this, had in desperation conceived the idea of stowing himself away in the hold of our vessel—an expedient which is, I believe, frequently resorted to by persons in a similar strait. He dared not appear on deck until he had heard the anchor-chain hauled down (this being the signal that the pilot had gone, and that the ship was left to her ordinary resources), fearing that he would have to return in that official's boat. The pilot's leave-taking having been delayed beyond the usual time, owing to adverse wind and weather, a confinement of nearly ten days was imposed upon him. On the morning of the tenth day he presented himself to the sympathizing gaze of the passengers, (for sympathy was the ruling sentiment, although it was perfectly well understood by all that his conduct was open to grave reprehension), but was not able to give a very connected account of the sufferings which he must, necessarily, have endured during his prolonged banishment from the outside world, as the want of food and other privations had induced great mental and physical weakness. After having partially recovered, he said he had entered the ship provided with food sufficient to sustain life for a period certainly not exceeding two or three days, having only the pockets of his coat in which to conceal the necessary nourishment. As the extent of his wardrobe was limited to the clothing in which he made his first appearance, the question suggested itself to many whether a man, undertaking a voyage the duration of which is seldom less than ninety days, would enjoy uninterrupted happiness without a single change of apparel. The captain was at first naturally annoyed at this bold venture, and threatened to reship him on the first homeward bound vessel. This threat was not, however, carried out, and I am disposed to think that if every poor stowaway fell upon as good times as the one in question, many more would be glad to endure the temporary, though distressing, inconvenience which an enforced and extended residence in the hold entails. His subsequent condition fully compensated for all the hardships which attended the initiatory portion of the trip. One of the stewards falling sick shortly after leaving port, he was installed in the vacant position, and revelled in fresh meat and other delicacies utterly unknown to many of those who had prepaid their passage.

I do not wonder at the Island of Madeira being a favourite resort for invalids, as the climate is incomparable, and the sky during the whole year uniformly clear and bright. The Queen's birthday was observed on board our vessel with becoming loyalty, there being a fine pyrotechnic display in the evening.

The equator was crossed on the thirty-fourth day out, and some of the passengers dreaded that the old custom of being shaved at the hands of Father Neptune would be brought into operation. Three of the midshipmen were compelled to submit to this ridiculous custom, but I understood from the sailors that the after enjoyment of being lowered into the water was in their case not experienced. I believe that, so far as passengers are concerned, this ancient idea of shaving has been entirely abandoned, and only those unfortunate middies who cross the line for the first time meet with this unpleasant treatment from the venerable sea-god. Considerable consternation was occasioned amongst those who had never made the voyage before when the first squall was met with, but the ability of the ship to withstand the shock was not questioned for a moment. It is rather an exciting thing to see the sky all at once assume an intense blackness, and the sea become suddenly and violently ruffled, and to watch the vessel at the moment the wind strikes her. Many of the passengers were suddenly, and doubtless much against their will, transferred with exceeding violence from the windward to the leeward side of the ship, but no case of serious injury was recorded.

The appearance of the sky in the tropics is generally lovely, and a tropical sunset is indescribably beautiful. The heavens assume all the tints of the rainbow, and the sun sinks from view in a perfect cradle of loveliness and grandeur. The heat in the tropics is, at times, so intense as to cause the tar on the decks to boil; and during the warm weather there was one great advantage which the second class passengers enjoyed. This was the option

of relieving themselves of their shoes and stockings, and parading the decks in their bare feet. The first-class passengers looked with envious eyes upon the comfort which the removal of these articles occasioned to these fortunate beings, and they deeply regretted that the higher state of society in which a first-class passenger is supposed to move, prohibited them from following this comfortable practice. Coats and vests were, likewise, deemed unnecessary, but it was found expedient by those who had discarded shoes and stockings to exercise great caution in moving about, whilst the tar was undergoing the process of boiling. When rain came it was a great enjoyment to expose ourselves to its influence for half an hour at a time. No one can form an idea of the refreshing effect of this to those who have endured the heat of a tropical sun for a week or more. Being stationed under the bow of the vessel, and having the water pumped upon you from above, was also found very enjoyable in the evenings, and this practice was generally followed during the warm weather.

The second-class passengers had to prepare their own meals, and many startling novelties in the shape of pies and puddings were said to have been the result of their labours. There were many occasions on which it was found quite unnecessary to add salt to the soup, the rolling of the vessel doing the needful in this respect, and providing at times more of this condiment in a fluid state than was relished. One pot of meat was allowed to each passenger weekly, but in tropical latitudes it became unfit to eat after the second day, and it may be conceived that the living then was not of the most luxurious description. Plenty of rice was given, but one is apt to tire of this wholesome article after having consumed almost nothing else for ninety days. The forecastle was a favourite resort of many of the passengers; but one great objection to this portion of the ship was the close proximity of the pigs, which kept up a constant and wonderfully audible grunting during the whole of the passage. They would occasionally escape from their prison and ramble around the deck, and it was very amusing to see the heroic efforts that were made to recapture them. A pig is decidedly out of place roaming about a sailing vessel, and these would have escaped a considerable amount of suffering and bad treatment, had they kept strictly to their own department. Great relief was expressed in every countenance when the last of these animals was sacrificed to appease the appetites of the first-class passengers.

The sailors do not care to see first-class passengers on the forecastle, which they claim as their exclusive property, and when one of them appeared there one evening, shortly after leaving Gravesend, and seemed to be peering anxiously into the darkness, he was facetiously asked by one of the seamen if he saw signs of Melbourne, and not being able to return a satisfactory answer, he retired a vanquished man, and was not again seen on this sacred quarter of the vessel. Much amusement was found in fishing for sharks, and many of these ferocious creatures were caught and hauled on board. The largest of them was about seven feet long, and nearly an hour was taken up in dispatching him. I never saw a fish so tenacious of life as the shark is, and those who had undertaken the operation of killing them were heartily tired of their task long before it was finished. I secured a tooth as a curiosity, and the appearance of it dispelled any doubt I might have entertained, as to the animal's ability to snap a man's leg off. It is necessary to keep very shy of their tails, as much damage is often caused by this powerful member, which is brought into full play the moment they are landed on deck. A great number of small pilot fish were found alive inside the sharks after they had been despatched. It is said that sharks swallow these fish entire and without allowing their teeth to press upon them in any way, and some have gone so far as to declare that the movement of the shark's fins is directed by them, and that the name pilot fish is given to them by reason of this peculiarity. The sharks certainly allow them to remain with them or leave them at their own good pleasure. I do not vouch for the correctness of the statement as to the fins, but there could be no doubt that the pilot fish when discovered were quite unharmed, and they were allowed to return to their own element.

The monotony of the evenings was relieved by occasional concerts, which were not successful as exhibitions of talent, there being only two or three provided with the necessary qualifications to make the entertainment enjoyable. Divine service was

held every Sunday, morning and evening. The newly appointed Bishop of Ballarat, the Rev. Dr. Thornton, read the services in the saloon, and the captain, being, as has been already indicated, of a serious turn of mind, devoted his energies to the spiritual welfare of the second and third-class passengers. There was one lady passenger, a maiden on the shady side of forty, who persisted in making advances to the fourth mate, an official of very gentlemanly exterior, and possessed of many good qualities, and one of whose duties it was to see that all lights were extinguished at half past ten. The lady took the opportunity every evening of declaring her unwavering affection for the officer, and as everything that was said on both sides was expressed in an audible tone of voice, much amusement was occasioned amongst those who were spectators of the affair.

The cabins were not made use of to any great extent whilst in the tropics, and we all vied with one another in trying to discover the coolest and most airy spot where we might spend the night. Some made use of the bare benches, and others placed their mattrasses on the table and slept in this elevated position. Some reckless passengers tried their luck on the deck, but were heard to express great regret at their hasty conduct the following morning, as the existence of rheumatic pains, induced by the heavy dew which was falling, rendered their lives for some time afterwards wretched and unenviable. My favourite retreat during the day was the steps of the poop, but my fondness for that particular part of the ship was greatly diminished one evening, by an immense wave dashing over the vessel and enveloping me from head to foot. Many others met with disasters similar to mine, none of which were attended with serious consequences, but were rather causes of amusement than distress. One of the sailors risked his life one evening in endeavouring to get possession of a bird which had alighted on the highest portion of the mainmast, and he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering when it was seen that his daring venture had been crowned with success. The rolling of the vessel gave rise to many ludicrous accidents, the most amusing of which was that of a lady, suddenly and involuntarily leaving the dinner table, and sitting down in front of a cabin, not her own, and taking complete possession of it until her bewilderment had subsided, and much to the astonishment of the proprietor.

The meridian of the Cape of Good Hope was passed on the sixty-fourth day out, the sea being calm and the weather unlike that usually experienced in this locality. On the following day, however, there was a complete change, and strong and for the most part favourable winds were met with until our destination was reached. About this time we had one very stormy night, during which three of the sails were completely carried away, but no other damage of any consequence was sustained. The weather on Dominion Day was very cold, and whilst the people of Canada were probably vainly endeavouring to keep themselves cool, I was glad to make use of all the mufflings I could lay my hands upon. The Southern Cross was seen nearly every evening, and our progress was well tested by the relative position of this striking constellation. A homeward-bound vessel was passed soon after crossing the line, and a host of letters were sent by her. The run from the Cape of Good Hope to Melbourne was made in twenty-nine days, the distance being about five thousand six hundred miles. The highest run during the voyage was two hundred and ninety-four miles, and the lowest eighteen miles. This is, of course, not taking into account the days on which we were becalmed, and on which retrograde movements were sometimes made. The distance from Gravesend to Melbourne, according to log, was fourteen thousand five hundred miles, and the time taken in traversing it ninety-one days. I believe that the shortest time in which a voyage from London to Melbourne has been accomplished by a sailing vessel is sixty-eight days, and there is only one record of this time having been made. The average duration of the voyage is between eighty and ninety days, and anything beyond the latter figure is deemed a long passage. Our vessel made very good speed when a really strong wind was with her, but her movements during a moderate breeze were not remarkable for their celerity.

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

The colony of Victoria, as viewed from the sea, does not present a pleasing pros-

pect. The country contiguous to the coast-line is flat and uninteresting, and the character of the coast itself is very tame. There is nothing at all approaching to beauty or grandeur, and the observing traveller, who has been restricted for eighty or ninety days to the contemplation of water only, is seized with none of the rapturous emotion usually associated with the sight of land, but hails its appearance with little or no enthusiasm. Nor is this unvarying flatness confined to those districts bordering upon the shore, but it is also to be noted in the interior of the Province. When considering the general features of the country, one is forced to the conclusion that nature has but indifferently exercised that attribute of prodigality so often ascribed to her, but has, much to the detriment of her subject, shown a marked tendency towards parsimony. This is more particularly noticeable in the dearth of foliage, the illiberal supply of which is very reasonably regarded by the inhabitants as a great natural defect. It gives rise in many ways to much discomfort. During the summer months, when it is no uncommon thing for the thermometer to stand at, and even exceed, a hundred degrees in the shade,—this expression, when applied to Victoria and some other portions of Australia, would seem to be a misnomer, as there is no spot which can be justly designated shade, save the interior of one's dwelling, — those who are desirous of recreation or exercise in the open air must be prepared to sacrifice every idea of comfort or enjoyment. In fact, at this period of the year, the unfortunate inhabitant, if he wishes to make life tolerable, must confine himself strictly and diligently to the protection afforded by his own roof.

One of the most unpleasant features of the climate is the prevalence of hot winds. The ungenerous distribution of trees is here again made painfully apparent, as any one exposed to the influence of these periodical visitations has but small means of refuge, and has to bear the unobstructed force of the attack. One of the most certain effects is a state of temporary blindness, and, if the dust be well raised, as is usually the case, the mouth and nostrils become unwilling receptacles of a plenteous supply of sand and other crude delicacies. Rain, when it does come, does not descend in any doubtful or hesitating manner, its force being simply terrific. The writer has seen, not more than fifteen minutes after the beginning of a down-pour, horses immersed above their knees and struggling with difficulty to do the work they had on hand. The descent of the rain is also accompanied by a noise resembling somewhat the discharge of a cannon, and no little consternation is created in the mind of one witnessing the phenomenon for the first time. Snow is well nigh unknown in the lowlands of Victoria, though occasionally seen on the Australian alps; but the void is amply filled by hail storms, which are of frequent occurrence, and are sources of damage both to life and property.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, although originally settled by the British, has much more the appearance of an American than an English city. The majority of the people, though ardently attached to, and having great reverence for, the mother land, are very republican in their tastes, and do not accept with grace any interference in their affairs. The most prominent public offices are held by Irishmen, and in the conferring of Imperial honours the Irish cannot complain of being overlooked. An instance may here be given of the extraordinary success which attends the movements of an enterprising man in this colony. Sir John O'Shaughnessy, who arrived in Melbourne with the traditional sixpence in his pocket, and embarked in the business of a butcher, after a few short years rose to eminence in the counsels of his country, and his services were duly and deservedly acknowledged at home by the conferring upon him of the order of knighthood. The present Prime Minister, Sir James McCulloch, also rose from an obscure position. These are only two of many instances where energy and enterprise have received ample recompense. Although the number of Chinamen in Melbourne and vicinity is not nearly so large as in San Francisco, they, nevertheless, form a considerable element in the population. They, however, keep very much to themselves, and the Europeans are not apt to raise any grievous complaint on their account. Their business is, for the most part, that of tea merchants, an occupation in which they, no doubt, find it profitable to engage. A great many of the men have intermarried with Europeans, and some have even accepted the truths of Christianity.

The present efficiency of the Young Men's Christian Association has been brought about in a great measure by the self-denying ministrations of one Cheok Cheong Hong, who figures on the list of the working committee of that institution.

Rivalry in trade is carried to a great extreme in Melbourne. On a certain street, and immediately opposite each other, were the shops of two pawnbrokers, who were both Jews and happened to enjoy the same names. All connection with each other was disclaimed and the individuality of each maintained by the addition of the following significant words to their respective signs: "Nothing in connection with the petty trader opposite." Melbourne deserves high commendation for the establishment of a Public Library when the colony was yet in its infancy. The existence of this institution is a great boon to those whose position in life will not allow them to indulge otherwise in a taste for reading. Every one, no matter what his calling or how shabby his appearance, can participate in all the advantages which the library affords, the only restrictions being that perfect order and silence shall be preserved, and that no volume shall be removed from the building. Visitors are only too glad to observe these reasonable rules, and a violation or evasion of them has never been known. There are nearly 100,000 volumes; works of fiction, however, being carefully excluded. In the establishment of the institution instruction and improvement were kept in view rather than mere amusement. It is said that £40,000 have been expended on the building and £30,000 for literature. The library is a pleasant resort for mechanics and others in the evenings, and the good that has been done in this way can scarcely be overestimated. It is, at all events, an example which might well be followed by cities much larger and wealthier than Melbourne.

Spelling bees were very much the rage whilst I was in Melbourne. I had the pleasure of competing at one of these interesting gatherings, on which occasion the superiority of the Canadian over the Australian in the matter of spelling was well established. A friend of mine, a brother Canadian, whom I had met quite accidentally, and whose grounding was, by the way, received at the same institution as my own, carried off the palm after a spirited contest. I myself, having mastered words of such infrequent occurrence as "heresiarch," "pusillanimity" and "borborygm" (which last was objected to by reason of its being used only in medical phraseology), was finally, to quote from the comments of the morning paper, "gracefully 'ricochetted' off the platform."

Ballarat, the centre of the Gold Mining region, is about one hundred miles from Melbourne and is very prettily situated. The writer had an opportunity of ascertaining the condition in which this industry is at present. From various sources, and from personal observation, he found that the mining was in a very languishing state, little or no activity being visible; and he also heard that the indolence and indifference of Europeans had resulted in throwing the entire working of the mines into the hands of the Chinese. During the month of September of last year, however, some little excitement was occasioned by the discovery of the precious metal near the village of Stawell. Shares which had been bought as low as 2s. 6d. soon reached a fabulous price, and many fortunes were made in an hour. Events like this are now of rare occurrence, and the yield of gold is steadily decreasing. During my stay in Ballarat an election contest was held, and there was, of course, the usual excitement attendant upon struggles of this kind. The Australians are certainly not lacking in political ardour, and, although it has repeatedly been said that Canada contains more politics to the square acre than any portion of the globe, she must now admit the existence of a formidable competitor to that enviable distinction. In three months' time, from July to October of last year, no less than three Governments were overthrown, and the climax was finally reached by the Opposition taking the unusual and extreme course of refusing to vote the supplies necessary to conduct the ordinary affairs of the country. Journeying in the mining region is attended with much difficulty and requires no little caution, and the triumphant accomplishment of a journey of thirteen miles which the writer undertook in that locality, he will always consider as one of the most marvellous feats of his life. For the greater part of the road there was no guide but a succession of mute and blackened stumps, surrounded by awkward but imposing rocks, which greatly im-

peded his progress. Ballarat has been recently made the see of a Bishop, and the Rev. Dr. Thornton, of Birmingham, proceeded there in that capacity last August. He has one parish which derives its support from the generous contributions of a baker and a grocer, but this circumstance does not discourage him.

In distinction to the tame aspect of the Victoria coast, the shores of Western Australia are very bold. It is here that the greater portion of the very few remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants are to be seen. It has been asserted by geographers and others, that these natives are the most degraded on the face of the earth, and those who have had the opportunity of a personal inspection cannot fail most heartily to endorse this none too forcible statement. They clothe themselves (if the very trifling amount of material with which they are encumbered may be called clothing), in some species of fur, and their striking personal appearance is enhanced by an elaborate bestowal of paint and an occasional device judiciously arranged. Like the Arabs, they seem to be versed sufficiently in the English language to be able to besiege travellers constantly with entreaties for money. At Swan River the country, though wild, is very beautiful, and wild flowers grow in magnificent profusion.

Having considered the climate and some of the physical aspects of Australia, it may not be inapt to say a word or two as to its advantages and disadvantages as a field for emigration. To the emigrant from England or Scotland, who is contemplating removing himself and his household gods to that distant land, a multitude of considerations must present themselves, and he should not hastily, or without mature reflection, decide upon taking a step which may well be deemed irrevocable. First of all, he must not lose sight of the many hardships and the great distress which attend the long sea voyage. None but the wealthier classes can afford to take passage by steamship in one of the vessels which double the Cape of Good Hope, or by the luxurious and expensive Peninsular and Oriental Line. The food which is served out on the sailing vessels, although the quantity is not stinted, is far from being unexceptionable in quality. The berths are small and ill ventilated, and, in tropical weather,—that is, during one-third of the voyage,—almost unfit for occupancy. The vessel is either becalmed for days at a time, or else tossed and imperilled in some frightful storm. In the latter case, every avenue by which air can be admitted is carefully closed, and the blessing of light utterly denied to those, who, from considerations of safety, prefer to remain below. Again, the heat at times is so excessive as to cause the tar on the decks to boil, and one is not inclined to test the strength of, or cultivate any unnecessary intimacy with, a sun which has sufficient power to do this. All these considerations must make a man hesitate before taking a step which cannot well be recalled, and point towards a country less difficult to reach, and nearer home, as a more suitable land of adoption.

There is also the consideration of climate which has been spoken of in the beginning of this article, which should not be passed over without thought. Although much public building is going on in Melbourne and the other principal cities of Australia, the supply of labourers more than equals the demand. The railways in Victoria and New South Wales are for the most part small and insignificant, and a small staff only is requisite to keep them in efficient working order. There is, however, in contemplation, the building of a railway from Melbourne to Sydney, a distance of six hundred miles, which will be a work of great magnitude and will involve the necessity of an increased number of workmen in the country. There is one class of so-called labouring men, with which Australia, like all new countries, is completely overrun, and that is clerks. As those, moreover, who leave the old country with the intention of engaging themselves in Australia as clerks, are generally members of that class who have been cast adrift by their parents and guardians, they are not a desirable addition to a new colony. It is well known that the chief purpose to which Australian land is devoted is the raising of sheep, but, as any one who is desirous of embarking in an enterprise of this kind, must be provided with a fair amount of capital, a poor man can have no option in the matter. Altogether it would seem more desirable that emigrants should first carefully weigh the advantages and disadvantages of a country like Canada, not so far removed from

home, before transferring themselves to so remote a portion of the globe as Australia.

THE VOYAGE HOME, VIA SUEZ.

We left Melbourne by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's Steamship *Pera*, about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of November. The ship was manned entirely by natives of the Straits Settlements, (which comprise the islands of Penang, Singapore and some others of minor importance,) commonly called Lascars; the officers of course being Europeans. These natives are lithe and active in their movements, seem intelligent, are quite amenable to discipline, and appear, on the whole, to make good sailors; but I believe the principal reason for employing them is economy. The tropical voyage from Melbourne to Ceylon being very trying, it is necessary to give greatly increased wages to seamen to induce them to enter a trade in which so many risks are run; and these Lascars are quite content with a mere pittance. It has also been found unnecessary to set before them any very carefully prepared dishes, their sustenance being derived principally from a liberal consumption of rice. This simple food is served up on bare and ungarnished boards, and is conveyed to the mouth without the aid of the modern luxuries of fork and spoon, so that the outlay for the means of imparting nourishment is not excessive. They are very regular in their devotions, but I was told by one of the stewards, that as soon as these are over, the men are ready to engage in any nefarious enterprise that may present itself. The stewards, however, do not entertain the warmest affection for the Lascars, so that probably this statement should not be accepted unhesitatingly. The city of Adelaide was reached on the third day out, it being distant from Melbourne about six hundred miles. This is the capital of South Australia, but is a place of comparative insignificance. King George's Sound, the extreme southerly point of Western Australia, was touched at, and many passengers took this opportunity of going on shore. The general appearance of the country here was extremely uncivilized, and it is in this district that the few Aborigines now remaining, whose appearance I have already attempted to describe, are met with.

A day or two before we reached the Sound, the tranquillity of the voyage was disturbed by a very tragic incident. Some trouble arose with the engines which prevented them from performing their office properly, and the second engineer, a man not scrupulously temperate in his habits, took it into his head that the accident had been the result of some carelessness or negligence on his part, and promptly made away with himself. He was found hanging from a hook in his cabin, and it was generally supposed that he must have adjusted the rope while in his bunk, and suddenly sprung from it. An inquest was held at the Sound, and a most extraordinary verdict was rendered. The jury came to the conclusion that there was no evidence to show that the unfortunate man had destroyed his own life, and their decision was so worded as to admit of the belief that some outside influence had been used. Whether this verdict was given from conscientious-conviction, or whether the jury were influenced by a desire to afford to the deceased the last rites of the church, were questions which, though much discussed, were not determined. The surgeon remarked that he felt somewhat surprised that this intelligent and far-seeing jury had not thought fit to express their doubts as to the actual decease of the man.

After having taken on board the requisite amount of coal, we set sail for Galle, and nothing worthy of note happened until that point was reached. Ceylon is a beautiful country, and the prospect from the vessel was delightful. The change from the Australian to the European steamer only occupying two or three hours, no time was given for visiting the island. The moment we had dropped anchor, swarms of Cingalese clambered up the sides of the vessel, some with importunate offers of their services as a means of conveyance to the shore, and others desirous of selling native work. The beautiful lines of Bishop Heber at once came across my mind, and the truth of his words seemed very apparent:

"What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er
Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases, and only man is
vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness, the gifts of God are
strewn,
The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood
and stone."

The natives of this beautiful island are not encumbered with much clothing. The intensity of heat makes it very trying for Europeans, and, for this reason only, I was glad when more temperate regions were reached. The sight of the green foliage and the palm trees was delightful, and the open and airy dwellings were unlike anything that I had hitherto seen. The natives of Ceylon are greatly superior to the Hindoos or Lascars in personal appearance, many of them being very good-looking, and gifted with great muscular strength. I was rather surprised that none of them should have produced and offered to sell me a bottle of the "Cingalese Hair Renewer," a preparation, the remarkable effect of which we have heard so much of in Canada. It is singular that the marvellous powers of this article seem to be quite unknown in the locality from whence it is supposed to come. Great and very general regret was felt when this lovely spot was left, but the remembrance of Ceylon and its many attractions, will never fade from my recollection.

We left Point de Galle about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of November, by the steamship *Poonah*, the largest ship owned by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. A capital run was made from Galle to Aden, the distance being about twenty-one hundred miles, and the time taken in running it only seven days. Aden commands the entrance to the Red Sea, and has the appearance of being an almost impregnable fortress. It is in the hands of the British, and is of great value to them. The voyage up the Red Sea from Aden to Suez was very pleasant, and was accomplished in about six days. Several of the sailors attempted to show us the veritable spot where Pharoah and his host were drowned. We reached Suez on Friday the 10th of December, and were detained there until Saturday evening, which gave us ample time to see everything worthy of notice. Many demands were made upon us for "backsheesh," but I fear that the natives were not greatly enriched by our visit. A good deal of donkey-riding was done, but I preferred not to place myself at the mercy of these untrustworthy animals. I heard that very many of those who had recklessly allowed themselves to be stationed on the backs of these creatures were brought to overwhelming grief.

I forgot to mention that a glimpse was had of Mount Sinai. Great numbers of Egyptian and Arab soldiers were seen at Suez. They were on the point of embarking for Abyssinia, with which kingdom they were at that time not on the very best of terms. Judging from their appearance I should say that one Englishman could easily tackle four of these inexperienced warriors. Their struggle with Abyssinia has shown their incompetency, and they no doubt regret having entered into a contest with opponents so formidable as the inhabitants of that country are known to be. On the arrival of the steamer from Bombay on Saturday evening, we left Suez and crossed the desert by rail to Alexandria. As the journey was performed during the night, very little was seen, but, possibly, there was very little to see, except an occasional oasis here and there. I could not help being struck with the remarkable knowledge which the conductor of the train, who was an Egyptian, seemed to show of almost every living language. There were English, French, Italians, and many passengers of other nationalities, but he appeared perfectly equal to answering any inquiries which were addressed to him, irrespective of tongue.

When the day broke, Egypt burst upon us in all its novelty, the camels, especially, attracting considerable attention. There are no vehicles of any description in use here, and everything appears to be done by means of these camels, which are able to carry immense loads, and are very easily managed. The Egyptians themselves, and the country generally, would seem to have undergone no change since the infancy of the world, and the vivid pictures of Eastern life pourtrayed in the Bible are brought with renewed force to one's mind when passing through this interesting land. The Nile was crossed, but there is nothing at all remarkable in the appearance of this river, to discover the source of which has cost many a valuable life. Alexandria is the most desolate and dismal-looking place it has ever been my lot to see; it appears more like a collection of barns than a place where human beings are supposed to live. A very imperfect view was had of Pompey's pillar from the railway, but it is something to say that one has even seen this ancient monument. No time was given to visit the city, but no particular regret was felt, and the passengers were glad to know

that they were not to be delayed in such a miserable town.

The steamship *Baroda* left Alexandria about twelve o'clock on Saturday, the 12th of December, *en route* for Brindisi. A perceptible difference was noticed in the temperature, it being winter on this side of the line, and great changes of clothing were accordingly made. The sail up the Mediterranean was delightful, notwithstanding the chilliness of the weather, and great interest was felt when gazing upon the classic shores of Greece. We arrived at Brindisi on Wednesday, about nine o'clock in the evening, where the mails were transferred, and those passengers who were anxious to reach London without delay, left the ship and proceeded on their journey by rail. Brindisi is the ancient Brundusium, and is mainly interesting on account of its being a walled city. It is a wretched-looking place, but it has brightened up considerably of late, owing to its usefulness in respect of the present overland system of conveying the mails to and from India. I remained on the ship and proceeded as far as Ancona, where I took the railway for London, *via* Turin and Paris. At Ancona I found it extremely difficult to make myself intelligible, but after several fruitless attempts, I at length succeeded in convincing the official, who seized hold of me the moment I disembarked, that I wished to be taken to the office of the British Consul, where I knew that any information I might require would be cheerfully supplied. Leaving Ancona on Friday, the train stopped, among other places, at Bologna, renowned for its sausages, and I saw a magnificent display of that famous article of food at the refreshment room of the railway station. There is one undoubted disadvantage in travelling to London by rail, and that is the continued want of sleep. It would be a great boon to travellers if the American system of railway carriages, with sleeping cars attached, were introduced on the French and Italian railways, but they seem to have an undefined horror of such a thing, the French people being peculiarly obstinate on this point. There is no such thing in Italy as free conveyance of luggage, and I advise all who contemplate travelling in that country to bear this in mind, and cram as much as they possibly can into the railway carriage. Turin was reached on Saturday morning. This is the most modern of Italian cities, and has no vestige of antiquity about it. I remained there until the evening, when I started for Paris, *via* The Mont Cenis Tunnel. On arriving at Macon, the border town between Italy and France, I was alarmed at a request to produce my passport. Not thinking that such a thing was necessary, I had failed to procure one, and dreaded either immediate confinement in the nearest police station, as a reward for my negligence, or indefinite detention at the railway station. A gentleman, who had been travelling in the same carriage with me, being provided with two passports, kindly relieved me of my anxiety by giving me the extra one. The Mont Cenis Tunnel was passed through during the night. I must bear my humble testimony to the excellent style in which omelettes are prepared at the French railway stations, and to the delicious manner in which the coffee is made. Paris was reached on Sunday evening, where I remained until Monday afternoon.

I had an opportunity of walking about the city, but had no time to see many of the beauties of this "Queen of cities." I had not much difficulty in making myself understood here, but I was greatly struck with the difference of accent in Paris, and that commonly heard in Lower Canada. It is delightful to hear a Parisian speak, even if you do not understand a word he is saying. A great many of the handsomest buildings bear marks of the Prussian bombardment, and of the fierceness of the Communists during the late war, and some are still in melancholy ruins.

Having occasion during my stay to ask for a certain street, I addressed the following question, mildly, to one of the passers-by, "Pouvez-vous me diriger à la rue Tournon?" The answer was given in a very energetic voice, and for some moments the disturbance in my ears resembled that occasioned by the rumbling of an express train: "La rue Tour-r-r-non? Oui, monsieur, la deuxième rue." In future my attempts at French were less frequent. A story was told me here of an enthusiastic Englishman, who had been a strong supporter of the Napoleonic dynasty, and who was viewing from the outside of a 'bus, the many improvements made in this magnificent city, by the late Emperor. He could not restrain his enthusiasm, and, forgetful of the great revulsion of feeling that has so lately taken place in France, called out: "Vive

Napoleon Quatre, Vive L'Empire." The words had barely escaped his lips, when he found himself an occupant of the pavement.

I left for London at four o'clock in the afternoon, *via* Boulogne, and was accommodated at the latter place for three or four hours in a French Custom-house, it being too early in the morning to gain admission into a hotel. London was reached without accident, and my arrival ended a trip extending over seven months, during which a distance of nearly 35,000 miles had been travelled.

ONLY A BABY GONE!

ONLY a little empty cot
Where baby was laid to sleep;
But sore is my heart when I see it now,
And what can I do but weep?

Only a soiled and broken toy,
She used in her baby play;
I cannot bear to see it now,
Let it be hidden away.

And here lies another thing,
Recalling the sunny past;
Only a scarlet coral chain,
Her hands have so often claspt.

Only a baby's smile
Is missed in our home to-day;
And the sound of her pattering feet,
And her rippling laugh at play.

Only a baby gone?
Only the loss of these?
But when will our home seem bright again?
Oh, when will our hearts find ease?

Just when faith can behold
Our baby from sin set free;
Forever safe in the far off fold,
On the shores of the crystal sea.

M. E. MUCHALL.

North Douro.

EXEMPTION FROM MUNICIPAL TAXATION:

A PLEA FOR ITS ABOLITION.

BY W. F. MACLEAN, TORONTO.

TAKING the community as a whole, and speaking somewhat theoretically, Municipal Taxation is a self-imposed burden, supposed to return adequate compensation to the taxpayer, who, in consenting to be rated, retains the right of regulating its imposition and extent. It is an admitted necessity, and, if properly levied and equally distributed, should not be burdensome.

But it is just here that a great evil has its origin. Taxes are not equally distributed or properly levied. And it is for this reason that the great majority of taxpayers consider taxation a huge injustice to which they are forced to submit, and for the removal or amelioration of which they have no resource. None can deny that there is good ground for this opinion, and that great injustice exists. The origin and cause of the greater part of this injustice is directly traceable to the exemption of certain classes and properties from taxation. How numerous these classes and how extensive these properties are the public has had no means of knowing, but an idea may be gained from the following summary:—

The property and persons that escape taxation in Ontario—it is with this Province that it is proposed to deal—may be divided into:

Imperial.—Houses occupied by persons in the service of the Imperial Government; Imperial, naval, and military salaries and pensions.

Federal.—Real estate and structures, such as parliament and departmental buildings; post-offices and savings' banks; custom-houses and inland revenue offices; emigration sheds; penitentiaries; military colleges and storehouses, barracks, drill-sheds, and forts; ordnance and Indian lands; vacant lots, &c.; residence and salary of Governor-General; salaries of Dominion officials; pensions under $200.

Provincial—Parliament and departmental buildings; prisons and asylums; universities and colleges; unoccupied lands; law courts and salaries of law officers; pensions under $200.

Municipal.—County, city, town, and township halls; court-houses and gaols; registry offices; exhibition buildings and grounds; water-works, parks, and markets; cemeteries; public schools; poor-houses, hospitals, and houses of correction; pounds; fire halls and police stations; vacant lots, &c.

Sectarian. — Churches and church grounds; ministers' salaries to the extent of $1,000, and their dwellings to the extent of $2,000; cemeteries and burying grounds; denominational schools and colleges; convents, monasteries, and abbeys; orphan asylums; infants', boys', and girls' homes; Christian association and benevolent society buildings; hospitals and dispensaries, &c.

Miscellaneous.—Scientific, mechanics', and literary institutes; incomes derived by farmers from their farms; personal property secured by mortgage or invested in Provincial and Municipal Ontario debentures; bank stock (but not the dividends); railroad stock; personal property equal to debts due thereon; personalty under $100; rental from real estate (but not interest on mortgages); household effects, books, and wearing apparel.

To show how great is the injustice that flourishes under this system of exemption, it will be convenient to examine the above enumerated classes and properties under different heads, namely: the exemption of Government and Municipal properties; personal incomes; and sectarian properties and incomes.

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL EXEMPTIONS.

At first sight it would appear that no in-

justice results from the exemption of Government or Municipal properties, since these were called into existence for the public good; but on going below the surface an important anomaly presents itself. Nothing could be more equitable than that these properties, being as they are for the general good, should be purchased and maintained at the public cost. But this is not the case. While the people at large have to furnish the money to secure the site and erect the building, the surrounding improvements—quite as necessary as the building itself—such as roads and pavements, water, light, sewers, fire and police protection, &c., have to be provided by a very small fraction of the public, namely, those who happen to be residents of the municipality in which the building is erected. Not only do these people contribute to the general fund, but they are specially taxed for the benefit of institutions from which they, as citizens of the country, derive no greater benefit than their fellow-countrymen who may be many miles removed from the location of the buildings. Take, for instance, the Federal buildings at Ottawa. They are the property of the country at large, and a resident of Vancouver or Halifax derives as much benefit from them as the citizen of the capital. Why then is it that the Ottawa ratepayer is unjustly compelled to provide improvements for the benefit of the residents of British Columbia and Halifax? Or, rather, why is it that the latter escape from paying a just share of the cost of providing these public buildings with necessary improvements? The greater part of the revenue of the Dominion is collected through the custom-houses and inland revenue offices. Would it be any other than proper that a portion of this revenue should be set aside to pay for the improvements surrounding these buildings, instead of compelling the residents of the municipality in which they happen to be located to do it? It is the same with Provincial property. Is it just that the people of Toronto should furnish the *three million dollars'* worth of property in that city, belonging to the Province of Ontario, with all manner of improvements? Do not the people of Essex and Glengarry, as citizens of the Province, derive equal advantages from Osgoode Hall, the Normal School, Central Prison, Lunatic Asylum, University, Legislative Buildings, &c., &c., with the ratepayers of Toronto? Why, then, should they not bear a share in the cost of the civic improvements with which these institutions are surrounded? Again, take the City of Hamilton. Why are its ratepayers expected to provide roads, walks, lights, sewers, &c., for the court-house, registry office, county buildings, gaol, &c., of the County of Wentworth, all situated within the city's limits? The people of the county number twice as many as the residents of the city, and to them accrue most of the advantages conferred by these buildings; yet by an anomaly in the law they are provided with improvements by those who use the buildings least—the people of Hamilton. A similar state of affairs will be found in all county towns. Let us even go a step lower. All the townships have town-halls and fair-grounds in some one of the little villages within their bounds. By the system of exemption a very small section of the ratepayers of the township—those who happen to reside in the village in which this township property is located—are unjustly charged with providing improvements around property owned and used for the benefit of every resident in the township.

These exemptions probably had their rise in the belief that to tax public property would merely be taking money from one pocket to put it in the other. But such belief is error. Were all this public property taxed, and all made to bear a share in it, the injustice at present witnessed, of a few having to pay, would be abolished. The only set-off to all this exemption, from federal property down to township halls, is the argument that these buildings and lands confer special advantages on those living near them; in other words, that the population is increased, and that a great deal of custom is drawn to the store and hotel-keepers, &c., by outsiders having to come to the municipality to transact business at the public buildings which may be situated within it. The people of Ottawa will be told that Parliament draws a great many to that city who leave considerable money behind them, and that if the departments were not there they would be so much poorer. To see how fallacious this argument is, it has only to be remembered that the person called there on business; if he spends money, he gets value in return; that he would be at similar outlay no matter where

the buildings were located; that if an extra amount of "business" is done, there is a corresponding rush from outside places to participate in it; and that the great majority of the ratepayers—the labourer, the mechanic, the clerk, the schoolmaster, &c.—are not one cent better off because these buildings happen to be in their city than if they were in Winnipeg. They only make a living, and that they could do in any place. A man keeping an attractive hotel might just as well claim exemption because his house draws strangers who spend money among the storekeepers, and that if it were not there the people would not come. And as it is with the Federal property, so is it with the Provincial, county, and township exemptions. *The only persons who reap advantages from the location of public buildings within a municipality are the owners of the land at the time the site is selected.*

There is only one class of public property which, if exempted, causes no injustice. This is the purely *local* municipal property of cities, towns, and villages. It embraces city and town halls, fire halls, police stations, public local schools, houses of refuge, hospitals, markets, parks, vacant lots, &c. These are held only for the benefit of the residents of the particular municipality in which they happen to be. No one outside the limits derives the least advantage from them. Hence the people within the limits, and for whose use alone they exist, should and do provide the improvements with which they are encircled. It is only in this class of public property that to tax would be to take money from one pocket to put it in the other. But in doing this no injustice would be committed, and, at the same time, the principle that all property should be taxed would be vindicated.

PERSONAL EXEMPTIONS.

The persons classed as exempted under this head may be divided into those who pay no taxes because of their calling, and those who pay no taxes because of the source from which their incomes are derived. In the first division we have clergymen, monks, nuns, and Imperial officers; and in the second, Dominion officials, including lieutenant-governors, judges, civil service employees, and those receiving federal pensions. Why this numerous class is exempt from paying a just portion of the cost of the comforts that municipal government supplies, has never been explained. It has yet to be demonstrated that a clergyman works harder for his salary than the merchant and the mechanic, or that the public business would not be effectually conducted if judges, departmental clerks, revenue collectors, and postal officials were not exempted from municipal taxation. All these derive advantages from the roads, pavements, light, and means provided by the municipality for protection from thieves and fire, and should bear a share in the cost. People are taxed, not because of their calling or of the source from which they receive their incomes, but in order to provide certain conveniences in which *all* share, and which assist all to earn a livelihood and the better to enjoy their incomes, whatever they may be. Consequently, if a man shares—and all must necessarily share—in the advantages conferred by municipal expenditure, he should also share in the cost.

Had Parliament, when it was so anxious about its officials that it provided for their exemption from municipal taxation, given them their tea, coffee, tobacco, spirits, and other taxable articles, free from custom or excise duties, it would have at least shown a consistent principle. But it took good care not to be out of pocket itself, and placed the burden on the municipalities. If Parliament thinks it is wrong to tax Dominion officials, is not a greater injustice perpetrated when it taxes them itself? This furnishes an illustration of the saw, "What you do is wrong; what I do is right."

Personal exemptions create privileged classes, and privileged classes have often been the cause of revolution. All men are equal, and whatever tends to clash with this principle (and certainly exemption does) is injurious, and should be speedily corrected. Mechanics and farmers are just as necessary to the community as judges and clergymen, and both should stand on the same ground. But the farmer and mechanic, under the present system of taxation, suffer a double injustice. They have not only to pay taxes while the minister and the civil service employee are exempt, but they have also to pay the taxes of these latter.

The moral status of the clergyman or

Government official is not enlarged by his being a pauper on those who should be his fellow-citizens. Both would be more respected if they paid their way like other people.

SECTARIAN EXEMPTIONS.

Of all the abuses that flourish under the present system of taxation, that of the exemption of sectarian institutions and incomes is the most iniquitous. In support of this statement, the following arguments, showing the unconstitutionality, the injustice, and the demoralizing effect of the exemption of sectarian property and incomes, are advanced.

In Ontario, the Constitution demands recognition of only one sect, and that in only one respect—the Separate Schools of the Roman Catholics. All others are unknown to it. Hence a violation of its spirit is witnessed in the Legislature compelling the ratepayers of the municipality to recognise several classes and all creeds by stipulating that the property and incomes of these shall be exempt from local taxation. Furthermore, under our system of government, and in accord with the genius of our people, it is an admitted principle that all should bear a share in its cost. Taxation was not intended to be, and is not, tribute, but a common fund for the general good, to which all should give according to their ability or the benefit derived. The Constitution never intended that a privileged class in this or any other respect should exist. But such a breach has been committed, for it cannot be denied that those exempted form a privileged class.

Again, liberty of conscience is secured to all. To assail it would be to attack the most sacred of all our civil rights. But is not a man's pocket and conscience unjustly assaulted when the Legislature compels him to recognise all creeds, by forcing him to provide municipal improvements for the property of the bodies which hold and support such beliefs?

The law, in sanctioning local taxation, indicates that it shall bring compensation. But it cannot be affirmed that the ratepayer derives benefit from this or that church or sectarian institution being surrounded, at his cost, with all manner of civic improvements and conveniences. If he had his own way these institutions would never have been there, unless their supporters or owners agreed to pay a just share of the municipal improvements, as their presence only increases the area to be kept in order, and prevents a greater degree of compactness—probably a convenience to him—in the arrangement of the dwellings and places of business of his fellow-ratepayers. These examples could be multiplied, did space permit, in proof of the assertion that exemption is unconstitutional and out of harmony with the democratic sentiments of the people of Canada.

That sectarian exemptions, besides being unconstitutional, are also unjust, may be most easily exemplified. A man may be priest to his own household, and his only altar the family one; yet he is unjustly compelled to find improvements for institutions from which he derives no benefit, spiritual or otherwise. He may consider churches unnecessary. One denomination gets along very well without a minister, its members preaching their own sermons, and visiting their own sick and poor; but this does not save them from having to pay the taxes of the ministers of other creeds which consider them a necessity. The same lot befalls the man who has no religion. His right not to entertain a belief or creed cannot be questioned; yet he is forced to pay the taxes of those engaged in preaching doctrines, and of educational corporations disseminating teachings, which he considers false and calculated to contract his mental freedom. Again, a congregation may not be given to display, its members being content with a plain church and sufficient ground to set it on; the one opposite has massive towers or a far-reaching steeple, and occupies a block in the centre of a populous city: yet the former has no protection from having to pay towards the improvements encompassing the costly edifice and the extensive grounds (from which the public are excluded) of the latter.

A common case is that of a husband dying leaving a young family unprovided for. The father has paid a portion of the taxes of every charitable institution to the municipality; yet when the bereaved widow offers her offspring to the managers of a sectarian orphanage, the answer is that the children cannot be received, or that "extra" money will have to be paid, because she is not an adherent of the denomination

which controls the charity. Another says, "My son or daughter will receive a fair education at the public schools, yet I have no redress from paying the taxes of sectarian schools and colleges, which I do not think it necessary my children should attend." A poor man is unable to send his boy to the college of his own or any other denomination. He does not, however, escape the tax collector's demands, and has to provide for the children of others what he cannot get for his own. The exemption of denominational schools is unjust to the public schools. Under it ratepayers not only pay public school rates, but have to provide improvements for the extensive properties held by these sectarian educational corporations.

The suffering taxpayers are further mulcted in the taxes of wealthy sisterhoods and brotherhoods, whose policy has ever been to accumulate property, in mortmain, and restrict their own number, and who derive large revenues from teaching, the practice of industries, and the produce of their farms and gardens. There is practically no limit to which these corporations cannot reach in acquiring property and holding it in the name of some church or charity—consequently, free from taxation. They may keep fifty, one hundred, two hundred good paying pupils, and hold sufficient land in the heart of some centre of trade from which enough or almost enough is raised to supply the fraternity themselves and their paying guests; yet these same people fail to admit that they are under any obligation to the public which supplies them with roads, light, water, and a host of other conveniences. The taxpayer has no means of knowing the receipts and expenditures of these corporations whose taxes he pays. He is beyond knowing whether, while he is struggling to pay the taxes imposed on him, the "exempted" ministers, professors, brothers, and sisters are not taking the affairs of this life very easily and probably saving money.

But besides being unconstitutional and unjust, sectarian exemptions are also demoralizing. The exemption of denominational properties has removed a necessary restraint, and encouraged extravagance in church and sectarian buildings. It has materially assisted in the development of the sentiment that finds expression, not in which creed shall do the most good, but in which one shall have the costliest church, the most artistically laid out grounds, the most commodious manse for the pastor. To the brotherhoods and sisterhoods exemption is an incentive to accumulate property, instead of tending the sick and teaching the poor. If all these, church managers included, had to find taxes, they would think more of their spiritual duties—at least they would give less attention to worldly matters. Exemption also tends to the increasing of the number of denominations, while a marked sign of the times is a union of creeds. It makes clergymen dependent, while they should be independent.

CONCLUSION.

Without doubt, one of the strongest arguments against exemptions of all kinds is that of the "unearned increment." The untaxed property is constantly increasing in value, owing to the construction of improvements round it, and toward the cost of which it contributes nothing. Its market value is always augmenting at the expense of surrounding property. It has only to be left alone, and its value accumulates enormously. On the other hand, on assessed property, a sum, equal to the amount for which the property is rated, is paid every forty-five or fifty years in the way of municipal taxes. That is, the tax-payer really repurchases his property at the end of fifty years, while the "exempted," at the end of the same time, finds his property has doubled or trebled in value without the least expense or exertion on his part.

Were all property taxed alike, those large charitable and sectarian institutions, with their extensive grounds, which now have locations in the centres of cities, would be compelled to seek accommodation in country places, where taxation is lower. More room would then be left in the cities and towns for the demands of commerce, while these institutions and their inmates would be none the worse for their transfer beyond the city or town limits.

The abuses that flourish under exemption are numerous; they are growing, and demand speedy attention. President Grant, in a late message to Congress, alluded to the evils that were the outcome of exemption, and said complete assessment was the only remedy. In Quebec, the exempted

property is said to be one-third of the whole, and forms the heaviest burden of the people of that Province. In Ontario, the exempted corporations are getting more numerous, and the property exempted more extensive; but a vigorous agitation for the abolition of all exemptions is also coming to the front. A movement is on foot to have a return ordered at the coming session of the Assembly, of all exempted property through the Province. The public will then be best able to judge of the perniciousness of the system. The true remedy is to tax *all property*. Make every one who shares in the advantages conferred by municipal expenditures share also in the cost. Let none be privileged. Place it beyond the power of a municipality to exempt a factory, or any person or thing. If the municipality desires to aid any individual, charitable corporation, or industry, let it give a bonus, but do not permit exemption in any shape or form. When such a course is adopted, none can complain of injustice; all will receive full compensation for their taxes, and no privileged classes will exist.

PROGRESS OF HUMANITY:

THE ART OF WAR.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

PROGRESS! Progress is now the universal cry urging man on to improvement;—to some attainable and, frequently, to some visionary good. It is a watchword more pregnant with meaning than the old fashioned "Onward"; for "On," or "Onward" implied nothing beyond a brave dash of enterprise, fortunate or desperate as it might happen; but Progress imports that the forward movement must be beneficial to the human race.

Acknowledging this as a general approximation to truth, though too much carried to a boastful length and too often directed to mistaken objects, I have pondered upon some of the phenomena exhibited by the age in which we live. I confess to having lost myself in the tangled maze of Civilization at which we have arrived and in which we are working our way amid strange moral results and curious contradictions. The questions will still arise in my mind: Are we better or worse than our forefathers? Are we wiser and less foolish? Are we happier, in our generation, or more contented? Do we cherish the nobler human virtues and practise the blessed Christian precepts more or less? In answer, I shall only observe, I am not an optimist.

But the immediate source of my reflective mood, and to which I would invite attention, is the extraordinary aspect of warlike affairs, and the tendency of every new advance in military art to ensure merciless slaughter and wholesale destruction. The very words, usages of civilized war, have always been sufficiently incongruous, but they seem now to have reached a climax of absurdity that should make the angels weep. Civilization and a competition of Armstrong and Whitworth cannon! Civilization and armed rams! Civilization and beautiful shelling; and such shells and such accuracy! Civilization and unerring rifle practice! Surely if Civilization goes on at this rate, by the time a little more Progress is made, there will be nobody left to enjoy it—except the last woman, perhaps, for the male fighting moiety of mortal kind must all have been exterminated.

Let us look back—not to remote antiquity or savage life, where bows and arrows, boomerangs, assegays, clubs, tiny darts blown through a tube, and lethal instruments of flint, bronze, or iron, sufficed for all the purposes of destruction; but to the epoch when gunpowder was invented and applied in various ways to the business of killing. Proud of the discovery of so fearful an agent, a few grand efforts were made to demon-

strate its irresistible power. Little did the strategists of those days dream of three hundred pounders, or of batteries of such huge monsters as were truly their *ne plus ultra*, What they did produce were boasts of wonder! There was Mons Meg, which still displays her amazing size in Edinburgh Castle; there was The Gun on the Cliff at Dover which bragged,

> "Charge me well and sponge me clean,
> I'll lay a ball on Calais Green."

There are the long cannon and the gigantic mortar, brought from distant lands, to adorn St. James' Park, the former plotted to Fieschi a King; and there are probably a score more of notable historical pieces, to show how contemptible were the utmost slaughtering devices of former times when compared with the improvements and progress in civilization which are being so interestingly developed in our day. Their poor solitary specimens sink into absolute insignificance.

In the more ordinary course of smaller ware there was the famous brown-bess which maintained its reputation for two hundred years. At first the clumsy match-lock took so long a time in loading, blowing up the match, and going off, that it was not so deadly as was expected; especially as a good deal remained of the casing in armour, such as was worn in chivalrous battle when man met man in brave encounter, and the victory fell to the stoutest or most skilful. In this there was something like manliness and fair play; and the glory of conquest was rarely darkened by the infliction of death. And even where the brown-bess was most advantageously employed and at close quarters, to its credit be it recorded, it is astonishing to think how few were killed in proportion to the ammunition expended!

The vollies were noisy enough—the soldiers were directed to fire low and they seem to have fired not only low but high. They were also warned to put their trust in Providence, and keep their powder dry; but somehow it happened that owing to the promiscuous nature of the fight, few enemies fell to a very liberal allowance of gunpowder.

In the slaughter that was committed in this way, the troops come under the description of mere instruments. They manœuvred and fired away as they were led and ordered; but they were almost unconscious of the casualities they produced—there was no direct and distinct action aimed at individual life. Civilization and the progress of science has, however, improved upon this unsatisfactory state of things; and the rifle has superseded the old brown-bess. Instead of the haphazard rattling volley, you have the stealthy rifle with its sharp twang. There is nothing to be seen of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but there is a crack from behind a tree or a bush, and a fellow-creature on the opposite side falls forward in the agonies of death. He has been admirably picked out (covered, as they call it) and most expertly slain; and our sure marksman goes on to shoot as many more as he can discover to aim at; and, having disposed of some ten or a dozen unfortunate persons, in the triumph of success he heedlessly exposes himself, and is brought down by a bullet from an unseen hand, as accurate as his own in the civilized mode of murder which has made brown-bess a laughing stock. In the training now there is Science: Science triumphs in the sights, for all distances, which enable the proficient drill to lay the enemy low as certainly as if his breathing body were a target and his warm heart a bull's eye.

Long ago, and through the ages of raw ignorance, the warriors were at immense trouble in constructing battering rams, and, under the best shelter they could manage, knocking away at the walls of towns in despite of hot pitch and boiling lead poured ruthlessly on their heads, and big stones hurled down upon them by the besieged with a crushing impartiality. Miserable contrivances! Look at the iron-plated rams, as yet only employed on the sea, but speedily to be constructed for land service, and mark the mighty improvement. While it is a question whether the enormous cannon can destroy wholesale the armed fortifications which are to be opposed to them, it is highly satisfactory to know we have such machines, which with a single poke of their beaks can extemporize noyades of splendid efficacy. Those of the sanguinary French revolution were paltry expedients, drowning a few aristocrats or suspects, whom it would have been tedious to guillotine; but our merry-make style of execution is of a grander order. With one blow it staves in the side of a vessel, and in ten minutes every soul of the crew is in eternity. Just as you have seen cruel people plunge a trap with poor mice:

under water till dead, so the skilled pilot of the ram, by an exquisite act of seamanship, in a moment sends several hundred human beings, full five fathoms deep, to be seen no more on the face of the wonderfully civilized earth.

War is treated as a game. The shambles have their games, though the marrow-bones and cleavers are almost obsolete. Not so the shambles for mankind. On the contrary the pastimes increase in number and attractiveness; and the most innocent nomenclature is coined for the varieties. A populous city is sacked. How much is expressed in that little word. Thirty thousand men, women, and children are devoted to the brutality of an infuriated soldiery reeking with blood and hot from their own narrow escape from wounds or death. They are let loose to gratify every fiend-passion of lust and revenge upon the miserable inhabitants whose only offence is that they have been forced to endure the cruel tyranny and oppression of that other band which previously committed every outrage upon them as their defenders. Forlorn hopes and storming are no doubt "suggestive" epithets signifying a vast amount of desperate daring and suffering; but after the "affair" is over, there are only a few hundreds or thousands *hors de combat*;—out of the battle, indeed, and dying in hospitals or thrown in their ghastly shapes into bloody graves. Then we hear of "admirable shell practice," almost every bomb scattering the limbs of those among whom it bursts all around its horrid area. And we have a Drumhead Court, at which the wretched foredoomed culprit or culprits are simply arraigned for some disobedience of orders, summarily convicted and immediately hanged, or, as a favour, shot. On a larger scale is the more fatal measure of a Special Commission to try offenders or foes by military law. In plain parlance it is simply a psuedo-irresponsible method of cutting off any number of adversaries whom it would not look well to massacre, poison, or even imprison for the brief period that intervenes between incarceration and natural death.

SONG.

BY A QUEENSLANDER.

OVER my soul the great thoughts roll,
Like the waves of a mighty sea;
But clear, through the rushing and surging there sounds
A wonderful music to me.
So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
Wonderful, beautiful, soft and slow.

Not here, not there, not in this calm air,
Nor born of the silver sea;—
Immortal—beyond all the music of man—
It is love that is singing in me.
So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
Wonderful, beautiful, soft and slow.

Not mine alone this melting tone—
The soul of it comes from thee—
For thou, in thy bosom, art singing of love,
And the music flows over to me.
So sweet, so low, the harmonies flow;
They rise and they fall, they come and they go;
Wonderful, beautiful, soft and slow.

DARWINISM AND MORALITY.

BY JOHN WATSON, M.A., QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

IT sometimes happens that a conception is found to fit a class of facts quite different from that to account for which it was originally framed. This unexpected result, it is well known, is one of the best proofs that a *vera causa* has been discovered, and in most cases at once raises a tentative hypothesis to the rank of an established law. The temptation, however, to distort or misapprehend facts in the endeavour to push a new conception beyond its proper limits is so strong, that the most extreme care is needed to guard against it. Even when the order of phenomena sought to be explained is of the same kind as that already accounted for, the probabilities are against the proposed extension; when, on the other hand, the new phenomena are extremely unlike the old, the antecedent improbability is so very great as to require evidence of the most undeniable kind to counterbalance it.

The attempt now being made to explain moral and social phenomena by the doctrine of Evolution, is an instance of the effort to apply a hypothesis to a totally new class of facts. While the extreme divergence in the two kinds of facts raises a strong *à priori* presumption against the success of this attempt, it does not entitle any one to dismiss the project as futile without inquiry; more especially as some who are by no means advocates of Darwinism, although they believe it to have a high degree of probability in its favour, look upon this recent phase of it with qualified approval. The acceptance of Evolution will, in the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith,* "render it necessary to rewrite our manuals of Moral Philosophy." If this suggestion at all corresponds to the truth, it is well that we should know it; if, on the other hand, as others believe, it suggests a distrust that is uncalled for, the sooner we hear reasons for coming to that conclusion the better. The question is not, it will be observed, whether the theory of Evolution is true or false; but whether, assuming its truth, it has any bearing upon Morality. On the former topic the present writer, not being a scientific specialist, does not feel competent to express any authoritative opinion; on the latter he proposes to set down a few thoughts that will, he believes, be found to have some weight.

1. The first point that suggests itself is, whether the theory of Evolution can be shown to affect in any way the truth or falsehood of our moral conceptions. That theory, as originally presented by its author in his great work, *The Origin of Species*, shows, or attempts to show, that all species of living beings, vegetable and animal, are co-descendants of one or more primordial forms. Different species, in other words, are no more of separate origin than are varieties of the same species. The same influences which have co-operated in producing varieties are competent to account for all the differences of species, without recourse being had to the hypothesis of special creation. These influences are Inheritance, Variability, and External Circumstances. Each living being tends to resemble its immediate or more remote progenitors in certain definite characteristics; it also tends to display individual features that mark it off from all other beings. If we could suppose the conditions of existence absolutely alike for all beings of the same kind, we should have the same type persisting for an indefinite period without any important change. But as all organic beings increase in a geometrical ratio, more individuals are produced than can possibly survive, and a severe struggle for life takes place, usually between beings of the same species, but often between those of distinct species. The relations between living things, determining which shall survive and which shall die, being exceedingly complex, those individuals which chance to display a variation in the least degree more advantageous to their existence than their competitors survive, while

* CANADIAN MONTHLY, May, 1876, p. 415.

those less favourably endowed die out. Such a variation tends by the law of Inheritance to be perpetuated, and thus by the slow accumulation of slight increments of difference a variation from the original type is at length produced, so marked as to explain why certain kinds of beings have been classed as independent species. Besides this process of Natural Selection, another less potent cause, which tends to a like result, is that of Sexual Selection,* depending upon a struggle between the individuals of one sex for the possession of the other sex. The whole theory may be summed up in the words of one of its ablest advocates:—"All the phenomena of organic nature, past and present, result from or are caused by the interaction of those properties of organic matter called ATAVISM and VARIABILITY, with the CONDITIONS OF EXISTENCE; or, in other words,—given the existence of organic matter, its tendency to transmit its properties, and its tendency occasionally to vary; and, lastly, given the conditions of existence by which organic matter is surrounded—these put together are the causes of the Present and the Past conditions of ORGANIC NATURE."†

This statement of the salient points of the doctrine of Evolution has been introduced as a basis upon which to rest two plain inferences. The first inference is that, admitting its truth, the theory is not competent to do more than explain generally how the various species of organic beings have as a matter of fact arisen in process of time. It declares that those characteristics which in certain given conditions are most favourable to the preservation of the plant's or animal's life have something to do with the being's preservation, but it does not pretend to say upon what those characteristics ultimately depend. The so-called laws of Inheritance and Variability are simply empirical generalizations, not comparable in any strict sense with an absolute physical law, such as that "bodies attract each other proportionally to their mass and inversely as the square of their distance." Nor does the theory throw any light, except perhaps incidentally, upon the disputed question of the nature of Life; wherein it consists, and how living things are demarcated, if at all, from inorganic matter; it simply tells us that certain characteristics end by being slowly intensified to alter the physical features of organic beings. But if the theory does not account for more than phenomenal manifestations and changes; if it determines nothing about the relations of life and matter, much less can it give any assistance in the case of problems which depend for their solution upon the nature of consciousness and reason. The bearing of this conclusion will appear further on; at present the important thing to note is, that the doctrine of Evolution is a purely physical theory, and even as such only an empirical law destitute of the accuracy and stability of the highest kind of natural law.

Now, this inference seems effectually to dispose of any claim the doctrine of Evolution might be supposed to have to determine the validity or invalidity, or in any way to affect the truth, of moral conceptions. For, granting in the meantime that the law of Natural Selection is of a nature to explain how the infinite diversity of moral ideas, past and present, has arisen, it is difficult to see how this in any way enables us to decide which ideas are true and which false, or indeed whether any of them are true. The mere fact that under certain conditions certain moral conceptions prevail, does not help us in the least to determine what the relation or absolute value of competing conceptions may be. No doubt we may, by comparing these conceptions together, decide their comparative worth, but such a comparison is not a part of the doctrine of Evolution, but a purely ethical question, to be determined upon purely ethical grounds. To state the special ways in which a class of ideas has come into existence is one thing; to appraise these ideas according to their moral value is another and a very different thing; and the doctrine of Evolution being necessarily limited by its very nature to the former task, is impotent to undertake the latter task. If, for example, it were argued, as it has been argued, that the fact of contradictory moral conceptions being held at different times and among different nations shows that truth on ethical questions

* Sexual Selection may be practically left out of account, more especially as Mr. Wallace has recently expressed his conviction that its influence has been altogether overrated. See *Academy*, June 17, 1876, p. 588.

† Huxley *On the Origin of Species*, Am. Ed., 1863, p. 131.

is not obtainable, of what use is it to be told that the existence of so great a diversity of conceptions can be explained by the interaction of the laws of Inheritance and Variation, together with the conditions of existence? This evidently is no answer to the question asked—namely, whether any of the conceptions is true—but to a totally different question, which has not been asked at all. Or again, how shall the right of personal Property be established by a theory that at best can only explain how the belief in that right has grown up? What reply is to be made to the Socialist who maintains that the belief *ought not* to have grown up, and that if he can accomplish it the Evolutionist will next have to explain by Natural Selection how the institution of Property has come to be abolished. The only plausible argument which can be advanced to show that the development theory has a bearing upon questions of morals is that drawn from the notion of Progress. The fact, it may be said, that certain moral ideas are held by communities that have gone through the whole process of development, is a strong presumption in favour of their truth. And, undoubtedly, there is weight in this argument; but its force depends upon the assumption, that the Darwinian theory necessarily implies the notion of progress.

Now, a second inference easily drawn from the summary given above is, that the conception of a development from lower to higher types of organic beings is not an integral part of the doctrine of Evolution. No doubt it is true as a matter of fact that, broadly speaking, the lower form is also the older, and that superiority of organism has kept pace with the lapse of time; but unvarying progress, so far from being established by the theory, is not only not an essential part of it, but is distinctly and utterly inconsistent with it. To the rule of a gradual advance from lower to higher there are numerous exceptions; and therefore an hypothesis which only explained the majority of cases, leaving the minority unexplained, would be essentially and fatally imperfect. Degradation of type in some instances is as certain as its elevation of type in others, and the theory claims to explain both equally. The law of Natural Selection is not that the higher being kills out the lower in the struggle for existence, but the being which is best fitted for the conditions in which it chances to be placed is the one that will survive. When the fitness, as no doubt is most generally the case, consists in a variation that, when intensified by the law of Inheritance, results in a higher type of being, there is progress; when, on the contrary, the variation is absolutely an inferiority, although it is favourable to the preservation of the species, there is degradation. "The law," says Mr. Herbert Spencer,* "is not the survival of the 'better' or the 'stronger,' if we give to those words anything like their ordinary meaning. It is the survival of those which are constitutionally fittest to thrive under the conditions in which they are placed; and very often that which, humanly speaking, is inferiority, causes the survival. Superiority, whether in size, strength, activity, or sagacity, is, other things equal, at the cost of diminished fertility; and when the life led by a species does not demand those higher attributes, the species profits by decrease of them, and accompanying increase of fertility. This is the reason why there occur so many cases of retrograde metamorphosis—this is the reason why parasites, internal and external, are so commonly degraded forms of higher types. When it is remembered that these cases outnumber all others—that there are more species of parasites than there are species of all other animals put together—it will be seen that the expression 'survivorship of the better' is wholly inappropriate."

The special application of the conclusion just arrived at is obvious. If the doctrine of Evolution does not establish the fact of progress when put forward to account for biological phenomena, neither does it imply that notion when employed to explain moral phenomena. To determine whether there has been any advance in morality, recourse must be had to considerations other than those furnished by a theory which is as consistent with retrogression as with advancement. The truth of the physical laws of Inheritance and Variability will not be overthrown if the golden age is placed in the past instead of in the future, unless the data for either view are specially invented for the occasion. This conclusion is, in fact, simply the negative aspect of the inference already

* *Recent Discussions in Science*, &c., Am. Ed., p. 340.

drawn, that the theory of Evolution limits itself to the discovery of the laws that regulate the physical variations of living beings. For as the reasonings by which these laws are proved do not affect the truth or falsehood of a single moral idea, they supply no standard by reference to which the varying conceptions that from time to time present themselves may be arranged in a graduated scale of excellence, and therefore no possible criterion of moral progress. The conception of progress necessarily implies a regular advance towards a predetermined goal, and until that goal has been fixed upon, at least provisionally, it is impossible to say whether a given series of movements has been forward or backward. Were it not that every one has in his mind a ready-made standard of morality, which has got there in a way that it would puzzle him exactly to trace, and which therefore seems an unprovable intuition, the Evolutionist would not imagine that he is establishing the fact of moral progress by physical reasonings, when in reality he is resting it upon quite other grounds. But by a very natural confusion, arising from imperfection of analysis, he attempts to prove that morality is progressive by assuming, to begin with, that moral progress has been made. It is this tacit assumption that gives plausibility to the argument by which one of Mr. Darwin's disciples has recently tried to show that the doctrine of Evolution affords a strong *à priori* presumption in favour of existing moral conceptions. "If we are satisfied," says Mr. Frederick Pollock,* "that the process of development is on the whole towards an end which appears to us as right, then there is at least some scientific presumption in favour of existing morality, such as we find it in the judgment of the average right-minded man, and the burden of proof is on those who assert that in any particular case it requires correction." In other words, the doctrine of Evolution necessarily implies a process of development from lower to higher. This assumption, however, as has been shown, cannot be justified, as indeed is virtually admitted when the limiting clause "on the whole" is inserted. The need of such a limitation lies in the fact that the theory only explains how certain organisms, or, if it be extended to morality, certain moral conceptions, have grown out of the past, irrespective of whether these are lower or higher than those that have gone before them. Morality has not in all cases gone on in a straight line of development; on the contrary, there are whole nations, it is notorious, that have stood still or gone back. That morality has "on the whole" progressed is no doubt true, and may perhaps be gathered from the materials supplied by the theory of development; but the conception of progress is not an essential part of the theory, nor can it be proved by it. To show that living beings have, on the whole, displayed a continuous process of elevation, presupposes a standard of comparison, just as to prove that morality is progressive we must assume a given set of conceptions as at least relatively perfect. The standard is in the one case supplied by the human organism, as in the other it is taken from "existing morality, such as we find it in the judgment of the average right-minded man;" but in either case it has to be fetched from a sphere into which the doctrine of development cannot enter. If, as is distinctly implied, that doctrine can only show that moral progress has taken place by reference to "an end which appears to us as right," that end cannot be proved to be right by being shown to come at the end of a process of development. It is a manifest see-saw to argue that "existing morality" is presumably true because it has been developed, when the only proof of its development is that it is presumably true. The "natural history" of morals, in short, does not tell us which code of morals is true and which false, and therefore cannot establish that morality is progressive. It may, however, be contended that although the doctrine of Evolution does not of itself determine the value of moral conceptions, or account for moral progress, it nevertheless throws light upon ethical questions by supplying a wider range of facts upon which to base an ethical system. This position has now to be investigated.

2. It is undeniable that the Darwinian theory, if true, has incidentally brought out the notion of progress in relation to a class of facts which was supposed to be exempt from it. That notion could hardly be said to be suggested at all in reference to organic beings, so long as species were conceived as completely independent in their origin, and

Mind, No. iii. p. 336.

were simply classified according to their main differences. The development hypothesis, on the other hand, by tracing all past and present species of organic beings back to a few original forms, and explaining their marked differences as due to the gradual accumulation of slight peculiarities, inevitably produced the conviction that the older forms are also the lower, and that, notwithstanding many instances of an opposite tendency, there has been upon the whole a regular rise in the scale of existence. The theory has therefore, apart altogether from its intrinsic merits, done good service in binding together all living things by the bond of a common descent, and thus suggesting the possibility at least of continuous progressive development.

The same claim cannot, however, be made good when we pass from biological to psychological phenomena. The unity of all the races of mankind is not a new but a very old conception; and although anthropology is a comparatively new study, it has not required to wait upon the promulgation of the Darwinian theory for its inauguration and prosecution, although it may have indirectly profited by it, and has certainly received from it a new impulse. But what it especially concerns us to note is, that the conception of progress, including progress in morality, so far from being due to the doctrine of Evolution, had been independently worked out upon a grand scale by men who had no thought of its more recent extension to biological facts. The only question, therefore, which remains to be decided is, whether the results arrived at in the sphere of biology, allowing them to be correct, are applicable to moral problems, and are of such a nature as to supersede the notion of moral progress as it has been hitherto conceived.

It is held by Mr. Darwin and his followers that the true scientific explanation of morality must be sought in the transmission to the early man of the social instincts, including the family ties, to be found in the lower animals. These instincts are not in the animals extended to all individuals of the same species, but are limited to those of the same community; and hence, as was to be expected, the same instincts in savage races of men are directed exclusively to the welfare of the tribe—not that of the species nor of the individual. But "as man advances into civilization, and small tribes are united into larger communities, the simplest reason would tell each individual that he ought to extend his social instincts and sympathies to all the members of the same nation. This point being once reached, there is only an artificial barrier to prevent his sympathies extending to the men of all nations and races."* In short, moral progress consists in strengthening and widening from generation to generation the social instincts originally inherited from some lower form of animal.

This theory attempts to account for moral progress by the convenient method of leaving out all that makes it moral. If the only difference between man and the lower animals is that the former strengthens and widens certain instincts they have in common, it is impossible to explain why we call the one a moral being and the other not. Why should the very same instinct, leading to results of the same kind, be regarded as morally indifferent in the case of animals, and as morally right in the case of man? Or why should an instinct which does not extend beyond one's tribe be regarded as lower from a moral point of view than when it is extended so as to embrace a larger number of persons? It is difficult to see how the mere extension of a feeling which in its essential nature remains *absolutely unchanged* should so mysteriously alter its nature. If an instinct is not moral at one time or in one set of circumstances, it cannot be moral at another time or in another set of circumstances. The only mode of escape from such difficulties is to suppose that an instinct in man is no longer an instinct; a new element being superadded which differentiates man from the animals, and makes him moral.

"A moral being," says Mr. Darwin, "is one who is capable of comparing his past and future actions or motives, and of approving or disapproving of them." Had this thought been worked out to its logical consequences, the futility of any physical theory, Darwinism or other, to throw light upon moral problems could hardly have remained concealed. The "capacity of comparing past and future actions or motives" is, in other words, the capacity of holding up one's inner being before one's self, and of

* Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Am. Ed., p. 96.

apprehending it as essentially and absolutely superior to any single motive that may present itself. The being who possesses this capacity is moral, because he is no longer the sport of each "instinct" or impulse that flits through his brain. When he selects one impulse as better than another he does so consciously and with his mind alert, not blindly and mechanically. Granting that man has inherited from some lower form the "instinct" of sympathy for others; still, so long as we conceive this "instinct" as a blind impulse that hurries him towards a goal from which he cannot retract himself, just so long he is neither moral nor responsible. If man has no power to arrest each impulse as it comes up, none of his acts is higher or lower than another; all are alike morally indifferent. If, on the other hand, he has the capacity of stopping the flow of impulses, of weighing them against each other, and of determining which is most congruous with his rational nature, he is a new creature from whom the consciousness of right and wrong, and of personal responsibility cannot be kept back. So long as we assume nothing but a ceaseless, unarrestable flow of impulses, we can give no valid reason for choosing man as moral, and animals as non-moral. It is, of course, a matter of little importance whether we fix the initial stage of moral development lower than man, or suppose it to have begun with the half-animal progenitor of man; for in either case, between the awakening of the distinctively moral consciousness and the antecedent state, a change must have taken place that was really to the individual, and much more to the race, the beginning of a new era of development. The old "instinct" is no longer what it was: a new element has been added to it that interpenetrates and transforms it, taking it out of the category of non-moral things, and putting it into the category of moral things. This is tacitly implied in Mr. Darwin's definition of a "moral being;" for if morality lies in the capacity of "comparing past and future actions or motives, and of approving or disapproving of them," this capacity is a new element, and must on no account be slurred over as if it were of no importance. This new element is self-consciousness, or reason. The charge from which Mr. Darwin and his followers cannot free themselves is, that while they admit the presence of reason to be necessary to morality, they still go on to speak of social "instincts" as if no radical change were involved in the presence to instinct of a totally new factor. An "instinct" is definable as a blind, unreasoning impulse; but if the presence of reason enables man to "compare his past and future actions or motives,"—that is, to seize each impulse as it arises, compare it with other impulses, and determine which is most compatible with the conception simultaneously obtained of a self that is more than the passing moment, and therefore cannot be satisfied with a momentary impulse; if all this is implied in the capacity of being moral, it is manifestly in defiance of the facts to go on talking of man as if he were still governed by "instinct," when in reality he is governed by instinct transformed, which is Reason.

The truth is that Natural Selection, understood in the sense in which it is employed to account for biological phenomena, has no application whatever to moral phenomena. If the social "instincts" are transformed into rational motives before morality can arise at all, moral progress must be conceived as the development of Practical Reason, not as an extension of natural characteristics. To point to the external conditions which accompany the advance of morality—to say, for example, that the tribe which chanced to develop the social instincts most highly, naturally survived—is to overlook the very element that makes the triumph a moral one. No doubt the most moral nation was also the most successful; but it was not success that made it moral, but morality that made it successful. The beginning of morality is when man no longer sways helplessly this way and that, now in the direction of animal impulse, now in that of the social instincts, according as each chances to be uppermost; but when he seizes hold by a primary act of abstraction of *himself*, as a being who does not perish with the moment, but has a destiny. At first his hold upon his inner rational nature is feeble and fitful, and hence his moral conceptions are obscure and changeable. Nevertheless, in view of its infinite possibilities in the future, this primal act of moral comprehension is an advance that cannot be over-estimated. An animal impulse has been converted into a conscious motive of action, and the subsequent stages of moral progress are assured. At each fresh effort the superior claims of

the higher nature are apprehended with fresh clearness and tenacity, and motives that before seemed adequate now reveal themselves as lamentably inadequate. In the pre-moral stage there was neither morality nor immorality, selfishness nor unselfishness; in the incipient stage of morals there are both. And as time goes on, the permanent self of Reason comes more and more into prominence, the transitory self of Impulse falls more and more into the background. The Darwinians rightly place morality in the relation of the individual to society; but they fix upon the external and unessential features, instead of the internal and essential. They are right in stating that men at first identify their highest good with the good of their own tribe; but they do not see that this is because there is then only a feeble conception of the truth that only in self-identification with others can one's true nature be realized. The imperfect conception of moral progress which the advocates of Evolution have adopted must thus be merged in the larger and truer conception of a progress that is conscious and rational, and therefore moral.

3. The ultimate end and standard of morality, as conceived by the advocates of Evolution, is in close connection with that account of the general nature and history of morality which has just been examined. "The moral sense," says Mr. Darwin,* "is fundamentally identical with the social instincts; and in the case of the lower animals these instincts have been developed for the general good of the community. The term, general good, may be defined as the means by which the greatest possible number of individuals can be reared in full vigour and health, with all their faculities perfect, under the conditions to which they are exposed. As the social instincts both of man and the lower animals have no doubt been developed by the same steps, it would be advisable, if found practicable, to use the same definition in both cases, and to take, as the test of morality, the general good or welfare of the community."

To this conception of the proper standard of right conduct, Mr. Sidgwick† pertinently objects that, "if pressed to its logical results, it would present to us all equally numerous species as *prima facie* on a par in respect of goodness, except indeed that the older (and so generally the 'lower,' as we commonly estimate) would seem the better, in so far as we have more evidence of their capacity to exist under the physical conditions of our globe." Waiving this objection, it is to be remarked that the elimination of self-consciousness as a factor in the constitution of morality is here obtrusively suggested. For it is implied in the standard of right set up by Mr. Darwin, that there is no essential difference between the actions of animals, which are admittedly dependent upon instinct alone, and the actions of man, in which reason plays a prominent part. Provided only that "the greatest number of individuals" is reared "in full health and vigour," the end of morality is achieved; which is simply to say, that an action done from a perception of its adequacy to the nature of the being performing it, is no more rational than an action which is done under the guidance of a blind instinct. But if this is a correct account of the true end of action, it seems to follow that right and wrong are, at least in relation to the doer of an act, meaningless terms. If the standard of conduct is the preservation of the species, the cat in catching mice is as much performing a moral act as the patriot who sacrifices himself for the good of his fellow-men, under the conviction that his moral nature demands this supreme act of self-abnegation. So paradoxical a result may well make us suspect that there is some radical flaw in the conception which leads to it. That flaw evidently consists in the tacit assumption, that the presence of reason to animal instincts effects no change in the character of an act. But in reality it is just here that the essentially moral element steps in and transforms a blind impulse into a moral motive. The beginning of all morality, whether in the individual or the race, lies in the condemnation of mere impulse or passion—in looking down upon it as beneath the dignity of a rational being; and until this divine contempt of the old Adam has been felt, the notion of a moral law is an impossibility. And although the highest kind of morality does not end with the mere condemnation of the natural desires, as Asceticism has wrongly supposed, yet this negative attitude is the necessary condition of all moral advancement. Until the part

* *Descent of Man*, vol. i. p. 94.
† *Mind*, No. i. p. 58.

played by self-consciousness in breathing the breath of moral life into the dry bones of the natural man is appreciated, morality is a dream and responsibility an insoluble enigma. If man does not differ *toto cælo* from the animals in his capacity of turning against any or all of his immediate impulses; of weighing them in the balance and rejecting those that are found wanting; of subordinating them to an end consciously determined by himself; not only is his ineradicable sense of responsibility a delusion, but it is inconceivable that it should ever have got into his consciousness at all. Mr. Darwin admits that the moral consciousness has grown up from a perception of the superiority of one kind of impulse over another; but he does not recognise that an impulse brought into relation with a permanent subject of it is by that very act no longer an impulse, but a consciously determined end of action. Only in view of this distinction is it possible to understand why abandonment to an unworthy motive should be followed by regret, and in graver aberrations by remorse. The "welfare of the community," in the higher sense suggested by an appreciation of the transforming influence of reason, may be rightly enough defined as the ultimate end of right conduct; for in our conception of it must be included whatever is most conducive to the development of the higher nature. Judged by this high standard it is easy to see why selfishness is wrong and unselfishness right; why the enlightened statesman, the patriot, and the reformer are entitled to the highest honour and esteem; why the good citizen, the tender husband and father, and the dutiful son are worthy of commendation. But if a conscious conformity to the "general good," as the supreme standard of right conduct, is an act the same in kind with that performed by a pointer dog when it points at a hare;* the notion of Duty is thoroughly depleted of all that makes it moral.

The result of this inquiry is, in brief:—In the first place, that the doctrine of Evolution, being concerned solely with the explanation of material changes, throws no light whatever upon the nature or history of morality; secondly, that, while serving as at least a provisional conception to bind together biological phenomena, it supplies no data for the settlement of ethical problems, nor can a proper conception of moral progress be extracted from it; and, lastly, that the standard of morality set up by Mr. Darwin and his followers is not a standard of morality at all, since it omits the very element that distinguishes moral from natural courses. The attempt of Evolutionists to solve ethical questions by a method fundamentally unsound can only be regarded as one more example of the futile effort which some physicists are at present making to transcend the proper sphere of scientific investigations; and, if so, our ethical text-books† cannot be purged of any imperfections with which they may be burdened by the aid of the Darwinian theory of development, or of any so-called system of morality based upon it.

* "Any instinct which is permanently stronger or more enduring than another, gives rise to a feeling which we express by saying that it ought to be obeyed. A pointer dog, if able to reflect on his past conduct, would say to himself, I ought (as indeed we say of him) to have pointed at that hare, and not have yielded to the passing temptation of hunting it."—Darwin's *Descent of Man*, vol. ii. p. 375.

† Of course I am not defending the text-books in common use. No one familiar with recent ethical speculation needs to be told that such books as Stewart's *Outlines of Moral Philosophy* and Wayland's *Elements of Moral Science* are practically obsolete.

WAITING.

O AGONY of hope in strife with dread!
It rends the heart more fiercely that despair,
To gaze out on the sullen billows there,
And ask them thus so vainly—"Is he dead?"

How oft the hateful name, that tells the day
On which he left me, has returned to hiss
Into my aching heart that long ere this
He should be with me,—ask me not to say.

A fickle day of Spring it was, that lent
Such comfort for the calming of my fears
As calling "April-showers" my farewell tears,
And marking how the clouds were quickly spent.

Through hours to days, through days to weary weeks
Time led me with the mirage of a hope,
Which gave such strength with misery to cope
As dims the eye, and wastes the tear-coursed cheeks;

Such fatal strength as comes to hearts when clad
In hopelessness, yet bids them not despair,
But ever hope; and while it whispers fair
Steals Reason that opposes,—and makes mad!

Am *I* then mad? I hear the gossips say
Down in the village there, below the hill,
As I pass by—"Poor Nellie! See her still
Go up to watch!" And they have "Lack-a-day"

For greeting to me; shaking of the head,
And meaning sighs, which I half understand;
But when I seize them with a trembling hand
And ask them, once for all, if he be dead,

They answer with some talk of seven years,
And bid me see how big my boy has grown
Whose father never saw him . . . Look! His own
Are those blue eyes! . . . They were not meant for tears,

And must not know them! They shall keep a bright
And happy welcome for the father's gaze . . . !
Who prates of *years*? I know of but two days;—
Between them, I am watching in the night.

Toronto. A. W. G.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK II.

A FALLEN FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THREE MONTHS.

THE stepping into a fortune of twenty thousand pounds did not tend to raise the spirits of Dorcas Halfday. From the night of the discovery of her grandfather's will, she became taciturn and thoughtful—and all the variable moods which had distinguished her, the passion, jealousy, and those stronger impulses of her nature which had rendered her difficult to comprehend or control, became submerged in her deep study of the future. She was content to think, and thought did not appear of much use to her. Before her, it was evident, lay an intricate problem, and it was beyond her power to solve it. There were too many lives and too many varied interests involved for her to see the end, let her act as she would, or as she wished.

Mabel Westbrook, always a shrewd young woman in her way, affected not to notice this change in her companion, and Dorcas in her heart was grateful for her silence. It was her brother Brian who drove her mad with his advice, who wrote to her letters which she did not answer, and who called to take her for long walks until she rebelled and refused to be preached at any longer. What the advice was which Brian tendered to his sister, Mabel did not know, but thought that she could guess at—and Brian did not condescend in any way to enlighten her; sometimes she fancied that Brian had never wholly forgiven her remarks upon Angelo Salmon's courtship, his manner was so strange, and he looked at her with such studious gravity of expression. He did not speak again of the will to her; but he might be waiting the result of his sister's coming into the property. He would have a great deal to say then by way of making up for lost time, perhaps.

There were occasions even when Mabel Westbrook fancied that this odd, angular man, to whom the custody of Penton Museum was entrusted, was disposed to evade her company. After Dorcas had declined to go out with him any more, or to accept any more of his advice, he kept away from the cottage on the Penton Road for weeks together, as though his interest in Mabel were dying out, or he preferred his studies in the dusty room where he had first warned her to be cautious, to the company of one whom he had never been able to comprehend. Women had been always a riddle to him; he had not had the time or inclination to understand them; let him go back to his study of dead worlds, of facts in stone and marble, and of mysteries of primeval periods which his clear mind had had the power to pierce. These waited for his analysis, and woman was never still or twice alike. Surely this was Brian Halfday's reasoning in the lull before the storm that was rising from the lower ground, and of which no one took heed. Mabel believed that this was his reasoning at all events, and she accepted the position philosophically. Men were enigmas to her too, and they professed too much. Brian Halfday was not the earnest being who had talked to her in the churchyard at Datchet Bridge, but a new man altogether—as cold and impenetrable as the fossils in his big glass cases.

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The story of her mission to England had become trite and stale to him by this time, she considered—he had been roused to action by her sudden intrusion on his hard, dry world, but it was a galvanic action, not a life that had stirred him to his heart's depths. So much the better; she had not wished for anything else, and she should not be sorry to get back to America. As for the twenty thousand pounds and its ultimate destination, she scarcely gave one moment's consideration to the question. The money never troubled her; it seemed still to belong to the Halfdays rather than to her; she had brought it from America to give them, and all that followed afterwards were parts of a strange dream to her. She had kept her promise to her grandfather and had done her duty, and there was an end of it—at least, there would have been an end of it, she considered, if this tiresome man with the long, black hair would have only let the matter rest.

There were the law's delays in the matter of the proving of Adam Halfday's will, and Dorcas had, wisely enough for her own interests, placed the case in a solicitor's hands. She would have no more of Brian's interference than she could help, although it was Brian who had been appointed executor to the little document which old Adam had one day taken it into his head to concoct, on the strength of the seventy pounds which he had scraped together from his fees and perquisites at St. Lazarus. The money did not pass quickly into the hands of Dorcas Halfday, who betrayed more restlessness as time went on—who even came back, by degrees, to her old excitable self. That there was a mystery in Dorcas's life beyond Mabel's power to penetrate had always been evident, but Mabel had not asked for her confidence, and was content to wait for it. She had gained the love of this girl, and confidence would follow in good time, Mabel was assured. Meanwhile let her think of her own plans, and prepare for a journey across the sea; England was no longer a home to her, in her own thoughts, and she was biding her time to go away.

It was in the middle of September that the law took decisive action in the case of the will of Adam Halfday. The time had come to prove the document; there had been an urgent necessity for delay, and the explanation came at last from the faltering lips of Dorcas. There had been many letters for Dorcas during the past week, and she entered the room with them and other papers in her hands. It was a quiet evening, with the house to themselves, the hour was late, and there were no visitors to interrupt them.

"Will you read every one of those, Miss Westbrook?" said Dorcas, piling them on the work-table at which Mabel sat.

"The Fates forbid!" cried Mabel, looking with amazement at the letters which had been heaped suddenly before her.

"I would rather you did," said Dorcas.

"My dear child, what good would the perusal of all those documents do me, when a few words can explain most of them?" inquired Mabel.

"A few words?" quoted Dorcas scornfully, "oh, no. Words of mine are always misunderstood, or something escapes me which I ought to have kept back. I am a bad hand at explanations; please to read the letters."

"For what particular reason, Dorcas?"

"Because Brian thinks I am not to be trusted," she replied; "that I am weak, and easily led, and false; as if a girl like me could have his iron nerves and iron will, and see the world as he does, and believe not in any living man or woman in it."

"Is he so sceptical?"

"Yes, unless——"

"Go on."

"Unless it's you," said Dorcas bluntly; "he does talk of you as if he had some faith at last, and you were a woman he could believe in. But then you brought money to us, and he thinks too much of money."

"Have you quarrelled with Brian again?"

"Almost. He interferes," she said; "he will not give me my own way; he distrusts me."

Dorcas sat down by the table, and added impatiently—

"Please read the letters. I am waiting to take them to my room again. You will find my whole life there—the whole story that I have been keeping from you for a time, but which I wanted you to know, when I thought you had learned to understand me."

"Have I learned that, Dorcas?"

"Hardly, but that's my fault."

"You are wrong. I trust you implicitly," said Mabel; "if you are impulsive, irritable,

unjust at times, I see afterwards that you are very sorry for it."

"That's what Brian never could see," she murmured; "he never made allowance for my ill-training, bad education, worse temper, anything. Why, madam, I never had a mother, sister, any woman to ask counsel of, to stand by me as a friend, and tell me which was right and which was wrong. And oh! I wanted woman's help so badly.

Mabel's arm stole round the waist of the girl, who was weeping bitterly.

"Tell me all, Dorcas, and spare me the reading of those tiresome letters. I will believe every word you say."

"Brian will tell me presently that I never showed them to you—that I never had the courage to tell you the truth."

"I will answer for you that he is in error."

"Well, well—let me think."

Dorcas pressed her fingers to her eyes, as if to press the tears back, and then looked long and steadily at our heroine.

"I was going to leave this tale to Brian. It had entered my poor, weak head that it would be the wisest step for me to keep silent, and to disappear like a ghost. But then Brian would have said such bitter things."

"Why disappeared from me?"

"Because I am drawn away to a new life, where my trust and duty and love take me, and you will be the last to ask me to keep away from it."

"Indeed!" said Mabel thoughtfully; "then the one friend I have in England is to pass away?"

"Yes."

"For ever?"

"I hope not. I shall pray night and day we may meet soon, and that I may do you the service on which my life is set. For oh! madam, as God's my judge," she cried passionately, "I do not want this money. It may be a curse to me—it can never be a blessing—for I have robbed you of it."

"Yes, you are hard to understand, Dorcas," said Mabel; "now will you tell me what it all means?"

"Three words will tell that," said Dorcas mournfully.

"Well, let me hear them."

"I am married," answered Dorcas Halfday.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LOVE STORY.

MABEL WESTBROOK was not prepared for the announcement with which Dorcas had startled her. She had expected to hear of a lover and a lover's quarrel, and of Brian as the man who had helped to mar the match; but that this weak, impulsive girl, crying and wringing her hands before her again, should have taken that great step in life which leads to happiness or misery, and knows no neutral ground, was beyond her grasp of thought for the first few moments following the revelation.

"You married, child—*you* married!" she could only say.

She was sorry, too, and the tears came rushing to her eyes at the thought of all that the marriage implied, She was sure already that trouble had come to Dorcas, possibly repentance for a rash act which there was no undoing, although the cares and griefs of existence were only just beginning. It had been a wild wooing, and the bitter fruit was to be gathered by her who had cast an eternal shadow on her own young life.

But Dorcas was not thinking of herself just then.

"So, you see, the money is his, not mine," she said; "he comes into its possession by a husband's right—the sum not being settled on myself in any way. Adam Halfday did not know that he was leaving me a fortune—did not know I was married—and it depends now upon Michael, and what he will do. And I think, Miss Westbrook, he is to be trusted. Oh, yes, I am sure of it, if you will only give him time to do what is fair and honest. Like me," she added with a short laugh, "he has not had much chance at present."

"Never mind the money, Tell me of yourself. Who is your husband? what is he? where is he? Why does he keep away from you all this time?"

"He will come for me to-morrow," answered Dorcas. "He will be released to-morrow."

"Released?"

"Yes—from prison."

Mabel drew a quick breath of surprise.

"What has he done, then?" she inquired.

"Nothing—much," she added quaintly, after a moment's pause, "he was a soldier when he first came to St. Lazarus. His uncle was one of the pensioners, and he used to call and see him, and so we met. When grandfather found out that we loved each other, he was angry and told Brian—and Brian did his best to separate us. It was the first thing my brother had ever failed in, and it made him hate us both."

"No, no—don't say that, Dorcas."

"We married without grandfather's knowledge—but Brian found it out, of course. He finds out everything."

"And he was angry at your want of confidence—at your own rashness," said Mabel, "I am not surprised."

"I said it was hate, not anger," replied Dorcas; "he set himself to find out everything about poor Michael, as if it was his business rather than my own—as if I am not content to be my Michael's wife. But he could not let us be; he discovered that Michael had once deserted from his regiment, as if that mattered now! My husband had been treated badly by the commanding officer, and he ran away, as hundreds have done before him."

"Well?"

"He was caught and sentenced," continued Dorcas. "It was his first offence, and the court-martial was not hard on him. But after we were married he ran away again. For he had been treated badly again, you must understand."

"And he was caught again?" said Mabel.

"Yes, because Brian would not help him—because he could have concealed him in the Museum, till the morning; and he shut the door against him in the streets where he was captured, poor fellow, that very night. There," cried Dorcas, with fresh excitement evidencing itself, "that is the brother you wonder I don't love. You see what a life of misery and suspense he has created for me."

"And what was your husband's second sentence?" asked Mabel, without comment upon Dorcas's last remark.

"Six months' imprisonment in the cells of Penton Barracks. And they expire to-day—this very day," cried Dorcas, clapping her hands together, "and he will be free to-morrow. Free to claim his money, to purchase his discharge—which the lawyers have already been working for—free to show that he is as brave, and honourable, and unselfish as those who have looked down upon him all his life."

"Meaning your brother again. Oh! Dorcas, you are too hard upon your brother."

"Michael will be free," said Dorcas, "and we only ask your confidence for a few short weeks. Will you give it both of us"?

"I do not know your husband, Dorcas," was the answer, "but you have my confidence already."

"Have confidence in him, *then*, for my sake. Take my word for once that the money ——"

"Hush, hush—have we not agreed to let the money question rest?"

"But you are poor—and we are rich by your means. You ——"

"Dorcas, I will hear no more of this."

"You will have faith in him," Dorcas urged again, "say—Yes?"

"For your sake—yes."

"And you will not leave England for some weeks. Say eight weeks more?"

"I will make no further promises," said Mabel, "only to say that I will not run away to America without fair notice to you and your brother."

"Very well," said Dorcas, with a sigh, "I think that will be enough to promise me just now."

She was silent, until a movement of Mabel's roused her from her reverie.

"You have not forgotten that there are seventy pounds of my grandfather's money towards the expenses which we have to meet?" said Dorcas, "but it is a sum that will not go very far, and there are heavy legacy duties and probate duties, and so on, which Brian will make good in time out of his own pocket. He told me that himself."

"Poor Brian! as if I would rob him of his savings."

"But ——"

"But I will not for ever talk about this money," said Mabel, with a petulant stamp of her little foot, "there will be time enough presently for you and me to consider what is just and right to both of us."

"Very well," said Dorcas, submissively.

"Now tell me of your courtship and marriage. That will be a love story in which I am sure to be interested."

"You are very good to say so."

"Does your father know of this marriage?"

"I do not know my father yet," she answered, so mournfully that Mabel hastened to change the subject.

"And this soldier husband of yours. How old is he?"

"He was twenty-one last August."

"So young," exclaimed Mabel; why, you were boy and girl when you were married."

"Almost," said Dorcas, blushing; "but we understood each other's hearts, and did not marry in haste. It was a long courtship for us."

"Indeed. Now tell me all about it."

Dorcas was not loth to respond. She had found a sympathetic listener in Mabel Westbrook, who was anxious to read the new love story for herself. It was the first time in Dorcas Halfday's life that she could tell the whole truth of her strong love—it was the first man or woman who had ever cared to hear her. There was an outburst of confidence at once—the first, natural, unrestrained confidence of girlhood, which had in Dorcas been ever checked by the grave matter-of-fact minds about her.

It was a common-place love story, with which we have no occasion to trouble the reader in detail, but Dorcas spoke of it as a strange romance, and painted her love in those glowing colours which love ever gives to the fancy-picture it reveres.

A chance meeting leading on to appointments, to affection, and then discovery precipitating a crisis, that, with more tact and consideration, might have been avoided. A foolish and a secret marriage—a husband soldier—a deserter—a story that might have ended miserably, even tragically, and the sequel of which was still difficult to guess at.

This latter thought crossed Mabel Westbrook's mind, not that of the girl by her side, with her soul in her confession. To Dorcas this was the end of all trials and temptations, and the beginning of the bliss to which she had looked forward and wondered when it would come about, and in what guise. Here was the romance which her brother would have marred, and it was ending pleasantly and brightly, and with a happy-ever-afterwards *denouement*. There were no doubts to cross her, and the faith she had had in the boy-lover remained with the young husband whom she was to meet again to-morrow.

Yes, Dorcas was very weak, thought Mabel, but very trusting, and thus, altogether, womanly. Very sanguine too, and knowing, after all, so little of real life and human nature, that the elder girl could only shudder at the intensity and pathos of her rhapsody.

"I hope he will be always good to you," said Mabel, "for you deserve it for your faith in him."

"He has faith in me too," said Dorcas. He loves me very much."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I was a wild uncared-for girl when he took a fancy to me—I was not worth a penny in the world, so he did not come running after my money," said Dorcas.

"It is pleasant to be sought for one's self," replied Mabel, musingly.

"Oh! I know of whom you are thinking," cried Dorcas.

"Of whom?"

"Mr. Angelo Salmon, and the night when he came here. You are beginning to wonder where he is, and why he has not been to see you since. Oh! Miss Westbrook, if you don't mind my saying so, I am sure you love him," said Dorcas, timidly, and as if expectant of a tender revelation in return for her own.

"Hush, hush, Dorcas; I was not thinking of Mr. Salmon. I am never likely to fall in love with him—I respect him too much," she added, almost satirically.

"You would not love anybody you did not ——" began Dorcas, in a wondering tone, before she broke into a merry laugh, and said, "ah! you are jesting with me. I am so pleased to see your smiles again."

"Have I not been smiling lately?"

"Not in the old bright way, I fancy."

"Perhaps not," said Mabel, in reply. "But I did not know you were keeping a careful watch over me. However, Dorcas, I am not grieving for the absence of any man."

"But you miss Mr. Salmon, a little—do you not?" asked the pertinacious girl.

"I should miss any friend a little," answered Mabel, "even though I recommended him to go away for a while."

"Yes, as you did Mr. Salmon. But——"

"And we will talk no more of this, Dorcas," said Mabel, interrupting her. "The hour is late, and you have business of importance to transact to-morrow. Where do you meet your brother? At the Museum?—or,"

she added after a little pause, "will he call for you here?"

"At the Museum," answered Dorcas.

Mabel asked no further questions, and Dorcas gathered her letters together preparatory to departure. When she was ready, she dropped suddenly on her knees before her mistress, and said,

"I have not been so bad a girl, have I?"

"No, child, no."

"A little wilful—perhaps a deal too much so; but never meaning any harm; and only loving my Michael too well."

"He and you will love each other too well, I hope, to the end of your lives," said Mabel. "There, good night."

"Good night. And—you *will* trust me and him?"

"Yes."

"Whatever Brian may say presently—to trust us," said Dorcas, "and think the best of us. God bless you, Miss Mabel, and make you as happy as myself. For all past kindness, interest in me, love for me—let me say love!—I give you the thanks of my heart."

"That sounds like a farewell, Dorcas."

"No, no—not yet," answered Dorcas, as she rose from her knees, and, after a sudden kiss on Mabel's cheek, went quickly from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

BRIAN BRINGS THE NEWS.

DORCAS HALFDAY left early the next morning to keep her appointment with her brother. There was to be a preliminary conference in Brian's room at the Museum—a last ordeal for Dorcas, perhaps—before they met the solicitor at the district registry at Penton, and a certain Michael Sewell stepped from his soldier's cell into the foreground, and took his rich young wife to his arms. She did not go away in high spirits; only two deep red spots on her cheeks were evidence of the excitement which it had become her task to suppress. She scarcely spoke to Mabel. Strangely enough, with the morning following her confession there seemed to have arisen an embarrassing reserve. A few words from Mabel would have broken through this, but Mabel did not speak them. She was glad to think for herself, and of herself; and it was only when Dorcas was on the point of departure that the old confidence was shown. Dorcas Halfday was as white as a ghost then.

"I am going," she said, very slowly, and in a low voice. "Have you anything more to say to me?"

"No, Dorcas. Except," Mabel added suddenly, "that I would be calm and patient in your place to-day."

"It is hardly possible."

"I hope you will not return to me and say you have exchanged hard words with your brother," Mabel said.

"I will put up with all his reproaches, if you wish it," answered Dorcas, submissively.

"I wish it. But why should he reproach you?"

"He will reproach all of us," replied Dorcas, "the lawyer, Michael, and myself. He will tell us we are all that is bad; but I will not say a word in reply. I have promised you."

She put both her hands in Mabel's, and looked wistfully at her again.

"You remember all that I said last night, Miss Mabel?"

"Yes."

"And all you have promised, too?"

"Yes," said Mabel, for the second time.

"Thank you," she answered, with strange humility.

Mabel regarded her curiously, and Dorcas looked away from her, as if afraid to meet her gaze.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" Mabel asked. "Is there lurking behind all this complication, the shadow of another mystery?"

"Why should you think that?"

"You look disturbed."

"Heaven only knows what is lurking in the background; but I have said that I have faith in its being happiness. Pray believe as I do," she cried, with all her old impulsiveness.

"Very well, Dorcas, I will try."

"Good-bye."

Another wistful look at Mabel Westbrook.

"May I kiss you, as I did last night?" she said, "as a friend."

"To be sure," was the reply. "Have you not been always my friend? Did not your careful nursing of me at Datchet Bridge make you my friend for life?"

"Thank you for saying as much to me—at the last, like this."

Then Dorcas kissed her, and Mabel saw that there were tears brimming in her eyes. She did not trouble Dorcas with a repetition of a question to which an answer somewhat evasive had been returned; she would leave it to a more fitting opportunity. On the brink of her good fortune, Brian's sister was hardly herself, and the time was not ripe to question her too closely. Dorcas's life was beginning in earnest for the first time. The husband was returning in the golden sunrise, and the heaven above them was radiant with glorious colouring. The sun was in her eyes, and this poor being was dazzled and blinded by it, and could not see her way yet. The hour was unfitting to solve new mysteries, or to grow suspicious that the old had not been fully explained. Let Mabel Westbrook believe as Dorcas did, if it were possible. She had promised to try.

Mabel followed Dorcas to the door, to see the last of her.

Outside in the country road, walking up and down, as if for warmth and exercise, the quick glance of Mabel Westbrook detected the bent figure of a brother of Saint Lazarus.

"Can that be Peter Scone?" asked Mabel.

"Yes, he is waiting for me," answered Dorcas; "It is an odd escort into Penton city, but he insists upon it."

"Why did you not tell me he was going with you?"

"The wretch," cried Dorcas, with vehemence, "as if I would let him trouble your mind as he does mine."

"This is not confidence between us."

"You would not read the letters last night; there were his amongst the number asking, begging, threatening for hush-money."

"Hush-money?"

"Yes. I promised him money if he would keep silence as to my father's attack upon him," explained Dorcas. "I did not know the whole truth of the story then; but as it led towards the discovery of the will it does not matter much. Save that, when restitution comes," she added, "you will be so much the poorer woman."

"Oh!—yes," said Mabel wearily, almost doubtfully. She had no thought of the money coming back by any means, into her possession, and an allusion to it now displeased her, as the reader is aware.

Dorcas went into the high-road and joined Peter Scone, and in this singular company she turned her back upon the home which she had shared with Mabel Westbrook. Mabel watched the meeting, even faintly responded to the raising of Peter Scone's hat, a large hard hat, which he wore on special occasions, and when off duty at St. Lazarus, and then closed the door and returned to her little sitting-room.

"What will be the end of this?" Mabel said to herself, "and what am I waiting for, I wonder? Surely something strange will find its way here before the day is out."

Mabel Westbrook, like most women, it is evident, had her superstitious moments, although it was natural that Dorcas's half confidence should give her mental food for speculation. Dorcas had asked for implicit trust, but had not trusted her implicitly, Mabel began to consider, but then Dorcas was unlike other women, and had had a strange world of her own to grow up in. Mabel did not distrust her, at all events, and she had the patience to wait, she thought, until Dorcas returned, and threw more light upon the antecedents.

She was not quite certain as to the amount of patience she possessed when the day had passed, and the shadows of the autumn night were upon her. She had expected Dorcas home before the evening. Her husband would have to return to the barracks, and the brother's company had never been desirable; and when it was striking nine by a little time-piece on the mantel-shelf, Mabel grew uneasy, and for the first time, doubtful, whether she should look upon the face of her young companion again. Dorcas's impulse of the preceding evening, her reserve before quitting the house that morning, suggested at last a new and strong suspicion, which the deepening night only helped to strengthen.

There was a knock at the door at last, and Mabel took courage from it, although it was a noisy summons, and unlike Dorcas's general appeal for admittance to the establishment. Mabel Westbrook was over-anxious: she rose and peeped into the narrow passage as the landlady opened the

door, she came forward tremblingly as a man's deep voice mentioned her own name, and Brian Halfday stepped into the house.

"Oh! she is not coming back then!" cried Mabel at once.

"No, Miss Westbrook, she is not coming back," answered Brian.

"I was afraid so. I have been expecting this bad news."

Mabel returned to the room, and Brian Halfday followed her and closed the door behind him, skilfully cutting off the entrance of the landlady, who was also interested in the case, and wanted her information on the spot.

Mabel sank into the chair she had recently quitted, and pressed one fair hand across her eyes, whilst Brian took off his hat, and rather impetuously pitched it in the corner. The hat was a bad one, and deserved shabby treatment, possibly—at all events its owner had no respect for it. Brian had come into the room looking hard and grim enough, but the first expression of Mabel's regret and disappointment softened his features wondrously.

"Bad news," he said, echoing Mabel's last words; "is it bad news that tells you Dorcas has left for good?"

"Why should it not be?"

"It was a false position. She was not true to you."

"I don't know," said Mabel, hesitatingly, "I think she was true, although not inclined to trust me altogether. Does she send any message to me?"

"Yes."

"Why do you keep it from me?" asked Mabel almost sharply.

He winced at her new tone, before he said,

"She bade me tell you she would write in a few days. She desired your best thoughts for her until you heard from her again."

"And that is all?"

"That is all," responded Brian.

"I will await her letter before I judge her hastily for this sudden flight," said Mabel.

"You are always generous."

"No, I am simply just. Where is she?"

"With her father."

Mabel was surprised at the announcement, and looked quickly towards Brian.

"Mr. William Halfday has fully proved to the satisfaction of his daughter and Mr. Sewell, his son-in-law, the *bona fides* of his past transactions," Brian dryly continued. "He was the first to hear of a will being in existence. He came to me with the news, but I received him churlishly, he tells his friends; he quarrelled with Peter Scone about it, and, for his daughter's sake, he went straight to his solicitor, Mr. Eversham, and begged that gentleman to make every inquiry, and to cease all efforts to obtain letters of administration for himself, until the mystery was cleared up. You see, Miss Westbrook, there is a considerable amount of unselfishness in our family, after all."

An expression of pain passed over Mabel's face.

"I am tired of your satire," she murmured, "speak to me plainly and in sober earnest, Mr. Halfday."

He accepted the reproof with strange humility, and attempted no defence.

"Dorcas has gone away with her father. Michael Sewell thought it the more natural proceeding, and she was anxious to oblige her husband," he continued; "in a few weeks the discharge of that gentleman from military service will be obtained, and he will have time to consider how to act with regard to yourself. Meanwhile, Miss Westbrook, he removes her from the sphere of your influence as the wiser policy."

"Is this satire too?" asked Mabel.

"No, it is the plain truth, which I am deeply sorry to convey to you," he answered.

"Because ——"

"Because it adds to the shadows by which we are surrounded—because," he added more passionately, "the name of Halfday will, every hour of your life, grow more hateful to you."

"No," said Mabel, "it will not."

"It should; we have embittered your life—we have robbed you—we have left you defenceless."

"Oh!—I can defend myself, I hope; and for what has happened neither you nor your sister is to blame."

"You are poor."

"Yes."

"You are very poor—you know you are," he said with his voice raised to a higher pitch, "you are keeping back from me the exact position in which you stand."

"Surely you do not consider yourself my father confessor," said Mabel, half saucily, half angrily.

"I consider you, Miss Westbrook, as the one motive of my life."

Mabel coloured, and looked away from him.

"I told you this in the churchyard of Datchet Bridge, and I have sworn it with every day that has passed since. You are a deeply injured woman, Heaven knows, and hate me as you may, as you must, I am pledged to live for you and for your future interests. Therefore"—he added in a less impetuous tone, and, indeed, assuming so suddenly a precise and business air, that Mabel's keen sense of humour brought a smile to her lips—"I shall feel obliged by your informing me how much money you have left in the world?"

CHAPTER XVI.

BRIAN IS WEAK.

THE smile which flickered for a moment on the lips of Mabel Westbrook was displeasing to Brian Halfday. He was a man who looked at life too seriously, it was evident.

"This is a grave question, which I wish you to consider gravely," he said in half reproof.

"It is a question which I hardly think I am called upon to answer," answered Mabel more thoughtfully.

"Oh! yes, you are," was his flat contradiction.

"Go on, Mr. Halfday. I shall be pleased if you will explain."

"All the embarrassments of your present position—" he began, when she cut him short by saying rapidly—

"I have never confessed to any embarrassments.

"All the embarrassments of your present position, Miss Westbrook, are due to a rash interference with the business of people unworthy of your interest," he continued, paying no heed to her interruption, "people whom you came a long journey to ally yourself with and whom there is no shaking from you again."

"What has this to do with your first inquiry?" asked Mabel.

"Your mission was a failure; the family, taken as a whole, was ungrateful for your sympathy and greedy for your money, and as a representative of that family, I have treated you with a scant amount of courtesy."

Mabel did not respond to this half apology; she did not know what to say on the spur of the moment, and after waiting as if for her answer, he continued—

"Still, on this occasion, Miss Westbrook, be good enough to understand that I represent the family of the Halfdays collectively. That I am speaking of them as well as myself."

"Are you instructed in their name to come to me?"

He went on in his usual aggravating way, she thought, and without attending to her inquiries.

"It is no secret that you are ruined by paying over to us money to which we were never entitled," he said, "and it is our turn to be of assistance to you in any way we think best. It would be a false modesty, another serious mistake, if you are not frank with us."

"With you, you mean?" said Mabel quietly.

"Say with me, if you wish," he replied. "I have already told you I represent the family that has done you all this harm."

"Well, go on," said Mabel. "Probably the sooner we comprehend the position the better."

"Then, to be brief and plain with you, how much money have you left in the world?" he asked.

"It is an odd question to ask a lady," answered Mabel with the smile once more difficult to repress, "but I will tell you, as you claim a right to know."

She rose, walked to her desk, took out her bank-book, which she opened, glanced at, closed, and put back, and then returned to her seat and faced Mr. Brian Halfday's eager stare at her without flinching.

"Forty-seven pounds, fourteen shillings and ninepence," she replied with great composure."

Brian Halfday's face became paler at this announcement, and his black eyes seemed starting from his head.

"No more than that," he murmured.

"It will pay my debts and take me to America, where I shall not want friends."

"You have not any great or dear friends there," said Brian.

"How do you know?" said Mabel, a little angrily.

"You have talked more than once of settling in England," answered Brian, "and you have spoken of leaving America for good without regret."

"I thought I was an heiress," said Mabel, "and should make many friends here in good time."

"Friends are easily bought, you think?"

"Friends are not easily made by a woman standing alone in the world," was the reply, "and in America, I am at least sure of true sympathy, and of homes and helping hands being offered me by the old friends of James Westbrook. The world over there is not so full of uncertainty as this."

"There must be some dear friend in the background, after all, and you have not told me of him," muttered Brian.

"Perhaps there is—perhaps there is not," said Mabel enigmatically, "I am not bound to tell you everything."

"And that explains much of course," he added half absently.

"What does it explain?" was Mabel's sharp inquiry.

"Your indifference to——but, no, I will not worry you with that subject again."

"What subject?"

"It distresses you. You can guess it."

"My indifference to your advice to marry young Mr. Salmon, you mean," said Mabel confidently, "yes, I did not care to hear of that from you or him. And it distressed me—yes."

"It seemed for the best," said Brian, thoughtfully regarding her, "he was fond of you, and an amiable gentleman."

"Are you going to advise me to accept him again?" asked Mabel, her face flushing with a new excitement, "have you seen him again? do you come here this time as his intercessor. If so—I shall hate him—there!"

"No, I am not here to speak for him—I have not seen him since that night he came to you—I hear they are anxious about him at the Hospital."

"Indeed. Has he not been home?"

"Neither at home, nor at his chambers in town—but we are forgetting the business of the evening."

"Has he not written to his father or mother?" she asked, still curious.

"Not a word, I believe—but you *are* really interested in his absence, your face betrays anxiety and alarm," said Brian.

"I had no idea I possessed such a speaking countenance," answered Mabel very satirically now, "but I am concerned for a missing friend, naturally."

"You own to his being a friend, then?"

"Yes—and the friend I can trust."

Brian's face darkened at this. She had not intended to convey the impression that her visitor was not to be trusted, but he took it to heart as though his presence had suggested the comparison between Angelo Salmon and himself.

"I will endeavour to discover him if you wish it," he said in a deeper tone of voice."

"He is away by his own choice—why should I wish it?"

"It is not for me to say," said Brian, carelessly.

"I advised him to take a holiday, I remember."

"He is quick to respond," replied Brian, "well, it is satisfactory to find you can give advice to Mr. Salmon as well as myself. Still, if he follows everybody's advice in this fashion, he will assuredly come to grief."

"Shall we proceed to business, Mr. Halfday?" was the quiet inquiry here.

"If you please," he replied.

For the first time during the interview he drew a chair towards him and sat down. His manner had changed; it was harder and colder, if marked by more deference towards his listener, and there was a set expression on his features difficult to comprehend.

"I have already said, Miss Westbrook, that I represent on this occasion the family that has been benefited by your egregious error," he began with great formality, "and it is purposed to place at your disposal, and to meet those demands which have necessarily arisen on account of recent losses, the sum of one thousand pounds, being the first instalment of the debt due from the Halfdays to yourself."

"I cannot accept it," said Mabel, "I——"

"It is so small a sum in comparison with the amount to which you are entitled—which you flung away with so little consideration for yourself, or for justice—that you are bound in honour, Miss Westbrook, to accept it," said Brian, with less formality in his address to her.

"No, no, no," said Mabel, shaking her head energetically, "I am not bound in honour to take one farthing of this money back."

"There is no alternative; take it you must."

"Not in this way—or without a fair explanation of where the money comes from."

"Miss Westbrook, the money was paid to your account at Penton Bank this afternoon. Your balance at present stands at one thousand and forty-seven pounds, fourteen shillings, and ninepence," he said.

"You—you have dared to do this!" exclaimed Mabel.

"The example was set us in the case of Adam Halfday—and by yourself."

"But I can restore this money—I will write a cheque to-morrow for the amount and send it to you," said Mabel.

"I will pay it to your account, again, I swear."

"Then your father or Mr. Sewell must take the money, as representatives of the family to which you have alluded so constantly to-night," said Mabel, with great gravity of demeanour now, but watching Brian Halfday very closely.

His colour changed again, and he rose from his chair in evident alarm at this last proclamation.

"Good God! you would never send the money to them?"

"Why should I not?"

"They are rich already by your rashness. And—and this is really yours. It is only one-twentieth part of your own money back. You would never give it to them of all people in the world."

"Mr. Halfday," said Mabel, "will you let me trust you?—will you teach me from this night to believe in you implicitly?"

It was a strange question, and uttered with great earnestness. Brian could not face the steady light shining at him from the depths of Mabel's full grey eyes. For the first time he felt cowed and disarmed, and at another's mercy.

"I hope you will believe in me in time," he murmured, looking away from her.

"I want to believe in you now."

"Well?"

"I want you to tell me all the truth—to disguise nothing. Will you?"

He could not resist her pleading, he had never felt the strong stern man in her presence as he had done in other men and women's. She exercised a mastery over him beyond his powers of analysis; from the dry depths of his inner consciousness there had been evolved romance and poetry, the romance of noble aspirations and the sweet poetry of self-sacrifice.

"I will tell you everything you wish," he answered.

"This money, then? this one thousand pounds paid away to-day. Do they know anything of it?" enquired Mabel.

"Who are *they?*"

"Your sister and her husband—your father?

Brian shrugged his shoulders and looked away from her, like a child caught by its schoolmistress in a flagrant omission of its duty.

"Do they know anything of it?" he repeated like a child still anxious to gain time for mature consideration, and taking refuge in vain repetitions.

"Yes," said Mabel.

"Well—not at present," came the response at length.

"And the money is yours? in some way or other you have obtained a thousand pounds for me?"

"Yes," he said again.

CHAPTER XVII.

BRIAN IS BOLD.

HAVING confessed the truth, Brian Halfday looked unflinchingly at Mabel Westbrook again. He was there to argue, to reason, to defend himself, to do anything but take back the money which he had placed at her disposal.

"Why have you done this?" she asked in a low voice; "I have never helped you in any way. I have been always opposed to you. You and I have been almost enemies at times."

"Before you trusted in me implicitly," he answered, with considerable emphasis, "as you do now?"

"As I do now," was her reply.

His face became very bright on the instant.

"It is pleasant to be trusted," he murmured; "it is the first time in my life I have experienced the sensation. A new life dates from it altogether."

"But——"

"But you will destroy the illusion—dash

me to the ground completely—if you ask me to take that money back," he cried, "there will be no trust—no confidence, if you will not let me help you.

"What do I want with a thousand pounds?"

"A woman without money is at the mercy of the world. A man can work for more."

"You have promised me, Brian Halfday, to tell me everything I wish?" Mabel reminded him.

"Did I say everything?"

"Yes."

"Is there anything more to ask of me?"

"Certainly there is."

"Then it was a rash promise," he said restlessly; "I should have been upon my guard."

"No, no—don't conceal anything from me," said Mabel imploringly; "let me, for once in your life, know you as you are. You have been a riddle to me—I have never seemed to understand you."

"I was vain enough to think your faith in me began at Datchet Bridge," said Brian softly.

"It began—yes. I lost the old belief in your being my enemy. I felt you might at any time become my friend—but you always remained a mystery I could not comprehend."

"And now?" he asked eagerly.

"And now I trust you with my whole heart—for I think I read all that is in yours."

"Ah! that is impossible," he muttered.

"Therefore, Mr. Halfday, with no secrets between us ever again, tell me where you got this money?"

Brian Halfday hesitated for an instant, and then one of his rare laughs escaped him. The position was becoming brighter and lighter, and the shadows were stealing from the scene.

"You will not ask me to take this money back?"

"You will let me pay you when I am rich again—I mean very rich? When Dorcas, or Dorcas's husband, for instance, insists upon my receiving back a fair share of the capital now in her possession."

"Yes—then," he answered.

"Now tell me how you were able to lend me a thousand pounds?"

"You are a very curious girl," he said; what does it matter, so that I have been able to help you?"

"I ask you for your confidence," she said reproachfully.

"You shall have it. I saved the money—most of it, that is," he added with a reserve.

"From your small income—impossible!

"How do you know what my income is?" asked Brian, not a little surprised at her last remark.

"Mr. Gregory Salmon told me," replied Mabel.

"Ah! yes—he is a man who knows everything except how to write sermons; which reminds me that I borrowed a book of you at Datchet Bridge. A terrible book that——"

"You are wandering from the subject intentionally, Mr. Halfday?"

"You will have no mercy on me," he replied. "How did I save so much money, you ask?"

"Yes."

"Upon my honour, it is hardly a fair question," he said, laughing again; but there are to be no secrets between us."

"Go on, please."

"And I may ask a few questions of you in return—as forcibly and abruptly as I have asked questions of my sister before this," he said.

"I don't think I have a secret in the world now," replied Mabel, "but proceed. I am very curious."

"I had saved up eight hundred pounds at the end of last month," said Brian at last; "I am of a saving turn of mind—the miserly habits of my grandfather are inherent in me, my expenses are few, I live rent free, I eat little and drink less."

"But from your salary, it seems to be impossible that you should have saved eight hundred pounds," said Mabel thoughtfully.

"I did not say I saved that sum from my salary."

Mabel looked hard at him again.

"Another mystery?" she said.

"No—I am going to tell you what few people in Penton are aware of—what I have kept to myself as much as possible, having no friends in the world who would have been interested by the communication."

"What can it possibly be?" said Mabel breathlessly.

He laughed again at her anxiety. Yes, the shadows were surely falling into the background of his life. Here was a woman interested in him and his pursuits.

"I write," he said.

"Oh! I am glad to hear it!" exclaimed Mabel, "you are clever!—you are a real author—you write books that people actually pay for? How delightful!"

"Yes, I write books and am actually paid," said Brian.

"Novels—poems—histories—what kind of books?"

"Books and pamplets that would weary you to death to wade through," he said, half sadly, half dryly, "pages of heavy matter and ponderous detail, on which the bright eyes of women seldom rest."

"Scientific?"

"Dry essays on our mother earth chiefly—with fragments here and there of county history by way of a change of work, when hard study of dead worlds becomes too much for me. I have been fortunate in earning money, if no fame, by these pursuits," he added modestly, "and I love the labour of the pen with all my soul."

He spoke with enthusiasm, and Mabel had never seen that thin, wan face with so much light upon it.

"And you have studied this for me," she said, "for the poor reward, the miserable satisfaction, of lending me the savings of your life."

"There is no higher reward I want," he replied, "you have been upon my conscience—I am happier than I have ever been, to-night."

"And poorer, too."

"I can earn money easily now," he said somewhat proudly," I am known in London—the early struggles of one who writes for bread are past for ever. I think it is not wholly unlikely that I may even die a tolerably rich man."

"Not if you fling your money about in this reckless fashion," said Mabel archly, "and trust such a stranger as I am."

"Stranger," he repeated mournfully, "Oh! don't say that."

"No—but I will say this, I cannot accept all your money."

"Hush, hush! you must not break faith with me, and render me unhappy to-night," he said; "this is a night for ever to be remembered gratefully."

"I don't see why."

"You trust me—you believe in me?"

"Yes," said Mabel, hesitatingly, "but this two hundred pounds extra and above your savings? What do I want with it? Why should I let you run into debt for me?"

"My creditor will not harass me for his money back—and I shall earn it before the year dies out. Please, let me be, Miss Westbrook. You never cared to talk too long about money—it is, at the best, one of the most miserable topics under the sun, God knows."

"And yet what a deal we have had to say about it."

"Ay," asserted Brian, "we have never met without some sharp words on the question. But you always began it, if you remember."

"No—I don't remember that," said Mabel.

"Let us talk of something else before I say good night. May I?"

"What do you wish to talk about?" asked Mabel.

"Yourself."

"I am afraid we have been talking of that all the evening;" she said.

"But you have promised to answer all my questions—and it is my turn to be exceedingly curious," he urged.

Mabel regarded him with trepidation.

"You will ask nothing of me that I cannot answer fairly?" she said.

"There was to be no reserve," was his reply, "there are to be from this day no secrets between us."

"N—no," she answered, hesitatingly.

"Very well," said Brian, in almost a business tone again, though it was an affectation of business that Mabel would have more quickly perceived had she not been nervous as to what was coming next; "and now the name of the bank in which all the money has been lost?"

Mabel told him, and he booked the title in a little note-book which he took from his breast pocket.

"Thank you," he said, "and now the name of THE MAN."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

IT was a bold question for a man like Brian Halfday to put to this high-spirited maiden from the States, but its very boldness had its effect.

Mabel was for a moment or two speechless with astonishment, then she ejaculated—

"*The man!* What man?"

"He who has stood between you and Angelo Salmon—whom you love, and are going back to?"

Mabel coloured at the peremptory tone which he had so suddenly assumed, and replied—

"You have no right to ask me such a question as that."

"There are to be no more secrets, Miss Westbrook," he said, "and I shall arrive at a clearer understanding of your character, be able to act more thoroughly for you, and *him*, if you will keep your word with me. Trust me as your brother. I am not asking from motives of idle curiosity—and there should be no affectation of reserve to sink you to the level of your sex."

It was a compliment paid to Mabel at the expense of her sex, and she knew not how to reply. She was glad that he thought highly of her, and yet was angry and sorry that he had had but a poor opinion of women all his life. She had pledged herself to speak, she wondered a little why he was anxious to know, but she was half-disposed to be offended with him again for thinking that under any circumstances he was justified in making the inquiry. Surely it was not his business—and the loan of a thousand pounds to her did not warrant him in assuming the airs of a dictator.

"What makes you think there is a gentleman anywhere, for whom I care one halfpenny?" she asked.

"I am sure there is," he answered very positively.

"Why are you sure?" she inquired also, "it is only a little while ago you professed your inability to understand women, and now you pretend to read all that is in my heart."

"I do not understand women, Miss Westbrook—but I know they are very positive, very obstinate, very eccentric when a lover is at their feet, who is all the world to them."

"You did not discover that truth in the study of mother earth," said Mabel.

"No. In the study of mother nature."

"Have I been very positive, obstinate, and eccentric?"

"Decidedly."

Mabel considered this reply.

"Probably, I have," she said at length.

"You have acted rashly," he continued in mild reproof, "no one should have so seriously embarrassed herself, and complicated matters so inextricably as you have done. And," he added, "if it had not been for a prior engagement, a gentle, unselfish woman would have naturally responded to that attachment which Gregory Salmon's son evinced."

"I don't know that," said Mabel shaking her head.

"I have answered your question—now reply to mine. See, I am waiting to enter the happy man's name in my note-book," said Brian with a rare exhibition of facetiousness, as he held his book up for inspection.

"I shall never tell you his name, to begin with," said Mabel, looking at the carpet, "because in the first place there is no engagement between him and me at present. But there is a gentleman—oh! a long, long way from here, far away in the backwoods of my native land—whom I could learn to love, and who I think might learn to love me in return."

"He must love you very deeply."

"Ah! I am not certain of that," answered Mabel, "and I only say I may learn to love him in good time."

"This is a three-cornered kind of confession," said Brian thoughtfully, "but I comprehend you. Very clearly too," he added, slowly dropping his note-book into his breast-pocket.

"You will say nothing of this to Dorcas," suggested Mabel.

"I shall not see Dorcas. Besides—I have no confidence in her."

"You must not judge her too hastily yet."

"And we are speaking to ourselves—not to the world," added Brian. "It is for this reason that I wish you all the happiness in life—and I see only a little distance from you that happiness approaching. For he *must* love you—this man."

"Why?" asked Mabel, softly.

"You are different from other women—since you have been away from America, he must have missed you so much," replied Brian.

"Why did he not come after me, and keep me from the terrible temptation of the Salmon?"

Brian stared hard at this sudden exhibition of levity.

"You are piqued," he said, "you and he have quarrelled."

"We have had a few words."

"Is he rich?"

Mabel hesitated, and then encountering Brian Halfday's inquiring gaze said quickly—

"Yes—very rich."

"What is he?"

"In the dry-goods store line," was the prompt reply.

"That is an extraordinary business for the backwoods," remarked Brian.

"I did not say his business was in the backwoods, but that he was there at the present time. Don't criticise me—don't talk of this any more, please Mr. Halfday—I have told you more than I cared to tell already, but you have dragged this secret from me, for no earthly good. Spare me now—I have been tried to-day severely."

"Yes—yes," said Brian in response to an appeal which had been uttered with great rapidity, and considerable excitement, "I am an intermeddler, and have worried you with questions I had no business to ask. You are quite right; I am an inquisitive man, and want to know too much. Forgive me, Miss Westbrook—I will not trouble you again in this way."

"Thank you," murmured Mabel.

"And as there are no secrets between us," he continued, "as from this day's date we stand on new ground together, with confidence in each other; I am going to tell you one more truth. It will put you on your guard against me—it will warn you of the power you may exercise for good or evil; it will show you, even, how a hard man like me can soften to a fool under the spell of a fair woman's influence."

He was standing before her, with his face full of trouble, but she had not the courage to look up at him, or arrest his words. He was so terribly in earnest that she was afraid to speak.

"When I came here this evening, it was, for the first time, with a faint hope that I might win upon your heart some day," he said; "and you might give me hope to win it, if I were strong and patient. You became suddenly my dream, and my ambition—but God knows the dream is over, and the ambition is at an end. That is why I tell you."

"This is not sparing me, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel reproachfully, "this is ungenerous of you at last."

"It is as well you should know," replied Brian; "and you have done me a kind service in telling me of the lover in America, for I go back to my old life none the worse for the collapse of an air-bubble in the sun. I was not selfish at least; I felt you were beyond me when Angelo Salmon told me how he loved you, and I have only seemed a little nearer since your rejection of his suit. I have thought of approaching you by slow degrees, and of being loved by slow degrees in turn. There was no securing you by a *coup de theâtre*, and now that there is no securing you at all, I shall be a practical, matter-of-fact man for ever afterwards. But for ever your friend, Mabel Westbrook, who talks in this romantic strain for the first and last time in his life, and who makes a clean breast of his folly before he says good-night."

He held out both his hands, and she saw the movement and put hers within them, and without looking up at him. Again the strong firm clasp of his hands startled her, and yet assured her of his earnestness, and strength of will, and faith in her.

"You are not offended?" he asked in a low tone.

"No," she replied in as low a tone as himself.

"If I have spoken out too plainly, forgive me, and think no more of it," he continued, "for I could not keep the truth back, after all that you had told me. And it is the solemn truth!—I shall not grieve, and you need not be afraid of my obtrusiveness. I am very strong, thank Heaven, and I say again that from to-night, I am simply your true friend, whom you are to trust as long as you live! There—God bless you, girl—and good-night again."

He kissed her hands, like a gentleman of the old school rather than a geologist of the new, and Mabel did not shrink from his reverent caress. When he was gone, she cast herself upon the couch, and shed many strange tears, and did not feel, despite her grief, that she was particularly unhappy—although she had not told all the truth to Brian Halfday, and was to deceive him afresh to-morrow, when he might learn to despise her even for her want of trust in him.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

ROMANCE does not live long in the heart of a practical man. It is a temporary and uncomfortable aliment which he is bound in justice to his character to set aside, more especially when there is nothing for the ideal to subsist upon. This was Brian Halfday's theory, and he believed in it, and in his power to go back at any time to his old life—as if to retrace one's steps were ever possible to the sons of men. He went home to his stuffy top room in the Penton Museum, a grave and determined being; he had made up his mind to begin again to-morrow as if nothing had happened to lure his thoughts from those studies by which he had earned money, and which seemed, even to him, to point towards a name by which the world might know him presently. He had been wrong to swerve from the groove in which his life had been running easily till Mabel Westbrook's advent; he was sorry to confess it, but he had been for the first time in his life a fool.

He confessed it again when he was at home and had lighted his lamp and set his papers in order for an immediate dash at work. But the work was beyond him, and he contented himself with staring at it and the opposite wall by turns, finding that the woman he loved was too strong for the fossils and earths he loved too.

Too strong for that night at least, but these were early times to shake off the sense of disappointment which he felt despite his philosophy. To-morrow Brian Halfday would be himself again. Nothing had happened which he had not expected, surely. It was unlikely that this good-looking American girl should think of loving a man who had aged so much before his time as he had, not one attribute that might stand as a fair passport to that lady's society which he had studiously shunned until a goddess had surprised him in his den here. It was as well that it was quickly over, and Mabel Westbrook had owned to a lover already. It settled the whole affair completely, and rendered the path ahead of him smooth, and free from pitfalls, and—only a little dull! That last feeling he should get over—all men were dull at times—and his studies would give him tone and strength of character. It pained and irritated him upon mature consideration to think that he had acted as foolishly as Angelo Salmon, and with about the same result. He had had rather more than a dim consciousness of being a clever and shrewd fellow until that particular night, and now he could see where he had blundered. The more he stared at the opposite wall, and at the geological maps which were hanging there, the more he became convinced that he had been betrayed by impulse and vanity, and—heaven have mercy upon him—by sentiment! His fingers tugged at his long hair in dismay at this—what would Mabel Westbrook think of him when she reconsidered all the nonsense which he had talked during the latter portion of their interview? If he could live that evening over again! If he had not told her of his love she would have respected him more, and he should have been a prouder man. What had been the use of so maudlin an avowal, save to render her distrustful of him? Why could he not have buried, deep down in his heart, that knowledge which had not even benefited himself? And to tell her that he loved her, a few moments after giving her, or lending her, all the money which he possessed too, as if he had kept back his passion until he had the opportunity of offering her a bribe.

"No—no—she will not think that!" he cried aloud, for it was a thought too galling for him, in these salutary moments of self-depreciation, "she is warm-hearted, generous, and will do me justice."

He took a long walk round his room after this, and it was a wise dispensation that there was no human being taking rest in the apartment beneath, he tramped on so persistently, and stamped his feet at times so heavily. Suddenly he made a dash at his work again.

"I am sulking like a child at the inevitable," he said, "and I will *not* have it!"

There was the courage to write a few lines, the manliness to persevere; but his heart was too strong for his brains, and presently his pen dropped, and the blurred manuscript was pushed unconsciously aside. After all, it was pleasant to think of her—even at that hour, and with the bronze clock registering two—to remember all that she had said, to dwell upon the expression of her faith in him, the frank confession of her

trust, the acceptance from him of that pecuniary help which she would not have taken at Angelo Salmon's hands, or from anyone but him. Theirs had been a long meeting, full of discussion and explanation, and winding up by love matters that might have been more fittingly postponed, and yet were mercifully terminated for all time; but there was nothing really to regret in the interview, except his own stupidity. She had been as gentle as a true woman should be, and heaven bless her for it. He hoped the man she loved would make her a good husband —he thought he would, for Mabel was one to cherish very tenderly, and observant enough not to make a bad choice for herself.

To-morrow, or the next day, he should face her as a friend, or a brother, and be very business-like with his friendship and advice, and fight her battles in his old-fashioned forcible way. All this as long as she lived—or as long as he lived—to be a duty and a comfort to him. She had placed confidence in him—she had made less difficulty about accepting his service than he had imagined that she would—and despite the greed of his relations the world seemed brightening for her.

But on the morrow the shadows came up thick and fast again, and there was no more brightness in his little world.

It was noon, and he was busy in his office downstairs, and two little boys, representing the visitors of Penton, were playing hide-and-seek behind the big glass cases, when a letter came by post to him. It had been dropped in the letter-box at Penton High Street, only a stone's throw from his door, by the bearer, who had not the courage or the inclination to face him again, he thought. Brian had not seen the writing of Mabel Westbrook, but he knew it; it was not his sister's scrawl, and no other woman had ever written a line to him. He opened the letter with impatient hands, and two bank-notes fell out, and fluttered to the floor.

He was business-like to the last. He stopped and picked up the notes before reading a line of the letter; he examined them closely, and inspected carefully the amounts which were for five hundred pounds each. The thousand pounds had been returned to him. Mabel Westbrook would have none of his support, if it were possible to do without it; she could not nor would not trust him after all. She knew and saw the great gratification that it would have been to him to help her, and yet her pride had dashed him down like that. This was her return—almost her revenge, he thought—for his refusing the sacrifice of his money to his grandfather; but in what an arrogant spirit, and with how miserable a reason! He had thought her very different from this!

He did not quickly refer to her own explanation of this step. He seemed content to sit there with the notes and the unread letter in his hands, and guess at her resolves and motives. Having worked out the theory to his satisfaction, he took the number of her notes, which he locked within his desk, and then opened the letter, saying, between his set teeth,—

"She shall have the money! I will help her, in spite of herself and her miserable pride."

The first words took away all sense of anger from his heart, however, although there were only three to thrill him with a new and sudden sense of joy. He read them aloud in his exultation and excitement, and his red-haired clerk entering at the minute, stopped at the door with his mouth open.

"My dear Brian!" quoted the curator; "yes," he added, "that is what it is—my dear Brian!"

"What did you say, sir?" exclaimed the young subordinate.

"Get out!"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"I'll attend to you presently. Don't you hear?"

"Oh, yes—I hear," said the clerk who was uncivilly disposed, and quick to retaliate. Brian looked fiercely at him, and the youth vanished at his glance. After his clerk's departure Brian went on with the perusal of the epistle which Mabel had sent to him, and which we will read with him.

It had no address or date, which for a lady's letter was not particularly remarkable; it was wild and rambling, which was not remarkable either, and it ran thus—

"My dear Brian.—For you must let me call a true friend thus, as I would call a brother, if I had one. You have acted like a brother to me, and I am very grateful——pray think that, whatever happens, and you will only do me justice. Don't be very,

very cross with me for sending back your money—I could not take it—I never intended to make use of it—I should have been a coward and a wretch to rob you of your savings. I have friends—plenty of them—leave me to them, and do not trouble your head and heart with my wilfulness again. You make me unhappy by your persistence to be of service to me, and I have run away from you. Forgive the step and grant me that which a little while ago I refused to you, if you recollect—*Time.* Only give me time! And believe that I shall remember your unselfishness and value it, and be always

Yours most faithfully
MABEL WESTBROOK.

P. S.—You promised at Datchet Bridge to study even my wishes when opposed to your own—do so now and consider me your grateful debtor. I wish for peace and rest, and time for thought, away from all of you."

"Away from me, she means!" said Brian mournfully; "yes, I have frightened her away!"

He locked up her letter and started at once for the villa on the Penton Road, knowing beforehand that she would not be there, feeling sure that she had taken every precaution to evade him and his offers of pecuniary support, and yet wishing to learn the worst at once.

He was right. Mabel had gone away for good, and the landlady did not know in what direction she had turned. "She was going to leave the city at once," that was all the information which the lodger had vouchsafed to impart; and the landlady only knew in addition that the fly had been driven towards the railway station.

Brian called at Penton Bank on his return. He was known to the clerks, and country clerks are more communicative than their London brethren and less suspicious.

"Can I pay any money into Miss Westbrook's account to-day?" he asked.

"She has closed her account with us," said the cashier. Brian nodded his head, walked out of the bank and went back to the Museum where he once more read the letter which she had sent him.

The following week he was in Liverpool, where he booked a passage for New York, and steamed away to a new world across the Atlantic on the day following, without telling a friend or an acquaintance that he had turned his back on old England.

END OF BOOK II.

(To be continued.)

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY M. L. C., COBOURG.

"There is a well in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There's not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne."

BUT before we go into Cornwall, let us generalize about road-side wells. We cannot go far on any country road without finding one of these little cloistered fountains of purity and peace. How carefully it is walled over, and time, which beautifies everything in this land, has made its vaulted roof an arch of green and purple moss. And in the interstices grow the glorious ferns. How they love such a home. The hart's-tongue hangs over to look at its own vigorous beauty, for on the gravelly floor of the miniature pool lie the shadows of its proud fronds. The water slowly trickles from out these fronds, making its way between stones and pebbles. Very shortly sprigs of water-cress show themselves, suggesting the certainty that not far away is a bed of them where, after the runlet has left the vicinity of the well, it flows and loiters no one knows how long. I am acquainted with different brooks, and know

their habits, and how they spend their live-long day, and the most companionable of them are like Mr. Tennyson's brook—

"They loiter round their cresses."

In the old, old Book, where the story of "them who dwelt in tents" is told, how picturesquely does the narrator group the domestic life around their well. The love and romance of our father Jacob was crystalized by the Syrian well. As the world grows older, the machinery of life becomes complicated. In the present age of man's civilization, the act of changing one's habitation is connected with a thousand and one necessities and desires. The detail of these shows but a "shrine of luxury and pride." But when we unfold the marvellous tapestry of life, which time and man are ever weaving, very simple are the first pictures woven in its woof. When the tents were to be moved, the most perplexing, the most earnest inquiry of man in his nomadic state was, where shall we find pasturage for our flocks, and wells where they and we may drink? These roving men digged wells and called them by their names. Thus every age has had its benefactors; and whether it was the religious care of a patriarch, or the God in the heathen, it is a glorious truth—

"That not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well."

All over England you will find these road-side wells. Sometimes on a solitary road, far removed from town or hamlet, you will come across one of these aged mossy dells, its water trickling from a stone basin, and a cup by its side, an everlasting memorial of the loving-kindness of one forgotten.

"A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside."

Most of these road-side wells were walled and roofed by the monks in the old time. When hostels were few and far between, it was their pious work thus to protect these springs, to gather the water into a basin, so that it should not be dried up by the heat of the summer, nor lost among weeds or rushes. Here man and his tired beast drank and were refreshed; here the palmer rested and prayed. A little cross was generally placed near by, or a lone oratory. Sometimes a hermit had his cell not far away, and the pious pilgrim, when he finished his prayer, would leave a pittance at the foot of the cross, to relieve his earthly needs. Some of these old wells have the names of their builders graven on them, and in the almost obliterated Gothic letters, you decipher the request that he who drank should breathe a prayer for their souls.

"Where water clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell;
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who × built × this × cross × and × well."

The holy wells were consecrated to some saint, who in return for the pious respect was believed to bestow a peculiar blessing on the fountain. Some healing efficacy abode in the water.

Alas! the gift has flown back to heaven, the hermit is turned to dust, the oratory a mound of ivy, the cross broken and gone—all sacred associations banished, and their remembrance turned into ridicule. I avow a hearty liking for some of the legends handed down from monastic times, and I do not look upon the acts of some of her saintly men as only myths of that dark age. Most of these men renounced the world for Christ Jesus' sake; they were imitators of His human life; they fasted; they prayed; they went about doing deeds of mercy. A portion of their fellow men passed their lives in acts of blood and slaughter. When we picture these feudal times, the battle-axe seems for ever whizzing through the air, and the mail and armour are always red stained. The background discloses a picture within a picture—a scene of arms, rapine, and violence. The human figures are mighty warriors, whose courage is only equalled by their inhumanity. But human life flowed also in another channel than that of the great and powerful. There were other

actors in the drama, though the parts which fell to their rôle were those of misery and wretchedness; for the condition of the peasant was in feudal times most forlorn. He was an ignorant, brutish, and miserable object, rated not so valuable as the well-fed kine. We are told that, however noble was the protection offered by a lord to his retainers and immediate followers, the peasant was to him but another Caliban. He lived because nothing was to be gained from his death; he was let alone if he stood in no one's road; and many of these creatures starved on roots which they clawed from the ground, or shared with the hogs the acorns from the trees. There were scattered throughout Christendom thousands of these wretched beings, roving from town to town, half mad from incurable diseases and want. It was thus when the Master was on earth. Impotent and leprous men were ever in His way, and crowds of diseased and miserable humanity followed Him from place to place. The saints took up their Master's work, and followed on in His labours. Truly these men were very full of His Divine spirit, for their deeds were Christ-like. The traditions of them show us that, lifted above considerations of rank and power, they went on the daily duty of lessening human woe. No wonder they were sad men, for their charity led them among sufferings. Full of sympathy and human tenderness no deed was considered great or small—both alike done for Christ's sake. They gathered herbs for salves, bound up and anointed wounds, administered healing to the sick, and consolation to the dying; and as I have rested by some of these once holy wells, or have wandered among the stones of the ruined oratory, the thought has arisen—may we not learn in the Hereafter that it was indeed a truth that "He who was touched by a feeling of our infirmities" heard the supplications of His holy servants, and that the angel who went down and troubled the pool of Bethesda was sometimes sent to bestow on other pools, likewise, a healing efficacy. When we gaze down the "corridors of time" our light is too dim to see clearly in the distance, and the forms of truth and error, fancy and reality, are so locked in the mazy windings that we are uncertain of each individual figure.

In like manner when we read the lives of these consecrated men, and would reverence their good deeds, we find the pages written with many dead words, and we cannot separate the sentiments of faith and superstition, Christianity and paganism. But however we may doubt the spells and peculiar efficacy of holy wells in general, I must have credence granted me when I say that there is a holy well in Cornwall whose waters are as gushing, and whose spell is as potent, no doubt, as when it was bestowed centuries ago. The legend says a holy maid, passing on her way to St. Michael's Mount, grew weary and fain would rest. Her steps brought her to a road-side well, from the arched roof of which grew a group of five trees, an oak, ash, elm, withy, and beech. Here the maiden rested, drinking of the spring and cooling her blistered feet ere she resumed her pilgrimage. Years passed; the holy well was called St. Keyne; her pious works were known everywhere; and the efficacy of her prayers were sought by the devout from Wales to Brittany. Beyond the Severn she turned serpents into stones; she visited many holy communities, and made pilgrimages from shrine to shrine, everywhere bestowing temporal mercies and leaving her benediction for heavenly graces. When age had brought its infirmities, and she no longer could leave her oratory, where she awaited the summons of the angel, she was visited by a Benedictine monk. He was sent to tell her that a parish in Cornwall had dedicated a church to her, and its worshippers implored her prayers and intercessions. The aged saint prostrating herself before her altar made many prayers for the church. Besides the spiritual power she besought for its offered masses she desired to send back to them some manifest gift that would continue through all time as a token of the protecting care she should continue to have over them when she was no longer on earth. Her body was feeble and her prayers died away into a reverie. She remembered the spot where, long years ago, before her body was inured to long fasting and long travelling, she had rested. She saw the picture of the green hillock, and the five stately trees whose roots grew together in so close and peculiar a manner as to thus form a roof for the little well beneath. The trees were five, the number sacred to marriage. A holy well should its waters become, and the spell should relate to domestic life, something connected with wedded love.

The saint sent her blessing for the church called by her name, and for the water of the well,

"The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance or choice attains
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains."

Southey's muse was never more felicitous than when she inspired him to wreathe this saintly legend into a laurel for his brow :—

"A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

"An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

"A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And not a cloud in the sky.

"He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

"There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"'Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?' quoth he,
'For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"'Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.'

"'I have left a good woman who never was here,'
The stranger he made reply,
'But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?'

"'St. Keyne,' quoth the Cornish-man, 'many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"'If the husband, of this gifted well,
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth he,
For he shall be master for life.

"'But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!'
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"'You drank of the well I warrant betimes?'
He to the Cornish-man said :
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"'I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.'"

I had forgotten in what part of Cornwall St. Keyne was, but last summer while at Liskeard, our polite host of the "Red Lion" informed me that this famous well was only eight miles distant. My sex being feminine made it necessary that I should without delay start on a pilgrimage to it. Having my husband in company (for I could take no undue advantage to become "master for life") we went on our way. We left the town, with its noise and bustle, its arrivals and departures, its commercial travellers, its omnibuses and screeching railway engines, and took a road which delved into the country, and wound its way through a lazy, sleepy, happy valley. All was peaceful and dull. A beautiful dulness. I would as soon have broken the repose of a Sphinx as disturbed its quiet serenity. All was in a reverie. Soon the spirit of dreaminess passed her wand over us and we walked on our pilgrimage as silently as two Carmelite monks.

The very air seemed to listen around us, as though St. Keyne had but passed, and the tread of her sandalled feet was in the distance, and her *Pax vobiscum* was still resting on all. The miles took us past pleasant meadows where cattle grazed, but they gave us little heed ; the sheep were mostly asleep, and the dun cows chewing the cud barely turned their heads, and their meek eyes had a look of patient reproof at our rude approach. Now and then we came to a cottage almost hidden by its clematis and jessamine. Once we passed a farm house, the noonday sun cast a broad smile on each window, in the porch sat the farmer asleep, his pipe in his hand and a dog dozing at his feet. Near by was a silent mill. Its roof was mossy, and no time less than a century could have hidden its stone walls by the patches of brown and yellow lichens which dotted them. The

water trickled over the wheel in a psalm-like tune as though it said "Amen." Sometimes we walked between hedges beautiful with ferns, or enamelled with a hundred hedge flowers. The sky was almost without a cloud, occasionally a fleecy one would appear but it soon drifted away or drew in again, for when I looked for it it was gone. It was a day late in August, the summer was tired; early and late had she looked to her labours, and now weary almost to indifference she drooped and left her orchards and barley-fields to her valiant young brother, It had been a gradual ascent for two miles, and we reached the top of the hill to be abruptly let down. At the foot we passed from a steady gleaming sunshine into a dark spot of shade; the change was so sudden that it awakened me, and my awakening thought was, "What a singular scene! Was I ever here before? What do I know about these trees which make them familiar?" In an instant the truth flashed to my mind —we had reached the Well of St. Keyne. My husband (heaven bless him) looked about for some means of getting the water, for cup there was none; but his spouse put her mouth quickly down and drank. O blessed St. Keyne! "For she shall be master for life."

The water was deliciously cold, and clear as crystal, and the well bubbled up its treasure as abundantly as in the day of the Saint. There is, however, a sad change in the number of the trees. When St. Keyne laid her spell there were five; a century after the number was reduced to four; another generation and the well was shaded by but three; and now there remains but two. A severe storm, a winter ago, which occasioned much damage to roofs, and made sad havoc among trees and hay-ricks, did a deed of darkness in breaking down these trees. The roof of the well is one with the roots of these trees growing in a most shapely arch. Their source of nourishment is truly a marvel, as they have no bed of earth; and the best solution of the query was given by a young wit who said, "They are old-fashioned trees, and they live because they are accustomed to live."

A few steps from the well is a house—the poet tells us "there came a man from the house hard by." When I threw myself on the ground and thrust my head into the dark hole I obtained sufficient of the water to make its efficacy reliable, but wanting a good deep draught I went to the door of the house and asked for a cup. A middle-aged woman instantly, and without any reply to my salutation, reached down from the dresser a blue cup. I said to her, "I suppose you very often have to supply a cup to travellers who wish to drink here?" "Oh, bless you ma'm," she replied, "we keep a lot of they blue cups a purpose." I learned from her the accident which befel the oak tree. The old lady said, "it was last winter just a-fore the old un went up. His sleep was allus bad, but one night he was that restful that he did nothing but turn. I said to him, 'Feyther, why don't'ee lie on your well side and get a little sleep?' 'Elizabeth,' he said, "I do'nt want to sleep. I like to listen to they, they be at it sure.' And sure enough when morning came things was blown about dreadful, and that tree was down." "What did your husband mean by 'they are at it?'" (I had learned that the "old un" was her husband.) "O ma'm," she replied, "things about here are not what they used to be long afore any of us was born, as they was in the times of that old well, and they trees, and all they stones flung up on and about the country, and in the days when they dancing maids and two merry pipers were turned into stone for dancing on Sunday, and Giant Iregagle and the devil were chasing one another, and in the days when there were saints, and crosses, and spirits, and all sorts of powers; bless you, they had every thing their own way once. I don't know as I ever saw any of them kind of spirits; but there's them as has. But I have often seen the basin scooped out of the top of the largest boulder upon the moor, and they do say that afore we had parsons there was them as used to kill children, or grown folks for that matter, and wash in their blood. And my husband, he did always say that he believed they was about in the air yet; and that night that I telled 'ee about was just one of the nights when they was trying to get hold of the land again." While I was having this delicious bit of gossip with the old woman my husband took a sketch of the well, and when the last touch was given to it I drank again of the water, and we took a path over the moorland which would take us to a famous Logan stone and the Cheesewring of Cornish celebrity.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ALTHOUGH the pic-nic mania, this season, took its rise amongst the Opposition, the disease, as might be expected, has laid hold of the dominant party. Semi-social agitations of this sort are either contagious or break out sporadically, like enteric fever, here and there over the country. In themselves, they are innocent enough; cakes and sandwiches, washed down with weak tea or dubious lemonade, like the rhetoric they inspire, are not apt to lead to violence, either in theory or action. Moreover, their very affectation of sociality is in itself a good, as compared with the uproariousness of a banquet or the turbulent gesticulations of a Quebec orator, speaking at the church-doors on Sunday after mass. The female atmosphere, however fashionable it may be to make light of it, never fails to hallow the scene even of political vituperation, and cast a mellow calmness about it. Without discussing the female suffrage question, it may not be unreasonable to ask, if female influence is not underrated, generally speaking? The political demagogue in petticoats has seldom made her appearance in England or Canada, and not to an alarming extent in the United States. It seems to be recognised, as Molière puts it in *Les Femmes Savantes*, that the hen must not crow, or at any rate must yield precedence to her male partner—"*La poule ne doit point chanter devant le coq.*" Still there is a good deal of quiet, as well as overt, political action on the feminine side of humanity. When it is open and palpable, as in the case of Catharine of Medicis, the female Guises, Elizabeth of England, or Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, it forces itself into recognition. But there is a great amount of influence, often unobtrusive and scarcely recognisable, which, nevertheless, counts for something amongst the rabble of factors making up the complex sum of our social condition. Now, the problem is to reconcile this influence with enlightenment. A power which is almost always, in the mass, enlisted on the side of virtue, cannot be bad; but it may be blind, ill-directed, and without prudence or discretion. One of the first steps in the political and social education of man or woman, is to enforce the fact, that we cannot do all we would in the renovation of the world. One-half of the prevailing social nostrums owe their origin, in the first place, to beings who wear male attire without manly attributes, afterwards backed up and reinforced by stronger spirits, clad in silk or dimity. The men who promulgate them are usually exceedingly weak in force of character, but they manage to delve the channels into which the genuine vigour of the strong-minded is poured off lavishly, and wasted. Now, there is a power distinctively feminine, which might be brought to bear with great advantage upon society, if it could be educated and drilled into some sort of discipline. It is surely not by any means necessary that a woman, endowed with deep emotions and improved by culture, should be either a devotee or a social pariah; and yet that is practically what it comes to, under the existing order of things. Whether a gifted girl shall be a Guérin or Swetchine, or a Roland or Sand, is often a matter of chance; but one of them, mystic or sceptic, she is fated to be.

It is impossible to rate too highly the value of the emotional side of our nature, and that is essentially its feminine side. By an admirable provision of nature, what are deemed the weak things of the world are made to confound the mighty, and the noblest deeds of beneficent long-suffering and endurance have always been essentially feminine. The mothers of this world's heroes have always shaped their characters on the best and loftiest side; and although we live in an age of hard fact and harder science, we have not yet lost sight of the truth that logic and physics do not embrace the entire circle of humanity, and that there is yet room for sympathy, love, and spirituality. Why should not the warm glow of female influence be made of better service than it is? Why should it not be trained to useful service, instead of,

as too often it is, to impulsive vagaries? Can it, in short, be doubted for an instant, that if greater pains were taken to discipline the mighty store of power laid up in our girls and women, the world would be the better for it?

We have wandered far a-field from political pic-nics, but there is not so remote a connection between them and female culture as may at first appear. If the brothers, the husbands, and the lovers could contrive to share their lives a little more equitably with those who are dear to them, there would be less of hysterics in the world, and much added moral and motive power. Why should one-half of the race be jealously excluded from an intelligent share in spheres of interest which absorb the other half? Why should not sense seek companionship with sensibility, and hard reason be tempered and softened by emotion? Why, in fine, should the potent influence of woman—and it is potent, and promises to enlarge its power even in politics—be left uninstructed to wander into the devious paths of superstition, or else of open rebellion against the laws and beliefs of society? The world is not a Masonic Lodge, into which none but males may seek admittance: whether we like it or not, the female atmosphere surrounds us from the cradle to the grave; as it lies about us in our infancy, so, at the last, it closes the eyes, and sheds its lingering tears upon the shroud. No one, save a few of the hysterical, desires any unwomanly culture or employment for woman; but there is an obvious need for bridging the gulf which separates her in tastes, in aims, and in sympathies from man. As Hamlet says, "Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it."

So far as Reform and Conservative picnics aid in this work, they deserve sympathy; but there, we are afraid, commendation must stop, because the teachers are bad and the text-books, if possible, worse. That can hardly be a fitting school for womankind which is depraving even for men; and, as Canadian politics go, there could hardly be a less proper academy for men or women than that which gives party training to ingenuous folk; choice recitations on Pacific Scandals, steel rails, and all those other abominations, are not improving in any sense of the word. If any one desires to be convinced that David was right when he hastily said that all men were liars, as well as thieves and sharpers, he could not repair to a better school than the political pic-nic. It is marvellous to see how much spite and rancour a party man can cram into a political speech now-a-days. There is nothing now too foul to be asserted or too monstrous to be credible. Each party has its selection of stink-pots, and takes care to use them all, in and out of place, at every public gathering. The Premier has expressed a desire to terminate the unseemly warfare; why does he not persuade his followers and his journals to set the example, or, failing that, endeavour to form a new coalition, in which the corruptionists might all be embraced and thus compelled, by the bonds of common interest, to keep the peace? If we could only get Sir John, the Premier, Fraser, Macdougall, Rykert, Lauder, Mowat, and, above all, Tupper and Brown in the same political bed together, even if it were as large as that of Ware, the people would be satisfied, for they would have peace. But what would, in that case, become of the parties? A millennium, desirable as it may be, from some points of view, might leave no scope for belligerency, and the canker of peace would have full play. As the Montreal *Witness* naïvely observed the other day, the parties are all misnamed and should be christened over again, at least in Quebec. The Conservatives, according to our contemporary, are properly Ultramontanes, the Reformers, so-called, being Conservatives, and the real Reformers a chosen few who really desire to reform something; not having bowed the knee to the hierarchical Baal.

It is exceedingly difficult to be a Canadian politician now, unless one has the poison of asps under his tongue. Frenchmen of the Assembly sometimes grow wild and shake fists in one another's faces, but their passion soon subsides. M. Gambetta and M. de Mun, the successor of Montalambert, so far as he supported the Church, are not enemies, except as a *mise en scène*. In Germany a somewhat similar state of affairs prevails, and in England everybody knows that Gladstone and Disraeli (Beaconsfield!) are on the most intimate terms. In Canada, however, the relations of our public men are not only unfriendly, even in private, but absolutely Japanish. Considering the choppings and changes of the past few years, our party leaders ought to be cautious how they blast the reputations

of one another. A turn of the wheel may easily, should one of the fates will it, turn things into brilliant confusion. It seems not a desperate stretch of the imagination to picture, in the mind's eye, a time when there may be a shifting in the attitude of the leaders. Unfortunately that acrid criticism of opponents which forms the cardinal maxim in party strategy, renders anything like calm discussion out of the question. The judicial spirit, which distinguishes the statesman from the mere politician, requires coolness and quietude as contrasted with heat, impulse, and perpetual unrest. The attempt to "be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in a moment" must always fail. Consistency is not to be thought of so long as the attitude of public men to public questions, and to each other, varies as the fleecy clouds that wait upon the setting sun. Hence every journalist is able, by a judicious selection from the fyles of any paper which has passed through many fluctuations of opinion or of policy, to fasten charges of inconsistency upon his opponents. The *Globe* has exposed itself prominently to this method of attack, because it never consults aught but the exigencies of the passing hour. Yet it would, perhaps, be unfair to judge Mr. Brown and his journal too harshly. They are impatient, impulsive, impetuous; but there is often an earnestness which cannot be wholly affected. In the latest of our great novels the enthusiasm which age could not temper breaks out in a quotation from Deronda's grandfather by Kalonymos: "Better a wrong will than a wavering; better a steadfast enemy than an uncertain friend; better a false belief than no belief at all." The worst of our politicians, especially those of great moral pretensions, is that they grow fearfully earnest on very shallow grounds, and more abusive as they lash themselves into a self-deceiving fury. Said Sir Hugo to Deronda, "I can tolerate any man's difference of opinion, but let him tell it me without getting himself up as a lunatic. At this stage of the world, if a man wants to be taken seriously, he must keep clear of melodrama." It is our misfortune in Canada, that everlastingly we are in the spasmodic vein—everything by turns and nothing long. To accomplish any immediate purpose it is necessary apparently to work by jerks, and no continuity appears either possible or to be desired. The politician is a fissiparous animal, whose segments may be detached from its parent, to wander in other worlds, or wriggle with freshened activity in other waters, regardless of antecedents.

The boast of consistency is, considered in itself, but a poor one; yet one may expect that there should not be violent disruptions between the periods of even a politician's career. When Fox entered the short-lived coalition of 1783, he made some just remarks about the parade men often make, of never having changed their opinions or their alliances; and yet the English nation were not to be deceived, since they saw clearly that the combination with Lord North was an immoral and unjustifiable one. When a party has for years protested against coalition, in any shape, it is a paltry subterfuge to allege that its combinations are not coalitions. When a journal which, at one period of its existence, denounced with unwonted violence of language the clergy and religieuses of a Church, and, at another, closely allied itself, for entirely selfish purposes, with that Church, and is ready to defend the most outrageous of Ultramontane pretensions, the people are not gullible enough to swallow the plea that the balance has always been held fairly between the extremes of opinion. An editor, who has oscillated from one extreme to another, may be said to swing as a pendulum, but not to hang evenly like the scales of justice.

So long as party warfare continues to be conducted for place rather than principle, and so long as its weapons are scandal and vituperation, there is little hope of amelioration. You cannot bring a clean thing out of an unclean; chaos will be chaos to the end of the chapter, and the more the mud is stirred the more confused and fetid will it inevitably be. "Measures and not men" may be the "cant" Junius pronounced the maxim to be; but men, without regard to measures, must always be infinitely worse. If politicians had always been less self-regarding, or party-regarding if you will, there would have been more coherence in our constitutional system, and less inconsistency and contradiction in their lives. As it is, a public man's prescience depends upon the length of his nose, and he cannot see an inch beyond it. The past of party leaders is a Birs Nimroud or a Pompeii for opponents to excavate; the future may shift for itself; the present and its exigencies alone need be

cared for. Political Epicureanism is the popular creed with them all.

The attitude of parties may be illustrated in a crucial instance. It is unnecessary here to note the course of the Opposition with regard to Separate Schools; for, as a general rule, it has been tolerably consistent whether the party were in office or out of it. There was a Lower Canada alliance to maintain, and therefore they had substantial reasons, with which principle had little to do, for advocating the system. The Reform party of twenty years ago had little hope of obtaining countenance from the hierarchy, and therefore opposed it, impressed with the hope that either a dead-lock would occur, or that the growing preponderance of Ontario might eventually throw power into their hands. The dead-lock did come at last, and the key found for it was Confederation under a coalition. The chance then presented itself of a new departure; intrigue came first, and was the forerunner of disaffection. Sir George Cartier refused to force Separate Schools upon New Brunswick, and lost his seat because the hierarchy was offended. The *Rouge* party formed an alliance, hollow and temporary, with the Church, and Mr. Brown made his mercenary bargain with the Catholic League of Ontario. Then came the Pacific Scandal, and the stakes were won, not by the Protestant horse, but by a piebald nag of uncertain pedigree, fresh from the paddock. Now, mark the consequences which result from tortuous ways and crooked expedients. The Roman Catholic clergy of Quebec became uneasy at the aspect of affairs; the ton of promise had resolved itself into a pennyweight of performance, and therefore the Church must needs tack again. Last year both Messrs. Masson and Mousseau endeavoured to force their way, by urging upon the Premier an unconstitutional measure. Of course, the object was only to embarrass Mr. Mackenzie; but he is wary enough, and honest enough also, not to be caught with chaff or to mistake it for wheat. He refused to ask the Imperial Parliament to force the separate system upon New Brunswick; but he, with the Hon. Mr. Laird and all his colleagues, voted for an address to Her Majesty, asking the influence of the Crown in favour of that system. Lord Carnarvon, in turn, sent a dispatch, at the request of our Government and Parliament, to Ottawa. Here is an extract:—"There can be no impropriety in my expressing the strong hope which I entertain that, as in other British communities, the majority of the population in New Brunswick, which, through its representatives, controls the education system of the Province, may be disposed to adopt such modification of the existing rules as may render them less unacceptable to those who from conscientious reasons have felt themselves obliged to protest against the system now in force." Now, when it is remembered that this dispatch was written at the instance of the Dominion Government, it does not seem proper in a member of the Privy Council to intermeddle with the local elections in Prince Edward's Island, in order to prevent the establishment there of denominational schools. If it were right to invoke moral pressure upon the people of New Brunswick, it was wrong in the Minister of the Interior to bring pressure, material as well as moral, to bear upon the smaller Province in a contrary spirit. In fact, there is no settled principle even in the Cabinet. Each man appears to act as interest or caprice directs, without regard to office or its responsibilities. There appears to be no unity in either of the parties. Sectional differences are as far as ever from being removed from the arena by Confederation, and Ottawa leaders on both sides continue to dabble in them as of yore.

It is by no means necessary that we should be in favour of separate schools, to see the inconvenience of acting thus at cross purposes. It is unfortunate that men of different creeds do not perceive the advantage of a purely national system of education; but it is now too late to discuss the point. In order to protect the Protestant minority of Quebec, the leaders of the Reform party consented to the permanent establishment of Roman Catholic Separate Schools in Ontario. Mr. Brown and his friends who entered the Coalition Government deserve praise, and not censure, for having taken that step, since it was a painful sacrifice of cherished principles which had been strongly enunciated. And when, afterwards, a new administration addressed the Queen to employ the royal influence with New Brunswick, their course was a perfectly legitimate one; that having been done, it was highly improper that any member of the Privy Council should act in the reverse direction.

The matter is, as the *Globe* properly remarks, one of Provincial concern, but if that be a reason for non-interference in one case, it is yet stronger in another.

One of "the well understood principles of the Reform party" was supposed to be, entire severance between the Ottawa and Local Governments. But this merely serves to show how recklessly men adopt theories when in Opposition, which they cannot carry into practice when they attain office. It would be impossible for an outsider not versed in current politics to distinguish those of the speakers, at some recent pic-nics, who belonged to the Ottawa House, from those of humbler ambition, who are attached to the Toronto Assembly. They are mixed up so indescribably in hotch-potch, that there is no method of ascertaining the origin of the primal ingredients. The result is that, whilst it is convenient to erect a strong barrier, where Separate Schools are concerned, between Dominion and Province, it is found useful to throw it down when popular demonstrations are in progress. Yet to obliterate distinctions in this off-hand way is searcely compatible with high political principle. Those who see nothing to complain of in the vigorous assertion of opinion, are apt to be startled when they observe that men have one suit of party clothes for Opposition, clean but threadbare, and another, glossy and delicate, for Office. The expression of powerful views is supposed to represent a sturdy back-bone of conviction behind it; but what if its texture be of india-rubber or, worse still, like the *blanc-mange* shape of the jelly-fish, melts away upon the sand, under the rays of the noon-tide sun? Principles should certainly be plastic and flexible, or they could not be reduced to practice, but that is no reason why they should be so fluid as to take the form of any mould they may be run into for convenience' sake. If there be any stability in our political parties, why are they so readily bent about and contorted, till their most ardent champions cannot recognise what they most admire?

The existence of separate factions is tacitly admitted to be irrational, by the course politicians have taken during the last four years. Non-party men have no objection to coalitions, so far as they do not imply betrayal of principle; and further, they have no sympathy with the outcry against them, when there is no principle at stake. Mackenzie's administration is just as much a coalition as the one it supplanted; the Pacific Scandal made no difference in the position of affairs, so far as the radical distinctions between the two parties were concerned. The storm which swept Sir John Macdonald from the helm was healthy in its way; but it left those distinctions where they were, or rather would have done so, had there been any in existence. But, as we have contended all along, principle never divided the factions; everything depended then, as it now does, upon the personal ambition of the leaders. Hence the atmosphere of scandal in which party men live and move, an atmosphere which is sapping the vigour and poisoning the life-blood of the body politic. Where the earnest struggle for strong convictions terminates, the game of traduction and vilification begins. If a Waterloo or Gravelotte is out of the question, we must fain be content with a Donnybrook. Man being by nature in a state of war with his fellows, as Hobbes and Mr. Beecher inform us, he must fight with whatever weapons come to hand, Krupps, Enfields, shillelaghs, stones, or mud. We can sympathize with Mr. Mackenzie's somewhat querulous utterances respecting his personal integrity, which we believe to be unimpeachable; but it is after all the fortune of war. To the victors belong first the spoils and then the spoiling they are sure to suffer sooner or later. It is not pleasant, after taking the enemy's fort and spiking his artillery, to have our own siege guns turned upon ourselves; or, to abandon the trope, that one should be told the old story—*mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. As stories of corruption have for years formed the staple commodity of Oppositions, why should any Premier complain that, with what measure he meted, it shall be measured to him again, now that his turn has come? Most devoutly does every friend of his country wish with Mr. Mackenzie, that the system of assault upon individual character should end; but how is that to be accomplished, so long as parties remain as, and what, they are? That the people at large are heartily sick of the system, there can be little doubt; yet, unless they take the matter into their own hands, there is little hope of amendment. The tactics of party are too old to be reformed; there must be a complete revolution. Let us have done with the flint-lock,

and conduct our political battles after a more civilized and gentlemanly fashion.

Mr. Blake returned from England the other day and unostentatiously installed himself at Ottawa. It would have been a pity if he had returned during the pic-nic season; for his presence would have been a source of embarrassment to himself and his absence open to misconstruction. With that discreet reticence, which has been his prominent characteristic since he returned to office, the Minister of Justice has kept himself aloof from all the meannesses of party politics. Even concerning his mission to England little is known, except what has filtered through from official quarters to the official press. How far it has succeeded there is less opportunity of ascertaining, and we shall probably remain in ignorance until the opening of Parliament, unless the Dictator successfully button-holes the Premier. Yet the first-fruits have been exhibited in the *Gazette* in an announcement that the Imperial Government will not veto the Supreme Court Act or any part of it. So far, therefore, as that subject is concerned, Sir John Macdonald has proved a false prophet. Since Mr. Blake's return, rumours have been afloat that, on some important points, notably the constitution of the Northern Railway Commission, there is a serious divergence of opinion amongst the party. These reports may be true or false for aught we know or care, yet they seem to receive some confirmation from the attitude of the *Globe* towards the first public act of the Minister which was available for newspaper criticism: we refer to the commutation of James Young's sentence. It is not at all necessary to discuss the particular question in dispute, first, because the exercise of the royal clemency, save in exceptional cases, like that of M'Quirk mentioned by Junius, is not properly a subject for animadversion; and secondly, because the political aspect of the affair is of more immediate interest. Hitherto the chief organ has discharged its functions with faithfulness to its masters, or vassals, whichever they may be called, at Ottawa. It sustained Mr. Blake against violent attacks in every case of commutation up to the last, which is the most readily defensible of them all. More than once we have had occasion, in these pages, to do likewise, because it would be easily demonstrable, vulgar passion and prejudice apart, that the decisions, as they had been calmly and conscientiously come to, must be substantially just and equitable. Home Secretaries and Ministers of Justice have doubtless erred sometimes, when they exercise or refrain from exercising the prerogative of mercy; they are but men, and no man on earth is infallible except the Pope. To be the arbiter of life and death, in the case of a fellow-creature, must, of itself, be as painful as it is solemn, to an earnest and sensitive nature. So many considerations and *nuances* of thought present themselves to his mind, which fail to impress others who, ruled by temporary considerations, form their judgments from a hasty perusal of the newspapers, or, worse still, are whirled away by the frenzied indignation of the hour. In discharging a difficult and perplexing duty like this, a Cabinet Minister is surely entitled to the tenderest consideration. At any rate, he ought to be above the suspicion of favouring a lawyer's client, because the lawyer belongs to his party; even political opponents, under the circumstances, might give him the credit of being conscientious and honest in the performance of an irksome task. Reproaches should, in the highest interests of the community, be spared when steadiness of nerve, clearness of mental vision, calmness of moral judgment are required to hold aright the wavering balance between justice and mercy: since upon it depend the issues of life.

The objections offered by the *Globe* to the commutation of Young's sentence, are too trivial to deserve the slightest attention; they may even be called wanton in their triviality. There must be some latent *animus* in this strange freak of independence, not apparent on the surface. Something must have occurred in the inner circle of party intrigue—the Reform Committee or whatever it styles itself—to have caused this overt and utterly unjustifiable attack upon the Minister of Justice. Hitherto the organ has been content to aim at Mr. Blake over the shoulders of Mr. Mills, or some other of the Minister's friends; now the shot is fired point-blank, and with malice aforethought, at the Minister directly. It may be that the smouldering fire has been stirred into angry activity by the provoking attacks upon the Dictator, his crown and dignity, made by the Hamilton *Times*, the London *Advertiser*, and other Reform journals. The distinguishing trait in Mr.

Brown's character is domineering, and he can brook no rival near the throne. Mr. Blake possesses too much manly independence to succumb to this insulting dictation, and he has been, from the first, a marked man in the *Globe's* death-roll. The two whom Mr. Brown intensely hates, because he fears them, are one who is a member of the Government he affects to support, but would fain rule, the other not in place or power, but whose absence from Parliament is a national misfortune. We, of course, refer to Mr. Edward Blake and Sir Alexander Galt. At, or upon, these two men the organ is never tired of firing its newspaper pop-gun, simply because they are statesmen who think for themselves and refuse to run with unfailing submission in party harness. The Premier, on the other hand, though he cannot be driven, may be led. Much has been written by party journals which either cannot or will not understand Mr. Mackenzie, about his peevish irritability during last Session and at recent public gatherings. That he has not proved himself pachydermatous is doubtless true, but it must not be forgotten that he is naturally tender and sensitive on points of conscience. Sir John Macdonald could hardly enter, perhaps, into the Premier's feelings when he is taxed with corruption. This sensibility in a man's conscience promises well for anything with which he has to do; but it often makes him appear, to superficial observers, ill-natured, perverse, and obstinate. In point of fact, he is none of these; on the contrary, he is full of the milk of human kindness, and much too often, it may be feared, suffers the wire-pullers to lead him whither, if he had not been blindfolded, his native honesty and shrewdness would have refused to go. Perhaps, in the end, the blinkers may be torn off, and the Premier's keen eye may learn to see the entire political landscape as it is. But Mr. Blake, in spite of a Rarey treatment by cajoling or the old-fashioned method of lashing, has never been properly broken to harness; it is to be hoped that he never will be. Sir Alexander Galt is a horse of another colour, well used to run in and out of leather, but he has an instinctive knowledge of the man who sits on the box-seat, and never fails to manage him, instead of being managed by him. If the Houyhnhnms of Swift can achieve the greatness predicted for them, we should expect to see this roadster supplant the driver of the coach.

The enmity, deadlier when it is concealed than when manifest, has its foundation in a purely selfish fear that any one may become more potent in the political arena than the wire-puller who affects to move all the puppets, and finds that, in one or two cases, the figures refuse to move, and become not only conscious, but impudently perverse, automata. What can a showman do when some of the figures refuse to obey the wires and determine to start an independent, perhaps a collateral and competing, life of their own? Evidently he must either retire from business, as other monarchs have done, or submit himself to the guidance of those he can no longer control. If, instead of being a showman, he should be a coach driver, he must descend from the box, surrender whip and reins, and either take his place in the back span or be turned charitably out to grass. It is time there were a division of labour in politics as well as in other branches of social economy. The period of "bosses" is over; it remains to be seen what can be achieved by co-operation in public affairs. When the trial-time comes, it will be found that the national, as opposed to the social, party is not quite as feeble as it is supposed to be.

There has been a certain amelioration in the attitude of the Quebec hierarchy lately, which it is a pleasure to recognise and acknowledge. It would be ungenerous to say a word now in disparagement of Mgr. Bourget who, we are happy to say, has come back to day, from the portals of the night. Of his personal good qualities, no one could doubt, but his policy has always been opposed, not merely to the spirit of the age, but also to that better spirit of conciliation with the world about him, which, in this country at least, rather errs on the side of indulgence to the Church than otherwise. It can hardly be said that the Archbishop of Marianopolis erred from "invincible ignorance" of the best way; in fact, he was deceived by the fawning attitude of the factions which have, in turn, courted his favour. It may appear a ludicrous fancy, but the notion has occurred to us that the late Bishop of Montreal entertained the chimerical theory of rebuilding in Quebec the old-time supremacy of Europe. To be the arbitrator between parties, as, of old, the Sovereign Pontiff was between the Euro-

pean nations, is not, *mutatis mutandis*, so chimerical a dream as may at first sight appear. Once let it appear that two great political combinations control the destinies of the Dominion, and that both fawn upon the hierarchy, and the leap in logic is not so great, in a mind steeped in mediævalism, to the conclusion that the arbitrator may become the ruler, the Church supreme over the State, and the wildest nonsense of the Syllabus realized with power in Canada.

All things seemed to conspire together to favour the notion that an Ultramontane Utopia might be founded in Quebec. It has unquestionably conditions, unusually favourable for such a scheme. The mildness of British rule has permitted the Roman Catholic Church to be the State Church, all but in name, of the old French Province. Tithes are collected there, in the Queen's name, for the support of the Church, much as they used to be all over England before the Commutation Acts. Schools are entirely denominational, with the exception that Protestants —thanks to Sir Alexander Galt, and, we are glad to acknowledge, Mr. Brown—who are dissenters in the Province, enjoy the privilege, which we demand for the Roman Catholics in the Maritime Provinces, of being educated according to conscience, and not contrary to it. The Bench is largely Catholic, and we mention it, not that the suggestion of conscious bias is by any means intended, but because church penchants will creep in and warp the soberness of judgment. No Judge, who is not too good a churchman, would quote the Syllabus as of authority in a British court of justice. Yet this has been done more than once by Judge Routhier and others. The Legislature of Quebec, again, is at the feet of the clergy. No bill desired by the hierarchy appears to either House too outrageously Ultramontane for adoption. Already attention has been called in these columns and elsewhere, to Mr. Ouimet's Burial Bill, and it does not stand alone in the catalogue of recent invasions upon constitutional principle.

It may be asked, why does not Mr. Mackenzie advise the veto of these measures? Why? Because he dares not; political alliances are, as they will always be, above considerations of public right or public good. If another question be put, why has not the press of Ontario protested against the legislation of Quebec, and the monstrous violations of the election law perpetrated by ecclesiastics? – the answer must still be that party considerations forbid any severe handling of the sacerdotal rulers in that Province. This year, as in the latter part of last, the Conservatives have hopes of Quebec, and reasonably so. To realize them, they must act the pander to Ultramontanism. When, last year, the Pilgrimage riots took place, the *Mail* made a feeble attempt to defend the Orange party, and yet, before the echo of its words had died away, turned absolutely and definitively Ultramontane. During the Session of 1876, when the Orange Grand Master, who represents North Hastings, was striving against the inventor of the Catholic League for hierarchical support, the *Mail* was to be found on the side of Messrs. Bowell and Masson. On the other hand, the *Globe* appears openly as the apologist for sacerdotal interference in political affairs. Nothing more disgraceful, perhaps—nothing, certainly, more vile and contemptible—has ever found its way into a Canadian journal than the apologies continually thrust forward on behalf of priestly intimidation. The clergy of every denomination, no doubt, have rights under the law as citizens; but they have no privileges denied to other classes of the people. If land-owners, house-owners, and capitalists are forbidden to coerce those who happen to be within their power, so also should the clergy be, and with even greater reason. To urge that denunciations from the steps of the altar, or from the pulpit, or whisperings in the confessional, involving menaces of the most terrible character, are innocent and must be tolerated, is an abominable misuse of the liberty of speech. Ministers of religion, like other citizens under constitutional rule, participate in civil affairs; but they, no more than others, have the right to arrogate control over them by arbitrary threats and the menace of awful punishments in a world unseen. It is idle to say that these threats are futile and deserve only to be laughed at, because the fact that they are used, and used with effect, shows that they exert no slight influence in the Province of Quebec, The clergy are not quite so dull and quixotic as their champions would have us believe. They are astute enough to calculate the range of the weapons they employ, and know, by experi-

ence, their probable effect. Ecclesiastical powder is never wasted nor church shot fired at a venture. And when it tells with deadly effect upon the political institutions of a free country, it surely becomes every good citizen's duty to lift up his voice against it. To exert any power, secular or religious, a man may possess, so as to obstruct the free use of the elective franchise is a sin; it is an offence, moreover, against the law of the land, and therefore should be punished, be its perpetrator priest, land-owner, or employer. No higher treason can be imagined than that which poisons the very springs of our free constitutional life, tampers with its most essential functions, and aims its deadliest shafts at the very heart of it.

The party press is too much engaged in coquetting with Quebec sacerdotalism to utter a manly protest against its invasion of civil rights. It is far more convenient to wink at the unlawful exercise of power, and even to apologize for it, than to denounce it, as it deserves to be denounced. Power is the one thing needful, not principle; give the first to your political hack, and the other may be left to take care of itself. For the sake of place and pelf, even the most prudish and pretentious of journalists would consent to be fugleman to Belzebub's army, or drum-major to the Pope's brass band. Only a few weeks have elapsed since Archbishop Taschereau made a wanton assault upon mental freedom, by forbidding his people so much as to read *Le Rêveil*, one of the most promising efforts to kindle intellectual life which has yet appeared in the sister Province. The Archbishop of Quebec is not by any means an illiberal man naturally. He has fought the most rabid of the Ultramontanes and defeated them, and, no doubt, would be ashamed to have the *Globe's* articles on clerical interference attributed to him. Yet there appears to be some element in the clerical atmosphere which inevitably militates against freedom of thought or discussion. Speaking of his design in publishing the *Rêveil*, Mr. Buies, its proprietor, observes in his answer to the Archbishop: "The programme, easy enough to fulfil in the eyes of honest and sensible people, became impossible before the exigencies of religious authority, which thrusts itself into everything and claims everything as its own; which admits no principle in human society that it does not inspire; no institution that it does not govern; no liberty of which it is not the sole distributor: which gives and revokes no power that does not flow from itself as the only source. To seek free fields where the ecclesiastical hand does not rest—to find somewhere in our country an asylum from that observing power which leaves to man no faculty, and no intellectual or moral force which belongs to him, was already a gigantic task." These are weighty words—indeed, the entire letter is written in most admirable taste, and with irresistible power, moral no less than rhetorical—and they may serve to show the people of Ontario how hard the labour is of those who endeavour to emancipate culture from ecclesiastical thraldom. It may serve likewise as a beacon to warn from those treacherous pilots of the press who are doing their best to strand the ark of our freedom on the pestilent shoals of sacerdotalism.

It is evident that some amendment to our municipal laws is imperatively demanded. In the cities and towns the present *régime* appears to have completely failed in practice. Theoretically, the system is all that a free system of civic government should be, and, after all, the fault is not so much in the system itself, as in the men who work it, and the *nonchalance* of those who select them for the work. The times are rather trying to any institutions, especially those of a tax-exacting order, and our corporation system has borne the strain badly. In Toronto, with which we are best acquainted, there has never been a year when so loud a cry has been raised for new and expensive public works, and never a year when the pockets of the people could less afford the requisite expenditure. Depression in every description of business has rendered retrenchment necessary in every man's private affairs; balances from other years have swelled the city's liabilities; and yet the people have been more than usually clamorous for public improvements—new roads, new sewerage, parks, boulevards, fire-halls, police stations, and waterworks. Now all these cost money, and, as affairs are at present administered, an unnecessarily lavish expenditure of money. The principle of division of labour, to begin with, is carried to a ridiculous extent. The waterworks are under the control of a Commission which

is apparently seized with the idea that the citizens are in possession of unlimited wealth upon which the only claimant is the water supply. The Police Commission and the School Trustees again, are two other leeches drawing upon the financial veins of the city, and they appear to have conceived a similar notion as to the supply of public life-blood. There is no unity in our municipal finance—no centre of power or responsibility in the matter of expenditure. The Council is divided into a number of boards or committees, each striving with all the rest for the lion's share of the year's resources, partly from a laudable desire to render its own department efficient, and partly from the pride of possessing influence and distributing patronage. Then again, each board consists of ward representatives anxious to grasp as much of the tax-fund as may be got for their constituents. Under these circumstances it is scarcely possible that the civic expenditure should be either well-ordered or economical. Imagine what would be the practical effect if such a trebly involved system were to be established in the government of a nation. Let us suppose, for instance, that instead of Mr. Cartwright possessing the entire control of Dominion finance, he shared the responsibilities of his office with seven or eight colleagues, each having sectional interests to satisfy, friends to serve, and a popular election at no distant date. Yet the constitution of Finance Committees is not the worst feature of the municipal system; under judicious guidance they are often anxious to check profuse expenditure, and would be able to effect much in the way of retrenchment, but they are beset by half-a-dozen other Boards and Committees, clamorous for as large a sum as they can lay their hands on for the respective branches of the civic service over which they preside. Each of these bodies sets out recklessly from the first, taxing its ingenuity unitedly, and every member his own ingenuity individually, to discover some spending device or other. Finally, almost all the works are under contract, and all the year's expenditures incurred, long before the funds are forthcoming to pay the bills. Beginning the year in this manner, when the time comes to compare both sides of the account, and to provide ways and means of meeting the claims of creditors, Aldermen suddenly find that they have been going too fast, spending money, or at least making the people liable for it, without once pausing to calculate the consequences. To contract expenditure now is out of the question; the liabilities have been incurred and must be met at once, in one of three ways: either a heavy increase of taxation, borrowing by the issue and sale of debentures, or calmly shifting the burden to the shoulders of their successors. Now, this state of things is extremely unsatisfactory. In private life no man not absolutely dishonest, or a fool, would think of incurring immense liabilities for all sorts of things without counting the cost in the aggregate, and ascertaining whether he could pay his way. It is eminently desirable that a change should be effected in the local government of cities and towns, and the people of Ontario have a right to expect from Mr. Mowat a judicious and well-digested measure of political reform. There are too many corporation cooks at work, and they make the dish intensely bitter to the tax-payers' palate. The existing system wants unity and coherence, and if these can only be secured by sacrificing, to some extent, the elective principle, the sacrifice should be made. Popular forms of government are not an end in themselves, but the means of securing, by the freest and most effective method, fair, honest, and economical administration. Any scheme, no matter how liberal its forms may be, which promotes recklessness, opens the door to jobbery, and, in effect, grinds the faces of the poor, stands condemned; and we believe that will soon be the verdict upon our civic system when the pressure becomes, as it is likely to do, much heavier than it has yet been. Whether any material change will be effected during the approaching session of the Local House will, of course, depend on the strength of public opinion on the subject, rather than the energy and intelligence of the Government. Unfortunately, Ministers, if they are disposed to postpone the discharge of a troublesome duty—and it is not to be concealed that it is a difficult one—may easily do so by boldly setting the cities and larger towns at defiance. This course has been adopted before, and would temporarily succeed again. But the burden of taxation has become so great that the inequitable distribution of it is at last a substantial grievance. Sentimental exemptions from public burdens, such as those

enjoyed by wealthy ecclesiastic corporations, are too glaringly unjust and indefensible; and, notwithstanding Mr. Fraser's plea on their behalf, must be doomed to speedy extinction. It is monstrous that religious bodies which buy large tracts of valuable land and erect unnecessarily expensive edifices, which they do not always pay for, should be permitted also to shirk the duty of paying their fair share of the civic expenditure.

It is with regret we note that the publication of the *Nation*, a weekly journal of considerable promise and no little sterling performance, has been discontinued. That it has been languishing for some time was obvious, yet there seemed to be fair reason for hoping that it might successfully tide over its difficulties. Perhaps the attempt to establish an independent weekly of more than average literary ability, was premature; still, it has fought a gallant battle, and strikes its flag at last without discredit or dishonour. In more favourable times it may again appear with more than its early prestige and success; at all events it has not lived in vain. The literary pioneer in Canada of progress and culture in every department of human thought and interest, the *Nation* has laboured to some purpose, and the seed sown during its too short career has not fallen on stony ground, but will yet produce its fifty or a hundred fold, in a better phase of moral and intellectual development to come.

American parties are absorbed just now in their quadrennial contest for the Presidency. Into the few weeks which yet remain a great deal of political caloric will be diffused—wasted energy expended wantonly and to little purpose. It is almost out of the question to form anything like a trustworthy forecast of the result, there is so much vain prophesying and reckless boasting in the air. Clearly neither party is quite so sanguine as it affects to be: when confidence becomes noisy and obstreperous, little value can be attached to it. The Democrats have made several notable blunders in strategy. It was a mistake to attempt to combine, in so unblushing a way, the hard and soft money wings of the party, by the nomination of Tilden on the one hand with Hendricks on the other. Every attempt to reconcile the positions notoriously occupied by the two men—and some plausible efforts in this direction have been made—must fail, with the probable result of destroying public confidence in the *bona fides* of Democracy. To secure the greenback party of the West by selecting Hendricks for the second place, while Tilden, a strongly pronounced advocate of resumption, was nominated as chief standard-bearer, looks too much like party thimblerigging. Another terrible blunder was the nomination, in defiance of his protest, of Seymour as candidate for the Governorship of New York. It disclosed a lot of wire-pulling manœuvering, not to say falsehood, by no means creditable. The convention was called together again, and Mr. Lucius Robinson was chosen. He is, strictly speaking, a liberal Republican, casually attached to the Tilden party; and as the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Dorsheimer, is of the same stripe, it is uncertain how far they can count upon the full party vote. At any rate it is unfortunate to be compelled to change generals on the eve of giving battle; or, as Mr. Lincoln put it, unwise "to swap horses when you are crossing a stream." There has been a great deal of bungling intrigue in Democratic management, and this cannot fail to weaken public confidence in the party.

The Republicans have managed their machinery with more tact; yet they are not without serious apprehensions. In order to arouse the North they are endeavouring to re-kindle the war-spirit,—"hoisting the bloody shirt," as it is vulgarly called. It may be doubted whether this is good policy, because, although they may deter some waverers from favouring Tilden, by fastening upon the Democrats the old charge of complicity with the rebels, there is no certainty that they can any longer avail themselves of a spell which has lost its original power. They will certainly injure their cause in the South, by re-opening the old controversy at this distance of time. Indiana and Ohio will hold State elections on the tenth inst., and it may be that they will virtually decide the Presidential contest. If either party succeeds in both these elections the result cannot be doubted, and, at present, there is considerable uncertainty hanging over them. A few weeks since the Republicans seem to have felt perfectly sure of Ohio, and therefore threw all their energy

into the Indiana struggle, so as to defeat Hendricks in his own State. It now appears, however, as if they had been overconfident so far as the former is concerned, and that Mr. Hayes is in jeopardy there. The Germans have deserted to the Democracy in large numbers all over the West, chiefly, no doubt, because they have been irritated by the crusades against their national beverages. Lager-beer and Rhine wine are of greater importance in their eyes than party allegiance, and therefore, being faithful to King Gambrinus, they do not scruple to change sides. Finally, the cause of the Republicans is weighted with the burden of the outgoing administration, and their opponents take care that it shall not hang less heavily, if they can help it. The law of change which sways so many men, especially when the dominant party has been long in office, must also make itself felt in favour of Tilden.

There is but one topic occupying European attention, but that is of striking and absorbing interest. Before referring to it, however, it may be as well to notice the attitude of the Spanish authorities—chiefly municipal and clerical—in the matter of freedom of worship. It was noticed, when the new Constitution appeared, that its words were exceedingly vague and ambiguous in regard to toleration. Unfortunately, their elasticity is at the service of the oppressor, and not of the oppressed. Wherever a bigoted official or a fanatical priest exercised power, it was certain beforehand that the provision in favour of free worship would be over-ridden. The arrival of ex-Queen Isabella appears to have stimulated the intolerance of these people, and open warfare has commenced. The Spanish Premier, who is supposed to be somewhat liberal in his tendencies, is openly attacked, and the constitutional right of Protestant worship practically annulled. There was to be "no public manifestation," therefore Protestant funerals are forbidden and Protestant schools closed. It is an offence against the law to have public worship with open doors and windows, to sing hymns, or to post announcements upon the doors. In short, an interpretation is put upon the clause which nullifies it altogether. Lord Derby has professed his willingness to interfere in the matter, and it is to be hoped he will take care to do so with effect.

The Eastern question continues to engross the public mind in England. So far as the struggle between the Provinces and the Porte is concerned, unforeseen complications excepted, the war is virtually at an end. Turkey may reject the basis of peace proposed by the Powers, or the Czar may not be able to restrain the sympathies of his subjects, or, lastly, some fresh outbreak of savage barbarity may set all Europe in a flame. The indignation of England is now at fever heat and hardly to be trifled with. On no occasion for forty years, at any rate, has the public heart been stirred as it is at this moment. It is of course easy to sneer, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* does, at "English sentiment" and "irresponsible philanthropy," but the just anger of an entire nation is not to be appeased by gibes or cynical phrases. Nor will it answer to accuse Mr. Gladstone, and those who share his views, of party motives in this matter. The ex-Premier is the last man in the world to arouse a party crusade when he only desires to bring the moral sense of the nation to bear upon its rulers. His pamphlet upon the Bulgarian atrocities and his speech at Blackheath sufficiently rebut the baseless insinuation. All that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Mr. Freeman, the historian, the *Times*, and the *Spectator* desire is plainly this—and it can hardly be misconceived without design—that the cries of the outraged and bereaved shall be heard in the councils of the nation, and that the policy of the Government shall be shaped with some regard to the claims of humanity.

Happily, there is no fear that Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet will again fall asleep over this awful page in modern history. The voice of the entire country has been raised too loudly and distinctly to be unheard or unheeded. The bugbear of Russian designs is powerless, when offered as an answer to the indignant outcry of all Christian peoples. There is no need that Russia should be aggrandized, whatever turn matters may take; but there is the most imperative necessity, enforced by the clearest dictates of humanity, that the Turk shall never again be permitted to work his infamous will in Bulgaria. The method of adjustment has been pointed out by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe: "There is much reason to think that a chain

of autonomous States, though still perhaps tributary to the Sultán, might be extended from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, with advantage to that potentate himself. But, at all events, the very idea of reinstating any amount of Turkish misgovernment in places once cleared of it, is simply revolting."

BOOK REVIEWS.

DANIEL DERONDA. By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," &c. Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson. 1876.

George Eliot's latest work appears to have caused some perplexity to critics, as well as the "general reader." The question which suggests itself is one which is sure to arise when a great writer has attained to maturity of power, after having produced much work which must be pronounced of the highest order. Does then "Daniel Deronda" afford satisfactory evidence that the author's exquisite abilities are on the wane, or, on the contrary, does it show a distinct advance in subtler and more deeply spiritual conceptions of man and of the world in which he lives? If the former, then how is the falling off of power manifested? Is it in a more laboured and less facile style of composition, in a feebler construction of plot, in a less accurate analysis of human character, or a growing dimness of the inner sight—or in all of these combined?

That the writer has elaborated every part of the story with almost painful care may be readily admitted, as well as that the perfection of her art often reveals, instead of concealing that art. Some of the reflections appear far-fetched, some of the mottoes or chapter-headings too much worked at, and some of the phrases and expressions stilted almost to affectation. Yet it may be reasonably doubted if there are not evidences of increased earnestness —a more sensitive literary conscience—than of failing power. The writer of genius, especially when cast in the severest intellectual mould, will almost invariably take some such direction as this as the years go by, especially when the moral nature is maturely developed. George Eliot has got, to some extent, not beyond her own depth, but the depth of her readers; and although that is perhaps a misfortune to her and to them, it cannot be termed a sign of weakness in the author. If this be the true explanation, it will go far to account for the lack of humour in "Daniel Deronda" as compared with earlier works. So far as the other possible marks of literary decadence are concerned, they may be dismissed at once. The author has constructed no plot so skilfully as here, and and yet it is not improbable that some disappointment will be felt by the ordinary novel reader and a shock experienced at the denouement. Gwendolen somehow rather fascinates throughout, and carries the sympathies with her, especially when she passes through the fire of repentence. Not so Mirah, with all her gentleness, for neither her faith nor her sisterly enthusiasm attracts readers in general. As will be seen presently, the plot, artistically woven though it is, probably has more to do with the popular disappointment than any other feature of the work. It seems to be forgotten that George Eliot's theory of her art differs widely from the popular notion. According to the latter, matters should be wound up comfortably at the close of the story: all is well that ends well—in bridal favours and a general gush of happiness for the one who ought to have been the heroine, and that without regard to the paramount claims of right and wrong. Poetical justice is, above all things, to be admired, provided it works pleasantly, but it is not always to be regarded as coincident with that higher justice which judges inexorably both men and women according to their works. The author of "Daniel Deronda" has not so read the secret of human life, and ought not to be so interpreted by art.

The theory of the work before us rests on a few great principles, unfolded and enforced by the the master-hand. No one who reads it with care one owes to a product of genius can miss them. From the first chance meeting of Deronda with Gwendolen Harleth at the German Spa, to that wondrously powerful scene of farewell, the key-note struck at the beginning swells into a refrain which, ever repeated, rises to thrilling and agonizing effect at the last. The lesson is that of Scripture:—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Repentance and triumph after sorrow, suffering, and despair is George Eliot's reward for wrong-doing, and it is the order of the world, not a little gush of weeping and a splendid marriage. Another feature in this work is its strong insistence upon the influence of destiny, supernatural guidance, or whatever the author would call it.

Chance does not underlie even the ordinary tide of human affairs, nay, if we may take Mordecai's mystic utterances as actually expressive of the author's views—and we must do so, considering the figure he makes in the book—then the meeting streams do not flow together by accident. As the threads of life were woven together, by apparently trivial causes, between Gwendolen's life and Deronda's, so, in another direction, were they spun between the death of Mordecai and the joyous love of Mirah. The two constitute the warp and woof of the story, and the entire fabric was the work of fate or God—that is, it would have been, had the narration been one of actual life instead of fiction. One brief sentence of Mordecai's will illustrate the theory :—"Daniel, from the first I have said to you, we know not all the pathways. Has there not been a meeting among them, as of the operations of one soul, where an idea, being born and breathing, draws the elements towards it and is fed and grows? For all things are bound together in that Omnipresence which is the place and habitation of the world, and events are as a glass wherethrough our eyes see some of the pathways. And if it seems that the erring and unloving wills of men have helped to prepare you, as Moses was prepared, to serve your people the better, that depends on another order than the law that must guide our footsteps."

There is much vagueness in the religious tone of the work; indeed, one almost hesitates to call it religious in any ordinary sense. It is deeply spiritual, often verging on mysticism, and yet its creed may be Pantheism, Theism, or Rationalism of the idealistic school, for aught that is made clearly apparent. The faith of Mordecai is almost vehement, but it is only in the future of his race and its mission, and his, as a prophet of it. The Greek doctrine of destiny, as sternly enforced by the elder writers of tragedy, seems to be recognized, in conjunction with a fervid and mystic Mosaism; yet the effect of the whole is strangely vague and impalpable. From time to time, glimpses are afforded the Christian world of the inner life of the Jewish Church, and our author doubtless has had exceptional opportunities of being well informed on the subject: but her readers would certainly like to get some firmer grasp of a movement which is to accomplish so much as a mediator between the religions of the East and West. If we could imagine that the Jewish element in "Daniel Deronda" were introduced solely for artistic purposes there would be an end to speculation in the matter. George Eliot would hardly be guilty of a blunder in introducing gratuitously either the mysticism of Mordecai or the *quasi* conversion of Deronda to no practical moral or spiritual purpose. A writer bearing so noble a reputation would hardly trifle with those who admire her genius, by wantonly introducing a somewhat annoying theory. It therefore seems clear, especially when we remember the evident affection she bears to her hero, that in giving prominence to Mordecai's views she naturally adopts them as her own. The type of character revealed and developed in Mordecai, with so much care and skill, no doubt exists, and was probably drawn in the main from real life. There is a family likeness among the heirs of enthusiasm—whether prophets or dreamers of dreams, whether great benefactors of mankind, deliverers, or the devotees of phantasmal discovery—from the first believer in his own inspiration down to the last inventor of an ideal machine that will achieve perpetual motion. The character is real perhaps, yet the fancies and the dreams are but a shifting and precarious foundation for either a faith or a philosophy.

Of the chief personages in the story there is not one which is not painted by the hand of a finished artist. Certainly in no previous work has George Eliot delved deeper into the secret recesses of the human heart. The analysis of Gwendolen's character, and its transformation under the discipline of sorrow could hardly be surpassed. The spoilt and wilful child, determined to shine and rule in every circle, having made herself wretched, but becoming ultimately penitent and, so to speak, regenerated, points by her life a moral often obtruded upon the attention of private circles, but never so deeply impressed before in letters which the world cannot mistake. The breach of faith with Mrs. Glasher—the mercenary marriage with the man whom she thought she could rule because he appeared suave, even-tempered, and patient—brought its own terrible nemesis along with it; and then the terrible revelation dawns upon her, "What was she to do? Search where she would in her consciousness, she found no plea to justify a plaint. Any romantic illusions she had had in marrying the man had turned upon her power of using him as she liked. He was using her as he liked." It was then that she learned to lean upon Daniel for advice, admonition, and stern reproof even. He became at once "her mentor and her conscience," and at last led her into the better way. "The poor thing felt herself strong enough to do anything that would give her a higher place in Deronda's mind."

The circumstances of his life, his solitary childhood, his uncertain parentage, acting upon a naturally warm and sympathetic nature had drawn him towards his fellows with a yearning tenderness always pure and unselfish. The return of Gwendolen's pawned necklace at Leubronn was effected with singular delicacy, his sacrifice of University prospects to assist Hans Meyrick, his providing a home for Mirah in her hour of extremity, his patient care of Mordecai—are all proofs of his spiritual goodness of heart. And when he has discovered his Jewish parentage he surrenders head and heart to the guidance of the mystic. After

the accidental drowning of Grandcourt, a way seemed to be open for the union of Deronda and Gwendolen; but the "divinity which shapes our ends," and is all-pervading throughout the story, had otherwise determined. If Mirah had not been rescued, if Mordecai had never been known, and if the hero's mother had not relented and declared him to be a Jew, events might have been otherwise ordered. Deronda's bride is Mirah, the gentle Jewess, passionately proud of her faith, and of her dying brother. Of the other characters we have no room to speak at length. Grandcourt, iron-willed, selfish, heartless, and altogether evil; Sir Hugo Mallinger, Klesmer, and Gascoigne—all pleasant companions, each in his own way. Of the more powerful scenes in the work, there are especially notable Deronda's interviews with his mother, and the farewell scene with Gwendolen. The latter especially is wonderfully thrilling in power and pathos. The sin is past, the struggle of penitent resolve already begun, and then with a parting kiss, their first and last, Deronda vanishes from the world with the grateful words in his memory—"I said—I said—it should be better—better with me for having known you." And there, as she sobs, we leave Gwendolen Grandcourt, heart-stricken, yet full of hopeful resolve, to her maimed life—a human torso, beautiful even in desolation.

IN INDIA; Sketches of Indian Life and Travel, from Letters and Journals. By Mrs. Murray Mitchell. T. Nelson & Son, London and New York.

At a time when the royal visit to India and the discussion as to the imperial addition to Her Majesty's titles have stirred up an increased interest in our Indian possessions, such a lively, readable book as that of Mrs. Murray Mitchell, containing so many graphic sketches of Indian social life, will be read with pleasure and profit. As Dr. Mitchell says in his brief, frank preface to his wife's book:—"We have not many books about India written by ladies; and, if I am not mistaken, there is a considerable amount of information in these pages which will not be found elsewhere." For example, have any of our readers (who have not been in India) a clear idea of the dress and appearance of the Bengali "swell?" Here he is, a full length portrait, done from life:—

"The Bengali, as a race, are rather slight in physique, with lithe, active figures, dark complexion, keen eye, bright intelligent expression, and features often finely cut. The Baber of the period, or 'young Bengal,' is dressed in white trousers, shiny boots, a long coat of broadcloth, picked out in red or yellow at the seams, and a scarf of delicate white muslin becomingly arranged to cross on the breast and and hang down the back, something like a Highlander's plaid. To this is added, in full dress, the flat, round turban, fashioned in rolls of shawl-pattern and white, with the shirt-collar and gold studs and Albert chain of any English dandy. The orthodox Hindu gentleman, on the contrary, wears his simple 'chapkan' or cotton coat, and usually has a splendid cashmere shawl thrown over his shoulders."

Calcutta is so graphically described that we feel as if we were driven along the Maidan, or Esplanade, and surveyed the magnificence of the English quarter and the mingled grandeur and squalidity of the old native town. We get vivid glimpses of domestic and social life, of heathen ceremonies and festivals, and of that which naturally interests a Christian lady more than anything else—the blank and dreary existence of her Indian sisters, imprisoned in dismal seclusion within the harem-like zenanas. The zenana life Mrs. Mitchell describes as only a woman could have been able to do, for these female apartments are of course forbidden ground to masculine travellers, and indeed it is only within the last few years that they have been open, as they are now, to the visits of female missionaries. Mrs. Mitchell takes us with her into bare, cloister-like apartments, looking only into dull, dark courts, where pretty, gentle child-wives, in floating gossamer draperies, come joyfully to greet the welcome Christian visitors, whose instruction makes the only variety and brightness in their otherwise blank and colourless lives. "The zenana teacher," says Mrs. Mitchell, "is invariably welcomed with the most demonstrative joy. Her visits seem to bring life and brightness to these dull homes, and her pupils long for the hour when she is to arrive. When there is sickness or trouble, her sympathy and help are counted on and prized, and she is the adviser in every difficulty. One old widow told her teacher that it was 'sunshiny' when she came and 'cloudy' when she was absent."

The wrongs of Indian women, as a class, are painted by Mrs. Mitchell with heart-stirring pathos, and in colours not too strong, sad as the picture is. She thus strongly puts the question of female education in India:

"The more one knows of zenana work, the more important it will appear. The arguments for it are drawn usually from the state of the poor neglected women, and too much cannot be said from this point of view. Their condition is as sad and sorrowful as can possibly be pictured. A Hindu lady once said of the life they lead: 'It is like that of a frog in a well; everywhere there is beauty, but we cannot see it; it is all hid from us.' There could not be a more apt illustration. But there is also another side, where the arguments are equally cogent, namely, the influence on the men which the elevation of the women would exercise. At present they are a hindrance to progress among the men."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE subject discussed by Dr. Elam in the opening pages of the *Contemporary*, "Automatism and Evolution," is of such grave importance that we propose to give an abstract of the paper, avoiding quotation marks as far as possible. It will be understood that the words are Dr. Elam's, or else a condensed statement of his arguments. The propositions combated are (1) Matter is all-powerful and all-sufficient, (2) Man is only a conscious automaton. Does Prof. Tyndall mean what he says, that he discerns in matter the "promise and potency of all terrestrial life?" Hardly; for elsewhere he speaks of the facts of consciousness and the facts of physics as two classes, the connection between which is unthinkable, and also quotes Du Bois Raymond, who regards their continuity as the rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy. Prof. Tyndall can imagine elementary matter as endowed with consciousness under certain circumstances, to which Mr. Martineau had replied—"You will get out of your atoms by evolution exactly so much and no more than you have put into them by hypothesis." Again, the Professor refers to the relation of physics to consciousness as invariable; yet it needs no profound acquaintance with modern physiology and pathology to convince any one that no such "invariable relation" can be verified; in fact, that it does not exist. Again, it is said that materialists *prove* there are no forces in nature but the physical, chemical, and mechanical; this indeed they *assert*, but do not make even the most distant approach to proving it.

Prof. Huxley defines man as an automaton, then as a conscious automaton, having free will, in whom volition counts for something. An automaton endowed with free will is a pleasing and interesting novelty in physical science for which Prof. Huxley deserves credit; but how does he prove his theory? First, by cutting out the brain of a frog; but how does he know that his experiments will hold good in warm-blooded animals? In point of fact we know that they will not. It is not easy to find any illustration from "comparative analogies," in anatomy or physiology, in the matter, and, besides, it can by no means follow that because certain acts of some animals are automatic, *all* their acts are so. The argument from the aggregate common sense of mankind is then referred to at length; this is followed by a statement of the evolution theory of the origin of life from the "cosmic" gas up to man. Perhaps the most amusing theory of its origin is Oken's—"Light shines on the water, and it is salted. Light shines on the salted sea and it lives." Herbert Spencer's Biology, Haeckel, Huxley, and Darwin, are then referred to; after which Dr. Elam remarks that it is difficult to realize the idea that all this is but a figment of the imagination; and that, at the best, it is a mere hypothesis, in direct support of which not one single fact in the whole range of natural history or palæontology can be adduced. The next part of the paper, upon which we have no space to enter, is devoted to an inquiry whether it is true that there is originally only one kind of matter and one kind of force. Protoplasm next makes its appearance in the discussion, as defined by Prof. Huxley in a large number of passages quoted. The reply may be briefly stated thus: It is in no sense true that protoplasm "breaks up" into carbonic acid, ammonia, and water; since to convert it into these three compounds requires an amount of oxygen nearly double the weight of the original protoplasm. Under no possible "conditions" can the three compounds, when brought together, "give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm." Protoplasm can never be formed except under the immediate contact and influence of pre-existing protoplasm; no doubt it has its mechanical and chemical relations, but it has also something else. The fatal flaw in the physical theory of life is found in the distinction between living and dead protoplasm—the one exhibiting passive qualities, the other active ones; now as the constituent atoms remain the same, wherein consists the difference? As this paper is to be continued in a subsequent number, we may have an opportunity of referring to it again.

Mr. Spedding completes his criticism of Lord Macaulay's essay on Bacon, in which he closes the subject with a summary of results. Whatever he may have effected so far as Dr. Abbot is concerned, he certainly demolishes the authority on which most readers rely for a full and accurate account of the great Chancellor. Dr. Schwartz contributes an interesting panoramic view of "French Preachers," extending from a period long prior to Bossuet to our own time. The French are, he observes, the least poetical nation in Europe; France is the land of rhetoric; the French a nation of rhetoricians. The pulpit eloquence of France thus becomes a factor of importance in estimating the mental, as well as spiritual, power of the Gallic people. The writer, al-

though he puts in a plea for them, has little sympathy with the preaching of the early Calvinists, whose style was as bare as their temples; devoid of imagery, ornament, and every artistic element,—"sombre, hard, oft bitter." The portraits of the great preachers of the Church are artistically drawn.

Mr. Mill's paper on "Lord Baltimore and Maryland Toleration," is an attempt to belittle the character of the generous nobleman who gave his name to the commercial capital of Maryland. The views of Bancroft and most other authorities are nibbled at in a very unsatisfactory way. Liberty of conscience found a home in that State, at all events, under the auspices of a Roman Catholic nobleman, at a time when Massachusetts was persecuting Roger Williams and all who would not conform with the "elect." Mr. Russell's "Capital Punishment in England" is, in fact, a history of the infliction of the extreme penalty from the Conquest until now. The portions relating to the Heresy Laws and the bloody penal code which was in force a hundred years ago, as well as the statement of the crimes committed during war and peace times respectively, are of great interest. The last shows that, in those days at any rate, war brutalized a man, and too often educated soldiers for murder and highway robbery when they returned home. Dr. Riggs's paper on "The Churchmanship of John Wesley" is evidently a reply to Mr. Llewellyn Davies, who argued the subject from a Churchman's point of view; the discussion is of long standing and not of vital importance. Mr. Macdonell's brief sketch of "The American Bench" is good so far as it goes; but it is rather too brief to be impressive. Chief Justice Marshall deservedly occupies the first place, with his successors, Taney and Chase, far in the background. A lawyer would like to have heard a little more of Story, Kent, Redfield, and Curtis. With Mr. Grant-Duff and his dogmatic utterances, most people have lost patience. With all his knowledge of Eastern affairs, he has no policy to suggest, except that we must be anti-anti-Turk and anti-anti-anti-Slave, patting both races on the back, uttering equivocal phrases, and doing no good to either.

The *Fortnightly* also has something to say on the Eastern question, its opening article being Mr. Rutson's on "Turkey in Europe." It extends to over thirty pages, and therefore any attempt to give an abstract of it is out of the question, more especially as its treatment of the subject is historical. The tone of the paper may be gathered, however, in a few sentences. England has been the mainstay of the Christian populations, hitherto, against "the neglect, cruelty, and incompetence of Turkish ministers, and if she did her duty, she should be their protector now." "All these opportunities have been missed; and the Christians left, and the initiation abandoned to Austria-Hungary and Russia—powers biassed by the special interest each has in a particular mode of 'manipulating' the Christians, without influence with the Porte, and without the means England has of giving wise counsels as to the special difficulties of the Turkish Empire." Mr. Hutchinson puts in a defence of vivisection with the singular title coming from one of his opinions—"On cruelty to animals." The article is temperate in tone, but it will convince nobody not already convinced or desirous of satisfying his scientific conscience on the subject. Miss Octavia Hill's "Word on Good Citizenship" contains some valuable advice on beneficence. She determinedly opposes charity, in the vulgar sense of the term, and indicates many methods of benefiting one's fellow-creatures without degrading and pauperizing them.

The *Fortnightly* is unusually dull this month as a whole, and there is but one other paper which need be noticed here. Mr. Morley completes his essay on Robespierre, and it is not too much to say that the character he gives that actor in the terrible drama of the last century bears upon it a verisimilitude we shall hardly find elsewhere. It is not merely that the panorama which passes before us is artistically sketched and coloured; when the author of this paper draws, he is too graphic to be dull, too calm and judicial to be swayed by passion on one side or the other, too keen-sighted to make mistakes in the historical perspective. Anything more determinedly clear and searching than the analysis of Robespierre's character—his weakness, his inherent shallowness, his empty phrase-mongering, his essentially despicable spirit—will be looked for in vain. He was not the hero that the Extreme Left would make him, nor the demon of most modern historians. No thirst for blood possessed him; all he desired was domination. The law of Prairial was the most atrocious law, perhaps, ever enacted, and it was Robespierre's. But it was aimed not at the crazy old woman and poor seamstress who suffered, but at the more bloodthirsty opponents of himself. The real "Terror" is something awful to contemplate; but though the law was Robespierre's, the terrible execution of it must not be laid to his charge. He merely desired the destruction of his enemies, and he found that, notwithstanding the dreadful list to be guillotined, the men he desired to decapitate escaped. If he only could secure "an official Supreme Being and a regulated Terror!" The first was his, but he could not regulate what was too powerful for management. It is, therefore, altogether a mistake to load the memory of this weak, vain, unstable hero with all the sins of 1793-4, after his death in the latter year. The description of the Revolution of Ninth Thermidor is admirable in every respect; indeed the whole essay is most excellent, as well for its impartial tone, as for its literary power.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AFTER a rather longer intermission than that of last year, Mrs. Morrison, a week or two back, opened the Grand Opera House for her third season. The auditorium has to some extent been renovated, and a new and well-painted drop curtain has been provided Of the new members of the stock company, the principal are Mrs. Allen, Miss Anderson, Miss Paynter, and Miss Wright, and Messrs. Fitzgerald, Rogers, and Hudson. The two last-named are well-known to Toronto audiences, having frequently performed in this city. Among the members of the old company retained are Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Marlowe, and Messrs. Sambrook, Vernon, Semblar, Roberts, Stokes, and Humphreys. The prospects for the season are exceptionally brilliant, the list of stars whose appearance is promised including Neilson, Janauschek, Agnes Booth, Jane Coombs, Kate Claxton, Eliza Weathersby, Dion Boucicault, Owens, Raymond, Chanfrau, Dominick Murray, Sir R. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and other well known names, besides Mrs. Oates's Comic Opera Troupe.

The performance on the opening night was under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor, and consisted of a new three-act comedy, entitled, "A scrap of Paper," and the familiar comidietta "A cup of Tea." "A scrap of Paper" is one of the latest successes in London, where it is still running with undiminished popularity, and is a charming adaptation from the French. The nationality of its authorship is unmistakable; no one but a French dramatist could have manufactured so many telling situations, and spun so much brilliant dialogue out of materials so slender. So far as scenery, stage-setting, and costumes are concerned, the play was admirably mounted. Indeed, in completeness of detail and beauty of effect, the studio scene in the second act, and the conservatory scene in the third, surpassed everything of the kind ever witnessed in Toronto. The acting also, was excellent. Mrs. Morrison, who on her entrance was greeted with a very warm welcome, never appeared to better advantage than as *Mdlle. Suzanne*, acting throughout with charming vivacity and spirit. Had her make-up been somewhat more youthful in face and figure, but little fault could have been found with her performance. Among the other characters, *Louise de la Glacière* (Mrs. Allen), *Prosper Couramont* (Mr. Fitzgerald), and *Brismanche* (Mr. Hudson), were also excellently played. During the week following the opening night the attraction was Mr. Dominick Murray, who appeared in two plays, neither of them being worthy of the powers of this really admirable character actor. One was "Escaped from Sing Sing,"—the very title is redolent of ruffianism and crime—the demerits of which we had occasion to animadvert upon when it was produced here last season. There is one passage—that in the second act, between Karl and the "pretty waiter girls"—which it is surprising that so scrupulous a manager as Mrs. Morrison should allow to be presented before a refined audience, composed largely of ladies. The other piece was "Willy Reilly," an American sensational play belonging to the same category as "Escaped from Sing Sing," though it does not quite descend to the same low level. Plays of this description afford no scope for acting, and are really not amenable to criticism from a dramatic point of view, so that the less said about them, the better. The only redeeming feature in "Willy Reilly," is the character of *Andy*, an exaggerated portrait of a servitor who tyrannises most despotically over his master. It was played with much humour by Mr. Rogers. During the present month, Sir Randall Roberts, Mr. Chanfrau, and Miss Claxton, are expected to appear.

During the past month, Mr. McDowell's "Shaugraun Company" gave three weeks' performances at Mr. French's Royal Opera House. The troupe is a remarkably good one, strong in numbers and talent, and very well balanced. The selection of plays was varied and excellent. Tragedy was represented by "Othello;" the "society" play, by Mr. Howard's "Diamonds;" the romantic drama, by "Alixe," and Mr. Lester Wallack's charming play, "Rosedale;" the sensational, by "The Two Orphans" and "Rose Michel;" and the romantic-sensational by Boucicault's "Led Astray" and "The Shaugraun." These pieces were all very well put on the stage—scenery, costumes, and accessories all being carefully attended to. The only plays new to Toronto audiences were "Diamonds," "Alixe" and "Rose Michel." The first named is a feeble specimen of its class; the dialogue (upon which society plays mainly depend) is clever at times, but too often degenerates into mere farce. "Alixe" is a favourable specimen of the French romantic drama; but "Rose Michel" has an unpleasant flavour throughout, and is not by any means so strong, either in plot, in character-drawing, or in dialogue, as "The Two Orphans." This latter play, however, is one of the best of its kind; indeed, the last act is as exciting, not to say as thrilling, a piece of sensationalism as has ever been witnessed on the stage.

It would take us beyond our limits to notice in detail the acting in the different characters of each of these plays. All that can be done is to briefly refer to some of the principal parts. Mr.

McDowell, the manager, appeared to best advantage as *Conn, the Shaugraun*. We noticed the performance when he played the part here two seasons ago. The actor's efforts to compass the brogue are not entirely successful, and his humour is something lacking in genuine Irish unction. These defects apart, the performance is a capital one. Mr. McDowell was also very good as *Pierre Frochard* and *Chevalier de Vaudry* in "The Two Orphans;" though it is a mistake artistically for an actor to duplicate parts in this way. As *Cassio*, and as *Elliot Grey*, in "Rosedale," however, he was out of his element, and failed to give satisfaction in either. The forte of Mr. Neil Warner is evidently tragedy, and his impersonation of *Othello* was a very fine one—powerful and impressive in the broad outlines. The defects were a tendency to rant occasionally (noticeably in the third act), and a carelessness in regard to minor details. On the whole, however, the performance was the best we have seen in Toronto, except Mr. King's, and evidently took the audience quite by surprise. The part of *Captain Molyneux*, in "The Shaugraun," Mr. Warner looked to the life, and, we think, might have acted equally well had he been content to present it simply and naturally, as that of an officer and a gentleman. But he attempted to give it a comic, "haw-haw" style, and only succeeded in buffooning it—painfully so in the charming love scene with *Claire Ffolliott*. He was more satisfactory as *Jacques Frochard*, in the "Two Orphans," though here also the comic element was too predominant, and the performance on the whole was inferior to that of Mr. Farwell at the "Grand" last season. Mr. Chippendale is another excellent actor, and was particularly good as *Brabantio*. The feminine portion of the company is perhaps stronger than the masculine—Miss Weaver, Miss Reeves, and Miss Cameron, being exceptionally good; and they were well supported by Miss Newcomb and Miss Davis. The *Emilia* of Miss Weaver was the best representation of that difficult and thankless part that we can remember, and she was also exceedingly good as *Arte O'Neil* in "The Shaugraun, and *Henriette* in "The Two Orphans." The great feature in the performance of this play, however, was the *Louise* of Miss Reeves. Miss Kate Claxton has made this part her own, but Miss Reeves's representation of the poor ill-used blind girl falls but little below that of her sister artiste, and is powerful and moving in the extreme. Miss Reeves is an actress of great versatility, and was almost equally good in other and quite different parts. She was graceful and natural as *Desdemona;* vivacious and witty as *Herminie Delafield*, in "Diamonds;" and arch and winning as *Claire Ffolliott*, in "The Shaugraun." It was rather a pity, however, that in representing this impetuous Irish girl, she should have completely dropped her excellent brogue, after the first act. Miss Cameron has a fine stage presence, and looked and acted exceedingly well as *Diane de Linieres*, in "The Two Orphans." But as *Rose Michel*, though a much more important part, she was hardly so satisfactory, her rather monotonous elocution becoming a trifle wearisome before the end of the play was reached.

The Company will return to Toronto shortly, and will perform "Pique," a society play, adapted by Mr. Daly from Miss Florence Marryat's novel, "Her Lord and Master."

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Belford Bros. send us a copy of one of their latest reprints: "The Old Lieutenant and his Son," by the late Norman Macleod. The work originally appeared in *Good Words*, and is published by arrangement with the author's executors, and is copyrighted in Canada.

We have received from Messrs. Appleton, of New York, the latest instalment of their valuable International Scientific Series: "The Five Senses of Man," by Julius Bernstein; also Mr. Freeman's "Primer of General History," and Miss Yonge's last novel, "The Three Brides." This firm's forthcoming publications embrace a reprint of Mr. Mivart's recent work on "Contemporary Evolution," and Prof. Huxley's Lectures at Chickering Hall, New York, on "The Direct Evidence of Evolution."

The Canadian edition of George Eliot's new story, "Daniel Deronda," has just been completed by the Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal. They issue the novel in a neat 8vo. volume.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. have issued a Canadian edition of Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel, "The Two Destinies."

A cheap edition in two 12mo. volumes, of Mr. Trevelyan's Memoir of Lord Macaulay, has appeared with the imprimatur of a Leipsic house.

Messrs. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., of New York, are bringing out an American edition of Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," by arrangement with His Excellency, to which will be prefixed a new preface, portrait, &c. The same firm commence a series of novels, under the title of the "Lake Champlain Press Series," the first issue of which will be Mr. Joseph Hatton's story, "Clytie." Mr. Gladstone's recent pamphlet on "Bulgarian Atrocities," has just been brought out by this house.

A sequel to Miss Alcott's recent story "Eight Cousins," is announced for early publication, under the title of "A Rose in Bloom."

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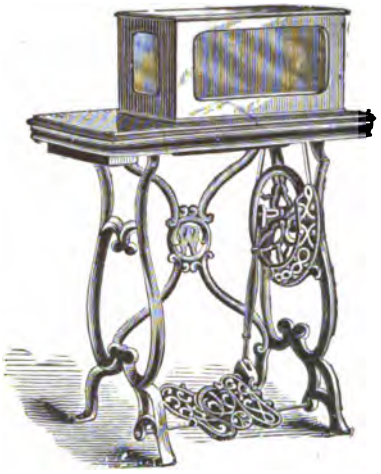


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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA,
August, 1876.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA, AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE DOMINION.

BY F. J. R., VICTORIA, B. C.

THE Canadian who takes extended and sanguine views of the future capabilities, needs, and prospects of his country, will probably regard the 20th of July, 1871, as one of the most important dates in the history of the Dominion, for on that day the great work of Confederation was completed by the acquisition of British Columbia, bringing with it a frontage on the Pacific Ocean. We fear, however, that to many of our countrymen this date will only present itself as the day on which a nearly worthless and very troublesome Province was acquired at a monstrous and ridiculous price. It may be of some use to present to such persons a brief account of the relations of the Pacific Province to the Dominion, its value, commercial and political, and its claims from a British Columbian point of view, and at the same time to remove several delusions which seem to prevail on these points and on the subject of the terms of Union.

The great question regarding the future of Canada we conceive to be this: Has she the capabilities of becoming a powerful nation, or must she make up her mind to be ultimately swallowed up by the United States? There is good reason to fear that if the Provinces which now compose the Dominion had remained separate, the latter would have been their fate, and that it was Confederation alone which gave Canada a chance of avoiding the danger. The question is, to what extent Confederation was necessary; and we are inclined to think that the acquisition of British Columbia was the step needed to make impossible what was before a possibility.

That which, more than anything else, has tended to produce whatever annexation feeling exists in Canada, has been the constant emigration going on from the older Provinces to the United States; an emigration not only of those who have recently arrived from Europe, but of native born Canadians, every one of whom, when settled on the other side of the boundary line, has been an additional link to the chain which might bind Canada to the United States.

The only way to cure this evil is for Canada to find employment for her sons in her own territory, by increasing her commerce and her manufactures. We are told that a Protectionist policy would have such an effect; this we think doubtful—anyhow, it would be of no use for manufacturers to have protection unless they had customers, and customers, moreover, who would be large consumers.

If our great North-West territory and British Columbia were settled up, and brought by means of the Pacific Railroad into close communication with the rest of the Dominion, manufacturers in Ontario

and Quebec would have all the business they could wish for, and our young men would no longer need to cross the line to get employment in manufacturing establishments and in stores. The acquisition, moreover, of ports on the Pacific coast would eventually vastly increase the commerce of the Dominion.

No one who has not actually witnessed it, can estimate the enormous increase of the commerce of the Pacific within the last few years. San Francisco, which little more than thirty years ago, consisted of a few wooden shanties, is now rapidly becoming one of the finest cities of the United States; has its lines of magnificent steamers to China, Australia, Panama, and numerous places on the coast, and in its harbour lie fleets of merchant vessels. For centuries the commerce of the civilised world was confined to the Mediterranean Sea; from the discovery of America to the present time, the Atlantic has been the highway of nations; but now we see the Pacific Ocean rapidly becoming its rival, with even the possibility of surpassing it at some future time in commercial importance.

When Baron Hübner, the historian of the expedition sent out by the Austrian government in the frigate *Novara*, had visited the different countries of the Pacific, he made the pregnant remark, "The Pacific Ocean is the gigantic page on which is written the future history of the race." A glance at the map will show the countries with which Canada is brought into communication on the Pacific shore, extending from China to New Zealand; and had she but railway communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, she would hold the finest position for trade which it is possible for a nation to hold, with ports on the two great highways of the world. She already has attained a high position as a maritime power; and at some future time, when her trade on the Pacific has developed there a fleet as large as that which she now possesses on the Atlantic, she will probably rank in regard to her marine as the second in the world.

It may be too strong an assertion to say that without British Columbia the Dominion of Canada would eventually become part of the United States, but it is undoubtedly the case that the addition has reduced this possibility to a minimum. This was certainly the view held by our neighbours, for one of the arguments used in favour of the purchase of Alaska was, that the acquisition of this territory would place British Columbia between two portions of the United States, and probably lead to its annexation, in which case the whole of Canada would eventually follow. But it may be said that it was unnecessary to extend Confederation so soon to British Columbia, and that it would have been wise to have waited until the North-West territory had been settled up, and communication gradually extended to the Rocky Mountains. We believe, however, it was a wise and statesmanlike policy to strike while the iron was hot, and to weld the whole of the British North American Colonies at once. Without British Columbia as part of the Dominion, the North-West would never get settled up, for nothing will ever bring a large population there but a transcontinental railway, which would never be built unless the Dominion extended to the Pacific. A false impression prevails in Canada that British Columbia was very anxious for Confederation, and would have accepted almost any terms to bring it about. Under this impression Mr. Mackenzie, in a recent speech, referred to British Columbia as "suing for Confederation." This is a mistake; British Columbia never sued for Confederation. For a a long time, the only persons in the colony who advocated Confederation were a few prominent politicians, who wished for a wider field for their ambition, and some Canadians who naturally wished for a closer connection with their native country. The general feeling was opposed to it, as was clearly shown at the elections, particularly in Victoria, in 1868, when the two Confederation candidates were defeated. At that time, the only practicable way of travelling from British Columbia to Canada was, by steamer to San Francisco, thence by steamer to Panama, crossing the Isthmus, where another steamer had to be taken to New York. The route overland was too long and dangerous to be thought of, as was shown by Lord Milton's narrow escapes, and by the terrible journey of a party of Canadians who, on their way to Cariboo, experienced sufferings which were said to have culminated in cannibalism. The general feeling was that Canada was too far off, and that British Columbia, for all practical pur-

poses, might just as well be confederated to New Zealand. A great change, however, took place in this feeling, which was simply caused by its being announced that, as a condition of Confederation, Canada would build a transcontinental railway, and that British Columbia, instead of being a Province of the Dominion merely in name, would become an important part of a great nation, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and would by railway communication be able to trade with the East, and receive what she has always terribly needed, a constant supply of emigrants.

The British Columbia delegates therefore went to Ottawa prepared to stipulate—as the main condition of union—for a railway to be built from Canada to the Pacific, to be preceded by a waggon road. The Canadian Government, in anticipation of the speedy construction of the railway, considered a waggon road unnecessary, and, leaving this out, engaged to build a railway to the Pacific in ten years, and to commence it at both ends within two years. The terms of Union containing this condition were passed by the House of Commons, in a resolution, on the 1st April, 1871. Nine days afterwards, when these terms had gone completely beyond their control, the House passed another resolution to the effect that the railway was to be built by private enterprise, and that the construction of it was not to increase the then rate of taxation. The people of British Columbia received the terms of Union, as passed on April 1st, and the House of Assembly, having been dissolved, went to the polls to vote for Confederation, in utter ignorance of the resolution of April 10th, which, to their great astonishment, they now learn is to be taken as part of the terms of Union. If the House of Commons of Canada had power to pass a resolution, after it had passed the terms of Union, which was to be taken as part of them, and as binding on British Columbia, surely the legislature of this colony had the same power. Supposing then that this latter body, some days after agreeing to the terms of Union, had passed a resolution to the effect that if the railway were not commenced in two years, Canada should pay a fine of ten million dollars, would the Canadian Government consider itself now bound to pay over this sum? British Columbia has been told that it was necessary for Sir John Macdonald's government to promise the resolution of April 10th in order to get the terms of Union passed by the House of Commons. It might have been equally necessary for the government of British Columbia to promise such a resolution as the one imagined above, in order to get the terms agreed to by the House of Assembly, but in that case, would not such a claim for compensation have been treated by the Government and people of Canada as absurd? During the last session of Parliament, Mr. Ross (probably at the suggestion of the government) brought forward a resolution similar to that of April 10th, which was passed by a very large majority, in regard to which we have simply to remark, that if the House of Commons has power by resolution to alter and amend the terms of Union with any one of the Provinces of Canada, all the terms of Union with all the Provinces are absolutely worthless. A resolution could be passed that the subsidy to Nova Scotia, as arranged at the Union, should be reduced one-half, and accordingly that Province would have to take half its former subsidy,—or that New Brunswick should only send ten members to Ottawa, and accordingly six members from that Province would lost their seats! This is absurd, it being evident that the House of Commons is utterly powerless to alter the terms of Union with any Province without the consent and agreement of that Province.

One of the lame arguments used to force the resolution of April 10th on British Columbia is this, that Mr. Trutch, who had been one of the delegates to arrange the terms of Union, but whose functions as delegate had ceased, and whose fellow delegates had gone home, was in Ottawa at the time, and was a consenting party to the resolution; and words made use of in a speech delivered by this gentleman after a dinner given to him at Ottawa are referred to as a proof of this. It so happens, however, that in the whole course of this speech, which was carefully prepared and carefully reported, not the least reference was made to the resolution, which the speaker had the good sense utterly to ignore. All he said was, that British Columbia was no Shylock, and did not expect Canada to incur a "hopeless load of taxation" to build the railway—remarks concurred in by every sensible man in British Columbia; but is this to be taken

as equivalent to saying that this Province was willing that the railway should be abandoned if the construction involved the slightest increase of taxation? But even if Mr. Trutch had approved of this resolution, are the people of British Columbia to be seriously told that they are to be bound by a resolution altering the terms of Union, because of remarks made, in the course of an after-dinner speech, by a gentleman who had been, but who was no longer a delegate; and are they unreasonable when they get angry at such futile arguments being pressed upon them?

Another argument which has been used in favour of repudiation is, that the treaty of Union with British Columbia was made by a Government which, as shown shortly afterwards, did not represent the people of Canada. Such an argument can hardly be seriously dealt with. What would be thought of any country which repudiated a treaty because, after the treaty had been made, the Government changed before it was carried out. Suppose, for example, the Conservatives in England had come into power after the Treaty of Washington had been signed, but before the Alabama claims had been paid, what would have been said had the Government refused to pay the claims on the ground that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, when it made the treaty, did not represent the people of England? Would not a nation which acted in this way incur the derision and contempt of the whole civilized world?

Lastly, we are told that it is absurd to expect Canada to carry out her treaty obligations, because the people of British Columbia are so few in number. This argument irresistibly reminds one of the unfortunate servant girl who told her mistress that she could not be much blamed, because her baby was such a very little one. If it is repudiation for Canada, having induced British Columbia to join her on certain conditions, to turn round and refuse to carry out those conditions, that repudiation is just as great and just as disgraceful, whether there be a million or a thousand people in British Columbia.

There is a large party in Canada which advocates a partial repudiation, contending that although the Pacific Railway should be built at some future time, yet that at present it ought only to be built from the east as population extends; and that the portion west of the Rocky Mountains should be built last, and only when the trade with the east would warrant its construction. It was an important part of the original terms of Union that the railway should be commenced at both ends simultaneously, and in the modification of the terms which was agreed to by Lord Carnavon's arbitration, it was settled that the railway should be commenced in British Columbia at the earliest possible time the Government could fix upon a route, and that from that time a sum of at least two millions should be spent annually on the Pacific side, in construction. It would seem then, that those who advocate this mode of constructing the railway, are as much open to the charge of repudiation as those who wish to abandon the railway altogether.

We have recently heard of some strong remarks made in Canada regarding the way in which the United States are breaking the terms of the Treaty of Washington, and Mr. Mackenzie excited a hearty feeling of approval throughout the country when he said that "it is useless to expect from the Americans an enlightened fulfilment of treaty obligations." What if the United States were to turn round and say to Canada, "How are you keeping your treaty obligations? You made a treaty with British Columbia that if she would join your Confederation, you would build a railway to the Pacific; you now refuse to build it if it should even to the slightest extent increase your taxation; and a large part of your people, if we may judge from your newspapers, advocate the complete abandonment of the enterprise, and an utter repudiation of the treaty of union with British Columbia."

We shall now endeavour to show that, besides the avoidance of that dishonour and loss of credit which would necessarily attach to Canada, if she were to give cause to British Columbia to proclaim aloud to the world that she had been swindled into Confederation, she would find—and that too before long—that it was immensely to her advantage to carry out faithfully her treaty obligations, and that the adage, "Honesty is the best policy," is as equally applicable to nations as to individuals.

Having touched upon the political and commercial importance of the acquisition of British Columbia, we will now show the financial advantages which would result from

building the Pacific Railway, especially the British Columbian portion of it, the construction of which Canada is advised to leave to a future generation. The Customs' revenue from British Columbia for the last financial year, was $492,000. Of this, $92,000 may be apportioned, in part to the Indian population, a large portion of whom are but small consumers of imported goods, and in part to the extra consumptiom produced by the railway survey, leaving $400,000 as the revenue derived from the white population. As that does not exceed 12,000, it would appear that each white man, woman, and child in British Columbia contributes annually $33 to the Dominion revenue, or about five times as much per head as is contributed by the population of Eastern Canada. It would appear, therefore, that an immigrant in British Columbia is worth five immigrants in the east, and that any considerable increase of the population of this Province would have a very marked effect on the revenue of the Dominion.

Of all the colonies of Great Britain, British Columbia is the most unfortunately situated in regard to obtaining immigrants. By sea she is the furthest from Europe, so far in fact, that it would be hopeless to expect many emigrants to face the six months' voyage round Cape Horn, involving a double crossing of the Equator. To travel across the north-west is out of the question, and the only feasible mode is either by way of the Isthmus of Panama, or by the Central Pacific Railway, both of which involve passing through California. That State is one of the finest countries in the world as regards both soil and climate ; it contains vast mineral wealth and other resources ; and the rate of wages is very high. It is not surprising then that a large proportion of emigrants are intercepted on their way to British Columbia, and go no further. In fact, it is hopeless to expect any great increase of the population of British Columbia so long as the immigration to it is sifted through California. When the emigrant from Europe can land at a Canadian port and pass by railway through the Dominion, then, but not before, may we expect a large and constant stream of immigration into what is one of the finest Provinces of the Dominion.

British Columbia has in it sufficient resources and natural wealth to justify this assertion, apart from the well known tendency of emigration to go west. When Confederation with British Columbia was discussed in the House of Commons, the party then in opposition did their best to prove that the country was utterly worthless. It was even asserted by one eminent politician, that corn would not ripen in the Province. This is equivalent to stating that an apple would not ripen in Ontario, the fact being that the Pacific Province has unquestionably the finest climate in the Dominion, and one that will ripen to perfection not only corn, but peaches, grapes, and other fruits which can only be grown in a portion of the eastern Provinces. The summer temperature of the south and centre of British Columbia is often over 90° in the shade for a considerable period, but a wonderful elasticity in the air makes this heat much less felt than it would be in the East. The winter temperature, however, is that which gives to British Columbia its pre-eminence over the East. At the south-east end of Vancouver Island the winters are similar to those of the south of England, and such plants as verbenas and petunias sometimes survive the winter, out-of-doors, without protection, while over the grazing districts of the mainland so little snow falls that cattle are out all the winter, and often are in fine condition in the early spring. The writer recently saw in New Westminster a herd of cattle, which although they had lost a good deal of weight from the long journey they had had, were still very fat, averaging 750lbs each. These oxen were 5 and 6 years old, and had never in the course of their lives tasted hay or roots until put on board the steamer on their way to market. As this climate operates upon on a soil of wonderful fertility, it is not surprising that the productions of British Columbia surpass those of any other portion of the Dominion. One of the first grain brokers of New York, when shown an ordinary sample of wheat from this Province, declared it superior to any grown on the Atlantic slope. Roots are of immense size, and every variety of fruit grows in proportion. It is possible that at some future time the banks of the Fraser above Lytton, which strongly resemble those of the Rhine, with its volcanic soil, will possess numerous vineyards and produce an excellent quality of wine.

As, however, its agricultural land is small in proportion to its general area, British

Columbia does not pretend to be a rich agricultural country, and cannot look forward to being able to export produce. It may reasonably be expected, however, that when her mineral wealth and other resourses are properly developed, she will have a market at home sufficient to support a large agricultural population. British Columbia has been contemptuously described as a mass of mountains—as if acres of mountain were not sometimes more valuable than thousands of acres of the richest land. On the slopes of her mountains British Columbia has vast forests of what is unquestionably the finest timber in the world. The Douglas Fir, of which these forests mainly consist, grows to a size compared with which the firs and pines of the east seem like little sticks; nor is its size its chief value, for it makes lumber distinguished for its strength and toughness, and a fine grain which has recently made it sought after in England for ornamental purposes. Its freedom from knots also makes it so valuable for spars that a ship recently took a load of spars from British Columbia all the way to Maine. There are at present only two saw-mills in the Province exporting lumber, but these are loading ships for all parts of the world, and show how this export trade might be extended. In the interior of her mountains, however, British Columbia possesses treasures far greater than the lumber on the outside, valuable as that may be, for the mineral wealth, as far as can be judged, will probably turn out to be as great as that of any other country in the world. Running north and south, parallel to the Rocky Mountains, there is along the whole of North America a range of mountains containing immense deposits of gold and silver. In this range are the Mexican silver mines, which have turned out vast wealth for hundreds of years; further north we come to the gold and silver mines of California and Nevada, of which no one can properly appreciate the richness who has not seen the piles of silver bricks lying at the stations of the Central Pacific Railway. In British Columbia this range of mountains does not apparently fall off in wealth, but at various points where the miner, following the course of the auriferous rivers, has tested it, he has found gold mines as rich as any further south. Indeed the average yield of gold per head of the mining population has been greater in British Columbia than in any other country in the world.

Rich silver ledges have also been discovered, which, however, have never been properly developed, from the want of capital. Anyone who has seen the towns which have sprung up in the silver district of Nevada within the last ten years, can form an idea of the great increase of population which would ensue on these mines being worked. From want of capital also little has been done with the rich copper mines which have been found in various parts of the Province. British Columbia has, however, mineral wealth which will ultimately be of greater value to her than gold, silver, or copper. She has immense deposits of both coal and iron. In this respect she has a great advantage over the Pacific portion of the United States, for the coal found in Oregon and Washington is of a very inferior quality, in fact, geologically speaking, it is not coal but lignite, while the coal found in Vancouver Island is of much older formation, becoming anthracite in Queen Charlotte Island. If we trace back the commercial history of Great Britain, we find that coal and iron have been by far the principal sources of her wealth and power, and it is not too much to expect that at some future time the same causes will bring about similar results to the Pacific portion of the Dominion. This has been foreseen by Sir Charles Dilke, who, in his "Great Britain," prophesies that Vancouver's Island will become one of the chief manufacturing countries of the Pacific.

Professor Macoun, before the Committee on Emigration appointed last session, averred that he could "state with safety that there will be taken out of the mines of British Columbia wealth enough to build the Pacific Railway." Indeed, it may be said with truth that, were there only an easy way to get it opened, the mineral wealth of British Columbia would attract a population so large as to contribute in the form of revenue enough to pay the interest on the money spent in constructing the Pacific Railway. But the Railway itself is needed to open a way for this stream of population.

Within the last year we have seen the tide of emigration, which for so many years has steadily crossed the Atlantic, come to almost a complete stop; indeed there have been so many artizans going back from this

continent to England, that the tide would almost appear to have changed its direction. The reason of this is simply that the state of trade in the United States and Canada has been so bad that the artizan has a better prospect of work in his old home; it is hopeless, therefore, to expect immigrants to a country which cannot give employment to its stationary population. Were there at the present time railway communication with the North-West and the Pacific, we are convinced there would be such a stream of population in this direction as to have a rapid and very marked effect both on the revenue and on the commerce of the Dominion. You cannot, however, make omelettes without breaking eggs, and Canada must be prepared to make some little sacrifice to secure a great future advantage, and must hush the cry which is now raised so loud, and is so constantly dinned into the ears of British Columbians, that she cannot submit to the least increase of taxation for the purpose of building a trans-continental railway—a cry which, coming from a population contributing only four dollars a head per annum to the general revenue, creates a feeling of contempt in those to whom it is addressed, when they find that they are contributing at least six times as much per head.

The upshot of all this is the cry that Canada is quite unable to cope with this great enterprise, and that England must come forward and assist her, either by lending money or by guaranteeing a loan. That it would be a wise policy of the mother country to do this, both in view of obtaining another and a safer route to India, and for the purpose of extending her commerce, we are quite willing to admit; but we contend that Canada is more likely to obtain this assistance by showing a disposition to grapple with her difficulties in a bold and statesmanlike manner, than by sitting down and calling for help before she has really begun to do anything herself.

We have no space to discuss the long and tedious history of the multifarious dealings between the Dominion Government and British Columbia, which seem as far off any satisfactory solution as ever. When the present Government came into power they at once announced that they were unable to construct the railway as agreed upon, and that some fresh understanding must be arrived at. After unsuccessful negotiations through an emissary sent out to British Columbia, which failed from want of patience and forbearance on both sides, the Imperial Government, invoked by the people and Government of British Columbia, intervened, and procured a new arrangement, which it was supposed would put an end to all difficulties. This, however, appears to be a delusion. The Canadian Government, having agreed to build the railway from Esquimalt to Nanaimo as a compensation for the extension of time in constructing the trans-continental line, brought in a bill for that purpose, which was rejected by the Senate. They then announced that in consequence of this they were unable to carry out this portion of the agreement, and offered a sum of money in lieu of the Island railway. This offer, however, was couched in language so vague, that, not only by the people of British Columbia, but by the Toronto *Globe*, and by other friends of the Canadian Government, it was interpreted as an offer of money in compensation for an abandonment of the Pacific Railroad. The offer was rejected, and a fresh appeal made to the Queen, to which as yet no answer has been returned. The Canadian Government in the meantime announce that as their offer for money compensation was not at once accepted, it will not be repeated, and that British Columbia will receive no compensation whatever as a set-off to the alteration of the terms of Union; and further, that although it was agreed to spend two millions a year in constructing the railway in British Columbia, this agreement is subject to any resolution which may be passed in the House of Commons, and is consequently worthless. It is contended in British Columbia that the Island Railway was offered as part of the Pacific line, and ought therefore to have been constructed under the Railway Act of 1874, without the risk of having another bill thrown out; that the rejection of the bill by the Senate was not the real reason of the abandonment of the Island rallway, the real reason being that Mr. Blake made this a condition of his joining the ministry; and that the offer of money compensation for the Island Railway is only a prelude to another offer of money for sacrificing the main line, or at all events for postponing its construction to some far distant period.

The people of British Columbia have often

been decried as utterly unreasonable, as having no consideration for the interests of the Dominion, and as wishing to get their pound of flesh at any cost of life-blood to Canada. The accusation is a most unjust one, and if a fair review be taken of the history of the Confederation with British Columbia, and of the subsequent negotiations, the dissatisfaction and ill-temper which have been displayed in this Province must be admitted to be natural, and not greater than might have been expected.

Are the people of British Columbia unreasonable, because they object to have forced down their throats a Resolution of the House of Commons which was passed after the terms of union had been finally settled, and of which they never heard when they agreed to join Canada? Are they expected to read with an agreeable smile article after article published in the Canadian newspapers, utterly ignoring or repudiating the terms of union, and discussing the question of a Pacific Railway as though British Columbia were a desolate waste, without a population which had any rights or interests to be considered? Is it surprising that they should express disgust, when public men of Canada can form no higher idea of the value and necessity of a Canadian Pacific Railway than that it is to be built merely for the purpose of enabling two or three hundred people in British Columbia to travel to the East? Have they no right to be angry when a Canadian statesman of the position of Sir A. T. Galt, states at a large public meeting, what *they* know to be utterly false—that the delegates from British Columbia went to Ottawa prepared to ask merely for a waggon road, and had no intention of demanding a railway, and that therefore Canada is not to be expected to build one?

British Columbia joined Canada with the expectation that she was going to become a portion of a great country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with which her connection was to be made real by means of railway communication. She supposed that the people of whom she was to become a part, were a people with a sense of honour sufficient to impel them to carry out an engagement once entered into, a people who would be willing to make some little sacrifice in order to preserve their good faith, and to secure a great future for their country. Should this expectation and this supposition turn out to be delusions; should she find that she was tempted to join Canada by promises never intended to be performed, and that she is to remain only nominally a portion of the Dominion; should it appear that the Canadian people are incapable of the breadth of view and the sense of national honour necessary to their formation into a great nation;—then she would unhesitatingly accept the offer which is held out to her by a portion of the people and press of Canada, and by separating become again a colony of Great Britain, independent of the Dominion. Such a step, however, would be but the beginning of the end; the process of disintegration would extend, and all hopes of a great Dominion, with a frontage on each ocean, and rivalling the United States in commercial prosperity and in national greatness, would be lost for ever.

LIFE AND LOVE.

LIFE and Love had a quarrel one day,
When the sun was hidden and clouds were grey.

Each from the other would dwell apart,
And in solitude would keep his heart.

Life would enter a castle tall,
With moat and drawbridge and guarded wall,

With lofty turret that neared the sky,
Forever secure from Love's tyranny;

And thence would view with a scorned surprise,
The fate of others not half so wise!

Love, too, would escape from the burden of Life,
From its carking care and its endless strife;

From its darksome shadow of want and woe,
Yes, Love was willing, quite willing to go.

But e'en as he plumed his wing for flight,
"Ah! whither?" he cried in pained affright;

For though it were grand above all to soar,
True Love had been never *alone* before!

Then one drew near with reverend mien,
And majestic grace in his form was seen,

As laying a hand upon each, he said,
"Shall what Heaven hath joined be sunderèd?

"O, Life! without Love what wouldst thou be?
So ghastly and withered a thing to see

"That men would cry with bated breath,
'No longer Life, thy name is Death!'

"And thou, poor Love, must in secret pine,
If parted from Life who was ever thine;

"Nay, 'tis from *thyself* thou wouldst be free!
Thou seekest a fetter, not liberty!"

They hearkened, and hushed was each haughty tone;
Then Life with the look of an humbled one,

Besought that Love within would dwell,
And gladden all with his potent spell.

And Love flew back as bird to its nest,
To find in service a freedom blest!

And crumbled away the castle tall,
And vanished the drawbridge and guarded wall;

And the sun appeared in glorious might,
Decking the sky with a beauty bright,

As Life and Love with hand in hand,
Went forth together to bless the land!

W.

OTTAWA.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGIE'S LOVER.

GEORGIE TRAVERS and the dogs were by this time at the kennels. Everybody thought a great deal of Miss Georgie there. The whip touched his greasy old fur cap to her, as he ran to open the gate for her with a grin of pleasure on his weather-stained old face; Ricketts, the huntsman, came forward respectfully to know what he could do for her, and called out her favourite hounds to be stroked and caressed; and then of course she must go into the stables. There were a few young horses always kept up at the kennels in addition to the usual staff required for the hunt, and amongst them was the mare that Cis had been told in vain to go and look at that morning.

"I came to have a look at that mare," said Georgie; and the mare was trotted out for her to see.

Georgie stood aside and looked at her with the critical eye of a connoisseur.

She patted and stroked the animal; then stooped down and felt all her legs deliberately one after the other with her strong little hand in a scientific manner that made old Ricketts say afterwards to Tom the whip, that he had never seen her like for a woman; "a real fust-rate un she be, to be sure, Tom!"

"I think I'll ride her this winter, Ricketts; she'd carry me well."

"Like a bird, miss. She's a bit ticklish in her temper; but Lor' bless you, miss, there ain't nothing *you* can't ride."

"Well, put a skirt on her this afternoon for a bit, and then you can bring her round to-morrow morning and I'll see how I like her."

That was all the breaking-in for ladies' riding that Georgie's mounts ever had; the spice of risk and danger about riding a horse that had never carried a lady before, was just what she enjoyed.

She left the two men staring after her with looks of respect and admiration, and went her way down a neighbouring lane, deep cut between two high banks, still closely followed by the dogs.

She had not gone very far before a thudding sound of horse's hoofs in the field to the right of her was greeted by a sharp bark from the puppy. Presently a horse's head and forelegs appeared over the top of the hedge, and there dropped into the lane just in front of her a young gentleman on a grey pony.

In one moment he had dismounted, and was eagerly coming towards her.

"Wattie!" she exclaimed.

"My little darling, how good of you to come!"

"I didn't come on purpose—really. I was at the kennels, and I thought—I thought——"

"Little story-teller! you thought you would come home this way on the chance of seeing me—eh, Georgie?" and Wattie Ellison proceeded to draw a very unresisting little woman close into his arms, and there to kiss her fondly on both cheeks, whilst Chanticleer, evidently suspecting mischief, pawed up against the back of his coat with very muddy feet, and a gruff bark of remonstrance.

Walter, or as he was commonly called Wattie Ellison, was a nephew of Sir George Ellison, whose property adjoined Sotherne on the further side. He generally resided with his uncle, having neither profession nor income of his own, and the baronet, who was rather fond of him, made him free to the use of his hunters and the shooting of his game. Otherwise Sir George could do

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1876, by ADAM, STEVENSON & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

nothing more for him; he was a poor man with a large family of his own, and his eldest son had already burdened himself with the cares of matrimony in the shape of an invalid wife and four little children. This second family all lived permanently in the paternal mansion, and Wattie, in common with several of the younger sons, had an attic in an upper and unfrequented region apportioned to him, which he was free to occupy whenever he chose; and, being an orphan with no other family ties and no means whatever at his disposal, Wattie did choose to occupy his attic very often, notably during most of the shooting and hunting seasons. He picked up an odd five-pound note now and then by selling a few water-colour sketches, for which he had a good deal of natural talent; but even at this poor make-believe of earning money he did not work hard enough to make anything of a livelihood. As long as his uncle's house, and table, and horses were free to him, he did not seem to have the energy or perseverance to work hard at that or anything else.

He was a general favourite with everyone. Tall and good-looking, with merry grey eyes and curly brown hair, and the prettiest little moustache in the world, he was just the sort of young man to be spoilt by the whole female population. Women and children adored him, nor was he any the less popular with the men. He rode so well, was such a crack shot, such good company in the billiard-room at night, and altogether such a manly young fellow in every way, that he was sure of a welcome in every house he went into. But, alas! he was hopelessly ineligible; and dowagers with marriageable daughters found themselves forced to turn a deaf ear to his fascinations.

He was nothing but a penniless ne'er-do-well, utterly without prospects. And yet what does this charming young scapegrace do but go and fall madly in love with the Squire's darling, precious Georgie! And, worse, Georgie falls in love with him.

Their love affair was as yet in its earliest stages. They had not dared to tell the Squire. They continued to meet, half by stealth, half by accident, in their walks and rides, and in truth were so insanely happy in all the excitement and novelty of each other's affection, that they had scarcely had time to think of the future or to consider their situation with anything like serious attention. Woman-like, Georgie was the first to come out of this ecstatic fool's paradise. For the first time to-day she spoke to him seriously.

"Wattie, dear," she said, as they went down the lane together, hand in hand, like a couple of children, whilst the pony and the dogs followed after them at their own sweet wills; "Wattie, I am afraid papa will never hear of it."

"Have you said anything to him, yet?"

"No, I have not dared. Poor papa, it would upset him so horribly. I felt the way once by saying something about you, but he got so angry I did not venture to go on."

"He hates me, I suppose," said Wattie, with a rueful face.

"Nonsense! only you know, dear, you are not exactly a good match, are you?"

"Not exactly;" and they both laughed.

"If you had a profession," continued Georgie, "even if you made nothing at it, it would sound better; and you see papa would like me to marry well. I am afraid he will stop it utterly."

"And, if he does stop it utterly, what shall you do?" He stopped before her, holding her small face in both his hands, and forcing her to look up into his eyes.

"I shall obey him, Wattie." Her voice was very low and gentle, but there was a decision and firmness in the little face that filled him with dismay.

"You would give me up!" cried Wattie.

"Not so, darling," answered the girl. "As long as I live I shall consider myself bound to you; I will never marry any one else. Perhaps, in time, he will relent and come round; but till he does I will never marry you. Don't hope it." With all her tenderness and love he felt quite sure she meant what she said, and turned away from her with an impatient sigh. "But, after all, why should we think of the worst?" said Georgie, slipping her arm confidingly under his.

"Why, indeed!" answered her lover, smiling. "I daresay the old boy won't be quite such a stern hard-hearted parent as we fear. It will all come right in the end, Georgie, depend upon it!"

Wattie was of a hopeful disposition (very poor young men often are); nothing much worse could happen to him; he had nothing

to lose, and it was quite on the cards that something better would turn up. But Georgie knew better. She knew what her father was, and she did not in the least think that things would come right in the end; not for a very long time, at least; not probably, she reflected sadly, till she was getting old and *passée*, and Wattie, perhaps, half tired of a long and well-nigh hopeless engagement.

But she did not trouble her lover with these sad forebodings. For his sake she would be hopeful too, and look at the bright side of things as much as possible.

But as they walked on together they both by instinct avoided any further unpleasant consideration of what Mr. Travers would say to them.

There was nothing unusual in Georgie's walking about the lanes with young Ellison. He was so well known by everybody, and such an *enfant de la maison* in every family in the county, that he was always turning up at odd places and with different people. Moreover, he had been Georgie's recognized slave and worshipper for ever so many years. Mr. Travers himself, who had no objection to him in the light of an admirer, whatever he might have in the more serious phase of lover, had often and often deputed young Ellison to look after his daughter in a stiff run. He generally gave her her leads, opened gates for her, tightened her girths, or altered her stirrup if she required it, and often rode back with her at the end of a long day, when the hounds left off far from home. He had been constantly thrown in her way, and certainly the squire had only himself to blame if these young people had fallen in love with each other.

He made the mistake of which so many parents are guilty. He allowed them to be constantly together under the most familiar circumstances, until they had fairly lost their hearts to each other and it was too late; and then, as you will see, expected to be able to stop all intercourse between them, and to be obeyed like an autocrat.

I am inclined to think the much-abused Belgravian mother, who warns off younger sons from her flock as she would the small-pox or the scarlet fever, is the less culpable of the two. She, at all events, prevents the mischief, whereas parents who behave as did our friend the Squire, cause their children an amount of misery and suffering which they can scarcely, it is to be hoped, understand or be aware of; whilst by a little forethought and care it might all have been easily avoided.

It was arranged between Georgie and her lover before they parted, that the dreaded communication was to be made by her to her father at the first seasonable opportunity.

"Not this week, I think," said the girl; "we are so busy just now. I must wait, I think, till the 1st is over, and then, if we have anything of a run, it will put him in a good temper, and I can tell him in the evening."

"As you like, you wise little woman. By the way, what are you going to ride this winter?"

"The old chestnut, and I think that new mare papa bought last week; I've just been to see her."

"What! that dark brown mare he bought down in Warwickshire? Don't ride her, Georgie. She's a nasty brute."

"Why, what do you know of her? I like her looks myself, and papa bought her half on purpose for me."

"Well, I heard a bad character of her down there; she's a run-away or something; she'll break your neck some day, Georgie."

"Oh, I am not afraid; you won't get rid of me quite so easily as that. I shan't run far away from you, Wattie, and if I do I'm sure it will be a pleasure to you to run after me. And now I must say good-bye—indeed I must."

"Little wretch! how quickly the time goes! I can't bear parting with you. I don't half like your having said you would throw me over if your father orders you to," he added, as he bent over her and kissed her tenderly.

"Ah! you don't know what papa and I are to each other; I couldn't break his heart, Wattie, and I never will."

Poor child, poor little Georgie! There are some human vows that surely must be listened to with shouts of mocking laughter by the unseen world of spirits above and around us, if indeed, as it is said, they can read all our future lives as in a book.

Georgie Travers went home from that meeting with her lover to find herself very late for luncheon, and her mother scolding at her in her peevish, ill-tempered voice.

"Where *have* you been, Georgie? The

mutton is quite cold. What have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been at the kennels," answered the girl, with that sort of half truth which is no lie in the eyes of most women. "Never mind about the mutton, mamma. I'll have some ham. I am sorry I kept you waiting."

"Always at those horrid kennels with the stable boys!" grumbled her mother; "so unladylike and unfeminine!"

"Let the girl alone!" growled the master of the house with his mouth full of suet pudding, flaring up, as he always did, in defence of his favourite child. "I don't want her turned into a cry-baby, like some of your children, Mrs. Travers; I wish her to go to the kennels. Did you see the mare, Georgie?"

"Yes, papa, I thought I'd ride her to-morrow. She isn't vicious, is she?" she asked, with a little hesitation in her voice.

"Vicious? Who has been putting such rubbish into your head? As quiet as a sheep. Little Flora might ride her—or Cis!" he added, with a cut at his son that was certainly rather cruel and uncalled for.

To everybody's surprise Cis got up with a very red face, and said,

"Well, then, I will ride her, sir, if you will let me."

The Squire looked taken aback.

"Nonsense! You can't have her; she'd kick you off," he said, rather confusedly,

"Then she isn't safe for Georgie," persisted Cis.

"Safe as a house for her; you can't ride," said his father, gruffly. It must be confessed that he was a very trying sort of father to have.

Mrs. Travers said fretfully that she couldn't have dear Cis dragged about on wild horses.

"Who wants to drag him, ma'am?" shouted the old man, fairly in a rage. "He wouldn't be half such a ninny if it wasn't for you. Keep him at home and give him some pap!" and he pushed his plate away—having previously quite emptied it—and bounced out of the room in a fury, slamming the door behind him till the door-frame, already in a very rickety condition, shivered and threatened to come bodily out into the room.

Mrs. Travers whimpered, and Cis got up and kissed her, while the younger girls looked at each other with meaning glances and faint titters, awestruck yet delighted, as children generally are, in a row between their elders.

Amy seized the opportunity of the general confusion to help herself largely to strawberry jam with her plum cake; whilst Flora slipped down under the table with a cold cutlet under her pinafore, with which she proceeded to feed old Chanticleer, much to that ancient hound's surprise and delight.

Meanwhile Georgie ate her ham in silence; with the pleasant consciousness of being the cause of the dispute, to sharpen her appetite.

Such scenes were of daily occurrence at Broadley House. Who does not know of such households—households where everybody is at sixes and sevens; where fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, are perpetually misunderstanding and mistaking each other's motives; where there are two factions, the father's and the mother's, and one child sides with one, and one with the other, and where little quarrellings and bickerings and divisions widen the breach slowly but surely day by day!

When Georgie swallowed down her lunch in a hurry and slipped away from the room, her mother made sure she had gone to her father to talk against herself, and was proportionately aggrieved. Whereas Georgie had, in truth, gone up to her own little bed-room to think about her lover and to give herself up to delicious recollections of his words and his kisses.

Such a strange little maiden's bower it was! A long, low, half-furnished-looking room, only partially carpeted with strips of drugget, with a small camp bedstead at one end, and a chest of drawers and a washhand-stand at the other, and a rickety table and a few dilapidated wooden chairs about in the middle. Over the chimney-piece was a large-sized photograph, in an Oxford frame, of her father in full hunting gear, mounted on his favourite horse Sunbeam; flanked on either side by two smaller pictures, representing severally Ricketts the huntsman holding her own chestnut horse, and old Mike the earth-stopper hugging a favourite fox-terrier. Mike had grinned broadly at the critical moment when he shouldn't have grinned, and had come out with his mouth stretched from ear to ear and no nose at all to speak of; and the terrier, having incontinently wagged his

tail, was permanently represented as owning two.

Above these specimens of art were nailed up a couple of horse-shoes, a miniature spur, supposed to fit on Georgie's own small heel, and a large collection of riding-whips. On the wall, over the chest of drawers, was carefully nailed a piece of crimson silk on which were hung in a row five brushes, surmounted by a stuffed fox's head. These were Georgie's greatest treasures, being all, as she would tell you with pride, her own "earnings" on those red-letter days of her life when she had been the only lady "in at the death."

Into this retreat Georgie came after the storm at lunch, hoping for a little peace which she was not long destined to enjoy. A tap at the door, and enter Cis, full of troubles and misery, which, flinging himself down on the only sound chair in the room, he proceeded to pour forth.

Why was his father so hard on him? could he help his constitution? Why was he to be forever sneered at and pitched into before every one? "Only this morning, Georgie, he spoke almost kindly—he wants me to marry Juliet."

"Well, and you want to marry Juliet yourself, don't you?" said Georgie, who was well aware of her brother's passion. She had seated herself on the table, dangling her feet backwards and forwards in a manner that much endangered her stability on that ancient piece of furniture. "It is easy enough to please papa in that, Cis—isn't it?"

"But Juliet is so cold to me. You know I went to see her yesterday; she didn't seem one bit glad to see me; and she has a way of overlooking one as if one was nobody. Do you know, all she found to say to me, after I had been there nearly ten minutes, was something about my whiskers!"

Georgie laughed merrily. "She was clever to find anything to say of them. I shouldn't have thought them big enough to be worth mentioning! but then I'm your sister. Don't despair, Cis—don't be shy and timid with her; I am *sure* she is fond of you; and you know she has always been brought up to think of you as her lover. Her father wished it and your father wishes it. I am sure I think your path is a pretty easy one, with everybody to make it smooth, and to clear away difficulties for you—heigho!" And poor Georgie gave a rueful sigh at the thought of her own very hopeless-looking little history.

Cis, when he found any one to listen to him, could talk about Juliet by the hour; he straightway went off into a rhapsody about her—about her beauty, her talent, her singing, and her charms of every kind, which Georgie, although she admired and liked Juliet excessively, found after a time somewhat wearisome.

Where is the woman who can listen for long to the tale of the charms of another of her sex, without feeling bored?

When Cis came to offering to fetch his last poetical effusion in praise of his divinity in order that Georgie might fully enter into his feelings, she found she could stand it no longer, and laughingly pushed him out of the room by the shoulders.

"If you come to poetry, my reason will go, you love-sick swain. You'd better not show me any poems, or I shall take them straight down to amuse papa!" at which awful threat Cis vanished, and it is needless to say did *not* return with any poetry.

CHAPTER V.

JULIET MAKES A DISCOVERY.

THE days at Sotherne Court slipped away swiftly and peacefully. Mr. Bruce had left; there was no longer any reason for his remaining; the business which had brought him down was concluded, and he had other work in town to attend to. But Colonel Fleming still lingered; the weather was fine and the shooting was good, and no one said a word about his leaving; he had nowhere else particularly to go, so he stopped on.

Mrs. Blair never came down stairs before luncheon time—there were, in truth, mysterious rites of the toilette to be gone through which took many hours' labour, and which probably accounted better for her late appearance than the shattered nerves which she pleaded as her excuse.

Juliet and her guardian got into the way of spending these long morning hours together. One day he had found her by herself, writing in the breakfast room.

"Why not bring all that into the library and keep me company, Juliet?"

"Shall I not be in your way?" she had asked, with a little hesitation.

"In my way? no, of course not! It is very unsociable of you to shut yourself up alone."

After that she sat in the library every morning with him. They did not talk much. Colonel Fleming either read the papers or wrote his Indian letters, or else he made a pretence of looking over some of the Sotherne estate deeds, a perfectly unnecessary proceeding, of which he himself was half ashamed. Juliet, too, wrote her letters or did her house accounts, or touched up her water-colour drawings.

One sat at one end of the table and one at the other. Williams, the bailiff and land agent, came in on business, then the coachman and gamekeeper for orders, or Mrs. Pearce, the housekeeper, knocked at the door with a "might she speak to Miss Blair for one minute?" so that it was by no means an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* that our two friends enjoyed. Still of course there were some mornings when no one disturbed them for several hours, and there is no denying that they found these mornings particularly delightful.

In the afternoon everything was altered. Mrs. Blair was downstairs; Cecil Travers dropped into lunch two days out of three, Colonel Fleming went out shooting, and Juliet drove or rode or walked, or stayed at home and received visitors, as she had always been accustomed to do before her guardian's arrival.

"That young Travers comes here very often!" remarked Colonel Fleming, one morning, breaking a long silence in which nothing had been audible but the scratch-scratching of two pens hard at work.

"Yes, he comes often," answered Juliet, with a smile, not looking up from her writing.

"He seems rather a muff," continued Colonel Fleming, disparagingly.

"Oh, not at all; you are quite mistaken!" she said, eagerly. "He is very delicate, poor boy, but he is really clever; he did so well at college, and he reads a great deal, and is very well informed; but he is not at all appreciated in his home, poor Cis, because Mr. Travers thinks nothing of any one who can't ride well, and it's so unfortunate for Cis that he is so timid constitutionally. He really *cannot* manage a horse in the least; and if he went at a fence I believe he would tumble off. He is very painfully conscious of it himself, poor fellow. I always feel sorry for him, because he is so snubbed at home."

"At all events he is appreciated here," said Hugh, who had listened to her eager defence with a meaning smile.

Juliet blushed a little. No woman likes her suitor, be his suit ever so little favoured by herself, to be called a muff.

"You are fond of him, Juliet?" continued her guardian, with his head thrown back in his chair, and looking at her mischievously through half-closed eyes: he could read her thoughts as if she had spoken them.

"I have known him all my life," answered Juliet, evasively. "I am used to him—why do you ask me?"

"Never mind why; the subject has an interest for me."

She raised her eyes for one moment and met his. Ah, what a volume is sometimes written in one look!

It was but the work of a second, and then Colonel Fleming mercifully and humanely put up the "Times" between himself and his ward that he might not see the glowing face of the girl as she bent it quickly down over her writing.

How her heart was beating! surely he would hear it, she thought in dismay; for in that one moment Juliet Blair had learnt her own secret!

Half with terror, half with a delicious joy, she had discovered that her heart was gone! I suppose no woman makes that discovery for the first time, without a spasm of absolute fear. Where will it lead her to, this new all absorbing tyrant that has invaded her existence—what will be the end of it?

Juliet ordered her horse and took a long solitary ride that afternoon, that she might think it all out and fairly realise this new thing that had come to her.

To a woman of weaker feelings and narrower mind, to be loved is generally more important than to love. Flattered vanity, gratified self-esteem, the natural pleasure that every woman has in taking the upper hand of the other sex, all these mingled feelings come in and help to make up what most women honestly believe to be love. In nine out of ten so-called love matches,

the love is all on the man's side, and the pleasure of being loved only on the woman's.

For Juliet Blair this was not so; she loved the man of herself, not because he loved her; indeed she did not know, and hardly troubled herself to think in those first moments, whether he did love her at all. With all the depth and intensity of a nature that was at once passionate and devoted, impulsive and steadfast, she felt that she had learnt to love this man with the whole strength of her being. All her life long others had worshipped and adored her; she had been queen and they her slaves; but this man was her master; without him her life had been an incomplete thing. With him her whole existence took a new meaning. Henceforth there was but one man on earth for her; one who could stir her pulses or dominate her life, whose voice could thrill through her heart, or whose presence could fill her soul with a joy that those alone who have loved with a passion can understand.

And the man was Hugh Fleming. Not Cecil, the gentle, sensitive affectionate boy who had adored her for years, who was her equal in years and position, whom all her friends had wished her to love, and whom her dead father had chosen for her husband; not him, but the man who but a month ago had been utterly unknown to her, whose years doubled her own, whose life was half spent and whose youth was over; the man who was to have been her guardian and her adviser, who was to have guided her in her choice of a husband, and to have stood in her father's place at the wedding, and whom certainly that father had never for one moment contemplated in the light of her possible lover!

There was no shame in her heart that she had given her love unasked. It did not in those first moments trouble her whether or not it was likely to be returned. She was proud of it, proud of herself for loving him; for was he not worthy to be loved; was he not everything that a woman could most desire to possess? Strong in mind and body, was he not a man to whom she could turn instinctively for help and support; whose judgment must be unerring, whose word must be her law?

But by-and-by, as she rode slowly down a narrow lane, flicking the dying hedgerows idly with her whip, other thoughts began to stir her heart—there came to her a recollection of the "past" in his life to which he had more than once alluded. Some love, as she had guessed, had once filled his life and was dead and gone, leaving behind a void and a blank in his heart; could that void never be filled up? had that past love been so powerful and intense, even such as she felt now in herself, that it could never be renewed? Would Hugh Fleming never love again? Who is it who talks about first love? is it true that a man who has once loved can never love again, in the same manner?

And at these questions that she asked herself, the flush of excitement faded slowly from Juliet's cheek, and her face grew weary and sad.

All at once the landscape looked grey and dreary, the sunshine seemed to have faded, the trees with their falling leaves looked gaunt and cheerless; for the first time, she noticed the white mist creeping up from the valley towards her. With a little shiver she turned her horse's head quickly and rode homewards.

In the hall at Sotherne, Cis Travers came eagerly forward to meet her.

"Oh, here you are! I have been waiting for you. How long you have been out, Juliet; how white you are! You should not ride so far; you look tired out," he said, following her with eager solicitude towards the staircase.

"Let me alone," said Juliet, crossly; "don't you suppose that I am old enough to take care of myself!"

An impulsive nature has always its weaknesses; Juliet at that moment felt a positive dislike to the boy and his tender anxiety. The young fellow drew back abashed and repulsed by her fretful words.

Eventually she repented of her unkindness to him and asked him to stay to dinner, an invitation which Cis eagerly availed himself of.

Nothing had occurred that need have altered her manner to her guardian, and yet she felt, when they met in the evening, that she could not speak naturally to him; she was thankful for the presence of Cis Travers, and addressed herself almost exclusively to him all dinner time. She talked more than was usual to her, asking him numberless questions about himself and his interests, and reviving all sorts of half playful, half

affectionate reminiscences concerning little incidents in their childish days. Cis had never seen her so gracious and so encouraging to him. His spirits rose, he became excited and animated, till Juliet, who had never before taken such pains to draw him out, was surprised to find how pleasantly he could talk.

Colonel Fleming could not quite make her out; he thought he was being punished for having called Cis a muff, and revenged himself by being particularly agreeable to Mrs. Blair.

That lady was not slow to appreciate his tte ntions. She always laid herself out to fascinate him, but seldom met with such success as on this evening.

"It is all this scarf *à la Pompadour*, with the *marquise* cap," she said to herself; "I knew it suited me to perfection, in spite of that little fool Ernestine." Ernestine was Mrs. Blair's French maid.

Whereas, Colonel Fleming could hardly have told you at the end of the evening whether his fair charmer wore black or white, velvet or brown holland!

She was full of mysterious nods and winks, and little jerks of the head in the direction of the two young people.

"How well they get on!" she whispered behind her fan; "it will be all settled in a few days, you will see—don't they look happy together!"

"Let me give you a little more chicken," said Colonel Fleming, ignoring entirely, with a brutal indifference, the happiness of the young couple.

"Not any, thanks. Aha! always so hard-hearted to a love affair, you naughty, *cruel* man!" laughed the widow, softly. "Ah! If I could only give you a little of my *exquisite* sympathy in matters of the heart—I who have too much sensitiveness. My beloved husband used always to blame me for it. 'My darling Maria,' he used frequently to say to me, 'try and control yourself; you wear yourself out with so much sensibility:' and that is my defect. I am conscious of it," she added, with a pretty sorrowful little sigh.

"Sense and sensibility," said Hugh, gallantly, with a touch of unperceived sarcasm; "they generally go together!"

"Flatterer!" answered the lady, tapping his hand with her ever ready fan. At which Juliet stopped short in the middle of what she was saying and stared at her, and then got very red and went on talking again.

Everybody was at odds that evening.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Blair and Cis enjoyed themselves, for certainly the other two did not.

But after a night spent in sleeplessly tossing up and down upon her bed, in self-torturings and self-scoldings, Juliet rose in the morning in a more reasonable frame of mind.

It was a hopelessly wet day, wet and windy, with the leaves coming down off the trees in showers; a day that made Squire Travers rub his hands gleefully together as he drew aside his blind and looked out of the window. "That's the sort; soon bring the leaves all off the hedges at this rate!" he muttered hopefully to himself.

But Miss Blair, who was not so keen about hunting as her neighbour, and loved each season's pleasures in their turn, was sorry to see the last of her roses and scarlet geraniums lying all dashed and draggled on the sloppy lawn. The whole valley was filled with a misty drizzle, and the west wind howled in a melancholy way among the tall chimneys of the old house.

Juliet met her guardian at breakfast with pitiful bemoanings over this dismal change in the weather. Let us be thankful that we are born under showery skies and changing winds, and that Providence has bestowed upon us a gift so appropriate to our needs as an ever varying climate! Let us be thankful, we that are blessed with neither the ease of manner nor the fluent tongue of our French neighbours,—that are, on the contrary, awkward, silent, and self-conscious under trying circumstances,—let us be thankful, I say, for the ever ready subject of conversation which has been mercifully meted out to us to compensate in some measure for these defects!

Oh, much abused, much belied climate of the British Isles, damp, rheumatic, neuralgic, unwholesome though you be—we owe you at least this, that you cover our mistakes, veil our confusions, screen our awkwardnesses, and provide for us, one and all, an easy and convenient channel whereby we may escape unscathed in the emotional moments of our lives!

Juliet was very thankful to the driving rain and lowering skies that day at breakfast. The morning papers did the rest, and

took away from the awkwardness of a *tête-à-tête* which she had never found oppressive before.

And yet—when she had gone about her household duties, and scolded the cook, and consulted with the housekeeper, and made sundry insinuating suggestions to old Higgs the butler, who always called her "Miss Juliet," and treated her with a fatherly patronage as if the cellar was his personal property, out of which in consideration for her sex and general weakness he kindly allowed her to have a few bottles of wine—and yet, after these ordinary daily duties were completed, Juliet, with that perversity which is essentially a feminine peculiarity, went of her own accord into the library.

She was unreasonably disappointed and mortified to find the room empty, and sat down to her writing in the most aggrieved frame of mind. After a few minutes, however, Colonel Fleming came in: he had a large portfolio under his arm, which he proceeded to deposit in front of her. "I promised to show you my sketches, some day, Juliet; as it is a wet morning, suppose we look at them now."

The girl was delighted, and soon got over her nervous self-consciousness in the pleasure of turning over the drawings and listening to his animated descriptions of the scenes and subjects they represented.

There were Indian temples and palaces, views on the Ganges, views of the Himalayas, spirited little subjects descriptive of pig-sticking and tiger hunts, all set in a gorgeous flare of Eastern colouring; side by side with tamer bits of woodland or seacoast, or dreamy distant views over English hedgerows and under English skies.

Juliet was enchanted with all she saw; she had an artistic eye herself, and keenly appreciated the bold hand and correct colouring displayed in the sketches in Hugh Fleming's fortfolio, indicating, as they did, no mean capacity for art.

She had looked them carefully all through, and was standing at the table replacing the drawings into the book, when there fluttered out from among them a small coloured crayon sketch which she had not noticed before, and which fell at her feet under the table.

Juliet stooped to pick it up. It was the head of a woman, a young girl, apparently about seventeen, fair and delicate looking, with flaxen hair falling in curls on either side of her face in an old-fashioned way, and with large blue eyes and a gentle, timid-looking mouth. Underneath the sketch, in Hugh's bold large hand-writing, which Juliet had no difficulty in recognizing, was written, "June 16, 1849.—My darling Annie."

With an exclamation, Colonel Fleming attempted to take the little sketch from her hand. Juliet turned upon him speechless, but with crimson cheeks and blazing eyes, and in another instant the pale tinted face was torn right across, and the two pieces fell fluttering on to the ground between them.

It was all the work of one minute, and in the next, Juliet, in an agony of shame and contrition, had burst into a passion of angry tears. Hugh Fleming turned first very white and then very red. He stooped down and picked up the damaged sketch.

"How could you be so careless, Juliet?" he said, trying to steady his voice, which trembled with some suppressed emotion; "how stupid of you to tear this little old sketch! I did not know I had it still: don't cry, my dear child; it doesn't much signify: of course it was an accident—every one has accidents occasionally. I am sure you will put the pieces together as well as you can for me, won't you?" and he thrust the drawing into her hand.

"Mr. Travers wishes to speak to you in the morning room, please, Miss," here broke in Higgs the butler, opening the door.

Juliet jumped up, hastily brushed away her tears, and, murmuring something indistinct about being sorry for her stupidity, she hurriedly left the room, carrying away the torn fragments of the crayon sketch in her hand.

CHAPTER VI.

ERNESTINE LOOKS FOR A FAN.

CECIL TRAVERS was kept waiting fully a quarter of an hour for Miss Blair in the morning room. Emboldened by her manner to him on the previous evening, the unlucky youth had decided on coming over the first thing in the morning, to place his fate once more in her hands.

He could not, as it happens, have chosen a more inopportune moment.

Juliet came into the room with a thunder-

cloud on her face. My heroine was not, as it will be noticed, blessed with an angelic temper.

"What is it you want, Cis?" she said as she entered the room; and certainly no more unpromising foundation whereupon to construct a declaration of love was ever presented to an unfortunate young man.

"I came—I came—oh, Juliet!" taking hold of both her hands; "you know very well what I have come for. You were so good to me last night, and so kind and nice that I thought—I thought——"

"You thought you would make an idiot of yourself once more; is that it, Cis?"

"Oh, Juliet, I do so love you! Don't you think you could like me a little? don't you think you are fonder of me than you used to be?"

"My dear Cis, I thought we had talked all this over before," said Juliet, sitting down and resigning herself to her fate. "I have told you over and over again that, though I am fond of you as an old friend, you really must not expect anything more from me. Why don't you try and put the idea out of your head?"

The boy stood silent before her with a downcast face and the tears slowly welling up into his blue eyes.

"Come, come, Cis," said Juliet, touched by the sight of his sorrow and putting out her hand kindly towards him. "Come, be a man; look at it in its proper light. I don't love you in that way, Cis, and I never shall, never! We should not be in the least suited to each other. Though you are two years older than I am, yet I am years older in life than you. You would go your way and I mine. We should never be happy together. And, besides, I don't love you as your wife should love you. Cis, my poor old boy, don't look so unhappy; there are plenty more women in the world, far better than I am, who will be fond of you some day."

"Oh, don't talk to me of other women, I can't bear it!" groaned Cis, turning away from her to hide his face of misery. "Don't take away hope, Juliet; tell me to wait. I have been too quick again, I haven't given you time enough. I will go away again and wait—years—any time you like; only, for God's sake, don't say you won't let me come here and see you as usual!"

"Of course, Cis, come here as usual—why, after knowing you all my life; how could I say otherwise! But indeed, indeed, I don't think I must let you hope anything else. I will be your friend all my life, Cis, but don't ask me for anything more."

Poor Cis was fairly sobbing; he leant his head down on the table and gave free vent to his misery, whilst Juliet, with those half measures that women so selfishly delight in, thought to console him by standing over him, stroking his hands, and pushing back his fair hair from his forehead; she even stooped down and gave him a gentle kiss, murmuring the most affectionate and tender words into his ear—proceedings which filled the unhappy Cis with a mixture of ecstacy and wretchedness that sent him almost beside himself.

When, however, wound up to a pitch of absolute despair by her kindness, Cis went down on his knees before her, clung to her hands with passionate kisses, and entreated her to relent and promise to marry him, Juliet, after the manner of her capricious sex, drew back, spoke to him shortly and sternly, told him to get up and not make a fool of himself, and used other such wholesome but unpalatable words as quickly brought the young gentleman to his senses.

"It is time you went, Cis; I don't want a scene, and I can say nothing more to you; take my advice—go away from home for a little while, and then, when you are more sensible and can look at things in a brighter light, come back and see me again."

"Yes, I will do everything you think best; I will go away, and I won't bother you again—at least not yet; but I shall love you all my life, Juliet. I don't think I am such a boy as you think; at all events it is no boy's love that I feel. I shall never marry any one else but you, and if you won't have me for a husband I will stand by you as your friend and your brother till I die!" So, very crestfallen, but not altogether ingloriously, Cis Travers took his departure.

"Wasn't Cis Travers here this morning?" asked Mrs. Blair of her stepdaughter as they sat together over their fancy work that afternoon.

"Yes, he was," answered Juliet, rather shortly.

"I hope you haven't refused him again, Juliet," said the widow, enquiringly, looking closely at her.

"What if I had! I don't know that I

need confide Cis's love affairs to any one, Mrs. Blair," said the girl resentfully, for to bully her about Cis was one of Mrs. Blair's favourite amusements.

"Juliet, I *hope* you haven't sent that poor young man quite away; I hope you have given him a little encouragement."

"What *does* it matter?" said Juliet, jumping up and scattering her fancy work on to the carpet. "When I am engaged to be married, I will let you know at once, Mrs. Blair, you may be quite sure of *that!*" This was added defiantly, with distinct allusion to the fact, which was tacitly understood between them, that, when she married, Mrs. Blair would probably have to seek other quarters.

Juliet gathered up her tumbled worsteds and silks and left the room with a little short laugh which, had she seen the malignant glance which her stepmother cast after her, would probably have been less triumphant.

Mademoiselle Ernestine, Mrs. Blair's French maid, was a young woman of varied accomplishments and great discretion of character.

Not only was she a consummate *artiste* in all the intricacies of dress and fashion, in all the mysterious and varied methods of adorning the hair, and in still more mysterious processes of beautifying the human countenance, into which it does not become you and me, oh, my reader, to pry too closely! but also was this young person an astute observer of life and character. She knew when to speak and what to say, and she knew also,—oh, rare and wonderful talent in a woman!—she knew when to hold her tongue.

That same evening, whilst Ernestine was brushing out those mysterious plaits and bows of Mrs. Blair's fair hair, of which no mortal being save those two could entirely guess the wondrous construction, the lady observed carelessly:

"Miss Blair cannot go much out into the garden in the morning this weather, can she, Ernestine?"

"Oh no, madame! What a privation for Mademoiselle! she so fond of the flowers!"

"And it must be dull for her in the morning room all by herself, mustn't it?" continued the widow.

"Ah, oui, madame, cette pauvre chère demoiselle! it must be triste á faire peur; it is certainly no wonder that Mademoiselle should refugiate herself in the librairie with Monsieur le Colonel, who is so silen tand quiet, not a companion so cheerful as a lady would be for her, pauvre demoiselle!"

"Thanks, that will do for to-night, Ernestine; bring me my slippers and my book of Meditations. I don't want you any more. Good night"—and the waiting maid was dismissed.

The next morning, when Ernestine brought in her mistress's cup of chocolate, the lady said to her as she drew aside the bed curtain and placed the dainty little china tray beside her:

"Go down into the library, Ernestine, and look for my fan; I think I left it there last night."

The fan lay conspicuously on the dressing table; but Ernestine, who could be dumb or blind as occasion demanded, answered demurely:

"Oui, madame;" and departed.

In the course of five minutes she returned.

"I cannot find it anywhere, madame, and ah, tiens, there it is! Dieu, que je suis bête! and I who searched everywhere under all the tables, and monsieur himself was so good as to help me to look; but mademoiselle said she felt sure you had taken it upstairs with you." Having thus imparted the information which she knew was required, Mademoiselle Ernestine busied herself about the room.

"Ernestine," said Mrs. Blair, after a few minutes, "I feel so fresh and well this morning, I think if you will bring me my bath I will get up at once; it is a nice morning, isn't it?"

It was a gusty, showery day, hardly finer than its predecessor; but Ernestine replied with alacrity that it was "adorablement beau;" and Mrs. Blair proceeded to get up.

Downstairs, Juliet was standing timidly at the back of Colonel Fleming's chair holding in her hand the torn sketch very carefully pasted on a piece of cardboard, so that the rent was almost invisible. "I—I have mended it as well as I could," she was saying with a crimson face and trembling voice.

Colonel Fleming waited for half a minute before laying down his pen and turning towards her, possibly in order to give her time to control herself.

"You have mended what? Oh, ah, the little sketch!" he said, not looking up at her; "that is very kind of you; there was

no hurry about it. It is a pretty face, is it not? Would you like me to tell you the story of that poor girl, Juliet? I think you would be sorry for her; sit down here," wheeling an arm-chair in front of the fire for her; "there, are you comfortable? let me give you a footstool: and now I will tell you about her." Juliet sat as she was told and looked away from him into the fire.

"Every one, I suppose, has some romance, either sad or sweet, in their past lives, and Annie Chalmers is mine," he began, not looking at her, whilst Juliet's heart beat fast and painfully.

"It was years and years ago, almost before you were born, that I first met her. She was the sweetest, gentlest, most innocent little soul that God ever created. She lived alone with her father in a tiny house just on the outskirts of a great deep wood. I was in the —th then, and we were quartered in the neighbouring dead-alive little Cathedral town. Perhaps at first it was only for want of something better to do, but at all events I got into the habit of walking out to their cottage on summer evenings. I used to stroll over there in the dusk, and her father and I would sit outside in the garden smoking our pipes by the open window, and she used to sit inside in the darkness singing to us all sorts of quaint old-fashioned songs in her sweet pure voice; and then, when I went away she would walk out to the end of the garden with me and stand and talk to me at the gate before I left. One night we were standing there together under the honeysuckle archway; there were all sorts of sweet smells in the air from the midsummer flowers about us, and the moonshine was gleaming white and still over the lawn, and through the dark trunks of the trees in the wood beyond; presently, I recollect, a soft white owlet flew by us with a little cry that made her start and cling to my hand. It was all so silent that we could hear the brook tinkling over the stones at the bottom of the field; and we ourselves ceased talking, to listen to the still voices of the night; and then I don't know how it all came about, or why I did it, but suddenly I took my darling into my arms all in the silver midsummer's moonlight and told her that I loved her, and found out from the fluttering of her heart that she too loved me.

"Well, it was of course the most foolish and imprudent engagement that two young things ever entered into. I had nothing but my pay in those days, and she was absolutely penniless. Her father stormed and swore at me a bit at first; but after a day or two, when Annie had hung on his neck and wept and prayed and entreated, he had no longer the heart to refuse her anything. He found out, heaven knows by what pinching and saving and selling out of his slender capital, that he could give her a thousand pounds, and for the rest we must live on my pay, and trust, as so many do, to luck or chance, or rub along through life as best we could.

"Annie, dear little soul, had no fears. What were butchers' and bakers' bills to her! Such sordid vulgar cares never troubled her; her home had been certainly a modest one, but still she had never been brought face to face with dunning tradesmen or pinching penury. She had beautiful high-flown poetical ideas about the delight of starving with me on a crust of bread, and giving up everything else on earth for love—words of which, poor child, she had not in fact the faintest comprehension; she used to trip along by my side with her hands twisted over my arm, solemnly going over in one moment all she would do and bear and suffer for my sake, in a way that, when I gazed down at her little fragile figure, which looked as if the first rough wind must blow her away, made my heart sink with dismay; and then in the next moment she would be prattling like a child of the home we should have together, all filled with fresh flowers and bright coloured chintzes and pink and white muslin, till I could not help smiling at her simplicity and utter ignorance of the harsh unlovely world I was going to take her into."

It will surprise no one to learn that at this juncture Miss Blair mentally ejaculated, "Little fool!"

"Well," continued Hugh Fleming, after a moment's pause, "well, after we had been engaged about six weeks, orders came for my regiment to go to India. That was a dreadful blow for the old man; if he had known it at first, I doubt if he ever would have consented to our engagement; but it was too late now. Annie said her heart would break if she were not allowed to go out with me; her father could not help himself, he was obliged to hide his own suffering and to let her go.

"Of course the result of the change in my prospects was that we must be married at once. We had to start in a month, and there was barely time to get ready her outfit and to make all arrangements for our wedding, so as to allow us a clear week in England before embarking at Southampton.

"Privately, Annie and I thought the Horse Guards had played into our hands in the most delightful and exemplary manner in the world! Instead of being doomed to the tedium of a long and uncertain engagement, here were we forced, as it were, into immediate matrimony by circumstances over which we had no control whatever. We were careful, however, not to hurt the old man's feelings by any unseemly display of this very selfish glee.

"I can hardly remember all that happened during those last three weeks. I know we were both very busy; she went up to London for two days to stay with an aunt who was to help her to get her things, and I, too, was obliged to run up to town two or three times. What with extra regimental duties consequent on such a sudden start, looking after the men's outfits and my own, and what with having to go, again and again, to the lawyers to see about the settlement of her thousand pounds,—and lawyers can take as much time over a thousand pounds as they can over sixty,—you may fancy that I had plenty of business on my hands, and had not much spare time left for anything. In truth, I saw very little of Annie just then —a fact which has since caused me endless and most painful self-reproaches.

"I was continually thinking that as I was so soon to have her all to myself it did not so much matter that so many days slipped by without my seeing her at all. Alas! if I had but known!

"At last everything was settled, and Jim Lester, our Major, was to be my best man. He is dead now, poor fellow; he was killed at Lucknow. Such a tall handsome man he was—he always did best man to all the young fellows in the regiment who made fools of themselves, as he would say, and then stood godfather to their first babies. He was so accustomed to it, he used to say that he could do either office in his sleep; his only fear being that he might some day forget at which ceremony he was assisting, and interpolate sponsorial answers into the solemnisation of Holy Matrimony. Indeed, there was a story currently reported and universally believed in, that being best man on one occasion to a certain Captain Gordon, who was fortunate enough to win the hand of a very pretty heiress much run after by all the unmarried officers in the —th, the parson having duly asked 'Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife etc.,' Jim Lester in a loud and fervent voice, audible all over the church, made response, 'That is my desire,' which so took away the bridegroom's breath that he was completely placed *hors de combat*, and never answered 'I will' at all, so that the clergyman had to proceed rapidly to the next paragraph in the service in order to cover his hopeless confusion, whilst Jim Lester never found out that he had done anything wrong until the time came for kissing the bridesmaids in the vestry.

"Well, the day before the wedding came, and I went over to the cottage. The peaceful house seemed strange and unlike itself. There was the aunt from London, and two cousins who were to be her bridesmaids, and a clergyman uncle who was to marry us. We had a scramble pic-nic tea-party in Mr. Chalmers's little smoking room, as the dining room, I was told, was laid out for the next day's feast. We were all very merry, but my Annie looked a little pale and worried.

"When I rose to go, she followed me out of the room.

"'Look here,' she said, and turned the key of the dining-room door and made me go in. Isn't it pretty? I have arranged it all myself; it only wants a few more flowers round the cake to be perfect.'

"There was the table all laid out with snowy linen and bright glasses, and piles of fruit and pastry in silver dishes, and in the middle the white sugared bridal cake, and over all a perfect flower garden of roses and fuchsias, and great white Ascension lilies in scented pyramids.

"'Isn't it lovely? and I have arranged all the flowers myself.'

"'You have tired yourself out, I am afraid, little woman,' I said, drawing her near to me.

"'But isn't it pretty, Hugh?' she asked again.

"And then I praised her handiwork with heaven knows how many foolishly fond lover's words.

"'I must go now,' I said.

"'Then say good-bye, Hugh,' she answered, putting up her arms round my neck.

"'Good-night,' I answered.

"'Not good-night! say good-bye,' she persisted.

"'Why good-bye, Annie? surely good night is a more fitting word between us now.'

"'But I should like you to say good-bye best; it is good-bye to Annie Chalmers, you know.'

"I have often wondered what made her say this; whether it was a mere chance whim, or whether, indeed, there was some presentiment in her mind of what the morrow was to bring forth. At the time I thought nothing of it; I smiled at her fanciful request, and granted it playfully; and then she came down the garden with me, and stood in the honeysuckle archway after I parted from her, as she had always been accustomed to do. When I reached the corner of the wood I turned to wave my hand to her; there she stood, a slight white motionless figure looking after me in the dusky twilight. I never saw her again alive; never, never.

"Early the next morning, half an hour even before the very early hour at which I had ordered my servant to call me, I was awakened by a clattering of horse's hoofs on the stones of the barrack yard outside my window. I don't know why, but there seemed something ominous to me in the sound; there was nothing very unusual in it, and yet somehow I connected it immediately with myself. Five minutes after, Jim Lester came into my room with a face as scared and white as if he had seen a ghost.

"'Something is wrong, Fleming; you must get up at once, and we must go over to the cottage. I have ordered my dog-cart; be as quick as you can—and,' he added, as he turned away again to the door, 'put on your shooting-jacket, old fellow,' and by that I knew that there would be no wedding for me that day!

"Dear old Jim Lester! who that had known you could say that there are not men in the world as pitiful, as tender-hearted, as full of exquisite tact and perfect sympathy and heaven-born compassion as any woman that ever lived!

"During that two miles' drive to the cottage in Jim's dog cart, we neither of us spoke one single word. I did not dare ask what had happened, or whether he knew. An awful certainty of the truth was upon me, and yet I kept saying over and over again to myself:

"'Of course, it's old Chalmers has had a stroke; of course it's the old man; old men always have strokes and fits.'

"Once I think I said it aloud, and then Jim just laid his hand lightly on mine for a minute, as a woman might have done, but he never spoke.

"But when I got there, there was no longer any need for me to ask. A frightened group of women stood in the narrow hall. When I came in at the doorway they made way for me to pass in silence, and I walked straight upstairs.

"On the little landing above, a door opened, and some one said, 'Here he is.'

"And then old Chalmers said, 'Oh, my poor boy!' and took my hand and led me into the room.

"*Her* room! On a chair was huddled up her wedding finery, her white dress and her veil, and the orange blossoms; the bouquet I had sent her from Covent Garden the day before, lay on the dressing-table. I think I saw them all in that moment, down to her gloves, knocked off the table and lying on the floor beside her satin slippers. And she—my bride, my darling—lay there on the still warm and ruffled bed, which she had apparently but just left, dead—quite dead!

"It was the doctor behind me who spoke. 'It is heart disease; nothing could have saved her; it must have been the fatigue and excitement that killed her. She could not have suffered at all; we must be thankful for that.'

"'Why was I not sent for?' I said, hoarsely.

"'There was no time,' said the father; 'she was dressing, and felt a little faint; she called her cousin from the next room, and she was so frightened at the look in her face that she called her mother. They had hardly time to fetch me—as I came into the room she died.'

"And then I don't know what happened. I think I fell forward on to the bed with an exceeding bitter cry, and everything became darkness around me. Then like a voice out of a fog some one said, 'Take him away,

he should not be here, poor fellow! take him out of the room.'

"And it was the aunt, I think, who led me down stairs by the hand, I groping my way down like a blind man.

"'Not there, not there, anywhere but there!' I cried, as the poor woman, hardly conscious probably of what she was doing, opened the dining-room door.

"For there I saw again the white table all laid out with the fruits and the bridal cake, and the roses and the white Ascension lilies, and seemed to hear again my darling's voice, "Isn't it pretty, Hugh? say good-bye to me, not good-night! say good-bye,' as she had said it only last night.

"Ah, God, that was an awful day! to this hour I shudder when I think of it.

"There is not much more to tell you, Juliet. A few days later, and I was standing by her open grave in the little churchyard, through which I had thought she would have passed by my side in all her bridal finery.

"It killed her father; he only survived about a year. I heard afterwards that her mother had died suddenly in the same way; so I suppose she had inherited a weak heart from her. I went out to India the following week alone; and except to Jim Lester, from that day to this, Juliet, you are the first person to whom the name of Annie Chalmers has passed my lips."

Colonel Fleming ceased speaking, and for a few minutes there was silence in the room; only the clock ticked on between them, and a blazing coal fell noisily out of the grate into the fender.

Then he got up and came and stood over her; "I have told you my story, Juliet; you see it is all past and gone by, a great many years ago; my life is perhaps over, and yours is only just beginning—now tell me something; why did you so ruthlessly tear that poor little face in half yesterday?"

"You—you said it was an accident; besides, I did not know," stammered Juliet, crimsoning painfully.

"That is no answer, Juliet—why did you do it?"

He bent down over her and took hold of both her hands, and the lids dropped over her conscious eyes that could not look up to meet his.

"I *will* know; why did you do it? child, tell me!" and there was a tremor of unspoken passion in his voice. "Tell me, darling—why did you?"

"Ah, good morning, good people!" He dropped Juliet's hands as if they burnt him, and they both started apart guiltily as Mrs. Blair, all radiant in grey cashmere and pink silk, with a white Shetland shawl becomingly draped over her shoulders, sailed into the room.

"Good morning, Colonel; now, where *can* that black and gold fan of mine be! Ernestine is as blind as a bat, and never can find anything, and I *know* I must have left it here last night; Juliet, love, is it not on that table near you?—no? then where can it be! Ah, here is that silly Ernestine!" and enter that damsel demurely carrying the fan.

"Here is the fan, madame; I have found him on your table of toilette under the sachet."

How both these consummate actresses managed to keep their countenances to each other during this playing out of their little parts was certainly almost miraculous!

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BRUCE'S LETTER.

"YOU will let me sit here and write a letter, won't you, Colonel Fleming?" said Mrs. Blair, when Juliet, on her inopportune entrance, had effected a hasty retreat.

Of course Colonel Fleming was delighted to have Mrs. Blair's company. From his using it so much, the room had come to be looked upon as essentially his.

The lady sat down, dipped her pen in the ink, and began to write. Now and then she glanced at her companion, who, with a perfectly impassive face, sat apparently absorbed in the *Saturday Review*.

It was not a very long letter, but the composition of it seemed to afford her a good deal of trouble, for she laid down her pen and pondered several times.

"You must be *very* urgent," she wrote, "for I fear Juliet is inclined to be headstrong, and to throw herself away in an entirely new and *most undeserving* quarter; it would be a dreadful mistake,—and with such a property. The responsibility rests almost

entirely on yourself." And she signed her name and put up the letter in a faint-scented, grey-tinted envelope, which she sealed and addressed to "Josiah Bruce, Esq., 199 Austin Friars, City," with an underlined *Private* in large letters in the left-hand corner.

It was astonishing how affectionately devoted Mrs. Blair was to her step-daughter all that day. She hardly let her out of her sight; she was untiring in her efforts to amuse and entertain her; she offered to wind her wools, to play her accompaniments, to go out driving with her, and even to help her with her visits in the village.

Juliet was in such a strange exalted state of mind that she was scarcely conscious of these unwonted attentions; but when the evening came, she found that she had not spoken a single word to her guardian since the morning.

When they went upstairs to bed, Mrs. Blair did a most unusual thing; she followed Juliet into her bedroom.

"Juliet, love, I have something to say to you; I fear, something you won't like—something disagreeable."

"One seldom does like disagreeable things, my dear Mrs. Blair. What is it that you are going to tell me?

"Well, dear, it is about yourself. You don't generally like my advice, even when it is best meant, I know; but still——"

"I am afraid I am not very amenable to advice," said the girl, with a momentary softening towards the woman whose falseness she always instinctively fathomed with the clear-sightedness of a perfectly candid and sincere nature; "you know I have had my own way so much; but I shall really be glad to listen to any advice you can give me."

"Well, love, it is about Colonel Fleming and yourself."

"What do you mean?" In an instant she was like a creature at bay, turning on her stepmother with flashing eyes.

"Don't get angry, Juliet; but do you think it is *quite* wise or prudent to sit so much alone in the library with Colonel Fleming in the morning? Of course you and I know what nonsense such a thing must be; but people are so stupid, and it gives rise to talk."

"People! what people? and who talks?"

"Why, things are said in the house—in the servants' hall."

"How *dare* they!" cried Juliet, frantically.

"Yes, of course love, it is most impertinent; but you see servants notice things just like any one else," said Mrs. Blair, deprecatingly.

"And how can you lower yourself to listen to tittle-tattle from the servants' hall, Mrs. Blair?"

"Hush, hush, my dear; don't scold at me; I never listen, never; as I always tell Ernestine, "don't bring things to *me*."

"I hate that Ernestine!" broke in the girl, passionately.

"Ernestine is a very valuable servant, and I don't intend to part with her," said Mrs. Blair, with a touch of temper, which, however, was instantly suppressed; "but, my love, that is not the point. As I was saying, they *will* talk, and isn't it a pity to give occasion for such talk? Of course, you and I know how absurd it is; quite ridiculous, in fact; a man such years older than yourself, so grave and serious, and your guardian, too; something almost improper in the idea, isn't there? and you half engaged to Cis Travers, too!"

"Be good enough to leave Cis Travers's name out of the question, Mrs. Blair," said Juliet, by this time fairly stamping with fury. "I consider myself quite incapable of doing anything that is unseemly or unfitting to my position in this house, and I shall certainly not alter my conduct for any impertinent remarks which may be made upon it by your maid!"

"Well, dearest, don't be so angry about it; I am sure I only meant to give you a motherly hint, and you must not bear me a grudge for it, will you, darling?"

"Thank you; I dare say you thought it was your duty," said Juliet, coldly; at which Mrs. Blair declared that she was a sweet, dear, warm-hearted, generous-souled darling, flung her arms round her, and kissed her almost with rapture, Juliet submitting to the operation with a very bad grace.

But afterwards the shot told, as Mrs. Blair, who understood her victim, probably knew that it would. For Juliet breakfasted in her own room the next morning, and then, it being a bright fine day, went straight out to the home farm and the village, and to call on the clergyman's wife, and did not come in till the luncheon bell was ringing.

As she entered, she met Colonel Fleming in the hall.

"Why, where have you been hiding yourself all the morning?" he said, as he went forward to greet her.

"I have been out; I had to go into the village and to the farm."

"You mustn't do that again. I can't spare you; I have wanted you all the morning," he said, with a ring in his voice that sent a thrill of delight to her heart.

And then Mrs. Blair came sailing down upon them from above, and they all three went in to luncheon.

Juliet decided that she would not punish herself so foolishly another day; she would go into the library as usual the next morning.

But the next morning, fate, in the shape of a letter in a blue envelope that lay by Colonel Fleming's plate at breakfast time, intervened.

The letter ran thus:

Dear Sir,—I very much wish you would run up to town for a few days; to begin with, I should like you to meet Davidson about the sale of those small Dorsetshire farms, as we could settle it all so much better in a personal interview with him. I also much wish to have some talk with you about another matter that is most seriously on my conscience, namely, the Travers alliance. I have had a visit from young Mr. Travers himself, who has been good enough to honour me with his confidence, and I have also received a letter from his father on the same subject, and I think that you and I, my dear sir, shall be wanting in our duty to Miss Blair, and in our due regard for the maintenance of her very fine property, if we do not do our utmost to carry out her late father's wishes on this most important point.

I am, sir, yours faithfully, JOSIAH BRUCE.

Colonel Fleming read this letter over twice most carefully, and then laid it down by the side of his plate and went on with his breakfast in absolute silence.

"Can I have the dog-cart to take me to the station this morning to meet the 12.30 train, Juliet?" he asked, after some minutes.

"Certainly; but why?"

"I find I must go up to town to-day."

"Then I will drive you to the station in my pony carriage; that will be much pleasanter, don't you think so?"

"No doubt, fair hostess; but I fear it is not possible, as I must take my portmanteau."

"Your portmanteau! Why, I thought you meant for the day! For how long are you going?" said Juliet, laying down her knife and fork.

"I must be away a few days, perhaps a week," he answered, not looking at her, and speaking rather rapidly.

"A week!" she repeated, with a dull dismay in her voice.

"Yes, I have a good many things I ought to begin to see to. Time slips away so rapidly, and my leave will not last for ever; and now Mr. Bruce writes that he wants me to see about—about the Dorsetshire farms you have settled to sell. Yes, I think it will take me about a week. If you will kindly excuse me, I will go and see after putting up my things." He spoke rather nervously, and rose to leave the room.

"Oh, let Higgs see to all that," said Juliet, impatiently.

"Thanks; I will go and speak to him;" and he went.

Juliet sat still in a sort of stupor. A week! what an endless blank of days it seemed! what a sudden break in her fool's paradise! What could take him away from her like that for a whole week, with so much that was unspoken between them, and that last question that he had asked her still unanswered?

Almost before she had realized that he was going, she heard the sound of the wheels of the dog-cart driving up to the door, and she met the footman carrying down his hat-box and portmanteau, and he himself in stiff London clothes and a tall hat, following the man downstairs.

"Must you really be off?"

Poor child! A far less accurate observer of human character than was Hugh Fleming could hardly have failed to trace the despondency in her face and voice as she spoke.

"I must really, I am afraid; unless I want to lose my train," he answered, smiling; "but I shall come back, Juliet, certainly in a week, perhaps sooner; I shall come back."

"You are sure?" she asked almost entreatingly; and he answered very gravely.

"Yes, in any case I shall come back."

And then he jumped into the dog-cart, gathered up the reins, lifted his hat to her, and drove off; whilst she stood leaning against the open doorway, watching till he was out of sight. A tall graceful figure, clad in soft brown velvet, with large wistful

dark eyes that seemed almost as if they might be full of tears as they looked after him.

Did he think, I wonder, as he looked back at her, of that other girl in her white dress, who had so stood under a honeysuckle archway on a midsummer's evening, twenty years ago?

Not much, I fancy.

How desolate and dull the house seemed to Juliet as she turned back into it again after he was gone! She wandered about aimlessly, not knowing what to do with herself. At last she went into the library, where everything reminded her of him.

His books, some of his papers, and his writing things lay scattered on the table where he was accustomed to sit; she fingered them lovingly one after the other, and then began to put them together, smoothing out the papers and putting them in order with a touch that was lingering and reverent, as if they had been relics.

Presently she caught sight of the portfolio of his drawings leaning up against the wall. She sat down on the floor in front of it, and began turning over the sketches eagerly until she found again the little crayon head she had first so ruthlessly torn and then so laboriously mended. Leaning her head on her hand and holding it out before her, Juliet Blair gazed long and intently at it.

Poor, pale, sweet face! now that she knew its story, how full of touching meaning were the blue eyes and the little timid mouth!

Poor little bride, dead on her wedding morning! was ever story so pitiful, so heart-rending as hers!

And yet her living rival, with her rich warm colouring and glorious eyes, with twice her beauty and ten times her talent, sat staring at the faint pale face with all the passion of unreasoning jealousy raging at her heart.

This was the girl who had possessed his first, his best affections, who was his ideal, his religion in woman, who had won from him that intense devotion of his early manhood which can never in any man be exactly reproduced again!

Was she unfortunate? was she poor? Nay, rather, most fortunate, most blessed, most rich Annie Chalmers, to have known how to win his whole heart, to have possessed the first love of such a man as Hugh Fleming, even if with her life she had paid the forfeit of such intense, such unspeakable joy!

For, what was left to her—to Juliet Blair? Nothing but the wreck of a heart that had scarcely even now recovered that early shock; the fragments of a life that was broken up and spoilt; the tangled thread that might never possibly be entirely made straight again. And was she sure even of this? Alas! no.

I do not think that, from what you have seen of my Juliet, you will misunderstand her when I tell you that there was little pity, little compassion in her heart towards the poor dead girl, whose story nevertheless had affected her in the telling; but only a great envy and a great bitterness of soul.

Meanwhile Colonel Hugh Fleming was leaning back in a first class smoking carriage of the Great Western Railway with a cigar in his mouth, going through a course of the most unpleasant self-examinations.

Was he a blackguard? he asked himself angrily? had he no sense of honour left, that he must go and stay in a girl's house as her guardian, and then try to steal her heart as a lover?

She with all her money, and he with nothing save his Indian appointment! What had he been doing? what had he been thinking about? Over what precipice had his selfishness well-nigh hurried him when Mr. Bruce's timely reminder had recalled him suddenly to his senses? Good heavens! was this honour? was this conscientiousness? was this fulfilling the responsibility her father had delegated to him? What opprobrious names would there not be rightly cast at him by everybody belonging to her, were he to do this mean, base deed, and take advantage of his position with her to gain possession of her wealth?

Ah! but the child was learning to love him! could he not read it in those dark eyes that could hardly meet his, in her burning cheeks and trembling lips, and still more in all the little flashes of temper and jealousy that betrayed her secret to him a hundred times a day? Only learning as yet, he trusted; she would unlearn the lesson soon enough if he showed her how; her pride, her spirit would carry her through it. Alas! why was she not poor like himself? Why was she clogged with all these riches? Oh God! but it was hard to have such happiness once more within his reach, and this time to have to push it away from him with his own hands!

When he got to town he put himself into a hansom and went straight down to Austin Friars.

Mr. Bruce was in, and delighted to see him.

He plunged at once into all the advantages of the "alliance," as he would call it. It would be the making of the property; just what was always wanted to render it the finest and most valuable in the county. The families had always been friendly, and her father had set his heart on it; he had at least a dozen letters from old Mr. Blair by him now on this subject; he would show them to Colonel Fleming if he liked.

Colonel Fleming would waive that; he was quite ready to take Mr. Bruce's word for it; but what, might he ask—what did Mr. Bruce imagine that *he* could do in the matter?

"Why, urge it upon her, my dear sir, urge it upon her."

"I———what can I say? Surely you are the person——"

"Not a bit of it, Colonel; not a bit of it. She doesn't mind me more than an old woman. Now, she has the greatest respect and reverence for you, I know very well; and affection too, I think."

"Yes, yes, very likely," interrupted Hugh hurriedly; "still I cannot see that anything I can say will make any difference to her."

"You have great influence with her, I am sure you have; and besides you are the person to speak; it will come with authority from you. It is clearly your duty, Colonel Fleming, if you will excuse my saying so."

"Of course, of course, Bruce; say no more about it; but Miss Blair is not docile."

"Not at all, sir, not at all; and that reminds me. Do you know of any low attachment she is likely to have formed lately?" asks Mr. Bruce, quite unconscious that the "undesirable person" alluded to in Mrs. Blair's letter, which by the way he carefully kept dark, was no other than Colonel Fleming himself.

"Low attachment!" repeated that gentleman in amazement; "certainly not; I never heard of such a thing, and should think it quite impossible; what can you have heard?"

"Ah, well, I certainly did not think much of it myself, but rumours are always getting about, and will as long as she is unmarried; the girl should have a husband—nothing will really be right on the place till she is married."

"Still," objected the Colonel, "I do not see that you can force her into marrying against her will."

"Certainly not; but young women, my dear sir, as you and I know well, are very easy to influence. A few judicious words about duty and responsibility and so forth, and they come round as nicely as possible; they only want management."

Colonel Fleming had his own viewson the subject of whether young women were manageable or not, but he did not think it necessary to impart them to worthy little Mr. Bruce.

"I do not think," he said, as he rose to go, "that you will find that Miss Blair is a lady who will do violence to her feelings from any such motives."

"Violence—no, indeed, Colonel; I did not think of any violence in the matter. Young Mr. Travers has been with me, and from what he told me of their last interview, I should be inclined to think—well, perhaps it might be a breach of confidence—but still, as you are her guardian——"

"Tell me, by all means, Mr. Bruce," said Colonel Fleming eagerly; "what had she said to him?"

"Well, she had certainly given him a slight repulse, but Mr. Cecil Travers did not strike me as a hopeless lover at all; he seemed assured that with time and your assistance—in fact, my dear sir, as I said before, I believe the cause only wants a few judicious words from yourself to be won;" and Mr. Bruce rubbed his hands together, and smiled at his visitor in the most satisfied and delighted manner.

Colonel Fleming gravely assured him that he would endeavour to do his duty to Miss Blair in this as in every other respect, and then took his leave.

He wandered westwards in the lowest possible spirits; he dropped in at his tailor's and his banker's on the way, which did not take him very long, and then sauntered into the East India Club and ordered himself a solitary dinner. A few old friends nodded to him as he went in. One asked him when he was going back to India; he answered, with a sort of half groan, "as soon as possible." On which Major-General Chutney—whose wife had come home hoping to cut a splash, which she found herself unable to do

in a remote semi-detached stucco villa in Notting Hill, and consequently led her lord along a path that was anything but bordered with roses—answered that he was quite right; he only wished *he* could get back there; "the old country is a mistake, Fleming, depend upon it, quite a mistake."

And Hugh echoed his words gloomily, "Yes, a mistake altogether; how is your wife?"

"Thanks, Mrs. Chutney is well, poor thing; perhaps," added the General insinuatingly, "perhaps—ahem, as you are in town, you might look in upon her; it would gratify her very much to see an old friend: here is my card."

Hugh took the card and promised to call on the lady if he had time, wondering vaguely as he did so in what possible way it could gratify her, whilst his friend departed with many internal chuckles at the stroke of policy he had achieved.

"Very clever that of me about the calling," he said to himself, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "she'll like that, I know; shouldn't wonder if it kept her in a good temper for a week—shouldn't wonder a bit!"

For Hugh Fleming happened to have a first cousin who was a lord; a lord whose name was to be seen frequently in the "Morning Post" in connection with other much greater names than his own. And although this was a fact to which my hero himself seldom gave a thought, and which it may be said that he had almost forgotten, seeing that his cousin had never done anything for him, nor ever given him anything beyond occasionally his lordly hand to be shaken, and once, many years ago, a day's covert shooting in his preserves; still the fact of his cousinship remained, and Major-General Chutney well knew that his better half was not at all oblivious of it. To be able to say in familiar converse with the ladies of her acquaintance, "Colonel Fleming called on me to-day; such a dear fellow! an old friend of the General's and a first cousin of Lord So-and-so, you know, my dear, whose name I daresay you have often seen in the papers in attendance on His Royal Highness," would certainly be very gratifying indeed to the soul of Mrs. Major-General Chutney!

Left alone at the club, Hugh Fleming ate his dinner in moody silence, and wondered what on earth he should do with himself in town during the week he had said he should be away.

Truth to say, he had named that time for his absence because he had thought it good both for himself and for her that he should be away as long as possible, and not at all because of the amount that he had to do.

In fact, he had hardly anything to do. He was to go again the next day to see Mr. Bruce about the Dorsetshire farms; he had already visited his banker and his tailor; it was hardly possible that he should go more than once again to see these gentlemen. He went to call next day on his own London relatives, an uncle and aunt living in Cavendish Square, from whom he had not even any expectations, and who were almost more surprised than pleased at his visit; and he did actually, with a view to killing time, go and call on Mrs. Chutney, in which amusement he succeeded in spending the whole of one afternoon, as that good lady, with true Indian hospitality, insisted on having up a refreshment tray, although it was but three o'clock in the day, and forced him into the consumption, much against his will, of a large slice of seed cake and a glass of very bad sherry. Finally he had his hair cut, and wandered up and down Bond Street and Pall Mall aimlessly and miserably for the whole of one day; and then he could stand it no longer. Two days short of the week he had promised to be away, he paid his hotel bill, packed up his portmanteau, drove to the station, and took his place in the midday express, which would bring him down to Sotherne in time for dinner, with an insane and perfectly unreasonable joy sadly unbefitting his mature years and the general seriousness of his aspect.

(To be continued.)

BENEATH THE LEAVES.

BY JANE SMITH, OTTAWA.

THE dark grey clouds hang heavy overhead,
The sad wind whispers in the branches bare,
I walk among the rustling leaves they've shed,
The dry, dead leaves, that ere while were so fair.

The world is cold and dreary; Nature seems
In sorrow deep, in mourning garments dressed;
The dead flowers hang their heads, as if their dreams
Of summer joys had left them all unblessed.

The bitter frost has touched their petals gay,
And left them black and withered. Thus with me,
Hath sorrow touched my fairest dreams; to-day
Nought but sad colours in my life I see.

Whence came that fragrance? Sure the old sweet scent
Of mignonette was wafted to me when
My feet did brush aside those leaves—it went
Past on the breeze. Yes—there it is again.

I stoop to seek the flower that gave it birth,
And there, almost beneath the leaves, I find
One little spray. It nestles to the earth,
And sends its odour out upon the wind.

I cover it with leaves again, and go my way,
Cheered by the fragrance of the simple flower.
A mere memory of the summer! Still the day
Seems brighter for it, though the skies still lower.

So in my heart shall nestle warm and deep
A memory of the past; and there may be
Hours when the thoughts that cover it aside I'll sweep,
And let its tenderness float up to comfort me.

AN OLD PERSIAN POET.*

BY FIDELIS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK well says that "ordinary history is misleading in this respect, that it dwells on periods of war and bloodshed, passing over, almost without comment, that peaceful progress which brings about the development of nations; for the real condition of a people depends more upon their wisdom in peace than on their success in war." This is so true that the study of history is to some minds really painful, from the sanguinary succession of battles, sieges, scenes of assassination and misery, which fill up by far the greater portion of its records—the years of peaceful national life and development that lie between, being passed cursorily over in a few tame lines. This is, perhaps, the natural result of distance in time, just as, when looking over a stretch of distant country, we see only those harsher and more prominent features which are generally the result of some convulsion of nature, while the fair undulating stretches of woodlands and fertile fields between, which are what really makes up the country, are lost in an almost indistinguishable monotony.

Owing to this characteristic of history, it will often happen that we draw a more full and true knowledge of the real national life of a country from its literature—especially its poetic literature—than from the most authentic histories. No historian probably could have given us as vivid a picture of the life of the ancient Greeks as we get from Homer's Odyssey. The book of Job throws a light on the dim old life of "the world's grey fathers," which no history could have supplied. To come down to our own time, were no history of the present century to survive, the New Zealander of the future would be able mentally to reproduce the English life of our age from Tennyson's poems alone, with tolerable completeness and accuracy. The same might be said of Whittier as regards America, while Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Hallowe'en," short poems as they are, will probably preserve a faithful record of the life of the Scottish peasantry of a hundred years ago, as long as the English language shall continue to exist.

Such side-lights are thrown for us on the life and thought of Persia in the middle ages, by the songs of her two chief poets—Háfiz and Omar Khayyám, whose name, less known than that of Háfiz, has of late come prominently before the English-reading public. We are so accustomed to associate the Persia of the past with the luxurious barbarism of an Ahasuerus, and the ignominious defeat of a Marathon—which associations are strengthened by the corruption, the tyranny, the barbaric splendour and squalid misery of the Persia of the present day—that we find it difficult to realise the existence, in this rich and magnificent country, of learning and culture of a high order, at a time when Great Britain was but the habitation of rude and unlettered peasants. Yet Omar Khayyám's "*Rubáiyát*," or "Quatrains," so called from the measure in which the verses are written, and characterized by scientific and philosophic culture, and by refinement and subtlety of thought and expression, as well as by poetic genius and grace, date from about the time of the Norman Conquest, when the ancestors of the Vere de Veres were but ignorant and rapacious fillibusters, and English poetry was not, save in the rude strains of Cædmon and his successors.

The poems of Omar, surnamed Khayyám, or the tent-maker, whom Háfiz seems to have copied to a considerable extent, have long attracted the attention of scholars. Mr. Emerson, some years ago, in a charming paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, gave some translations from his quatrains, as did Mr. Grant Duff, in one of his recent Indian letters. An extremely beautiful translation, by Mr. Fitzgerald, of a considerable selection from the "*Rubáiyát*" has, in a short time, gone through three editions. It is strange to

* Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English verse. London: Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly.

find in these mediæval fragments, the same mysterious problems and questions cropping up, which still perplex our deepest thinkers, as they have perplexed thoughtful minds, probably ever since the world began.

The "Astronomer-poet of Persia," as he is called, was a native of Naishápúr, in the province of Khorassan, the "Region of the Sun," as the name signifies in the old Persian language, or, as Moore writes in his glowing lines—

> "that delightful Province of the Sun,
> The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
> Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
> Flow'rets and fruits, blush over ev'ry stream;
> And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
> Among Merou's bright palaces and groves."

A story as romantic and dramatic as it is well authenticated, connects the poet's youth and after life with that of two of the most celebrated characters of his time, the fanatic leader Hasan-ben-Sabbáh, who founded the sect of the Khojas, of murderous notoriety, and the all-powerful Vizier Nizám ul Mulk, who, under the successive reigns of the sultans Alp Arslan and Malik Shah, possessed almost unlimited power and prestige. This last, in his "*Wasiyat*," or "Testament," tells the story of the early friendship of the three, and its results, with the exception, indeed, of its closing scene, as regarded himself, which he could not add. The three boys, all to become so distinguished in ways so different in after life, were fellow-pupils of the Imám Mowaffak, the wisest of all the wise men of Khorassan, of whom it was "the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran or studied the traditions in his presence, would assuredly attain to honour and happiness." The lads, besides being fellow-students, were fast friends, and were wont to stroll away together after the lectures, repeating to each other the lessons they had heard. One can almost see the three, in their flowing garments, wandering among the "chenar-tree groves," their dark eyes gleaming beneath their white turbans, as they talk, as sanguine boys are apt to do, of the ideal future before them, with all its boundless possibilities. In one of these talks, Hasan, probably always the most impetuous and intense in character, referring to the belief that all Mowaffak's pupils should attain to fortune, made the proposition that, as doubtless one at least of the three should attain this coveted end, they should make a vow that the one to whom this fortune should fall should "share it equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself." The vow was made, and after a time the three youths parted, each to seek in his own way the realisation of his vague dreams of "fortune" and success. Nizám ul Mulk, after extended wanderings throughout Persia, became, on his return to Khorassan, Grand Vizier to the Sultan Alp Arslán, and afterwards to his successor Malik Shah. Of course his old school friends found him out in due time, and applied for the fulfilment of his vow. The Vizier proved true to his pledge and fulfilled the several requests of both. That of Omar Khayyám was modest enough —only to be allowed to "live under the shadow" of his friend's fortune, to "spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for his friend's long life and prosperity." The Vizier would have been more generous than Omar's request, but finding him in earnest, conferred on him a pension from the treasury of Naishápúr, and left him to his scientific studies, which, during his life-time, gained him more renown than his poetry, causing him to be esteemed "the very paragon of his age." Malik Shah, notwithstanding almost constant wars, and some internal dissensions, in which the Vizier signally distinguished himself, found time to turn his attention to reforming the calendar, in which Omar was employed, the result being the "*Jalali Era*," said by Gibbon to surpass the Julian and approach the accuracy of the Gregorian style. For his inner life, the poet's verses speak. D'Herbelot, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, tells the story of his predicting that his grave should be "in a place which should be covered with flowers every spring." He was reproached with contravening the Koran, which says that "no man knows where he shall die," but this objector happening in after years to be at Naishápúr, in Khorassan, found Omar's grave "at the foot of a garden wall, where trees loaded with blossoms interwoven with each other, hid the sepulchre from view," showing that kindly hands had literally complied with the request he makes towards the close of his *Rubáiyát*:—

> "And lay me, shrouded in the living leaf,
> By some not unfrequented garden side."

Thorwaldsen is said to have made a similar request — similarly honoured — that roses should grow over his grave.

The fortunes of Hasan ben Sabbáh were more tragically interwoven with those of the Vizier, who, in compliance with his request, had procured him a place in the government. His unsatisfied ambition sought gratification through intrigues against his benefactor, foiled in which, he was obliged to retire into exile. His father, Ali, had been "a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in creed and doctrine," which, doubtless, meant that he belonged to the great sub-division of Islam, known as the *Shias*, or followers of Ali and his murdered sons, while the prevailing sect in Persia was that of the *Sunis*, those who espoused the party of Mohammed's wife Ayesha, instead of his daughter Fatima, the wife of Ali. In Egypt, Hasan joined the sect of the *Ismailis*, a fanatical branch of the Shias, and on returning to Persia he established himself as leader of these so-called "heretics," in an impregnable mountain-stronghold in the region to the south of the Caspian sea. Here he organized "a system of terror, which fought with the dagger against the sword, and revenged persecution by assassination." He and his successors are known in history by the name of "the Old Man of the Mountain," a familiar translation of his Arabic title; and his band of deluded fanatics have left us the word "*Assassin*," from the "*Hashish*," by means of which they were wrought up to the excitement under which they performed their murderous acts. In the list of eminent personages assassinated by Hasan's followers, between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, the name which stand first is, strangely enough, that of Hasan's early friend and benefactor, Nizam ul Mulk. D'Herbelot, indeed, attributes the Vizier's death to the jealousy of his rival and successor, Tage-el-Mulk, but the more dramatic ending of the story seems to be the true one.

To return to Omar and his *Rubáiyát*, which, in the exquisitely graceful translation of Mr. Fitzgerald, have probably lost none of their beauty. Very different estimates have been made of the true signification of the poem. It has been thought that its apparently reckless epicureanism—its glowing praises of the sensuous delights of the wine-cup and the feast—enshrine a mystic meaning akin to that attributed to the similar effusions of Hafiz; but his translator, who evidently does not believe much in the mystical meaning of even Hafiz, dismisses this hypothesis altogether as regards Omar, and inclines to think that his "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," his materialism and necessitarianism, are to be taken literally. But this appears almost incompatible with the works of a mind like Omar's. These seem rather the ironical expression of a mind to which unsatisfied aspiration and baffled thought, in despair revolting from insoluble problems, had communicated a tinge of cynicism. He had "given his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven," and, like the author of *Ecclesiastes*, to which in some respects his poem bears a strong resemblance, he had found that "all this is vanity and vexation of spirit," that "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing," and that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." So he exalts the pleasures of sense, for the time, over those of thought, and arrives at the ironical conclusion of the Hebrew satirist, that since "no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end," "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour." In his revolt against current superstition, and his materialism and necessitarianism, Omar has been compared to Lucretius. It seems, rather, that he would be more fitly compared to the "royal preacher," for ever and anon, through the surface epicureanism and materialism, there breaks, like a sparkling, impetuous river through superincumbent rubbish, the pathetic, irrepressible craving of a strong spiritual nature, ever yearning, never satisfied. For he misses the Hebrew poet's practical "conclusion of the whole matter," "Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

Omar's tetrastichs or quatrains are loosely strung together, without much apparent connexion—following each other "according to alphabetic rhyme." The metre has a pathetic, wistful character, that well suits what seems to be the *motif* of the poem, which is, as his translator justly remarks, "saddest when most ostentatiously merry." The poem opens with a fine and bold meta-

phor, in a stanza which seems to place the scene before us with a stroke:

"Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

Even through the invitation to fill the cup and enjoy, because the time for enjoyment is so short, there breaks the pathetic reflection—*how short it is*—in stanzas which again and again recall the opening chapter of Ecclesiastes:

"Whether at Naishâpûr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kâikobâd away.

* * * * *

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai,
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrâm, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep."

The beauty and even sublimity of these last stanzas must strike the most cursory reader. Again they recall the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. Then comes a thought that recalls Shakespeare, though he has expressed it much less poetically in his well-known lines:

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Here is Omar's way of putting it:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropped in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!"

Then, after a lament for those—"the loveliest and the best" who had

"drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest,"

we have the "drink and be merry" exhortation:

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust unto Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

* * * * *

"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopped with Dust."

Then he tells us how he had fruitlessly puzzled himself with the questions "*why*," "*whence*," and "*whither*," but "evermore came out by the same door wherein I went."*

"There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

"Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

"Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—'THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!'"

This verse seems to the present writer to hold the key of all the apparent inconsistencies of the poem. The idea seems to have flashed upon the poet, in his perplexed despair, that, since thought is pain and leads to no satisfactory result, the only way to at least a short-lived happiness is to drown in the enjoyments of sense the workings and intuitions of that higher nature which he calls "THE THEE IN ME." But the higher part of his nature will not be put to sleep by any such illusive lullaby, and ever and anon there break through the Epicurean reasonings, those "black misgivings," "obstinate questionings," which one of our own poets has placed among the "Intimations of Immortality." The following stanzas, by some of the accidental resemblances so common

* Compare Tennyson:
"I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye:
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun."

in literature, suggest Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Milton.

"Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answer'd '*I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.*'"*

Omar's materialism by no means goes so far as the materialism of the present day, which denies the Divine First Cause altogether. The strong sense of human need and human shortcoming breaks out in this appeal to the veiled First Cause, which shows that, as we have said before, the problems and conflicts which agitate men's minds to-day, are the same which have perplexed them in all past ages:—

"What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!"

"Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!"

Omar had evidently been feeling bitterly the galling pressure of "the law in his members warring against the law of his mind," which another "tent-maker" has described so graphically, ending with the strong confession of human helplessness—"Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." But Omar the tent-maker had not found the remedy which Paul immediately suggests. To every reader of Burns the above stanzas will recall the Scottish poet's pathetic appeal, so like to them:—

"Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide!"

But even the "hiding," without a fuller salvation,—that of heart purification—could not avail, so long as it remained true that "*I Myself am Heaven and Hell.*"

The scene in the potter's house again recalls St. Paul, though this figure or parable seems to have been a favourite one in all literature. The following quatrains are among the most striking in the poem, and seem to show that though Omar could see no light, he had not despaired of the existence of light *somewhere*, and a possible solution of all his difficulties:—

"Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like, eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains."*

"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure," writes the Hebrew Psalmist in almost identical words, and Omar doubtless drew some of his inspiration from the Hebrew Scriptures, of which, allusions in the poem show his knowledge. The last of the above

* Compare Shakespeare:

"From whose bourne no traveller returns,"

And Tennyson's canto in "In Memoriam," ending—

"My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands."

Milton's lines in "Paradise Lost" seem but an amplification of the idea in the latter of these two verses:—

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
.
Which way I fly is Hell, *Myself am Hell.*"

[Compare also Luke, xvii. 21, "For behold! the Kingdom of God is within you." This, however, is a mistranslation, and should read, "the Kingdom of God is *among* you." ED. C. M.]

* Compare Wordsworth—

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

And Dante—

"Et la sua volenta é nostra pace;
Ella é quel mare, al qual tutto si move
Cio, ch'ella cria, o che natura face.'

stanzas is remarkable for its expression of what has been called Christian Pantheism, which is becoming more fully developed in our day, and which is really only an amplification of the words: "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things;" and "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

Our quotations from this remarkable poem must close with the following beautiful and touching lament over the fleeting enjoyments of this little life, so rapidly passing from his grasp, with no light on the "BEYOND:"—

"Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, revealed,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

* * * * *

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!"

Well might Whittier say, as he has said so truly and beautifully:—

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

We would fain hope that the "Love" which "can never lose its own," has found this baffled seeker after Truth, who seems to have so wistfully sought the clue to the "Treasure-house," and to the "Master," and to have missed finding it.

MY WIFE.

GIVE me for my wife a woman
That has youth, and sense, and health,
Moderate beauty, heart a true one—
Keep your titles, airs, and wealth.

One who hates all show and bustle,
One who will not doubt in haste,
One whose silks, at every rustle,
Will not tell my pocket's waste.

One whose modest dress, becoming,
Will not draw a saucy stare,
One whose buyings, in a summing,
Will be prudent everywhere.

One so gentle in her actions,
That her smile will children win;
One who hates all tales and factions,
One with charity for sin.

One who by her music pleases,
One who all the poets knows,
One whose very presence eases
All life's troubles, cares, and woes.

What shall I give in exchange, Miss?
Really I—I don't just know;
Yes I do—a faithful love-kiss,
And a heart no change can show.

A ready hand to always serve her,
By its skill in trusty art,
To keep the board in bread and butter;
One well governed by the heart.

An honest life well known and trusted,
A pair of letters to my name,
A mind that hasn't always rusted,
Yet been contented without fame.

An eye that hasn't learned deceiving,
A heart once trusting, all believing,
A spirit able for retrieving
Fortune, if it took a-leaving.

Thus the man did sue the maiden,
And the maiden answered thus:
"With such gracious virtues laden,
What would then become of us?

"You require such grand conditions,
That a woman's hope must fall,
Counting up her poor fruitions."
But he answered, "You have all."

And together, man and maiden,
They took up the road of life,
Took it up all fancy laden—
Let us leave them man and wife.

OTTAWA. W. D. R.

PEOPLES YOU DON'T KNOW.

(An Extract from a MS. Book Entitled "Cruisings and Musings in the China Sea and East Indian Archipelago.")

BY CAPT. N. W. BECKWITH.

"ONE half of the world," says a time-honoured adage, "does not know how the other half lives." The saying is true, as far as it goes, but it falls short of the whole truth. But if we say that one half of the world does not know who lives in the other half at all, we shall be pretty well up to the mark.

We are continually being surprised—nay, we often complain at the constantly recurring proofs of how little other nations, even those kindred by blood and lineage, speaking the same language, and living under the same laws and constitutions, know concerning us. When such is the case *en famille*, as I may say, we can as a matter of course expect of other communities, differing in blood and speech, nothing beyond a bare knowledge of name; and such is the rule, *maugre* some certainly remarkable exceptions. Increase the remoteness, and we come down to the mere school-geography amount of information—a step further, and it is oblivion.

There are millions and millions of fellow-beings, more especially in the Eastern hemisphere, of whom the great public knows not even that they exist, much less their names or places. Yet these ignored nations are among the most interesting in "the proper study of mankind;" and, for the far greater part, possessors of the most attractive portions of the footstool.

A rover all my life, I have had the privilege of visiting or encountering very many of these strangers. Of some of these I propose to give a concise, but clear and accurate account, without fearing that a strict adherence to fact will render it "dry and uninteresting" to any degree; and believing that truth like beauty is—

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

The first and most obvious fact, generally speaking, that the visitor gathers among these out-of-the-way peoples, is the wonderful density of population; for, be their territory large or small, it is always sure to be closely packed with occupiers, purely pastoral races alone exhibiting any marked exception. Contrast brings this out strongly in the few countries holding a white population, either from European rule or colonization.

On one occasion, during a ten months' sojourn in the island of Luzon, I commenced a series of tours by a visit to the locally famous Laguna or Bay Lake, in company with a fellow-traveller already familiar with that part of the country—an English civil engineer then engaged in the service of the Government at Manila, on the survey of a projected railway from thence to the broad rice lands bordering the Laguna, and opening up also the fertile tracts, cultivated by the Tegalos or Tagal Indians, which lie along the banks of the Pasig river.* Partly by canoeing, partly on foot along the proposed railway route, we accomplished the journey, about six miles by the railway line. There is, half-way, I may remark for the benefit of future tourists, an eminence rising above the surface of the otherwise champaign country, my friend's "Observation Hill," which commands a beautiful and rather extensive prospect reaching the spires of Manila on the west, and the blue gleaming of the Bay Lake on the east. Here we raised the first flag of the inchoate railroad, on the first of January, 1866.

On this excursion we visited or passed through some dozen native towns, including the famous "ducktown," whose queer native

* At the mouth of which is built the city of Manila.

appellation I forgot to "make a note on," where one would think that all the ducks in the universe must surely be gathered. Ducks! Never dreamed of the like—solid acres of them, lining both sides of the river, for I dare not say how far, and of immense size. These places had populations averaging from five to twenty-five thousand inhabitants; all lying within an extent of six miles, be it noted; while the roads running through the open paddy fields and connecting these towns and cities, were thickly studded with habitations also. The native city of Pasig alone contains the latter number, and here we found but one solitary white man—the worthy curé from whom, I pause to add, we received every hospitality and attention.

Many other towns of considerable size we saw that could not boast of even *one* white inhabitant, and in several instances, personal inspection of the "*tribunal*" proved to us that the administration of the Government was entirely relegated to the natives, the "*gobernadocillo*" himself being invariably a Tegalo Indian.

And this, more extended observation and travel, at a later date, convinced me is about the usual proportion of European to native, except in the metropolis itself and some few other places, chiefly in the Visayas, where are small communities of Creole Spaniards —the descendants of early colonists—"*hijos del payo*," as they are called by the metropolitan officials, who being chiefly from the mother country, look upon the colonists proper with much of that amusing assumption of superiority so characteristic of our English cousins when visiting any dependency of the motherland.

The interior of Luzon and of all the larger islands still remains unsubdued. From the windows of Manila we may gaze upon vast ranges of mountain, hill, and upland, where no white foot has ever been set; and where the fierce *Igorroto* and the aboriginal *Negrito* still dispute for the supremacy as of yore, regardless of who may inhabit the coast lands, and no more conscious of European influence than they were a thousand years ago; maintaining now, as then, the same wild independence, and lords of the soil up to the same natural boundaries. Ages before Magalhaens discovered this vast system of islands, the *Tegalos*, according to their own traditions, seized and occupied the seaboard plains, and interior tribes have ever since maintained with them incursive and predatory warfare. Like their analogues in Scottish history who, gazing upon the cultivated Lowlands, exclaimed:—

> "These fertile plains, that softened vale,
> Were once the birthright of the Gael;
> The stranger came with iron hand,
> And from our fathers reft the land;"

these fierce warriors

> ". sally forth,
> To spoil the spoiler as they may,
> And from the robber rend his prey."

Naught of these great territories actually belongs to Spain except the narrow strips of seaboard formerly wrested from the hill tribes by the now subjugated Tegalo, who is, by descent, Malay, and, like his progenitor, maritime and agricultural. His boundary is the boundary of the Spaniard, who has remained satisfied with the supremacy of the cultivated tracts, and has never sought to reclaim more.

Spain, seething with hostile passions, and ringing with factious strife, forming a new cabinet every month, and struggling with a fresh insurrection each year, has been too busy with home intrigues and conspiracies to afford much time for consideration and assistance to her colonies; and therefore, devoting to them only so much attention as is requisite to ensure the receipt of the revenues which they so dutifully transmit, has refrained from pushing conquests, or developing fresh resources, beyond the bounds whence she already receives an unvarying and assured sum.

Such as was the condition in 1565,—when Fra Andres Urdaneta, "the sailor monk," as he has been happily called, who first performed the passage from West to East across the Pacific, and carried back to Acapulco the news of acquisition and colonization here,—just such is their condition to-day; not one foot has been added to Legaspi's conquests, few and small are the improvements made within their boundary since the building of the city, and its wall and fortifications; while so slight is the impression produced upon the conquered tribes, that—as a Spanish writer has well said,—"should the Spaniards abandon the islands to-morrow, with the exception of the Christian religion, not one single vestige of

their dominion would remain in a few months time."

The great island of Mindanao (or "*Magindanao*," as it was formerly spelt), almost as large as Luzon, to which it is next in area, and second largest in the whole group, is still a complete *terra incognita*, except a few generalities collected by some adventurous Jesuit fathers, which have served to whet keenly Spanish cupidity and curiosity, thereby inciting a feeble invasion of three centuries, but have yet led to no conquest of any portion of its broad territory except two small provinces in the north, of which Cagayan is the principal village, and the town of Samboangan in the south, which is situated on the Straits of Bassilan, and formerly a native fortress, but now a penal settlement and gun-boat station, with a population of eight thousand, mainly native settlers from other and earlier occupied portions of the Visayas, and which includes about twenty Europeans and two hundred Tegalo soldiers from Manila—Spanish Sepoys, as they are sometimes aptly termed.

In the interior of Mindanao are lofty mountain ranges, containing volcanoes, some extinct, some active, the sides of which are clothed with an abundance of "*palos altos*," among which are teak and many other varieties, of excellent quality, yet unknown to commerce, similar to the hard, heavy, marble-like wood that grows in North Borneo—an article yet to be placed in the hands of our cabinet-makers, and as much superior to rosewood, mahogany, &c., for the purposes to which the latter are applied, as *they* are superior to our common pine. I have seen trees of this dark, beautiful wood, whence planks, or *slabs* rather,—for it is like stone in hardness, fineness, and particularly ponderosity,—might be cut, of six feet width and thirty feet in length. About three and a half feet of diameter is the common or average size in the virgin forests of *Marudu*.*

Gold is produced; also nitre. The natives have plenty of gunpowder, which they use chiefly in small cannon, yclept "*pateraroes*," —small arms being altogether unknown, save a rough description of matchlock,—and as their trade is comparatively nothing, I infer that they manufacture the powder themselves. Here they also use the poisonous blow-dart, Bornean samples of which one sometimes sees in the streets of Singapore, hawked about for sale, as "curios."

The valleys and plains are fertile and well watered—the island is full of lakes, hence the name—and support immense herds of *caribas* and other bovines, besides goats, deer, wild horses, and hogs—no lions or tigers, the natives say—and innumerable fowl, including varieties of the domestic duck and hen.

The inhabitants are mixed; the *Negritos*,—*Papuan* or *Oceanic Negroes*,—hold the interior, and the inevitable Malays occupy the sea-coast. These latter are of the lightest shade of complexion exhibited by their race, being as fair as the Mongolian *Ladrones*, or piratical inhabitants of the sea-coast of China. They are skilful as gold and silversmiths, blacksmiths, and carpenters, from whence, and from their clearness of skin, I question their Malay origin. They build a very good description of vessel—some of their prohus are as much as sixty tons measurement—admirably adapted to their intended purposes, and sailing exceedingly well.

The government is feudal; the religion, speaking generally, of the so-called Malay races, is Moslem—of the *Negritos*, idolatrous; and the capital bears the name of the island, where the supreme ruler resides, according to doubtless exaggerated accounts, in a state of marvellous pomp and splendour. At the stories of his wealth, there is, perhaps, less room for cavil.

These, and similar races, inhabit the Sooloo Archipelago, which, beginning with the lofty island of Bassilan, lying in close proximity to the south coast of Mindanao, the space between forming the considerably frequented Straits of Bassilan, extends south-westerly to *Cape Unsang*, which juts from a peninsula of the same name on the north-east coast of Borneo, forming a group of which, as yet, geographers know neither the number nor names, but which they have divided into three principal groups, distinguished by the appellations of the principal islands—"*Bassilan*," the north-eastern; "*Sooloo*," the middle; and "*Tauwee-tauwee*," the south-western, or Bornean group.

Soung, the capital, and residence of the Rajah, is situated on the middle island of Sooloo, and is built over the waters of the harbour, on piles, the principal streets running seaward. Captain Sir Edward Belcher,

* One of the northern provinces of Borneo.

of the British navy, anchored the *Samarang* sloop here, within the entrance of the main street, the piles on which the houses there stood being driven in four fathoms water.* It is like Brune city, in Borneo; the chief business is piracy.

Palawan is another *terra incognita*. The Spaniards tell us that it produces cowries, gold, also ebony and other fine woods, in its mountainous interior, and they have two or three small settlements on the island. It is inhabited centrally by the everlasting Negrito; on the coast by tribes of doubtful Malay origin, called *Illaanos*, and *Duüsuns* or *Eran people*, from *Eran* bay (where may be seen the strange phenomenon of a tide, and a half-tide, alternately, once in twenty-four hours), whence sail annual piratical expeditions, oftentimes in great force. The *Royalist*, English surveying vessel, which visited this island in 1851, sometimes found it hard work to save her boats from these fierce and treacherous people.

All the Philippine Islands, excepting Luzon, bear the collective title of *Visayas*, and the tribes inhabiting their shores are generally spoken of as Visayan, from the language, called the *Visaya*, which has many dialects, and differs essentially from the *Tegala*, or native language of the coast of Luzon, which is markedly Malaysian. Portions of these, again, are subdivided into the *Itas* and the *Pintados*, or painted people, and in the interior of almost all are found those puzzling Oceanic Negroes. They are termed in Spanish *Negritos*, from their diminutive size, their average height being about five feet. Though so low of stature, they are tolerably symmetrical. They use a large and formidable bow, and to their skill in the use of this weapon, they doubtless owe the independence which they have maintained for an unknown period, against races of superior intelligence and physical organization. The island of *Negros*, lying parallel with that of Zebu, near its western coast, derives its name from this strange race, being peopled by it exclusively when first discovered.

The most dreaded and warlike of all these tribes are a mysterious people, neither Malay nor Negrito, whom the Spanish call "*Moros*." These are not found in Luzon, but more or less in several of the southeastern portions of the Visayas; are especially numerous in Mindanao, and exist in their probably greatest strength among the Sooloo Isles. These men are superior both in physical organization and mental capacity to all the others, and are possessed with a spirit of unparalleled ferocity and fondness for warfare. They make war for its own sake. Their weapons are superior, and remarkably well adapted for their purposes, betokening no mean knowledge in the working of materials, though their acquaintance with firearms is very slight. Their main reliance in battle on a light but remarkably effective axe, similar at all points to the renowned "Lochaber-axe," which the heavy armed Scotch soldier of the middle ages wielded (according to Logan, "with one hand, the thumb being extended along the shaft, and so forcibly that no mail could resist it),* and which they use with almost superhuman skill.

These axes have a lance-head projecting from the top of the shaft, and on the back, set at right angles to the latter, is a slender steel spike, square at the end, and about six inches long, not unlike a chain punch. With this they perforate the severed skulls of their victims, for the purpose of expelling the brains, fill the cavity with aromatic gums and spices, then smoke to preserve them, and display in their huts as trophies. For this sole purpose they make expeditions by land and sea, making "loot" on such occasions but a secondary consideration.

It is a striking fact that this same horrible custom is also practised by the Maories of New Zealand, as everybody knows, and also the habit of decorating their weapons with human hair. The dreaded Bornean Dyaks, the bloodthirsty Luconian Igorrotos, and a ferocious tribe found among the New Hebrides, are also head takers. So also were the *Balinini*, whom the Spaniards, it is said —I record it to their credit—have exterminated.

Captain Andrew Cheyne, who spent fifteen years among the Pellew and Caroline Islands, once in conversation about this singular people, assured me that he had met, in the former group, individuals physically resembling them, as also somewhat in arms

* Horsburg: 7th ed., Vol. II., p. 618.

* Logan's "Scottish Gaël." Am. Ed., p. 204.

and habits. He was but a short time afterwards murdered in his house on one of the Pellews, which he had leased from the king, and at the time was engaged in cultivating an experimental crop of cotton from Sea Island seed, which promised most satisfactory results. According to the report of Captain Torm, who visited the island subsequently, by order of the British Vice-Consul at Manila, and brought away the unfortunate Cheyne's vessel, the circumstances of his death would indicate the observance of the custom among his assassins. He was decapitated, and the head was found in the garden surrounding the house, with the back part of the skull punctured, probably abandoned in some sudden alarm.

So, too, those every way kindred spirits, the terrible "*Sea Gipsies*,"—scarce twenty years since a name of fear through all the Sunda Isles, and circumjacent waters; even yet a scourge in the eastern portions of the Molucca and Banda Seas; sometimes now, but rarely, encountered in the Straits of Macassar; indomitable rovers that, like the old Buccaniers of the West Indies, took account of no disparity of circumstances, arms, numbers, or armament,—of whom so little definite and certain is known, and so much of the horrible and mysterious is surmised, but at last, happily for the well-being of commerce, extinct hereabouts, at least as a naval organization, having disappeared since the day when Sir James Brooke crushed their allies, the Sarebas, and the sea Dyaks of Borneo.

I have my suspicions that these were not merely kindred, but perhaps identical with the Moros. It has been surmised that they are the same as the "Bajows," but this lacks confirmation; and, on the other hand, Bajows are to-day found as peaceful fishermen along the Bornean side of the Straits of Carimata. But our knowledge of them is only sufficient for provoking instead of appeasing our curiosity. Beyond the fact that they were, as their sobriquet implies, wanderers, Bedouins of the sea, without any fixed home or property besides their prohus, nothing definite concerning them has been established. It is said that they were guided by no special plan of cruising, beyond that of scudding before each monsoon. But there is some reason to suppose that they came from and returned to some part of the Sooloo Archipelago; and that they were not infrequently found allied with the Illanos—another predatory race, issuing from Illana Bay in the south side of Mindanao—with whom the Moros at this day sometimes confederate, though generally making war on their own account.

The Moros are of the Mahometan faith, and have stood the Spaniards a particularly tough tug of warfare, especially during the last half-century, and, for the most part, have succeeded in holding their own—two reasons amply sufficient in Spanish eyes for bestowing upon them the appellation proper to those fiery warriors of Africa, those valient true believers in the prophet, who conquered and held the fairest half of Old Spain for a period of almost eight centuaries.

They also possess an aptitude for building fortifications, rather formidable works, too, comparatively; and many a sharp and well-contested fight has of late years taken place between the Spanish gun-boats and Moro water-batteries, defended by their rude cannon.

But the most remarkable feature of their savage strategy is what I may term their pontooning tactics. The limits of an article of this nature forbid descending to particulars, but I will endeavour to convey a correct general idea, premising that it is a subject worthy the closest attention of our military geniuses, who may draw from it lessons of much importance.

Boats of a small size, constructed of strong, light, and elastic materials, which are fitted together without nail, treenail, spike, or screw, (being bound together instead in a very ingenious and effective manner by means of thongs, *nipa* leaf being inserted into the seams before they are brought to a state of tension, just as barrel staves are interleaved with flags to render them perfectly watertight) are combined to constitute their "pontoons." These, separated into their ultimate parts—"taken down," as our technical phrase would be—into planks, timbers, thwarts, paddles, etc., a man to each single portion, and each as light and convenient of portage as their swords or lances, are borne in sufficient numbers in every enterprise. Every warrior is a pontonier, to whom is assigned one particular part, and whose special responsibility for which ends only with life. In addition they are thoroughly drilled into a regular, systematic performance of the process of putting together and taking apart

their well adapted craft, being taught to render confusion impossible by a strict adherence to the grand principle of all evolutions, that of being in the right place, at the right moment, with the right thing. With these boats, and the combinations they are accustomed to make with them, they bridge, raft, or ferry across stream, river, or lake, according to necessities and circumstances, with a celerity that is truly marvellous; then they again "take them down," and push on their flying marches without involving any loss of time.

I have elsewhere endeavoured to show that the theory herein involved, by which every soldier is a pontonier, is capable of most advantageous adaptation in our armies, by the simple means of utilizing the buoyancy of the common canteen. For example with the emptied and stoppered canteens of a corps of ten thousand men, if made something stouter, and fitted with proper clamps or other simple means of attaching one to another, can be constructed a pontoon of ten thousand watertight compartments, or cells, which almost no practicable amount of battering could sink, and which would carry three companies fully accoutred, with three boat howitzers and fifty rounds of shell and shrapnel for each, reckoning only five pounds avoirdupois as the power of flotation of each canteen.

Other tribes, notably the Igorrotos of Luzon and the mountain Dyaks of Borneo, who are also adepts in the art, practise it with more or less skill and modification. Like them, too, they carefully foster the growth of their hair, not as a feature of personal ornamentation, but to constitute a defence, for they twist and knot it upon the cranium in every conceivable and inconceivable manner; braiding it sometimes with bands of cotton cloth and tough grasses until it forms a helmet that requires a strong arm, keen blade, and well-judged distance, to cut it through, and even then the only result is to lodge the blade without inflicting, at best, immediately fatal injury upon the warrior. This fact is so well known to the experienced "*biche-le-mer*" and other traders in these regions, that whenever an encounter with any of these tribes takes place, the crew are invariably instructed not to strike at their heads.

Besides this, they carry on the left arm large but exceedingly light shields, formed of interwoven rattan—confoundedly impenetrable things, too tough to be cut or pierced to any damaging extent, but admirably adapted to catch and jam the point of a pike or sword. They are also proof against light pistols, nothing less than the calibre of Colt's navy pattern, at close range, being effective against them. Undoubtedly they are the best shields ever invented. These people have an exceedingly awkward trick, too, of slashing at the sword-arm of an antagonist. In this way they meet and overcome, single-handed, the gigantic club-wielding Sooloo ape, a more formidable creature, it is said, than the terrible African gorilla, concerning which we have been, for some years past, treated to such tremendously exaggerated accounts, wherein travelled credulity has adopted as fact, and in some cases embellished, the creations of native mendacity. Their fire-arms are used only as naval weapons, or in their fortifications, and though the metal of which they are made appears to be good, they are rude, clumsy, and inaccurate. Probably their iron is naturally of superior fineness.

In closing this paper I venture to put forward an opinion concerning the ethnological position of these nations. Such of them as are tolerably known are classed, erroneously, I think, with the Malays. My observations lead me to suppose that they are scattered portions of a great race, perhaps once, if not now, equal to the Malays. The customs herein mentioned, notably, their pontooning and their head taking, with others too numerous to describe within these limits, the Malays know nothing of. The differences of physique from the latter are also telling. They are bearded, the Igorrotos of Luzon strongly so; while the Malays pure never show a trace; and their stature and bodily conformation differ broadly. Between Dyak, Igorroto, Moro, Sea Gipsy, and the rest, the differences are very slight, and not to be compared with those existing between them collectively, and the Malays.

The extent over which they are scattered may be due to emigration, or may give support to the theory now received by most geologists, that the islands of Oceanica are the mountain-tops of a submerged continent. Either would account for their presence in the less remotely separated localities. The

Philippine Isles have two easily practicable lines of communication for even the rudest canoes, one by the Soloo Archipelago on the east; while Palawan, at the south-western extremity of their group, has a stepping-stone, so to speak, on the Island of Bassilan to the northern shores of Borneo. The reader will observe that these lines are occupied more or less fully by the tribes of head-takers, hence the connection between the Igorrotos of Luzon on the north, and the Dyaks of Borneo on the south of their range of habitat, is maintained. But their existence, or their traces, scattered through Melanesia and Polynesia, even to New Zealand, is more difficult to account for. The Maori of the latter country, be it remarked, is a head-taker, and his resemblance to them in general physique is much closer than that of the Malay; while his traditions tell how his ancestors came to the country after long wandering in their canoes, at a period which seems to correspond with that at which the Malays sallied forth from their cradle home in Sumatra on their career of conquest throughout the vast archipelago, and drove forth on the waters the thousands from many a peaceful island coast, who preferred to seek new homes in the unknown ocean to remaining in subjugation to the ferocious invader. Did the Moro and his congeners in turn possess the art of tatooing, the proof of sameness of origin would be established.

Manila, 1866.

AT THE WATER SIDE.

BY W. P. DOLE., ST. JOHN, N. B.

(From the French of Sully-Prudhomme.)

TO sit together by the flowing tide,
And mark its flow;
Together, if in space a cloudlet glide,
To view it go;
If from thatched roof, far off, the blue smoke spring,
To watch it wreathe;
If all around some flower its sweetness fling,
The sweets to breathe;
If of some tempting fruit taste dainty bees,
That fruit to share;
If a bird sing among the listening trees,
To listen there;
Beneath a willow, where the murmuring stream
Makes melody,
To take no note, except in a pleasant dream,
How time goes by;
Letting no passion deep invade our life,
But love alone;
Having no part in all the world's vain strife,
Care to disown;
In mutual bliss, no weariness to know,
To heave no sigh;
To feel that love, whate'er may come or go,
Can never die!

BRITISH CONNECTION—IDEAL AND REAL.

BY A. M. B., OTTAWA.

IT was, if we remember correctly, Mr. Wark who last session, in the course of the protracted debate which took place in the Senate on the Pacific Railway policy of the present Administration, enunciated the novel and somewhat startling proposition that the construction of that road ought to be undertaken by the Imperial Government.* Unfortunately, the debates of the Upper Chamber, even when they are important, are practically neglected by the press, and it is very doubtful if the arguments advanced by Mr. Wark in support of his views, or even the views themselves unsupported by argument, were ever given the publicity they deserved. Briefly stated, his contention was that the Pacific Railway, desirable from a Canadian point of view, but practically unattainable by Canadian means on account of the condition of our financial resources, is an actual Imperial necessity, whether considered as an accessory to the maintenance of British commercial and military ascendancy, or as an instrument of securing still more firmly the integrity and unity of the Empire. The hon. gentleman's theory may not be quite consistent with the principle of self-government which has been so amply conceded in the constitution of our Canadian Confederacy; and it might be very well doubted, our present circumstances—which he did not indicate any desire to alter—considered, were the theory reduced to practice, and a railway built and owned by the British Government were stretched across the whole Dominion, whether it would not involve a renewal to a great extent of that odious interference in the local affairs of this country by the authorities of Downing Street which gave such unqualified dissatisfaction in the past, and from which we are now never tired of congratulating ourselves we are free. But in asserting that commercially and militarily the Pacific Railway is of Imperial concern, most people will think Mr. Wark was right. Except, however, by guaranteeing the bonds of the road, it is difficult to see how the Home Government could render us any assistance in that gigantic undertaking just now.

It is very different with the British public—the sovereign people, by whom and for whom the Government and Parliament act. The most enthusiastic and sincere advocates of British connection practically admit that the tie which binds Canada to the mother country is a tie more of affection than of advantage—more of patriotism and sentimental loyalty than of self-interest. Surely then, we

* Although the first to propose that the Imperial authorities ought themselves to build the road, Mr. Wark is by no means alone in pointing out its Imperial importance. The idea of Imperial *assistance*, too, had been suggested in Parliament before. We find Mr. Joly, during the debate on the Terms of Union, in 1871, stating that "he could not consider the railway a Canadian but an Imperial policy. Of course it was natural that England should desire to see British North America confederated and independent of the United States; and if that were her desire, the best thing she could do would be to *aid in constructing this line of communication.*" The present Minister of Marine and Fisheries, during the same debate, combatting the argument that, if the terms were not agreed to then, British Columbia would join the United States, declared if such were the case, "the matter belonged to the Imperial Government alone." Mr. Francis Jones, then member for Leeds and Grenville, considered the "Imperial Government ought to share in the expenses of any scheme for opening up the North-West." Mr. Huntington thought "if it had been the duty and policy of the Imperial Government to aid in the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, it was a hundred-fold more their duty and policy to *aid* in the construction of the Pacific," and he asked the Administration "for what reason they had absolved the Imperial Government from all duties in the work of consolidating British power on this continent." Senator Millar believed a railway across the continent, on British soil, to be as much an Imperial as a Dominion necessity, and entered into an elaborate argument to show that "when the time came, England would do her duty and do it generously"—that is to say, she would assist, "by guarantee or otherwise," in building the Pacific Railway. Senator Sanborn was opposed to the terms, and argued that the work was more an Imperial than a Colonial one.

are justified in expecting that these feelings will be more or less heartily reciprocated; for it is obvious, if the affection, and self-denial, and patriotism be all upon one side, even if the advantage on the other side be small, the bond of union must gradually grow weaker. No affection as between nationalities, especially when divided by distance and rival interests, can be so abiding that neglect on the part of the stronger will not alienate it—no tie so elastic, but it may not be tested to the sundering. It is sometimes rather hard to believe that our loyalty to Great Britain is not poorly requited, and the reception we invariably meet when we appear in the British money market, as borrowers for purposes of national development, certainly does not much assist to relieve us of our doubts upon the subject. What a contrast it presents to the reception accorded foreign nations when they present themselves in the same quarter with the same end in view! Russia, as every intelligent Briton is well aware, has her designs upon our Indian Empire—is, in fact, a standing menace to British rule and influence in the East; nevertheless, when Russia wants to organize an expedition having for its chief purpose the extension of her frontier in the direction of ours, the intelligent Englishman furnishes the money, and never, we are justified in believing, feels a qualm of conscience on account of it. Russia wants to construct a railway—a military railway—with a view solely and entirely to strengthen her position in case she should, in furtherance of her recognised eastern policy, find it necessary or convenient to go to war with Great Britain. Of course, nobody expects the Czar to do this with Russian money; but it makes little difference; he can borrow on very good terms. Accordingly, the task of finding the funds is entrusted to one or other of the cosmopolitan foreigners of the money-lending fraternity who have been invested with British citizenship—in some cases raised to the dignity of members of the Legislature; a Russian loan is placed upon the London money market; and patriotic Englishmen trample upon each other in their eagerness to subscribe to it—in their eagerness, must we say, to bolster up their country's most deadly enemy with their country's own gold. But let Her Majesty's subjects in Canada propose to borrow from their richer fellow-subjects in London, the wherewithal to build railways which would open up to settlement a vast area of productive land, increase immensely the British population and British influence upon this Continent, give an impetus to both Imperial and Colonial commerce, of which at present they stand greatly in need, and in thousands of ways tend to consolidate the Empire, they are met upon the very threshold of their negociations by obstacles which are all but insurmountable. Not even the Government of the Province of Quebec could appear in the London money market as a borrower for colonization railway purposes, without provoking the violent opposition of the great financial magnates and their organs. Of course, the unproductive nature of Canadian railway investments, taken as a whole, furnishes to the mind of the capitalist what might and does appear a very powerful argument against indiscriminate speculation in that sort of property; but if Englishmen only paid half as much attention to the condition and prospects of Canada as they do to Russian, Turkish, Egyptian, Brazilian, and other favourite foreign securities, they would be able to see that in the extension of our railway system lies the prosperity of the country, and the enhancement of the value of the roads which now exist.

But the readiness with which British gold is lent for the purpose of building up and developing the resources of a greedy, barbarous, and aggressive Foreign Power, while the black frown of disfavour is turned upon the attempts of an enlightened and friendly dependency to secure the same objects, is not the only anomaly which presents itself to the student of the policy, not alone of British capitalists, but of British statesmen as well. England has constituted herself, and has long been recognised as the friend and liberator of the slave and the champion of liberty, and has paid dearly, in both money and blood, to secure the absolute freedom of every human creature on British soil. But has she not been eqally lavish of both blood and money in her efforts to befriend and preserve Turkey—that plague-spot amongst the nations of Europe, that reproach to the civilization of the century, that sworn and uncompromising foe of liberty and the Christian religion? And does not every Englishman who contributes a shilling to a Turkish loan assist, and does he not know that he assists in perpetuating

the existence of that incarnation of savage barbarism and abominable licentiousness? Certainly it is a remarkable illustration of the aphorism that "money is the root of all evil," when the mere greed of gain can induce the most intelligent people in the world to neglect what may not be their immediate but would surely be their ultimate interest upon this continent, for what the most short-sighted amongst them must see, if they but take the trouble to look, is a doubtful and, at best, a temporary advantage on another; or when successive British Governments hold themselves ready to outrage common sense and the principles they have been so careful to cultivate, to sacrifice human lives by the hundreds of thousands and money by the million, in order to maintain an imaginary "balance of power" in the East, while they stedfastly throw away the numerous opportunities that for the last two centuries have been presenting themselves of establishing by humane and peaceful means a real preponderance of power for themselves in the West. The blunder, or succession of blunders, which culminated one hundred years ago in the declaration of American Independence, if repaired at all, can be repaired only in one way now: that is, by strengthening and extending in every possible way the influence and interests of Canada, and by cementing in a lasting and practical way the Dominion and the Mother Country. To build Canada up and make her a powerful nation is a task which, undoubtedly, must be largely left to ourselves; but it is also a task in which, if the British people and Government expect to be sharers of the happy results of its consummation, they must be prepared to lend us their patronage and assistance. This it is in their power to accomplish without in the slightest degree violating or encroaching upon any of those sound principles which now govern the political relations subsisting between the Colony and the Imperial authorities. We want both men and money to develop our immense—the adjective is not a mere rhetorical flourish, but is truthfully applied—natural resources: our friends on the other side of the Atlantic have a surplus of both. First, then, as to the men:—It is indisputable that a continual stream of emigration from Great Britain to somewhere is a necessity. Why, then, since it is both a necessity and a fact, should the people "at home" and their rulers neglect or refuse to recognise it formally; and why should not their influence be exerted to direct at least as much of it as takes a westerly course to the shores of Canada, instead of permitting it unrestrainedly, as at present, to flow towards the neighbouring Union. It would surely be worth while for Great Britain to unite with her Colonies in offering inducements to her own subjects to remain under the ægis of their native flag. They would thus continue to be British subjects, devoting their energies to the cause of the British Empire, and ready to defend it with their lives if that were necessary. Were Great Britain and the United States ever to go to war again—which Heaven forfend—it is fearful to contemplate how many of Britain's sons might be compelled to imbrue their hands in British blood. The contingency is sufficiently startling to merit an effort in the direction of altering the circumstances which have rendered it possible. Then as to the money: There are millions of that commodity in Great Britain seeking investment now, altogether independent of the millions already unpatriotically invested. Why do the British press and people resist every attempt to divert at least a portion of it into Canadian channels? Why, on the contrary, should there not be an organized endeavour on their part to divert it into these channels, where its investment would be an advantage as well to the British lenders as to the British borrowers? It would cost the Imperial Government very little to guarantee a number of loans for desirable purposes in Canada—the construction of the Pacific Railway, for instance—even if for a series of years they were unproductive; and if nothing else were to result than to prevent the money from going into the coffers of foreign slaveholders and despots, and from being used to strengthen England's enemies, we might fairly suppose that an important object had been attained.

So much for what might be done under present circumstances to make British connection a practical advantage to Canada, and Colonial connection a practical advantage to the mother country, without disturbing the free and full exercise of self-government by the people of this country. But there are other considerations which force themselves upon our notice in this connection. The idea of setting the colonies adrift no

longer finds a place in the platform of the Liberal party of England, and it may safely be expected never to re-appear there again. But Liberal statesmen have by no means come to the conclusion that any change is unnecessary, and it would not be a bit surprising, when the disunion and disorganization which now reign in their ranks have been replaced by agreement and a common purpose, if some more satisfactory status for the colonies were a feature of their political programme. The Conservatives never contemplated the abandonment of the colonies, and in the days when Manchester ideas were apparently leavening the whole Liberal lump, the preservation of the Colonial Empire intact became one of the battle-cries of the Tory party. Mr. Disraeli is known to entertain the opinion that the existing order of things ought to be altered; but the order which he meditated substituting, if it was at all correctly apprehended, is far from likely to find favour in Canada. Mr. Disraeli, however, being now disposed of—turned out to grass, to use a vulgar expression—it remains to be seen what those who succeed him in shaping the party policy propose to do, or whether they propose anything. Among ourselves, Confederation, with all its benefits, is tacitly admitted to be a transition state. By the few but increasing number who have embraced the celebrated Aurora platform, it is regarded merely as the first step to a far grander and more comprehensive union, upon a federal basis, which will include all self-governing British possessions. Nobody who looks the subject conscientiously in the face can pretend to believe that we shall always remain, or that it is desirable we should always remain, as we are, although there is naturally a very wide divergence of opinion as to what it is most likely or best the next phase should be. The net result cannot, however, fail to be an earnest discussion of the general question in the near future, by and between imperial and colonial statesmen. A discussion of that sort could scarcely fail to lead to important changes, and these changes would be little likely to be but in one direction—the direction of consolidation and closer relationship.

If Britain is to retain her precedence among the nations, it must be by preserving and solidifying her colonial possessions. To such precedence, says a recent writer, she "never could have made the slightest pretensions, regarded in herself, in the extent of her natural territory, in her insulated and distant position." If that statement be true with regard to the past, it applies with still greater force to the present and the future. But in order to preserve the colonies, loyal and undivided, Britain must abandon her present exclusive and selfish policy for one broad and liberal enough to admit of some patriotic considerations. "True patriotism," says an eminent reviewer, "implies enlightened self-sacrifice;" and as if conscious that this definition is but imperfectly applicable to the quality of the article with which in this century we are best acquainted, he adds that now "it is too often a narrowing of view from what is required by the good of mankind to the petty interests of some narrow strip of territory." It is very much to be feared that the "narrow strip of territory" by which British patriotism is bounded is that stretching from "Land's End to John O'Groats." When the London *Times* has begun to be as zealous in exposing the bankrupt condition of the Porte and the Khedive as it invariably is in giving credence to lying reports reflecting on the people of Canada, and in depreciating what it calls their "young national credit," we may reasonably look forward with hope to the voluntary inauguration by the Home Government of that more enlightened colonial policy for which our loyal hearts are yearning: not sooner. We may, in the meantime, strive to conciliate the spirit of national pride which rebels against submission to these studied indignities by saying that the *Times* is neither England nor the British people; which may be well enough in theory, but we are all the same confronted with the stern fact that only the other week—such is the influence of the *Times* with the British people—a loan negotiated by the second most important Province of the Canadian Confederation, which started at 101, fell in a very few hours to 97 in consequence of the strictures of the great organ. If such be the coin in which the British press and people propose to repay Canadian loyalty and devotion—and a practical test of this kind is worth all the columns of abstract editorial friendliness which the dog-days and nothing to write about usually produce—the time is close at hand when the absolute inconvenience of our dependence upon them will resolve

itself into a necessity for action which our public men can no longer decline to deal with. The grievance is ours: that the agitation for its removal must begin with ourselves, and that the remedy must be suggested to Her Majesty by our own representatives, and through resolution of our own parliament, ought to be tolerably clear, if regard be paid to historical precedents. Our own political history contains more than one illustration of the proposition. It is needless to remind any Canadian of the chain of circumstances which led to the concession of responsible government. Certainly that boon came not without agitation, sometimes not very peaceful, on our part; and we know, also, the discontent and disaffection and disappointment which at one time nearly resulted in the severance of the union between England and Scotland; the nature and extent of the disadvantages under which the smaller nation laboured—disadvantages, commercial and political, in many respects analogous to our own; and the pacific, constitutional agencies by which a remedy was sought and compelled.

The example of Scotland is worth copying. If we refuse to profit by the lesson which it teaches, we may depend upon it the reforms and concessions necessary to put us upon that footing in relation to the mother country which would establish a greater community of interest between us, will not readily come from the home authorities of their own volition. Their ignorance of, and incompetency to deal with, the question will long continue to induce them to leave what they conceive to be "well enough" alone. With us the case is different. The honour of forming part and parcel of the great and glorious British Empire is something which we may well be pardoned for cherishing; but we might just as well have a share of the advantage, too. There are the most pressing reasons why an early opportunity should be taken to bring this view of the matter out in bold relief. Our national credit is pledged to the construction of the Pacific Railway; that is a mighty fact, which is being pressed upon us by British Columbia, on the one hand, and by the press of England, on the other, with an eagerness and energy which imply very grave doubts as to our good faith. It would be very flattering to our self-esteem to suppose that we—some four millions of people, scattered thinly over a vast expanse of territory, and scarce of cash at that—could by our unaided efforts build a railway stretching from Lake Nipissing to the Pacific Ocean within the next twenty or even within the next fifty years; but it stands to reason that we cannot. It is important in this relation to consider the capacity in which we undertook to carry out the work.* If as a mere dependency of the Empire, with no aspiration beyond that condition, it was, to say the least,—even presuming that we were capable of carrying the undertaking to a successful issue,—something which could not in justice have been expected of us—a task which did not belong to us.† If with a view to our becoming an independent nation, the more honest course would have been to declare the fact: the declaration might have brought us that sympathy and assistance—not from England to be sure—which would, if anything could, have enabled us to keep faith with British Columbia. But if we undertook the Pacific Railway, intending and expecting to follow up our assumption of that Imperial burden by representations in the Imperial Councils, the sooner we give voice and form to those intentions and expectations the better. If we are a part of the British Empire in fact as well as in idea, here is an opportunity for developing the reality of the partnership which we are, in duty to ourselves, bound not to neglect. That we have no wish, as a people, to get beyond the chrysalis condition in which we now exist, is a supposition which no patriotic Canadian could seriously entertain. That the Imperial

* Sir George Cartier, in his speech on moving the adoption of the "Terms," urged that we "needed a sea-board on the Pacific, if ever this Dominion were to be a powerful *nation* in the future." Senator Sanborn, during the debate in the Upper House, said:—"The policy of Confederation now being carried out, as indicated by Imperial proceedings [referring to the withdrawal of the troops] and our Colonial movements, is that we are to become an *independent nation*."

† Senator Sanborn, during the debate on the "Terms," said:—"Though still a colony, we are extending our territory westward to the Pacific, and undertaking all the responsibilities of these enterprises. We assume the obligations, children as we are, of an independent nationality, without the security and countenance we should have from the Parent State." And again: "Can we reconcile the fact of our undertaking such national responsibilities with our existing political conditions? It is not in the nature of colonies to be aggressive; it never has been so. *This is the attribute of the nation.*"

authorities are inclined, in some measure, to meet our views on public questions, when these views are definitely and courteously expressed, has been proved by the concessions made to Canadian vessel owners in the Imperial Shipping Bill. Considering, therefore, that comparatively friendly disposition on the part of the Home Government, and considering also that we are, in consequence of engagements of a purely Imperial nature, confronted with national bankruptcy, or an equally disastrous alternative, national repudiation, we are justified in holding that the present is a fitting opportunity to begin the agitation which must sooner or later indicate the nature of that closer relationship which the people of Canada desire to establish with Great Britain, and which will lead the Imperial Parliament to indicate how far they are willing that our aspirations may be fulfilled.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.

POOR ANGELO.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST CALL AT ST. LAZARUS.

IT may be said at once for the better understanding of the character of our hero—for this hard, angular, crotchety being is all the hero we have to present to our good readers—that Brian Halfday did not start for America with any intention of troubling Mabel Westbrook with his company and aggravating her by his advice. He had a motive for his journey, that will appear in the due course of this narrative, and there was no scheming to throw himself in her way again. Had he been sure that she was in Boston, had he been certain that she would have been pleased to welcome him, he would have kept out of her way. It had been her wish on the day she had flitted suddenly from Penton; she had expressed it forcibly and kindly, but none the less had he scared her from her home, and he would not too hastily cast his black shadow across the solitary path she had preferred to pursue. She had begged for time, and he had granted it; he was neither a bore nor a spy, and he must leave her to herself for awhile, making preparations, none the less intently, for that future of hers over which he had sworn to watch till his life's end, and of which task he was proud.

Of his expedition to America we purpose to keep no record; the thread of our story is resumed on English ground a few weeks afterwards.

It was the end of October when Brian Halfday was in Penton again, no longer the curator and custodian of the Museum, but a gentleman at large. He had resigned his office before quitting England, and he had no intention of returning to the post which he had quitted. He had no idea, either, of remaining in Penton, although it was his birthplace, and a dreamy old city that suited him—time since we left him last had worked many changes, and given a new turn to his ambitions.

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

He walked into his office for the letters which had accumulated during his absence; he arranged with his successor for the future despatch of various articles belonging to him and which were still at the Museum; he chatted for awhile with a stray trustee, who happened to arrive in search of an umbrella he had left four months ago in a corner of the director's room; he took a last stroll through the building, and pored lovingly over the old relics of which he had had the care, and the histories of which were household words to him; and, finally, he went down the steps with something like a sigh escaping him.

"It was a quiet life, but I was happy there," he muttered; "never unhappy until——"

"Until Mabel Westbrook came," was he going to add, when he stopped his soliloquy, and stamped his foot angrily upon the flinty pathway? Possibly, for he began a fresh sentence in lieu of finishing the preceding.

"Not her fault—but my own stupidity," he said, "and it's all well over now."

He walked at a brisk pace from the city to the Hospital of St. Lazarus, like a man who had had his plans of action from the first, and was carrying them out one by one. He had begun his new life in England, and his new thoughts for her who had escaped him took him, as a beginning, towards the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor. He might fail in the information which he required, but some clue might be found here, and Angelo Salmon or his mother might have learned where Mabel Westbrook was. At all events, he was not disposed to leave Penton until he had asked many questions of many folk, and he went about his mission in a brisk, business-like way. He glanced towards the little villa where Mabel had lived as he passed—there was a bill in the window, announcing the fact of furnished apartments within—and he paused some twenty yards further on, as though the idea of making inquiries had struck him suddenly.

"When I come back—and if necessary," he said; then he resumed his rapid pace, stopping not again till Hodsman, the porter, was looking at him from his door in the Cardinal's Tower.

"Good-day," he said.

"Good-day to you, Mr. Halfday—for it is Mr. Brian Halfday, surely?"

"Have I altered so much since I was here last, Hodsman, that you are in doubt as to my identity?"

"You are looking uncommon well, sir," said Hodsman, "more brown and less dusty like. Been in the country?"

"I have been abroad," answered Brian, "and have come back to look up some of my friends and acquaintances. Is young Mr. Salmon at the Master's quarters? I have business with him."

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," said Hodsman, "he has not been here for a sight of weeks."

"Not since Miss Westbrook left?"

"That's the very day I saw him last, Mr. Brian, now I come to think of it."

"Do you know where he is to be found?"

"They might tell you at the Master's house—but the Master is away."

"Is Mrs. Salmon there?"

"No—she's away too."

"Who is acting for Mr. Salmon?"

"Mr. Cutler."

"Cutler of Penton Cathedral?" ran on Brian, firing off his questions one after another in his old pop-gun style, and without a moment's hesitation.

"Yes—he's—"

But Brian had not stopped for further information. He had walked into the quadrangle, and was hammering away with the knocker of the Master's door before Mr. Hodsman had finished his sentence, if he had even cared to finish it after the unceremonious departure of the gentleman to whom he had devoted his attention.

It was a noisy summons which caused the heads of one or two brothers to peer round the entrance door of the Refectory, and transformed a black cat's placid sleep on a window-sill into a mad flight, all legs and wings, across the grass plat. Even the servant who responded to Brian's impetuous knock came to the door pale from sudden fright.

"Is Mr. Cutler in?"

"No, sir, he—"

"Where is he to be found?"

"He is at one of the brother's cottages, I think, sir."

"Which one, do you know?"

"No, sir. I will enquire."

"It doesn't matter—I will enquire myself."

Brian walked from the Master's residence to the Refectory. He was a little excited.

The Salmons were away, and the consciousness of being baulked at the outset of his investigation disturbed his composure seriously. He stepped into the hall and looked around him. The fire was burning in the big central hoop again, and the days were growing cold and lonesome to the old men huddled round the blaze. The summer had died away for good, and it was doubtful how many of those withered atoms would see another, with life's span drawn out to its full tension—let the Noble Poor have all the warmth and comfort that this charity afforded, whilst there was time before them.

The brothers were in full force that afternoon; they had gathered together for company's sake, or else something of more than usual importance had linked them in a common band, thought Brian. They were talking together in low murmurs, which echoed strangely in the place, and the withered faces turned curiously towards the man who had intruded there as he stepped into the hall.

"Good afternoon, brothers," said Brian, "can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Cutler?"

"Good afternoon, Master Brian," replied those who recognized him, "Mr. Cutler is with brother Peter."

"Peter Scone?"

"Yes," said one old man, in a feeble falsetto, "he's going at last. He has been a long while at it—but the cold last week caught him in the chest, and he's awful bad, he is?"

"Indeed," said Brian.

"And Mr. Cutler's reading to him, but I don't think," said the old man, shaking his head very solemnly, "that Peter likes that kind of thing."

"Peter was never fond of his Bible, more's the pity," said another.

"Peter was never fond of anything," commented a third.

Brian Halfday passed from the Refectory to the brothers' houses, and knocked gently at the door of Peter Scone's room. The sallow face of an old woman was confronting him through the half-open door very shortly after his summons for admittance.

"What is it?"

"Is Mr. Cutler disengaged?" asked Brian; "I would speak to him for a few moments. My name is Halfday."

"Halfday!" exclaimed a shrill voice that our hero recognized, "not Adam Halfday come to fetch me already. Don't say it's Adam!"

"Hush—hush," said another voice; "you are exciting yourself unnecessarily, Mr. Scone."

"Who is it, then?"

"Brian Halfday."

"The very man we want," said Mr. Cutler, with evident excitement; "come in, please, and shut the door behind you, as the draught is keen to-day."

CHAPTER II.

GREAT NEWS.

BRIAN HALFDAY complied with the request that had been given him, but a certain amount of fresh air found its way into the room as he entered, and set old Peter Scone coughing very violently. Brian glanced at the sufferer in the bed, who closed his eyes as if the sight of the newcomer were unpleasant to him, and who, he fancied, shrank a little as he advanced and touched the waxen hand resting without the coverlet.

"I am sorry, Peter, to find you brought down so low as this," said Brian, "but it is the lot of each of us in turn."

"Ye-es—I know," answered Peter, still breathing with great difficulty after his paroxysm, "but it's an awkward—time of year—for this—business. I always thought—I should go—off nice and warm—in the summer. What—brought you—here to-day?"

"God's hand must have led him to this house," said Mr. Cutler, solemnly.

Brian looked hard at the speaker, who came towards him and shook hands.

"What does this mean?" asked Brian.

"Shall I tell him, Peter, or will you?"

"You had better—tell him—sir," answered Peter Scone in little gasps, "you've more breath—than I have, more's the pity!"

"This poor erring mortal, Mr. Halfday," said the clergyman, "has done you and yours a grievous wrong, and is now lying here repentant for all past mistakes. Will you, before he leaves us, forgive his trespasses against you?"

Brian did not hesitate before the yearning face with the seal of death upon it.

"Willingly," he answered.

"Thank — you," said the old man, "thank you, Brian. I am glad you—have come now! But—I wonder—what old Adam will have to say—about it—presently!"

"What harm has this man done me in my time, that I should say 'Forgiveness'?" asked Brian of Mr. Gregory Salmon's deputy.

"Tell—him," whispered Peter Scone.

"It is a very short story, but of great importance, that I have heard this morning," said Mr. Cutler; "your grandfather's will—"

"What! but go on—go on," cried Brian, "what is there to say concerning that?"

"The will which was discovered by your sister in the church, and which you proved and administered to, was not the last will of Adam Halfday," said the minister; "the day before Adam quitted the Hospital he had quarrelled with his grand-daughter again, and in a fit of pique against her, or thinking that he had not done you justice, or for reasons which we cannot sift to a conclusion, he wrote another will, and entrusted it to Scone's care. It is that will which Peter has kept back."

"Because—I never thought it—was a fair one," mumbled Peter; "Because I liked Dorcas—though she never treated me well—better than I—did—you."

"Where is this Will?" asked Brian.

"It is in my possession," said Mr. Cutler, drawing a piece of paper from his inner breast-pocket, and tendering it to our hero, "and I am glad to be so quickly relieved of the responsibility connected with it."

Brian, in his impatience, snatched it from the clergyman's hands, and then became aware of his rudeness.

"I beg your pardon—but so much depends upon this," he said hastily, as he opened the paper and read the few lines which it contained. Having perused the same, he went close to the bedside of Peter Scone again, and looked down at him. Peter coughed and feebly turned his head away.

"What made you do this?" asked Brian.

"I thought Dorcas would—be liberal with me—and besides—"

"Well?"

"You've been haughty to me all your life—and you didn't—ask me to the funeral!" was the old man's answer.

Brian touched the hand of Peter Scone once more.

"That was the one bad turn you spoke of, as deserving another—but you are sorry now?"

"Yes—very sorry—because—if I had lived a little longer, Dorcas would have—or you might have—"

"Say no more," said Brian, "but think of Heaven instead of earth."

"He has been talking of Heaven all day," said Peter, in reply, "it's very kind—of him—but I'm a little—sick of it. I—I—"

"Rest, Peter—and then think of Heaven again. Good-bye."

"Good-bye,—I suppose now you—have got all you want—you won't come and see me—any more?"

"I am going away from Penton."

"Won't you come on Sunday?—I shall live—till Sunday, the doctor says."

"I may be many miles away. If I should be in Penton I will come."

"And there's my funeral—will you come to that now; I haven't anyone to follow me I care for—that old cat is chief mourner—my sister Lucretia Scone—Brian."

The sallow-faced woman rose at this odd introduction, made a courtesy to Brian, and sat down again.

"I don't mind what he says now, sir," said Lucretia in a husky whisper, "he talks a heap of nonsense, and can't last four-and-twenty hours, to my reckoning."

"That's a lie," said Peter very distinctly.

"Hush, hush, Scone," cried Mr. Cutler again in mild reproach, "it is too late for hard words—for anything, save repentance and faith."

"One moment," said Peter to our hero; "don't be—in such a hurry. Where's William?"

"My father?" asked Brian.

"Ay."

"I do not know."

"I hope he's swinging—somewhere," said Peter maliciously between his gasps; "he ruined my con — con — constitution by knocking—me about that night in the Close. I should have—lived—oh! years longer—but for him. I—I——"

Here his cough seized upon him and racked his frame and took him to the verge of insensibility, as to the verge of the grave, and when he had recovered he signed for Brian to approach him.

"Say—for—given—again," he whispered faintly, "and I may—get off—cheap!"

"Forgiven," answered Brian as he walked moodily from the room into the quadrangle beyond, where the chaplain, doing duty in the absence of the Master, joined him.

"That is a terrible old man," said Brian, "with the evil clinging to his last shred of life like a blight that will not quit him. What has such a man lived for all these unprofitable years?"

"Perhaps for repentance even yet," said the minister.

"You may be right," answered Brian, thoughtfully still, "and I at least have no right to judge him."

"The heart of a man——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Brian, "but I am pressed for time, and have come here for explanations of great moment to me. Where is Angelo Salmon?—I shall be grateful for any information you can give me concerning him."

Mr. Cutler seemed to hesitate.

"Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes."

"You are a friend of his then?"

"The best friend he has, perhaps," said Brian energetically.

"He has been very ill—and away from the family," explained the minister; "three weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Salmon learned of his illness for the first time."

"Ill," said Brian, "then he will not know where she is?"

"Where who is?" asked Mr. Cutler.

"A lady in whom I am interested, and whom I had hoped Angelo's power of research would have discovered before this."

"Was Angelo Salmon interested in her also, may I ask?" said Mr. Cutler.

"Yes."

"Then he has found her."

"Now I am glad of that," exclaimed Brian, "where is she—where is he?"

"You allude to Miss Westbrook of course?"

"Of course! What other lady?—but go on, please."

"They are all at Scarborough—at the 'Mastodon Hotel,'" said Mr. Cutler, "we have been keeping the address somewhat of a secret, because——"

"All at Scarborough. Who's all?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Salmon are with their son. You have no idea how ill that amiable young fellow has been, Mr. Halfday. I should not have believed that——"

"And Miss Westbrook is with them you say?" said Brian, interrupting him again.

"Yes."

"Strange that they should all have gone together to that fast place," muttered Brian.

"I beg pardon—I did not catch——"

"When are they coming back?"

"Not for some weeks. Angelo is getting rapidly better, but he requires considerable care."

"Yes—yes—a sick man always does. And Miss Westbrook who was discovered at Scarborough, possibly she will not remain," said Brian thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes! she is sure to remain for her future husband's sake."

"Her what!" exclaimed Brian Halfday.

"Oh, you don't know that——"

"I don't know anything. Go on."

Mr. Cutler drew himself up stiffly. He was a great man at the Cathedral, and not accustomed to this unceremonious style of address. Still he vouchsafed a reply.

"Young Mr. Salmon and Miss Westbrook are engaged to be married at Christmas."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE NORTH.

IT was a late season at Scarborough, and fashion and frivolity lingered at "the queen of watering-places." It was warm, dry, autumn weather, and visitors with time to spare were thick upon the Spa still. The dandies and the would-be dandies, the unmistakable West-end loungers and the unmistakable West-end cads, the men of the clubs and the men of the streets, the retired tradesmen and the broad-shouldered manufacturers from the North, the dyspeptic, the bilious, the creaky, the fortune-hunters and the fortune-spenders, the great army of marriageable misses, and the shady camp-followers whose identity was doubtful, the widows looking out boldly for their second husbands, and the widowers timidly for their second wives, the men who never mean to marry and told everybody so, and the men who were married and told nobody—they were all loafing and leering and flirting at this hot-bed by the sea.

The great "Mastodon Hotel," if not full to its ninth story, as in the height of its season it is bound to be, was doing well, and the waiters were not yet in expectation of the warning which comes with the cold and wet at Scarborough. The genial, good-tempered manager was in extra spirits with his extra season: the *table-d'-hôte* was served to a goodly number of guests in the great dining-hall; and there were dances thrice a week for all the light-heeled and light-headed folk who killed time and broke hearts to waltz music.

One of these after-dinner dances was in course of progression at the "Mastodon Hotel," when Brian Halfday descended the broad staircase into the hall and looked about him. He had brushed off the dust of a long day's journey, but had not troubled himself to put on evening dress and white kids, and launch into festive proceedings forthwith. He did not look festive in his black suit and thick-soled boots, and the expression of his countenance was not hilarious. It was a stern, pale face, at which more than one visitor glanced askance, as if it were out of place there, and to be marvelled at in such society. It was watchful as well as stern, and the thin steel-framed spectacles which he had perched on the bridge of his nose gave an additional sharpness to the black eyes glittering behind the crystal. He was short-sighted, and required artificial means to look about him thoroughly —and he had come to the "Mastodon Hotel" with that purpose, to begin with. To those of whom he was in search he had offered no warning of his approach; he wished to study them for himself, and to come upon them by surprise. They might be glad or sorry to see him, he did not know which, and he did not care, he was inclined to believe—though in his "heart of hearts" he knew better than that, so far as one particular person was concerned. He had come on business, he considered also—the grave, unadulterated business of another's welfare —but he was in no hurry, and such business as his could bide its time. He was in no great hurry either to discover the object of his search; after one stroll in the background of the ball-room, where the dancers were too busy to take notice of him, he seated himself in a corner of the cool hall beyond, and read a local paper which he had purchased at the railway station and brought on in his pocket. It was a difficult and double performance, that of reading and watching thus, as he had to read over his glasses and to scrutinize the people through them, but Brian Halfday was equal to the occasion. He mastered the local news, he went carefully through the visitors' lists, and a detective police officer looking out for "somebody" could not be more vigilant in his inspection of the guests as they promenaded in the central hall after the dance,or strolled towards the coffee-room for refreshments. Nothing escaped Brian Halfday, and his studious mood was as far from him that night as the Museum in old Penton.

His vigilance was not quickly rewarded. Amongst the dancers and saunterers of the "Mastodon Hotel" there was no sign of the Salmons or Miss Westbrook; but the hour was not late, and Brian was a man of immense patience when he had made up his mind to pursue a task to the end. In this instance patience was rewarded by the late appearence of Miss Westbrook and Mrs. Salmon, who came together down the staircase from their rooms. Brian applied himself more diligently to the paper, which he held very closely to his eyes, without losing sight of them, and with his heart thrilling in an unsatisfactory and troublesome manner.

Was it possible that he had not forgotten Mabel, or outlived the one foolish fancy that had crossed his prosaic life, or settled down to the fact that woman's love, or trust, or friendship was never to fall to his share? Or was it only his old interest in her which he did not want to die away, and which had brought him to the Yorkshire coast, that was disturbing his sincerity *pro tem.*? Surely his interest alone. He was not so daft as to allow a hopeless passion to trouble him at his age, and with his sober thoughts to back him. It was only his old interest—and that was to last as long as she lived—and under every circumstance of her life and his.

She was looking very beautiful, he thought, in her high-necked black silk dress, and with a white camellia in her hair—he should have felt disappointed to discover her in one of those flimsy, flaunting ball-dresses with which many of the ladies had over-adorned themselves that evening. She was a sensible girl, too, and would not whirl round in insane fashion with the rest of the volatile crowd that had already depressed him by its exu-

berance of spirits. She would sit down, and observe society at high pressure, and amuse good Mrs. Salmon with her clever comments on passing things, and presently he would steal to her side with all his news and be rewarded by her welcome smiles. He thought she would be glad to see him now; he had been six weeks away from her, he had given her the time for which she had pleaded; he had kept his word with her, and kept his money, and there could not be the shadow of a reproach on her sweet face after his implicit obedience.

He read his paper again, or affected to read it, until he thought Mabel and her companion were comfortably seated in the ball-room; he gave one final glance at the broad staircase and the upper gallery running round the dome-shaped hall, half in expectation of the smooth face of Angelo Salmon beaming at him from some corner of the vast establishment, and then he rose and walked towards the ball-room At the same instant the music struck up a waltz, the dancers spun along merrily and madly, and a few prudent couples requiring more room and less heat, came twirling into the cool hall and danced round the palm-tree trophy in the centre.

Brian sat down again—this time in a seat more open to observation. He had altered his mind suddenly, for Mabel Westbrook was dancing—actually dancing!—with a tall, long-whiskered individual who had placed one arm lightly round her waist, and was holding her little gloved hand in his. Strange and miserable sensation to come to a man of his iron mould, thought Brian, but for an instant there fell upon him a heart sickness, and dizziness, and terrible despondency that was utterly beyond his own analysis, although capable of the simplest solution in the world. There was a sense of anger following close upon this feeling that disturbed his mind, made his pulses throb, and assured him that his feeling of contentment was at an end for that night. He felt as if he had been altogether deceived in his estimate of Mabel Westbrook's character—as if he had overrated her and made a goddess from materials common to all women, frivolous and vain. In his estimation he had set her upon so high a pedestal, that to see her in that caravansary, the partner in a dance with a long-legged simpleton whose title to her notice was the money he paid weekly for his board and lodging, vexed him and rendered him uncharitable.

It was Brian Halfday's dark hour, and the length of the dance and the untiring zeal of the dancers did not tend to lighten it. The old harsh, sullen mood, which Dorcas knew too well, had descended on him, and wrapped him in a cloud.

Brian had always hated dancing—with the uncompromising and bitter hate of a man who cannot or will not dance—and had inveighed against it more than once in his life, and to sit calmly there and see the woman he loved, or the woman for whom he had the highest respect, according to his own idea, acting as frivolously as the rest of the people around him, was a blow from which he could not readily recover. He crumpled up his newspaper and thrust it behind his chair; whereon he sat with a glaring countenance and watched the business of the night. Presently Mabel Westbrook caught sight of him over the shoulder of her partner, and her eyes grew larger and her face redder, as though "long whiskers" were squeezing her—but she was in doubt concerning his identity, as Brian wore glasses and glared at her through them without a sign of recognition. When the waltz was over, and she and her partner were passing him again, she glanced at him and met his dark, steady, staring eyes. Yes, it was he—there was a certain contraction of his bushy eyebrows by which at least she was sure of him. She drew her hand from her partner's arm immediately, and with a "Thank you" dismissed him. Then she came towards Brian, the genuine unaffected woman whom he had always known, and the stolid look with which he had always met her did not quench her smiles as she approached.

"Mr. Halfday — you here!" she exclaimed; "I could not believe it was you."

Mr. Brian Halfday rose and shook hands with cold formality. Mabel read his rigid countenance incorrectly and turned pale.

"Is anything the matter?" she inquired; "have you brought me bad news?"

"No, Miss Westbrook," answered Brian.

"Why did you not speak to me before—or look as if you recognized me?"

"You were too busily engaged," said Brian drily; "I should have been an intrusion upon you."

Mabel was unprepared for this reception,

and although a high-spirited girl, was not one who took offence readily at a slight. And she *was* glad to see Brian Halfday.

"Do you mean that I was dancing?"

"Yes."

"Don't you like dancing?" she inquired.

"I cannot say I see much to admire in it," he answered, "but it is more out of place here—more foolish and frivolous—than ordinary."

"Indeed?" said Mabel.

"I would as soon dance in a cook-shop," he added very bitterly, "and I would as soon have expected you to dance there as in this menagerie."

Brian's remarks failed in their effect in this instance from their very extravagance of malignity. Mabel could guess pretty shrewdly at the motives for his anger, and her keen sense of humour dispelled the first flutterings of resentment which had come to her. She laughed merrily at him, and this did not tend to his composure.

"I am pleased to find you in such excellent spirits this evening, Miss Westbrook," he said satirically; "it repays me for the trouble of this long journey in search of you."

"Have you come all this way on my account?" inquired Mabel innocently.

"Certainly I have."

"I am highly honoured," she replied in a stately manner at last.

"It would be out of place to speak here of the motive for my troubling you," Brian continued, in the same cold tone which he had at first adopted, "and therefore I purpose deferring my explanation to a more convenient opportunity."

"As you please," said Mabel indifferently; "but why is it out of place at the present time?"

"Your new friends will be seeking you out, and I do not care to be interrupted by them," was his answer.

"I have no new friends."

"Who was the fellow dancing with you, then?" he asked abruptly.

"The *gentleman* with whom I was dancing, Mr. Halfday," she said with emphasis, "is Captain Amherst of the United States' navy."

"Ah! the man of whom you told me," exclaimed Brian; "but, no! he was a dry-good's man, I remember."

"This gentleman I have met at the hotel," said Mabel, repressing a smile with difficulty, "that's all."

"Yes—that's all," said Brian, more mournfully them angrily now; "what a big, miserable, and soul-depressing book the history of chance acquaintances would make! what tragic stories it would contain—what horrors!"

"Is there anything tragic or horrible in my meeting with Captain Amherst?" inquired Mabel caustically.

"No," Brian replied "there is more of pantomime than tragedy about *him*."

"I am afraid you know very little concerning Captain Amherst, and have no right to comment upon him in this manner," said Mabel, indignant in real earnest at last.

"I am extremely sorry if I have hurt your feelings by my remarks upon the gentleman," said Brian, more politely; "I simply replied to your questions."

"Yes—after your own fashion," answered Mabel, shrugging her shoulders.

"I thought I might speak frankly to you—but I am mistaken, I see," Brian continued, "or else you are greatly changed since our last meeting."

She looked at him steadily and unflinchingly.

"Yes—I am greatly changed," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAD TEMPER.

IT was not a happy renewal of the acquaintance between Brian Halfday and Mabel Westbrook. There was something ominous in it. The world had sorely changed as well as Mabel, and everything was different about him since he, Brian Halfday, had come back from America. Well, who was he, to expect that a woman should be of one mind for weeks together, or that Mabel Westbrook was a brilliant contrast to her sex, or that the world was going to stop whilst he was on his travels?

He was asking himself these questions, but hardly in the same misanthropic, discontented mood as had oppressed him within the last half-hour, when Mrs. Gregory Salmon emerged from the ball-room in search of her companion, and discovered her by Brian's side, looking as grave and thoughtful as the gentleman.

"My dear Mabel," said Mrs. Salmon, "I could not imagine what had become of you. Captain Amherst told me you had met with a friend, but——"

"This is Mr. Brian Halfday," remarked Mabel; "I do not know if you are personally acquainted with him, Mrs. Salmon, but you have heard Angelo and me speak of him frequently."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Salmon, offering her hand to him very cordially, "yes—poor Angelo often speaks of you. I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Halfday."

Brian had no resource save to bow politely, and shake the extended hand, but he would have been glad to dispense with the lady's company at this juncture. He wanted Mabel to himself, and he was sorry already for the last impression that he had left on Mabel's mind. Having blown off his extra steam, he was disposed, after the manly fashion of his tribe, to be amiable. The satisfaction of being near her, of looking at her, of listening to the music of her voice, was exercising its natural effect upon him, and dissipating in a great degree his sullenness.

"They have been making inquiries about you, Mabel, and there is a partner searching for you now," said Mrs. Salmon, looking round Brian at our heroine.

"He will not have far to search," answered Mabel; "I suppose the gentleman does not expect me to look after him."

"Very likely he does—at the 'Mastodon,'" Brian added, curtly, and then was sorry that he had said it, for it destroyed his last chance of making himself agreeable to Mabel that evening. The gentleman in question was before them the instant afterwards, and Mabel made no excuse for keeping at Brian's side, as he was vain enough to think that she might do, after his expression of opinion upon dancing in general. She rose with a smile and took her partner's arm.

"I will leave Mrs. Salmon to tell you the news, Mr Halfday," and away she went laughing and chatting into the ball-room. Brian ground his teeth together, plucked off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, put them on again, and then turned so quickly towards Mrs. Salmon that that good but nervous lady jumped in her chair spasmodically.

"Miss Westbrook has regained her spirits in a marvellous degree," he said, frowning at Mrs. Salmon as if to check in the bud any dissent to his opinion.

"She has generally excellent spirits," replied Mrs. Salmon; "I have never known her actually depressed."

"I have," said Brian; "despite an attempt to appear light-hearted and cheerful, I have seen her very thoughtful and sad."

"Poor girl, she has had a deal to trouble her," said Mrs. Salmon, with a heavy sigh; "and I have thought once or twice myself, that she was less happy than she appeared to be. But I don't know—I can't say—still, that is why I persuaded her this evening to come down stairs and participate in these pleasant little festivities."

"Oh! it was you, was it?" cried Brian, to the lady's amazement. "I should have thought a more suitable distraction for Miss Westbrook's mind might have been discovered than dancing in that mixed mob—but Miss Westbrook knows best. What does your son say?"

"My son?" repeated Mrs Salmon.

This was an extremely vacuous old woman, thought Brian; had she forgotten that she had a son in existence? he wondered. But Mrs. Salmon was only discomfited by Brian's abruptness, and by every question and remark which he seemed to throw violently at her. Mr. Halfday was an extraordinary young man, it was evident—she had heard so before, and now she was sure of it. She was sorry she had been left with him—she would have been very thankful to her husband if he had come down stairs from his whist in the drawing-room to her rescue. She was not at all surprised that Mabel Westbrook had taken the first opportunity to escape, although to leave her to take her place was scarcely as friendly as might have been expected under the circumstances.

"I am alluding to your son Angelo, Mrs. Salmon," said Brian.

"Yes—exactly. What does he say, you say?" she added, in a manner still more confused.

"Dancing at this hotel can hardly be the amusement which your son has recommended to Miss Westbrook," Brian remarked."

"Yes, he has," replied Mrs. Salmon, "for he thought—which is singular, now I think of it—that Mabel was very dull this evening. And he persuaded her to come down

with me—and a nice company I fancy it is. Don't you, Mr. Halfday?"

"I don't. But I am looking at it with a jaundiced eye, perhaps," replied Brian more amiably.

"Dear me—are you though?" and Mrs. Salmon, who no more comprehended metaphor than Joe Miller, looked with motherly interest at Brian's eyes at once. "Ah! that's a very bad sign. The weather perhaps, or a change of diet."

Brian regarded Mrs. Salmon with renewed wonder. Was she satirising him, or talking in sober earnest? If the latter, he was not surprised at Angelo's weakness of character, and could see how surely he had come to it by inheritance. Sons took after their mothers, he had always heard, and this lady at his side was a poor, weak specimen of human nature enough.

"I do not think, if it were my lot to be engaged to a lady, that I could rest complacently in my room whilst she was dancing her heart out elsewhere," said Brian, half to himself, and half to the edification of his companion, "for—your son *is* engaged to Miss Westbrook, is he not?" he asked, springing another mine of words at her.

Mrs. Salmon jumped nervously again. What an uncomfortable young man this was, to be sure!

"Really, Mr. Halfday, I don't know that I ought to answer that question," she stammered forth, "I—I don't know if Mabel, or —or Angelo, would like me to reply to it until everything is settled."

"Then everything is not settled?"

"No—yes—I mean—pray ask Miss Westbrook," replied Mrs. Salmon, betraying considerable agitation now; "I would greatly prefer your talking to Miss Westbrook about this. She would feel hurt if I had told you in her absence, all that she can explain so much more easily for herself."

"Miss Westbrook has deserted us," said Brian.

"She will return in a few minutes. Did you come to Scarborough to-day?"

"Miss Westbrook will not trouble herself to return no us very quickly," said Brian; "there is that ridiculous quadrille to get through, and her partner will have to amuse her afterwards with all the gossip and scandal of the place. I suppose there is no intention of keeping the engagement a secret from the world?"

"Oh dear!—Oh dear!" said Mrs Salmon, without responding to his persistent inquiry.

"She would not be ashamed of her choice —if she had made it—and I take it that no one in your family would be foolish enough to wish to conceal the honour she has done you by accepting your son," said Brian; "I cannot imagine any reason for so paltry a reserve."

Mrs. Salmon was to astonish Brian Halfday still more that evening.

"You—you will not wait till Mabel comes," she said; "oh! Mr. Halfday, I hope you will not worry me any more. I can't bear it!"

She burst into tears and buried her face in her lace handkerchief.

Brian rose from his seat.

"In some unaccountable way I have distressed you, Mrs. Salmon," he said, "and I ask your pardon. It was unintentional. I will withdraw."

"Th—thank you," she sobbed softly; "I am—so much—obliged to you!"

Brian Halfday walked moodily away. What new mystery was here? Why had Mrs. Salmon displayed all this emotion at a few questions which it was natural that he should put to her as a friend of Mabel Westbrook's? Why had she referred him to Miss Westbrook? What did it all mean? He walked to the door of the ball-room and looked in. They were dancing the last figure with more vigour than was absolutely necessary, he thought, and after a fresh scowl at Mabel and her partner, he turned away and went slowly up the broad staircase leading to his room. He would go to bed. He was no fit company for anybody that night—he seemed to disturb the equanimity of every one whom he encountered, and he was best out of the way. Probably he should be in a better frame of mind tomorrow. That weeping incomprehensibility downstairs might be right, and there *was* something in the air which had disturbed his serenity. He had no recollection of being so completely dissatisfied with himself, and everybody else, as he was on the present occasion.

On the top of the first flight of stairs he paused to look in at the drawing-room, bright with gas and gilding, and where a few quiet folk were playing whist, and one noisy youth of a musical turn banging away with

tremendous energy on a grand piano. The Reverend Gregory Salmon was absorbed in his trumps, or he would have caught sight of Brian's face immediately in front of him.

A waiter passing suggested a new thought to Brian.

"One moment," he said; "here."

The waiter approached him.

"You know that stout gentleman at the first table, I suppose?" asked Brian, pointing out the Master of St. Lazarus to the attendant.

"Mr. Salmon, sir—yes, sir. Been staying here some weeks, sir," replied the waiter promptly.

"Where is young Mr. Salmon this evening?"

"I have not seen him about, sir. I'll inquire, sir. I'll——"

"Do you know the number of his room?"

"Twenty-eight, sir—the first floor, sir."

"Thank you."

Brian Halfday went up a few more steps to the left, and turned into a well-lighted corridor. He glanced at the numbers on the doors as he passed, and discovered that he was facing Room No. 28 before he had quite made up his mind what to do. It seemed a polite and gracious task to pay a visit to Angelo Salmon, and hear the news from this quarter—he was only returning a call that had been made him once at Penton Museum, and he felt tolerably certain that Angelo would be glad to see him, but still he hesitated.

It was for an instant only, for he was naturally quick to resolve. He raised his hand to knock on the panels of the door, when the figure of a woman rustled rapidly along the corridor towards him. It was Mabel Westbrook approaching him in haste, and he waited for her.

"Don't knock. You must not go in there!" said Mabel breathlessly, as she came up with him.

CHAPTER V.

MAKING HIS PEACE.

THE ex-curator of Penton Museum was not too well pleased at this sudden interdict of Mabel Westbrook's. The mysteries rising about his present life, or about the lives of those in whom he was interested, irritated one who had always hated mystery, and the sudden exhibition of want of confidence in him—or what appeared to be want of confidence—did not add to his composure.

Still he was not disposed to utter another harsh word to Mabel Westbrook, if he could help it; he had offended her already, and must stand upon his guard.

"Why may I not visit Angelo Salmon?" he inquired.

"Angelo is probably asleep. He must not be disturbed or surprised," said Mabel.

For the life of him Brian could not keep his rasping tongue quiet this evening.

"You take most excellent care of him," he answered; "he should be highly flattered by your attention."

"He has been ill—very ill."

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten that," said Brian; "but is he not well now?"

"He is much better."

"Perhaps you will pave the way to my visit by a few remarks, that will prepare him for the terrible ordeal of my presence," said Brian.

"No, Mr. Halfday, it is too late to-night. You are not so deeply attached to him that you cannot postpone your call till the morning," she replied.

"I cannot see what difference it makes," said her obstinate companion.

"I wish it," said Mabel, very imperiously now.

Mabel was irritated also by his ungracious mood, and when she drew herself up haughtily and coldly, and regarded him as she had done once before when declaring herself his enemy—in those distant and distrustful days which he had hoped had vanished forever—he succumbed and was penitent.

It was his promise to sink every impulse of his own, when it was opposed to hers; he had remembered it in time.

"Very well, Miss Westbrook—let it be then as you wish," he said.

Mabel, like an amiable girl, was softened at once by his obedience. She was outspoken too, and as they walked away from Angelo's room she said—

"Why are you so unjust to-night?"

Brian answered her when they were close to the drawing-room again. There were chairs scattered on the landing, and here, at an earlier hour in the evening, a fair num-

ber of spectators had assembled to watch the life in the hall below, and to catch glimpses of it through the open doors of the drawing-room and ball-room. The spectators had gone their various ways, and the landing place was deserted. Brian moved a chair towards her.

"Will you sit down, or have I wounded you too deeply to be forgiven?"

Mabel took the seat he had placed for her. He sat down close to her, and dashed into his explanation.

"Why am I unjust to-night? you ask me," he said, with his old rapid rush of words; "because I am unhappy!—because I return to find myself an object of suspicion——"

"No—no," interrupted Mabel.

"Because I find so many changes", he continued, "where I had hoped all would have been the same to me; because you are changed too, and by your own acknowledgment."

"Yes—I am changed," replied Mabel thoughtfully, "but not towards you."

"Thank you," he answered, so gratefully, and looking such deep gratitude with his eyes, that she hastened to add—

"You have been my friend of late days, and I want to think of you always as a friend—as a brother on whom I can rely when any doubt or difficulty besets me. If there have been any mysteries to-night——"

"By George—*If!*" he exclaimed.

"There has at least been no intention to keep them from you," she continued; "only you have been impetuous, and inconsiderate, and harsh."

"It is my nature," murmured Brian; "I will live it down in time. I think I am improving a little, do you know?"

"I have not seen much evidence of it this evening," was Mabel's quiet comment here.

"I came to Scarborough in an amiable frame of mind enough," said Brian; "happy in the consciousness that I was going to meet you, and that you would not be displeased to welcome me. I had heard at St. Lazarus of your engagement to Angelo Salmon, and though I was surprised at the news, and unable to account for it, or to reconcile it with a previous fact which you had told me, I was neither angry, nor dissatisfied, nor jealous. For I have lived down my presumption—I had already mastered it when I told you of the dream that I had had once—and I could think of your happiness unselfishly. I hope you understand that?"

"Yes—I think I understand," said Mabel softly.

"I must confess I was put out by seeing you dance," he added "I don't know why—I can't explain that very clearly just at present—to-morrow I shall be able to analyze my feelings more satisfactorily."

"I will excuse the explanation," said Mabel.

"Very well," replied Brian, "it is merciful of you, for upon second reflection I am afraid my conduct was absolutely inexcusable. There, have I apologized sufficiently?"

"Yes."

"And we are as good friends as ever?"

"Yes," she said again.

"We will shake hands upon it, if you please," said Brian, and Mabel put her hand confidently into his.

It was a happy reconciliation, but Brian did not press the hand which was pledged solemnly to another's. He was content with her friendship; he was sure he had imperilled it that night, but had not lost it. The hand was still in his, for he had not too quickly resigned it, when the door of No. 28 in the corridor was softly opened, and a young man in evening dress, with a face as white as death, and with almost death's solemnity upon it, advanced to the balcony and looked across at them without a smile of recognition.

"See—there is Angelo," said Mabel, snatching her hand away from Brian very quickly.

CHAPTER VI.

NOT RIGHT.

ANGELO SALMON came slowly round the corridor towards them, and Brian, interested in the change in him, and in the mystery about his present life, watched him through his glasses. Angelo advanced like a ghost in full dress; his step was solemn, slow, and noiseless, and he kept his gaze directed to them both with great intentness, as though Brian and Mabel might be from spirit land themselves and fade away at any moment from his yearning looks.

Yes, this was the ghost of the old, simple,

placid Angelo, thought Brian, and the man had been very ill, or had met trouble very badly, to change like that and in so short a period. The cherub look about his cheeks had wholly gone, and there were cavernous hollows in them, as in a man's marked out for a rapid decline of health or life. He seemed to have grown taller in his illness also, and was thin enough for the shadow of his former self.

He did not recognize Brian in his glasses, or it had not entered his head to give a thought to Mabel's companion; for he said, addressing Mabel—

"I thought you were dancing. How is it you are sitting here, my darling?"

It was a very familiar tone of address, and Brian winced at it, as though indirectly it affected him. He glanced at Mabel and noticed that the colour quivered on her cheeks for an instant before she answered him.

"I have been dancing, Angelo."

"That's right. It will do you good. I don't mind in the least—I want you to enjoy this place thoroughly—to think of me a little less and of yourself a little more. For I am not naturally selfish, and you have been kind to me. Always," he added thoughtfully, "very, very kind."

He looked at Brian at last, and it was with an inquiring stare that was strange enough considering their antecedents, and the little difference the thin steel-framed spectacles made in Brian's general appearance.

"Do I know him, Mabel," Angelo said at last in a low tone, "is this a friend of mine or not?"

"To be sure it is. Why don't you speak to Mr. Salmon," Mabel said to Brian almost tetchily, "instead of glaring at him in that way through your glasses."

Brian removed his spectacles forthwith. He had been studying Angelo very closely, and his silence had been unintentional in consequence.

"How do you do, Mr. Salmon?" he said extending his hand to him as to an old friend. There was a faint exhibition of reluctance on Angelo's part to take his hand, but it was momentary.

"Oh! yes—I recollect you now, but the spectacles deceived me, and I had forgotten how short-sighted you are," said Angelo, shaking hands with him, "you are Brian Halfday of the Museum at Penton. I am very glad to see you—I am indeed."

Angelo Salmon made up for his former reticence of demeanour by pumping vigorously at Brian's arm, and even smiling at him in a ghastly manner strangely at variance with the old feeble simper that had been natural to him.

"I have been very ill, Mr. Halfday," he said, "has not Mabel told you?"

"Yes—I have learned the news. But better now, I hear?"

"Oh! yes—much better, thank you," he said, relinquishing his grasp of Brian's hand at last, "infinitely better. I'll tell you all about it when the lady is away. All her fault, not mine," he said, resting his hand lightly on her shoulder, "but all her fault too, or care, or kindness—which is it, Mabel?—that brings me back from a grave?"

"You are indebted to Miss Westbrook," remarked Brian.

"For life, sir, for life," said Angelo passionately.

"Mr. Salmon is more than ordinarily grateful for those little favours which a friend is too glad to bestow in time of trouble or sickness—that is the explanation," said Mabel to Brian.

"Oh, no, it is not," said Angelo quickly, as you will understand when I tell you, Mr. Halfday, all that has happened since I had the pleasure of seeing you last. You cannot imagine the change to my life that has occurred, or how this dear, good angel has come from the clouds to brighten it."

"The dear, good angel insists upon your keeping back your revelations till the morning, Angelo," said Mabel, laughing at his rhapsody.

"But I should be glad to tell Mr. Halfday everything. I have no secrets from him, Mabel," replied Angelo, "he remembers the night I came to Penton Museum and told him the whole truth, and asked him what to do."

"I remember perfectly," said Brian, "but I have been travelling to-day, and am fatigued. With your good leave we will talk of this to-morrow."

"Ye—es," said Angelo, still clinging to his point, "but I should have thought, for all that, that you would have been glad to

hear the story to-night. It will not take very long," he added, as an extra inducement to continue the narration.

But Brian Halfday had had his cue from Mabel; he shook his head and feigned weariness with considerable skill.

"I am tired, Angelo," he said, "you must excuse me to-night, I ask it as a favour."

"Very well—very well," replied Angelo, "I will look you up to-morrow. Are you an early riser?"

"Generally."

"I shall be on the sands, walking towards Filey, at five o'clock."

"Thank you—that's rather too early, and at this time of year rather too dark."

"Six o'clock, then?"

"Ay—or seven. I would prefer seven, if you have no objection."

"It's too late for a stroll before breakfast. I thought you were an excellent walker, Halfday."

"As a rule, I think I am. And presently," said Brian, regarding him gravely and attentively again, "we will take some long spins together along these Yorkshire valleys. Shall we?"

"I shall be glad, when I have time. When," he said, "Mabel can spare me. You know," he cried, with a sudden burst of confidence, "that we are engaged to be married. You have heard that—everybody has told you that, of course."

"I have heard of the engagement from several sources," was the answer.

Angelo laughed long and loudly, and clapped his thin white hands together in his excitement.

"I daresay. The whole world is talking about it, I verily believe; I hear of it from all quarters. I am congratulated upon my happiness everywhere—as I have a right to be, now that the light streams in upon me, Heaven be praised."

"Angelo, will you bid Mr. Halfday and me good night now?" Mabel asked as she rose.

"If you wish it, certainly."

"I wish it."

"Good night," he said to Brian, shaking hands with him.

"Good night," echoed Brian.

"I will see you to the door of your room, Angelo—there is your mother waiting for you already, and wondering why you are up so late to-night."

"I don't sleep, Brian, that's the worst of it," he said confidentially to our hero; "and yet I have nothing on my mind now. All's peace and rest."

"I congratulate you," answered Brian. "Good night."

Angelo Salmon walked away with Mabel leaning on his arm, and Brian folded his hands upon the balcony and watched them both.

As they passed the drawing-room, Mr. Gregory Salmon came out and joined them, seemed surprised to find his son in the corridor, but laughed and talked with him and Mabel in an amiable manner, that suggested a long run of luck at sixpenny points. Brian looked after them still, with his face deepening in its intensity of shadow. They passed into the private sitting-room, but Brian waited as if the night had not ended for him yet, and it was scarcely time to think of his fatigue. Mabel had not bidden him good night; she would come back and say a few words, and listen to the few words which he had to say in return, and which were bearing upon him like a weight. Yes, there was more to declare and explain, and the colours of life were deepening and taking stranger hues.

It was late, but the "Mastodon" kept late hours, and perfect repose was only known within its walls in the sharp winter time. The drawing-room guests dribbled away to their rooms, and the servant came and put the gas out, but the lights burned downstairs still, and there were flutterings of flame in all the corridors. The waiters were busy clearing up, or preparing for the morning; the smoking-room was full of sleepless and loquacious souls; the billiard balls were rolling swiftly and eternally across the green cloth downstairs; the night-porter was in his room preparing for a little peace in an arm-chair before the fire; one or two couples strolled across the tesselated pavement now and then, love-making in the gloom; the parties from festivities elsewhere came in from the outer world laughing and chatting as though the night was young yet, and went their various ways, upstairs and downstairs, without heed to those wiser folk who had gone to bed betimes. Brian watched all this, or looked at this, as in a dream; it seemed very dreamlike to be sitting in a corridor of an hotel at Scarborough, waiting for the grim truths that would presently dismay him.

He did not wait in vain. The door of the room beyond opened again, and Mabel Westbrook emerged, and came swiftly towards him.

"I thought you might be here," she said when she was close to him; "I remembered I had not bidden you good night. Would you——"

"Would I what?" he asked as she paused suddenly.

"Would you like to see Mr. and Mrs. Salmon? They bade me——"

"No thank you. It is late. I shall see them to-morrow."

There was a pause of some length; Mabel seemed to wish to say something more besides good-night.

"Well?" she said at last interrogatively.

"Well!" he echoed back.

"Do you understand the position? what do you think of it?" she asked with a little impatience; "could I do more or less than I have done?"

"I hardly know what you have done, Miss Westbrook."

"I have humoured a delusion to save Angelo Salmon," was the answer.

"Save him from what?"

"A mad-house," replied Mabel, with a shudder.

"Yes, yes, I see—I understand now," said Brian; "always you the victim and the sacrifice—always these thoughts for others, and no one with a thought for you. Why did you not write to me and let me know?" he asked more passionately; "ah! I was abroad—I had forgotten—I was away thinking of your money when I should have been in England considering your happiness. It's like me—it's my ill fortune—I was always a fool."

"Nothing could have been done," replied Mabel; "I could not have asked you for advice. I do not regret the step I have taken; if it saves that poor weak-minded fellow from mental ruin, why should I regret it?"

"Do you mean you will marry him?" cried Brian.

"It was your advice once," was the demure answer here, "you thought it would be best for me."

"I did not think he would degenerate into an idiot," Brian replied roughly; "how has it all occurred?"

"Is it not a story sufficient to charm a young woman of my age," said Mabel sadly, but somewhat bitterly; "don't you see the halo of romance round it, like a ring of liquid gold?"

"No—I don't."

"Here is a man actually dying of love for a woman in the latter half of the nineteenth century," said Mabel, "who gives up at the first refusal, and takes to fretting like a school-girl—who becomes a source of alarm to his relations—who meditates suicide, and, there, it is the truth, attempts it!—whose brain seems to collapse, until I come to him with healing words, and hopes, and promises, and save him as by a miracle."

"It is a miserable position," said Brian, moodily; "who placed you in it?"

"They came to me—his parents who had been kind to me," replied Mabel, "he was the one comfort they had in the world—and only my words could save him from despair, they said."

"He must have loved you very much—but then," said Brian, almost contemptuously, "he was giving way by degrees, and any disappointment would have wrecked him as utterly as this. The man was bound to go mad at some time or other."

"He is getting well rapidly. I feel I have saved him."

"That is the romance of it—what is to be the reality in the days to come, God knows," Brian groaned forth.

"I do not think of the reality, yet," said Mabel.

"Why not?"

"I can't—I have not the courage," she confessed, with a sigh.

"You are humouring a delusion," said Brian, quoting her former words, "you have no deliberate intention of linking your life to this weak fellow's."

"Brian," said Mabel, "I don't see my way—perhaps I am afraid of all I have promised for his sake. I may want your strong mind to think for me, to help me, to teach me what shall be my duty—for I am weaker than I thought I was. You will think for me in good time, and not unselfishly, and, whatever happens, not uncharitably."

Brian Halfday was touched by this appeal. His voice was low and hoarse as he said—

"Whatever happens! What does the girl whom I am pledged to study all my life mean by 'whatever happens?'"

"Don't ask me now—good night. I have lingered here too long already. And don't think me unhappy—it has not come to that. I was almost happy till you—"

"Till I came," said Brian drily. "Yes, I saw that."

"Till you met me with hard words," she continued, "till you looked at me coldly, and made me think the friend I wished to see had put an ogre in his place."

The last words were uttered saucily, and in her old bright tones, and Brian brightened up at them.

"Well, the ogre is dismissed to Hades," said Brian, "and the friend remains for all time. And, whatever happens, Mabel Westbrook, there is one thing you cannot understand too clearly or too soon."

He was holding her hand again before bidding her good night.

"What is that?" she asked, looking away from him.

"That your life is not to be sacrificed to Angelo's—that must never be. I am your guardian, and interdict it solemnly. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Man and maiden parted, and the light that had flickered about them in the last moments of their interview, died from their faces by degrees as they went their separate ways. There was darkness ahead of them, and it was not possible, as Mabel had already prophesied, to see what lay beyond the limits of the day. Here was a difficult task to undertake, and of only one thing was Brian Halfday assured, or believed that he was assured, and that was, that under no circumstances of life should Mabel Westbrook marry Angelo Salmon now. Fixed as fate was that decree in his mind—and he was happier already for having promulgated it to her whom it principally concerned.

(To be Continued.)

CONQUERED.

I FAIN would tell the story of a heart
That made high boasting of its scorn of Love,
And cherished lofty schemes that left no part
For Love to take,
But counted them as all its pow'r above.

I fain would preach the warning of its fate,
How, throbbing with the Love it did decline,
It calls Ambition folly, now too late;
But it would break
That vaunting heart so humbled;—it is mine!

Yet this much heed—that if Ambition seek
To shut out Love, or wither it by scorn—
Then may Love come, and such harsh vengeance wreak,
As soon to make
Ambition slave, in servitude forlorn.

Toronto. A. W. G.

AMONG THE SEA-TROUT.

BY A. WENTWORTH POWELL.

And here and there a lusty trout.—TENNYSON.

"COME up the Saguenay with me next summer, and have a try at the sea-trout," said my hospitable friend S——, as we were sitting over our claret one bleak night in January 187–. Now, I have always made it a rule to accept invitations of all kinds, whether they be to partake of simoom cutlets in the Sahara Desert, or of icebergs *au naturel* in the pastures of Nova Zembla; so I said, "Delighted to come; what fun we shall have!" with a faint feeling of hypocrisy at not disclosing my ignorance of the Saguenay and its productions; for I was fresh to the Dominion, and had never even heard of the Saguenay; in fact, the hint at ascension in my friend's remark inclined me to the idea that it was a kind of Canadian Matterhorn, only sea-trout do not grow on the top of Matterhorns. So I went back to my work in the eastern townships very full of our proposed expedition, and, Englishmanlike, very precise in the phonetic pronunciation of the word Sah-gwen-ay; and was rather shocked at the off-hand and indecently glib manner in which my friends dealt with the mystic syllables. "Oh, going up the Sagny, are you?" Well, the long Canadian winter wore itself away; spring came at last; the crow carolled his lay from the pine-tree, and the bull-frog chanted his matins from the swamp. Summer succeeded, hot and sultry; the cat-bird wailed from the forest by day and the mosquito hummed and feasted merrily by night. At last came August, bringing holidays in its train, and S—— and I met once more on the deck of the good steamer *St. Lawrence*, bound for what the time-tables grandly described as "Tadousac and the far-famed Saguenay." The city of Quebec has one of the most picturesque situations in the world, and on that lovely August morning the old city looked indeed splendid; the lower or business part of the town and the black walls of Cape Diamond (where the ill-fated Montgomery met his end) in deep shadow, and the battlements of the citadel lighted up in the glorious sun, with the flag of old England floating, as it ever should, from the topmost tower.

On goes the good steamer, casting on each side the waters of its namesake the river, like a great man waving off a poor relation. Past the beautiful Island of Orleans (called by the old French voyagers "Ile de Bacchus," from the abundance of its vines), studded with picturesque French farm-houses; past the fleecy torrents of the Falls of Montmorenci, their look of exquisite coolness on this broiling day making one dive below in search of sherry-cobblers. Sixty miles below Quebec we reach Baie St. Paul, where the first genuine whiff of sea-salt air reaches us, and we first see those harbingers of ocean, great white porpoises, rolling about singly or in schools. Of course an immediate rush was made for rifles and revolvers, and an incessant but fruitless popping (for who ever yet managed to hit a porpoise?) was kept up for the rest of the day. Dinner, however, intervened, and the porpoises had rest for a season. Among other delicacies for which a Canadian table is famous, we revelled in an abundance of beautiful wild strawberries, larger than their Alpine cousins, and to the full as toothsome. "Say," said an American gentleman opposite me, "real smart chance for berries around here." And *à propos* of Americans, why do our own country-women never appear to advantage when travelling? Why do they look as if they had on their Sunday best or their seediest scrub dresses? Why can they not hit the happy medium and imitate the picturesque *costumes de voyage* of their less refined but certainly more artistic cousins?

Still on glides the good ship, the great river widening every hour, till the watering-places of Murray Bay, Cacouna, Rivière du Loup (anglicised into River d'Loo), appear mere rows of faint white dots on each bank. At last our boat leaves the *via media* to which she has kept all the forenoon, and swings easily round towards a dark opening in the bank, blowing off her superfluous steam with a hoarse roar like Andromeda's monster. The engines slacken off to half-speed, then stop, and, heralded by the report of an apoplectic little cannon from the front of the hotel, we glide gently up to the wharf, and the predictions of the time-table are fulfilled.

One's first idea at the sight of Tadousac is, How on earth did it get there? The little white village lies nestled in the dimple of the great hills forming the entrance to the river Saguenay, protected from the keen sea-winds by a great shoulder of maple-crested hills, which seems to cuddle it—if I may use that unpoetical but most expressive word—in its embrace. Tadousac does not boast many lions. There is a quaint little wooden church, the oldest in Canada, built some three hundred years ago, of which Canadians are very proud; one monster hotel, wooden, white-painted, many-windowed, an exact reproduction of what you see by thousands in the United States; a couple of stores; twenty or thirty pretty villa-like cottages, for the resort of summer visitors, each surrounded by the invariable verandah; and a few score of rude log cabins, inhabited by fishermen and Indians, degenerated scions of the grand old Huron tribe who have utterly abandoned the war-path, and only retain an ignoble yearning for fire-water. A little apart from the village Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, has built himself a very handsome house, with broad spacious galleries running round it, facing the lake-like St. Lawrence.

Owing to Lord Dufferin making Tadousac his summer residence, the little village was full almost to overflowing with Canadian and American holiday-makers, and gaiety was in abundance; but we came neither to dance nor to flirt, but to catch sea-trout; so, after spending a night at the caravanserai-like hotel, and making a few needful purchases —as pork, potatoes, &c.—we took advantage of the tide, and set sail up the broad Saguenay, with a fair breeze aft. We chartered "L'Espérance," a small cutter of about fifteen tons, of the kind used on the St. Lawrence as pilot boats, and with her a couple of French Canadians, a man and a boy, to look after the boat, "and do the chores" generally. Our own party consisted of S——, H—— and C——, his son and nephew respectively, both capital specimens of the hardy sun-burnt Canadian schoolboy, and myself.

Our sailing-master rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Alexandre Hippolyte de St. Croix, which we promptly abbreviated to Alec, and his understrapper or cabin-boy owned to no other name than Fabien, which our schoolboys in time anglicised to "Johnny." Our costumes were varied. S——, who had visited the same "happy hunting-grounds" for nine consecutive years, was beyond any fanciful efflorescence of costume, and was clad in a suit of simple hodden-grey tweed, a wide-awake to match well garnished with flies, and long water-proof fishing boots. I, who, from a youthful course of reading in the pages of Mayne Reid, had ever a leaning towards the wildly picturesque, could only be content with a scarlet flannel shirt, girt with a leathern belt, with multitudinous straps and loops to carry pipe, fly-book, knife, &c. (and this I can confidently recommend to my brother sportsmen as a most invaluable desideratum for fishing, quite doing away with the necessity for a coat, with its attendant pockets, in hot weather); grey trousers, the bonnet-rouge of the country, and porpoise-skin brogues, completed my costume. H—— and C—— were attired somewhat similarly, except that they were innocent of shoes or stockings. Alec had a kind of amphibious costume, which he wore indifferently on dry land or in the water, and, I believe, never took off; while Fabien's dress resembled that of the mud-larks who congregate under London Bridge at low water, and was only kept from falling off him piecemeal by fragments of string, and failing them, with thorns. Thus equipped, then, we started with a fair, but, alas! too soon deceptive breeze; and grander scenery it would be hard to conceive, the black cliffs rising sheer up from the water's edge to a height of 800 or 1,000 feet, fringed and crested with gaunt ragged pines, while, now and again, an opening in their sides gave a view of the luxuriant maple forest beyond; the sombre waters of the Saguenay rolling majestically down to join

the mightier St. Lawrence, and the plaintive gulls screaming overhead.

Before we had gone a mile, however, the breeze dropped to a dead calm, and there we lay,

> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.

And, to make matters worse, the rain fell in torrents. So we got out our sweeps, and, as the Yankees would say, "kinder rowed some;" and alternate spells of rowing and occasional puffs of wind brought us to L'Aure de Petite Ile, where, as Alec informed us, there was "good water for drink," and where S——, our skipper, determined to pass the night. As we were to go on early the next morning, we burdened ourselves with as little baggage as possible, anchored the boat, and landed; the rain still pouring in torrents, and the mosquitos hospitable and jubilant. Fabien, after the manner of French Canadians, wandered off in quest of blueberries, and Alec sat patiently down on a damp rock to smoke until such time as the eatables appeared, when he began to bestir himself with an alacrity that savoured of the sycophant.

We pitched our tent—originally intended to hold two, but for that night destined to hold four mortals—in the least damp spot, built a fire, dismissed our crew to sleep on board the cutter, made a hearty though frugal meal of dry bread and sugar-less, milk-less tea, and wedged ourselves in with a view to sleep. Vain thought! The mosquitos had not seen a human face before that summer, and they wanted to talk to us and see what we were like. So we sat up, lighted our pipes, and killed time and mosquitos as best we could, with an occasional snooze, till morning.

With morning, however, came a welcome change. The rain had ceased, and the sun shone out again with true Canadian splendour, never to be clouded again for the rest of our trip. But before weighing anchor we had a swim, and such a swim: water fifty feet deep and clear as crystal, and moreover, of a delicious temperature, far different from the icy St. Lawrence.

Before long we were under weigh and running by easy tacks up the broad river. An idea of the uniform depth of the river may easily be gained by the fact that, when changing our tack, we ran so close to the shore that our bowsprit brushed the rock in wearing round. By noon we had reached our second camping-ground, L'Aure St. Étienne: there we landed all our cargo and pitched our three tents, one each for S—— and myself, and one for the two boys; the provisions (consisting of pork, potatoes, biscuit, tea, sugar, condensed milk, preserved meat, rice, golden syrup, &c.) and utensils being apportioned among us.

By evening the tide was right for fishing, and though the season was rather late, still we took a fair quantity of good-sized fish. Sea-trout are a very greedy fish, and will take almost anything with the semblance of wings, but I found a red or brown hackle a very safe fly to use. The fish themselves are most beautiful creatures, long and elegant in shape, of a pure silver hue, with exquisite rock-coloured flesh. Four days passed at L'Aure St. Étienne without any more remarkable episode than that poor little H—— cut his leg severely in chopping wood for the morning fire; but a plentiful supply of cold water, and the healing properties of youth and spirits, soon set our little fellow-voyager up again.

On a bright Sunday morning we sailed for the mouth of the river St. Marguerite, our last resting-place, eighteen miles from Tadousac. Any scenery we had come across in the former part of our trip fell far behind this last spot in beauty. We were encamped about a mile from the mouth of the river, and a mile still further up lay a tiny French village, the first human habitation we had seen for a week, a mere dozen of little wooden houses, dotted about among the maples. Across the river rose a huge conical hill, some 2,000 feet high, perfectly covered with maple, birch, tamarach, and ash, a regular pyramid of vegetation. On our side of the river, a few yards from the water's edge, rose a little bluff, some ten feet high, leading to a plateau of emerald turf, some two acres in extent, relieved by our three white tents; beyond this was a thick belt of dark spruce firs, and beyond that again rose dark limestone crags, beetling up for 1,000 feet and perfectly barren, save for a scanty fringe of ragged pines at intervals.

One day at the St. Marguerite was very like another, and, alas! the time passed only too quickly. We rose at five, and chopped fire-wood, &c., breakfasted at seven, and started fishing about eight. Our usual plan was to row out to certain trout-haunted rocks

at the turn of the tide, and wade in waist-deep; by three or four o'clock the tide had generally run out, and our creels were full, so we would pull home with light hearts and a heavy load to dinner. Fortunately, Alec, though a perfect paragon of laziness (not even mosquitos could rouse him to action), was an admirable cook, and S—— himself was an old shikaree in the way of sea-trout, and quite *au fait* in many ways of cooking those delicate fish. After dinner we would loaf about the camp with that delicious sense of fatigue without pain which generally accompanies such expeditions as ours, or take unavailing shots at stray porpoises, or H—— and C—— would make excursions to the French village in quest of bread, butter, or eggs. One of the inhabitants of this little hamlet visited us the day we landed, with a view to tobacco. I was just then being informed most emphatically of the existence of other insects besides mosquitos, viz., horrible little black flies, which busy themselves in your skin and drive you half mad with irritation. I addressed him in French more voluble than grammatical (for my French knowledge is like that of Chaucer's lady—

> Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
> After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
> For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe)—

"Je dis, Johnny, vous avez beaucoup de mouches ici, trop beaucoup, je pense!" "Oui, m'sieu," replied the urbane Gaul (whose name, curiously enough, happened to be McLean), with a gentle wave of the hand, as of one pointing out some great local lion—"Oui, m'sieu, nous sommes fameux pour nos mouches noires ici."

About seven we took our supper, and finished the day with a yarn or a song, and the invariable pipe of peace, qualified with a very slight modicum of fire-water, round the camp-fire. How delicious was that short hour before turning in; the great fire sending up tall pillars of flame, and throwing the little white tents into relief, while the surrounding forest lay in black shade: the bright sun-burnt face of good old S—— seen dimly through the smoke-wrack, his favourite G.B.D. pipe between his lips, raising his tin pannikin to drink "wæs-hæl;" the ceaseless plash of the tide; the rising moon casting her silvery path across the river; the bright lights from the French village, with an occasional monotonous, yet not untuneful, song from the same, in which Alec and Fabien would join vociferously, utterly regardless of time and tune; and the numberless mysterious voices of the forest—the hoot of the great horned owl, the chant of the whip-poor-will, or the wailing cry of the poor Kennedy, with occasionally the plaintive howl of some belated bear scared out of his seven senses by the apparition of our camp-fire, or the short sharp bark of a fox. Our sleeping arrangements were primitive but sufficient: two Hudson Bay blankets, a strip of sail-cloth, and a piece of mackintosh, formed our properties, which we might vary *à discrétion*. For myself, I placed everything on the bare ground, the mackintosh underneath, rolled myself up in one of the blankets, pillowed my head on a carpet-bag, and slept. The others used to make elaborate preparations, in the way of amateur bedsteads,&c., but they generally came to grief; in fact, H—— and C—— were invariably discovered in the morning in a chaotic condition, looking as if they had passed the night wrestling with some hideous nightmare—a confused mass of limbs, blankets, pine-logs, and spruce boughs. Only once was I disturbed by nocturnal invaders. I had just turned in, and was almost in my first sleep, when I heard a heavy, not human tread in the camp, accompanied by an awful blowing noise, like the escape of steam from an engine. I lay and quaked. I had never seen a bear in his untrammelled state, for they were so shy that we could never get a sight of them. Still I knew a good deal about bears. I knew that bears had a heavy tread, and made noises like steam-engines, and our visitor was an indubitable ursa major. Our only weapon of defence, a small rifle, was kept in S——s' tent, at the extreme end of the camp from me. Moreover, said rifle was always taken carefully to pieces and packed carefully away, making it practically useless in all cases of midnight assault. I lay and quaked: I more than quaked; I positively wobbled. I thought of the grislies of the Mayne Reid of my infancy; I thought of Beauty and the Beast. Closer and closer came the footsteps, louder and louder sounded the blowing; when suddenly, to my intense relief, my bear gave vent to an unmistakable "moo." Being pot-valiant, I rushed from my tent, seized an axe-handle, and belaboured the

unfortunate "coo" till she bellowed with terror and fled shuddering to the woods. Curiously enough, this disturbance had not aroused any of my companions, and when, in the morning, I recounted my midnight alarm, I was greeted with a chorus of, "Why didn't you milk her? But you Englishmen never know anything."

The curious French-Canadian *patois* of Alec used to tickle me not a little; *par exemple*, at our first dinner I addressed him: "Alec, pommes de terre, s'il vous plaît." "M'sieu?" with that admirable look of semi-idiotcy which only a "Canuck" can assume. "Pommes de terre, you loon." "M'sieu?" "Ah," said S——, "if you want to get potatoes out of Alec, you must say 'patates.'" That produced the magic effect, and I got my potatoes.

On another occasion: "Alec, où est bonne pour pêcher?" "Par lô, m'sieu," indicating the water generally (as I thought). "Yes, you mutton-head" quoth I, waxing English in my wrath, "of course you will find fish in the water." After much recrimination it was discovered that what I took for Alec's *l'eau* was his pronunciation of *là*, and that he was pointing out some particular "bonne place" for me to try.

The latter part of our stay was enlivened by the arrival of a party of fellow piscators from Quebec, and the little camp looked very pretty at night, with its two fires. One of the new party was of a vocal turn (H—— not inaptly called him the "Luck of Roaring Camp") and delighted to roar out a festive chorus, the burthen of which was—

On the banks of the Yang, Yang, Yang-tse-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang.

But all pleasant things must have an end; and after a fortnight's pure unadulterated enjoyment, we "up stick" and departed, having given a good account of some forty dozen trout. The perfectly unalloyed happiness of our camp-life, which seemed to culminate in our last stopping place, I can never forget. The early hours, the healthful and not excessive day's work, the ever-varying grandeur of the scenery, the exhilarating delight of landing a fine three-pound trout, the capacious appetite with which we always attacked our meals, the calm pleasant hours of rest and repose, and last but by no means least, the great charm of the company of a cheerful and equable friend, threw a halo of sweet recollection over that summer which can never be effaced. I can only say to those who have health, strength, average means, good digestions, and an appreciation of beautiful scenery, let him take the rod and knapsack, and explore the Saguenay, or any other of the score of beautiful rivers which lie in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and they will never regret it.

Regarding the "poor Kennedy" to which I alluded, there is a pretty but wholly apocryphal legend. Some years ago a young English officer, Kennedy by name, was hunting in the woods near Quebec, and was entirely lost; not a trace of him was ever found again. But ever since, say the Indian hunters, a bird, whose note was never heard before, perpetually utters plaintive notes resembling the syllables, "Oh, poor Kennedy, Kennedy;" of which, as Charles Kingsley says, "let every man believe as much as he list."

I conclude with a "bear story," which obtained some notoriety in the township of Compton, province of Quebec. A young English farmer, noted alike for his convivial habits and his great personal strength, was returning from the village to his farm in that state commonly known among sailors as "three sheets in the wind." On his way home he met a bear, with whom he alleged himself to have had the following rencontre: "About a mile from here last night, gentlemen, I met a big slouching-looking fellow, *in a buffalo coat*, who refused to let me pass him, so of course I took off my coat and closed with him at once. I never wrestled with such a rum customer before. He did not use his legs at all, but seemed as if he *wanted to hug me with his arms*. At last, however, I tripped him up, and down he went in the snow. But, gentlemen, you take my advice—unless you are good wrestlers, as I pride myself on being, when you meet a big man in a fur coat who wants to try a fall with you, *let him go by*."—*Belgravia*.

KIMBALL & MORTON,

INVENTORS

AND

First Prize Medal Sewing Machine Manufacturers

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

MORTON'S

NEW INVENTION

FOR

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Is one of the greatest and most important improvements that have been applied to Sewing Machines in the present day. By this simple appliance the Spools for Shuttles are wound in about half the time required by the old method.

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To beginners, Morton's System of Spool Winding is the greatest possible boon, for by it they at once easily master the treadle motion, without the possibility of damaging the Machine.



THE "Kimball & Morton" FAMILY *SEWING MACHINE*

Is thus referred to in the case of

"The Singer Manufacturing Co. vs. Kimball & Morton."

Mr. Watson, Counsel for the Singer Manufacturing Company, in his speech in the above case, in the Court of Session, on the 14th of January, 1873, made the following observations:

"You have witness after witness brought to prove that these particular Respondents [Kimball & Morton] **make quite as good a Machine as the complainants do.** That may be perfectly true; but if the name of "Singer" is to be assumed at will, legally and legitimately, by any maker, what guarantee is there that the quality of the Machines will be maintained *as it is at present?* The market may be flooded to-morrow with inferior Machines, and it is the possibility of such a state of things arising and damaging the pursuer's trade which gives him a legitimate interest to restrain others from using the name."

FOR nearly twenty years the Original makers monopolized the Sewing Machine business, by strongly asserting that Sewing Machines could only be made properly *by them*; and, in consequence, charged the Public enormous prices for their primitive manufacture; so that when we put our "KIMBALL & MORTON" and "STRENGTH AND SPEED" Machine in the market, great was the outcry of Monopolists against our manufacture; for, having recognised the merits—the superlative merits—of our workmanship, and the excellent material of our Machines, they were afraid that unless they could prevent our goods from getting a footing with the public, their occupation, like Othello's, would soon be gone, thus verifying the truth of the saying that

"CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS OF US ALL."

In starting to manufacture Sewing Machines in this country, we had not the slightest idea of substituting one tyranny for another (for all monopolies are tyrannies). Our aim was to see that the public should be supplied with first-class Sewing Machines at moderate prices; and that we have succeeded in this we have only to point to the fact that we have much improved the quality of Sewing Machines, and have been the DIRECT cause of reducing the prices and placing them within the reach of every householder. We have been awarded **FIRST PRIZE MEDALS** in competitions with the primitive Makers **FOR THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR MANUFACTURE**, and our Customers who use these Machines practically are all satisfied that they did justice to themselves as well as to us in purchasing our make.

ALL WE WANT IS A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR.

All our Machines make the Lock-Stitch, and we are content to sell them on their own merits, without detracting from the merits of others.

To be had from Agents in every Town in the Dominion.

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From "Globe" report of Hamilton Exhibition, held Sept., 1876.

"Messrs. Jeffery, Mallison & Co., Toronto, exhibit a choice assortment of cocoas and chocolates, and also a quantity of chocolate confectionery, several of the articles of pretty design. The firm has been awarded a first extra prize for these goods. The cocoas and chocolates have also taken prizes."

Ask your Grocer or Confectioner for "JEFFERY'S," and take no other.

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71 King Street East, Toronto.

Mr. HARRISON begs to announce to his customers and the public that having returned from England and the Continent, after purchasing his summer and fall stock of Glass, China, and Earthenware, he is now showing the contents of ten casks French China in dinner, breakfast, and tea ware; twenty casks English China breakfast and tea sets, dinner and dessert sets, and a large assortment of bedroom ware.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE visit of His Excellency the Governor-General to British Columbia has served as the subject of so many newspaper dissertations during the past month, that any extended reference to it here may seem a work of supererogation. Still it forms an episode in the history of the Dominion in every way too important to be passed over in silence. The political aspect which the tour has been made to assume, under party manipulation, is not, after all, its important side, and there appears to be a danger that the substantial benefits which will certainly flow from it may be lost sight of in the confusing mists of party strife. No fog, raised by Homeric deity to shield and deliver a favoured hero, more completely blinded the general vision than these exhalations from the Serbonian bog of politics have done. The objects of Lord Dufferin's mission were essentially worthy of his energetic intelligence. As he himself informed the Victorians, he came amongst them "as the Governor-General, the Representative of Her Majesty, exactly in the same way as I had passed through other Provinces of the Dominion, in order to make acquaintance with the people, their wants, wishes, and aspirations, and to learn as much as I could in regard to the physical features, capabilities, and resources of the Province." The results, as summed up so graphically in the farewell speech, speak for themselves and for his Lordship's acute powers of observation. Making every allowance for an unquenchable love of travel and active exertion, and a marvellous elasticity of spirits, no ruler of a people would thus make a labour of his pleasure who did not feel a pleasure in any labour which lay before him in the field of duty. Lord and Lady Dufferin—for it must not be forgotten how much Her Excellency's grace and amiability of manner enhanced the success of the visit—unquestionably underwent the fatigues and dangers of the journey, and the more terrible ordeal of State receptions and demonstrations, because they believed it to be incumbent upon them so to do; and we feel well assured that the beneficial effects of their visit to the Pacific slope will be manifest and remain, long after the "Carnarvon terms" and the railway vexation have passed away into the shadowy realm of half-forgotten history.

The Pacific Railway has been like an attendant spirit of evil during the whole of Lord Dufferin's residence in Canada. It rose with the "Scandal," and has been a constant source of trouble and annoyance up to this moment. Its latest appearance in the upper air is so closely connected with the vice-regal tour, that it seems necessary to scan it somewhat closely, without the aid of party spectacles. To begin with, it may be readily conceded that the promises made to British Columbia when she entered the Dominion have not been and cannot be kept. Whether Sir John Macdonald's Government, but for that unhappy *fiasco*, would have kept its word under more favourable circumstances, or whether Mr. Mackenzie's policy has been free from blunders, it is not our purpose to inquire. It is only necessary to insist here that neither Government has been guilty of intentional bad faith at any time. Of course each party will claim as much as that for itself, although it denies equal purity of motive to its opponents. If, however—casting out of account the Pacific Scandal as not relevant to this view of the question—the history of the enterprise be calmly and dispassionately read, the apparent breach of compact will be found to rest upon no foundation worthy of the name. The Macdonald-Cartier Government proposed to construct our Pacific Railway in the same way as the Americans constructed theirs, by a land grant and a bonus for every completed mile, and stipulated that the company undertaking the work should complete it in ten years. Now, if both the Government and the companies which offered to enter into the contract were mistaken in their calculations, the most that can be said is, that they were guilty of an error in judgment, resolving itself, in the first case unquestionably, into an excess of

patriotic enthusiasm, certainly not of premeditated bad faith. The British Columbians are yet but apprentices to the trade of Canadian politics, or they would never have credited so gross an imputation as that cast upon Sir John Macdonald.

Mr. Mackenzie succeeded as the heir to chaos. Everything was in ruins; the structure erected by his predecessors had fallen about their ears, and the new Premier had not only to begin *de novo*, but found himself unable even to employ the old materials. It must not be forgotten that the late Government, whatever it might have accomplished had its tenure of office been prolonged, had proceeded no farther than good intentions. Upon Mr. Mackenzie devolved, for the first time, the burden of practical work on the line; and, not to speak of the burning of the survey records, the difficulty of fixing the line, and innumerable other obstacles, the state of the finances soon became a serious stumbling-block in the path of progress. It is only necessary to hint at the party warfare which has been carried on all the time, and we do so solely to enforce a position taken in these columns on previous occasions, that the construction of the Pacific Railway ought never to have been made a party question at all. Such, however, it has been made at enormous expense to the country, and at the cost of greater delay in the work than was at all necessary. Whether Mr. Mackenzie's project of first "utilizing the great water-stretches" was sound and prudent policy or not, need not be entered upon now. It is enough to insist here that the Government has never repudiated its obligations, but stands pledged, now as heretofore, to construct the road in its entirety, as speedily as circumstances will admit of its being accomplished. In thus vindicating the honour, or at least the upright intentions, of both Governments, we are quite alive to the fact that we please neither party; but the credit and fair name of the Dominion far outweigh the trumpery interests of them both. The great enterprise upon which British Columbians have set their hearts has been languishing for years under the dropsy of politics, and it is time that they recognised the fact, instead of lending an attentive ear to reckless charges of bad faith and double-dealing from the Opposition of the hour. All that patriotic Canadians, attached to neither of the factions, ask of them is, to pay no heed to the scandals and personalities which make up the stock-in-trade of party in the older Provinces, and to exhibit a reasonable amount of patience and forbearance in urging their demands. It must not be forgotten that when Sir John Macdonald first agreed to construct the Pacific Railway in ten years, the country had not passed under the cloud of depression, nor were the Dominion finances so straitened as they now are. The Government will religiously fulfil all its obligations, whether Mr. Mackenzie or Sir John Macdonald is at the head of affairs; but they cannot press the work faster than the resources of the Dominion permit. In short, they cannot do what is beyond their power; and *nemo tenetur ad impossibile* is an old maxim British Columbia is in danger of forgetting, but which cannot be too soon recalled to her recollection.

In his farewell speech at Victoria, Lord Dufferin took occasion to refer to the conduct of his advisers, touching the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, and although the Opposition journals have, for the most part, frankly accepted his Excellency's assurances, low mutterings of discontent are to be heard here and there. The first question arising out of the address is a constitutional one: Was the Governor-General justified in vindicating the *bona fides* of Mr. Mackenzie? Party men, as usual, view the question from the standpoint of a self-interest by no means enlightened—the only consideration with them being *cui bono?*—for which party will the vice-regal explanation serve as an advantage? If for us, then it must be defended and extolled, whether it be defensible or not; if for our opponents, then it must be regarded as a dangerous precedent. Three years ago the dominant party fancied that Lord Dufferin was improperly intervening on behalf of Sir John Macdonald, and, as is invariably the hot-headed practice of the Grits, it indulged largely in wild and intemperate vituperation. The Conservatives, as a rule—although there are one or two unfortunate exceptions—have, much to their credit, abstained from assaults, as unmanly as they are unwarranted, upon his Excellency. Still, an undercurrent of feeling is perceptible on both sides—exultation here, sullen vexation there.

Now, if the reader will endeavour to free himself from the predilections of party, and calmly look the question in the face, he will

probably come to some such conclusion as this: Constitutional or responsible government, if it has any significance at all, means that the ruler, whether monarch or viceroy, shall accept without demur the advice of ministers possessing the confidence of Parliament; and further, that he shall feel himself able to repose personal confidence in their honour and good faith, so far as what may be termed the esoteric springs of Cabinet action are concerned. In other words, he must not only be satisfied that they are outwardly the choice of Parliament, but also that their inner life, as an Administration, would bear rigid scrutiny if exposed to public investigation. To assert the contrary would be to make the Governor-General *particeps criminis* in any unworthy stratagem of which, in the nature of things, he must be cognizant. Lord Dufferin, therefore, was fully justified in proclaiming that if Mr. Mackenzie had been guilty of "any such base and deceitful conduct," "either he would have ceased to be Prime Minister, or I should have left the country." To a man of honour there could have been no other alternative under the circumstances; but, as he possessed convincing proof of Mr. Mackenzie's innocence, he had a perfect right to state it, not only as an act of justice to the Premier, but in vindication of his own honour. It is idle to say that he was deceived, or that he was merely actuated by chivalrous motives. His Excellency's power of observation is too acute, and his insight into human character too penetrating, to admit of the former theory; and the unusually powerful language in which his protestations were couched, excludes the other, unless at the expense of his Lordship's veracity. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that he alone could satisfactorily silence unjust aspersions upon the policy of his Government. Denials, however positive, from the Premier would have been received by his opponents with scorn, reinforced by more pointed and positive accusations. Nor was the reputation of the Ministry alone at stake, for that perhaps might have been left to take care of itself. The Government, for the time being, represents the Dominion, and odium cast on the one must necessarily fall upon the other. At a time, therefore, when the existence of Confederation seemed in jeopardy, it was surely not only becoming in his Excellency, but incumbent upon him, to exert all the influence he possessed from his high position and sterling character, to compose the feud, to allay dissatisfaction, and to indicate the path which leads to contentment and peace. These objects can only be compassed by the restoration of confidence in the good faith of our rulers, and it seems to us a new title to the popular esteem in which Lord Dufferin is held by all Canadians, that he was equal to so trying an occasion, and stood loyally by those whom the people had selected as his advisers. Finally, it must not be forgotten that, as the representative of the Imperial Government, the Governor-General had also a duty to perform. The unfortunate dispute was referred to the arbitrament of the Colonial Secretary, and, therefore, both he and the Queen's representative had an immediate and pressing interest in superintending its adjustment, and especially in ensuring fair play in all dealings between Dominion and Province. To have allowed the Premier to remain under what he knew to be an unjust imputation, would have been, on Lord Dufferin's part, to subject himself to the charge of connivance with an unworthy stratagem; and to be guilty of such connivance would have involved both personal disgrace and national dishonour.

It may be taken as unquestionable, on Lord Dufferin's authority, that Mr. Mackenzie did not procure the defeat of the Esquimalt Bill in the Senate; but there still remains an accusation only partially covered by the Victoria speech—that the Premier failed to re-introduce the Bill, being, it is insinuated, well pleased in fact that it had been defeated. The entrance of Mr. Blake into the Cabinet in the summer of the year has been made the basis of a cunningly-devised fable relating to this branch of the question. The Minister of Justice appears to be the cause of much anxiety in the Opposition ranks. At times, their papers assail him with almost rabid savagery; at others, when a lucid interval supervenes, they expostulate, warn, and entreat, as if he were not yet given over utterly to a reprobate mind. Whether Mr. Blake is "poltroon" enough to be cowed, or gullible enough to be wheedled, editors will doubtless discover in time; but, for the present, it may not be amiss to reflect that little capital is to be made from his expressions of independent opinion. Out of office, the member for South

Bruce voted against the Railway Bill; three months afterwards he accepted office, assuring his constituents that, in consequence of the Senate's action, a new arrangement had been made which was satisfactory to him. He did not allege, for the dates would have disproved any such assertion, that the modification of policy had been made on his account. Nevertheless the Opposition chose to regard *post hoc* as also *propter hoc*, so that because Mr. Blake had joined the Cabinet, therefore the change in policy was its result. But it is not true that they even stood in this order of sequence. The defeat of the Bill was final, as Lord Dufferin assures us, and its re-introduction out of the question; it would, therefore, have been necessary to put that clause of the "Carnarvon terms" in another shape, whether Mr. Blake became Minister of Justice or not. In point of fact, Mr. Mackenzie had to consider his future course on this point, and to decide upon it long before he approached Mr. Blake. That the new arrangement removed an obstacle out of the way of Mr. Blake's accession to the Cabinet is no doubt true; but there is not a tittle of evidence that it was in fact removed at his instance; on the contrary, everything points the other way.

So far as British Columbia is concerned, it seems difficult to appreciate the force of objections to the cash bonus. Three quarters of a million, supplemented by a liberal grant of land, would not only enable the Victorians to construct the Vancouver line, but, in all probability, leave a considerable margin. It is objected, however, that the Ottawa Government offered these terms partly as a *solatium* for delays in the completion of the Pacific Railway. So long, however, as the Dominion is doing its utmost, in the way of surveys and construction, such a pendant to the compact is a matter of no importance, because it does not relieve our rulers in the slightest degree from the solemn pledges they have repeatedly given. Before the close of the year, no less than $360,000—no small sum in a sparsely peopled country—will have been expended, at the western end of the projected railway, in the course of twelve months; and as the Victoria *British Colonist* remarks, it would be an act of Provincial suicide to embarrass the Government or agitate for separation. The latter may certainly be considered a *brutum fulmen*, as ridiculous as the mock thunder and lightning of Salmoneus, king of Elis. The British Columbians have taken too seriously the wranglings of our politicians, and have yet to learn that party warfare is a game and not a deadly conflict. Other Provinces, by a well affected rage, have succeeded in extorting "better terms," and there is no reason why British Columbia should not follow their example; all that Canada asks is that they shall cease to clamour, like children, for the moon, and, above all, ape no longer the vagaries of insanity by threatening self-destruction.

Two Government appointments were made during the month, the one at Ottawa, the other at Toronto, and in both cases from the Cabinet. Mr. Laird has had some experience in Indian affairs, both as Minister of the Interior and as negotiator, in 1874, of the Qu'Appelle treaty; and we presume Mr. Gow is fully competent to discharge the duties of Sheriff in his County. As might have been expected, the *tu quoque* argument has been resorted to by the politicians on both sides. So far as the dominant party is concerned, it has no point except in the case of Mr. Gow. Under no conceivable circumstances could the nomination of a Minister to a Lieutenant-Governorship be regarded as improper. To keep the promise of such an office dangling as a bait before wavering outsiders, whose influence is a matter of temporary importance, would be unquestionably wrong; but the objection does not apply in Mr. Laird's case. Many English precedents to the point might be adduced. Lord Mayo, if our memory serves us, was a Cabinet Minister when he was appointed Viceroy of India; at any rate, the appointment was made by Mr. Disraeli in 1868, after he knew that he had been defeated at the polls. Lord Northbrook, his successor, was sent to India from the War Office, and Lord Dufferin resigned the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster when he became Governor-General of Canada. Mr. Gow's case is somewhat different, because, although it seems unfair to bind Mr. Mowat by a motion of Mr. Blake's, it remains true that the Ontario Reform party protested against the appointment of Mr. Greeley or any one else to office in his own constituency. Mr. Blake's motion, in our opinion, was indefensible, but it certainly pledged his friends to its adoption as a principle to guide them

when in office. It will not do to urge that Mr. Greeley had been elected a Reformer, and had turned renegade and "martyr," because much the same may be said of Mr. R. W. Scott and many others. Besides, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Richards were quite as staunch in their advocacy of Reform as their opponents—perhaps in practice more so. There is another device by which, instead of acknowledging a change of opinion, Reform journalists are endeavouring to confuse the public mind. It is no answer to the Opposition taunt of inconsistency to cite instances of similar appointments during the Conservative *régime*, because the late Governments not only made these appointment, but defended and justified them. The *Mail* and its *confrères* do not allege that similar appointments now are wrong *per se;* all the force of their argument lies in this: "You attacked and condemned us in the bitterest language for what we did, believing it to be right; and now you are yourselves guilty of the same *quasi* offences. Either you were in earnest then or you acted hypocrically, or you are wrong now; in any case you stand self-condemned by the Stirton and Gow appointments."

Passing downwards from that serener air where "high above the storm's career," Cabinets live and move in perpetual harmony and calm, let us afford "Reformers who have something to reform" a glimpse of the work which has yet to be done. Party patronage, as exercised in the constituencies, is one of the most corrupting and least defensible features of the existing system. D'Alembert somewhere observes that "the industry of man so far exhausts itself in canvassing for places, that none of it is left for fulfilling the duties of them." Perhaps Canada has not yet sunk so deep in the mire as France under the old *régime;* yet it is undeniable that our party men are not far behind their American brethren in their insatiable thirst for office. One has only to observe, for instance, the growing tendency to centralization in the Ontario Government, the addition to the number of salaried offices, and the mob of clamorous applicants eager to fill them, to be satisfied that love of place has become a social disease. There are many other indications of this which will readily occur to the reader. What we desire to impress strongly upon the public mind is this, that patronage, as at present bestowed, is a malign agency—injurious to the civil service, fatal to the purity of election, and the direct cause of moral, social, and political deterioration.

Appointments to the civil service are theoretically supposed to be based on individual competency; they are, in fact, the rewards of political subserviency. Industry and intelligence ought to ensure promotion in a steady and unbroken order as occasion occurs; in practice, however, there exists a system of purchase less defensible than that which Lord Cardwell abolished in the army. The price of a commission in the Government service is the free exercise of a glib tongue, deftness in canvassing, unscrupulousness in everything. Serve the party day and night, secure us an electoral triumph by fair means or foul, and you shall be quartered for life on the public treasury, is the bribe held out to those who would live at ease. Here is the secret of much of the prevailing corruption at elections—the bribery by agents, often with their own private means, which so frequently comes to light. The promise of office, or a hope of it, reasonable or unreasonable, is quite strong enough to induce a man to sow a five-dollar bill in the expectation of reaping a permanent salary attached to a comfortable place. The law does not regard the appointment of these hungry hangers-on as bribery; on the contrary, its expounders have made it part and parcel of our political system, and are not ashamed to glory in maintaining and perpetuating it. The crowd of nondescript, and scarcely reputable, politicians who hover about at pic-nics and declaim at drill-shed "demonstrations," are the stuff of which, under the party system, public servants are made. To the well-informed, trained, and experienced member of the service there is little chance of advancement when one of these gentry stands in his way. The latter has paid his price for the office, the former has not; this one has "faithfully served his party," and should be recompensed, the other has merely deserved well of his country, which has no means left of rewarding him.

Moreover the prevailing system under which patronage is distributed, is essentially vicious. If a constituency is represented by a supporter of the party in power, all the offices which may be created or become va-

cant within it are absolutely at his disposal. This serves as an incentive to local ochlocrats of the baser sort at election times; it fills public offices with a worthless set of men; and poisons directly the very springs of popular government. In short, it first gives unscrupulous employment to their peculiar abilities, and then rewards them with office. Doubly blameworthy, it not merely corrupts the people and tampers with the franchise, but also holds out the people's money as the reward in case of success. Where the constituency persists in returning an Oppositionist, the member is conceded no voice in the patronage, even to the extent of vouching for the capacity or moral character of the applicants. The electorate is given to understand, as plainly as if it had been formulated in set terms, that having failed to return a Government supporter, they have only themselves to blame that they are not consulted in appointments to office. Reproaches for the past, purgatory in the present. with the hope of better things in the future, on certain conditions—all together constitute the wholesale scheme of intimidation and bribery which passes for constitutional government. The odious principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," first crystallized into a political maxim by ex-Governor Marcy of New York, and that other one boldly avowed by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, that "we must support our supporters," which is the Canadian statement of it, are the curse of the country, coercing the constituencies, fettering their representatives, and depraving the civil service. Let it be distinctly understood that no reflection is cast here upon any particular party or Government; the one side is as bad as the other when it has the opportunity of holding out the bait or putting on the screws. The electorate, especially when the administration is strong and likely to have a prolonged lease of office, is entirely at the mercy of its rulers, and when there is no dividing-line of principle between the ins and the outs, it is not to be wondered at that men are attracted by the bribe and succumb to the threat. To return an Opposition member is to cut the constituency off from governmental sympathy; it means no expenditure of public money within its bounds, no necessary public works, or as little as consists with decency or can be plausibly defended on the floor of Parliament. Local appointments in the gift of Government are not at the disposal of the people or their representative, but of a knot of wire-pullers whose defeat at the polls should have deprived them of all voice in the matter.

Nor is the influence of the system less pernicious upon members of Parliament themselves, even when attached to the dominant party. They cannot give a conscientious recommendation to office, because they must give a party one. The question which presents itself cannot be—"Is this applicant the best man for the place, because he is the best qualified?" but "Here is a man who performed important service for the party and for me during the election, how may he be comfortably and satisfactorily provided for?" The local politician has claims upon the powers that be, and—such is the code of political ethics extant among us—it is looked upon as of course that the country should be called upon to adjust them. Thus the administrative functions of Government are prostituted to party ends, and the member possessing the patronage finds himself not the servant of the people but the obsequious and unprincipled tool of his faction. But this is not the only warping of conscience to which the legislator must submit. He is also expected to "vote right" on all occasions upon pain of being exiled to political Coventry. Let him once venture to have a mind of his own, entertain doubts concerning the wisdom of Government and, still further, act upon them, and he is a marked man. The patronage upon which he depended for re-election, is his no longer; the ward politicians begin to exclaim against him, and order is taken for a Convention which will be sure to nominate a more subservient tool. In short he is not the representative of his constituents at all, and the account he must render of his stewardship is, in fact, rendered not to them, but to the party managers. If the latter are satisfied with the pliability of their parliamentary agent, those for whom he is supposed to think and act have no right to complain. The majority by which he was elected may have been small and accidental; yet, so soon as he takes his seat, he ceases to be the spokesman even of his supporters, and becomes the submissive thrall of dictators and those trading hucksters in political wares who assume to control and speak for the party.

The result is that independence of thought or action is out of the question; the party must be supported at all hazards; conscience is warped by the potent arm of power; and the entire political system becomes tainted, unprincipled, and corrupt. The effect of the prevailing disposition of patronage on the civil service must be obvious to all who have even a casual acquaintance with its working. At the seats of Government and throughout the country, the purpose of the Civil Service Act is openly and audaciously thwarted. The competitive system, in which alone there is hope of amelioration or reform, although formally adopted by Parliament, remains a dead letter. The public servant who has carefully trained himself for his duties, and justly anticipates promotion in his turn, finds that his pains have been thrown away. His diligence and conscientious discharge of duty avail nothing unless he has powerful party backing. When the vacancy occurs which seems to promise advancement, it is only to see some party-hack securing the office to which long and faithful service entitles him, and, not unfrequently, to discover that the vacancy has been made to find this clamorous partizan a place. Civil service reform, therefore, here as in the United States, must be the crucial test of party henceforth, and if both the belligerents persist in maintaining the pernicious system hitherto prevailing, the people are bound to intervene and sweep away the abominable thing.

Akin to this is a matter which, during the vacation, has made considerable noise; we refer to the printing jobs given to members of Parliament. We are not disposed to join in the party cry against the Speaker, Mr. Anglin, or against the Hon. Mr. Vail and Mr. Jones, M.P. for Halifax, because we believe it to be hollow and insincere. The champions of Parliamentary independence and purity are always to be found in the Opposition, whatever their own antecedents may have been. Still, in this case, the critics are right, as the *Globe* has clearly admitted, although it characterizes plain violations of the statute by the euphemistic word "inadvertence," which, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins. Admitting for the moment that the Ottawa Government has only followed a precedent established in the Maritime Provinces, it ought, as representing "the party of purity," to have educated its sea-board friends in its own rigid school of political ethics. The independence of Parliament was, at one time, a cardinal article in the Reform creed; where is it now? It is not easy to tell who was immediately responsible for these "inadvertencies;" but it is not difficult to foretell the ultimate results of their repetition. The claims of the Government to popular support rested on no distinctive principles; they were carried into power upon an irresistible wave of moral indignation, and it will go hard with them, so soon as the people are painfully convinced that they are dropping step by step into the well-worn ruts of their predecessors. If purity of election, purity of administration, and an unflinching regard for the independence of Parliament are not exemplified by those now in power, their government can claim no *raison d'être* whatever.

The appointment of Mr. Mills to the vacant bureau of the Interior, *vice* Mr. Laird, was not unexpected, since the announcement of it in the Montreal *Herald* was as positive as semi-official utterances usually are. That everything did not run as smoothly as the *Globe* pretends, may be taken for granted. There is too palpably an *arrière pensée* in that journal's remarks, and its annoyance is so ill-disguised that it is evident a struggle took place, in which the dictator had the worst of it. So far as Mr. Mills's appointment indicates a declaration of independence and a prospect of definitive escape from the dictatorship, and so far as it is calculated to strengthen the hands of Mr. Blake, it is satisfactory to us, and, we believe, to most people. Nor are we disposed to lay much stress upon the new Minister's *penchant* for republican crotchets. Office is a great steadier of giddy brains, and as the *Globe* aptly, but not very loyally, remarks, "nothing will correct any such tendencies so effectually as the severely practical duties of government." Whether he will shed his "logical eccentricities"—by which the organ merely means a delicate euphemism for the elective Senate hobby—remains to be seen. Mr. Mills's Free Trade opinions are also those of his colleagues—at least such of them as can lay claim to any opinions—and therefore there is no reason why the Opposition should be violently indignant on that score. At the same time it may be frankly con-

fessed that the member for Bothwell does not bring any moral strength to the Cabinet. He is well-read in a miscellaneous way, and yet merely a sciolist; his industry, which has hitherto been lavished upon political vagaries, may be of service to the Dominion, if it be exerted in legitimate channels; of his honesty of purpose there can be no reasonable doubt. Should he prove successful, we shall be pleased to recognise the fact, notwithstanding some present misgivings; it is better to be agreeably disappointed than to be a successful Cassandra. All we ask of Mr. Mills is that he will cast away his unreasoning attachment to institutions across the border and set himself to work, with the vigour of a Briton, to do the proper work of a British minister in the noblest colony of the British Empire.

It is difficult to say whether the determination to postpone the meeting of the Ontario Legislature until January, or the paltry excuse offered for it, is more objectionable. The dominant party has always made an early session, at a fixed time, one of its strong "planks." When Gritism was in one of its democratic phases of development, and before it had fluttered, in winged form, to the seat of power, the proposition was made to determine by law the opening day of the session. Like other "well-understood" principles of the party, this great reform has been lost sight of and forgotten. The pretext—and what Government ever existed that had not its quiver full of them?—is, an unavoidable delay in the consolidation of the Statutes. Surely the entire business of the country need not be retarded on that account. What, we may ask, has this consolidation to do with that other consolidation of the School Laws? Or with the Budget? Or with the municipal reforms demanded by our cities and towns? Six weeks before Christmas would scarcely serve for even a perfunctory consideration of all these matters; why must everything be at a stand-still, because one branch of legislative business is not ready? The excuse for delay is too frivolous to bear serious examination. Would it not be better to confess at once that Ministers have been too busy in meddling with Ottawa politics, too ready to do what they condemned in their predecessors, too absorbed in drill-shed rhetoric to prepare the business of the session? In short, should they not fall upon their knees and acknowledge that they have left undone those things which they ought to have done, and have done those things which they ought not to have done?

Moreover it is announced that late as Parliament is to be called together, the session is to be a short one. We are inclined to think the Government will find itself egregiously mistaken. Not to speak of private legislation, there must be Opposition field-days; there is sure to be a determined assault upon the License Act, and then there remains a heavy ministerial programme besides. The Consolidated Statutes will require careful examination, if only to ascertain that no commissioner-made law has crept in. The School Law consolidation must also pass the ordeal of close and jealous inspection, and Municipal Reform, to be thorough, may of itself occupy profitably two or three weeks. Now, the last two matters could certainly be disposed of before Christmas, and the Estimates with them. Why then the delay, unless a suspicion at which we have hinted be well-grounded, and Ministers only commenced to prepare their programme when they should have been ready to submit it to the House and the country? The slip-shod fashion in which our local legislation is conducted promises to bring the Assembly into contempt. When the Act of Confederation was in course of gestation, the representatives of Ontario declared that no second chamber was required; it is beginning to be obvious that this was a mistake. Perhaps no legislative body ever made so many blunders in precipitate and ill-considered measures, or spent so much of its time in rectifying them as ours has done year after year. Of what permanent value will Consolidated Statutes be, if legislation is conducted in the hasty and unsatisfactory manner hitherto in vogue? A month before the holidays would be well spent in patching the rents time and wear have made in last year's botch-work. Having decided to dispense with an Upper House, there is all the more need of ample time and mature deliberation. There should be no slurring over the work expected from select committees; at every stage a bill should receive the most careful examination and criticism, and it should not be transformed into an Act until it has been made as perfect as intelligence and forethought

can make it. If the Local Government desires to bring the federative system into deserved contempt, by lowering the standard of legislation, treating the House as rather an unavoidable evil than as an essential part of our constitutional machinery, they are at liberty to do so, whilst they possess a subservient majority. But it may not be amiss to warn them that, sooner or later, their love of centralization, their thirst for absolute power, and contemptuous disregard of public opinion as it can only be legitimately expressed by the mouths of the people's representatives, will either hurl them from office or provoke an irresistible tide of feeling against the existing constitution.

Two distinguished Frenchmen, each from a separate standpoint, have recently pronounced their opinions upon clerical influence at elections. Our own view of the subject has been frequently unfolded in these pages—not more frequently, we believe, than its importance demands. If our political newspapers were not bound by the party tether to conciliate the Ultramontanism of Quebec, they would have laid before the people of Ontario the pastoral of the Bishop of Gap and the pungent remarks of M. de Molinari. The full text of the former is given in *Le National* of Montreal, which, notwithstanding its timid depreciation of *Le Réveil*, appears to be liberal at heart. Presiding over a remote diocese in the south-east of France, the Bishop of Gap has issued to his clergy a complete guide to right conduct in political matters. We cannot recall a line of it which might not be appropriately read and assimilated by the clergy of every church and the people of every land. The space at our command will not admit of lengthened extracts from this admirable pastoral; but we may give an idea of its general import, sufficiently clear to sweep away the sophisms which even the Grit organs are not ashamed to impose upon their readers.

After protesting against the attempts to divorce the Church from the State, and at the very outset, he warns the clergy that in a land aflame (*brûlant*) with politics, the priest ought never to entangle himself but with extreme moderation and great caution, stinguishing that which is only relative

[illegible]

m an able survey of the [illegible] the theological side. Referring, *en passant*, to Thomas Aquinas and Suarez, "whose noble independence on questions left open to free discussion," seems now unknown or forgotten, the Bishop boldly takes his stand upon Scripture on passages full of eloquence. Appealing to history, he continues thus: "We are confronted with the fact that whenever the clergy have allied themselves with a political party, they have never failed to find its enemies become their own;" or, as he remarks in another place, "when priests ally themselves with party, they make opponents the foes of all religion." Nothing can be clearer than the Bishop's definition of the duties incumbent upon the clergy in political matters, nothing more distinctly marked than the incisive limit between Christian exhortation and priestly dictation. The priest is a citizen, having a right to cherish his own opinions and preferences, and also the right to express them with becoming moderation, but always as a simple citizen, and apart (*en dehors*) from his character as priest. Thus, by a few nervous words, the Bishop of Gap disposes of the special pleading, on "citizen" grounds, which the *Globe* and party organs generally have urged in defence of clerical intimidation from pulpit and altar.

M. de Molinari's account of Canada has been published in the *Witness*, and we deeply regret that our contemporary has not given a translation of it for the benefit of people in Ontario, who are in sad need of some rude awakening from without. As mere *impressions de voyage*, M. de Molinari's narrative is very entertaining; but when he expresses his surprise at the inferiority of the educational system, and the absolutism of the clergy, he speaks with great power. One would scarcely suppose that within four hundred miles of the repressive system indignantly denounced by the writer there are newspaper writers who can admire the whited sepulchre and plead for its preservation. Those who do not like the Church may leave it, says the *Globe;* let a Frenchman speak: "The *Institut Canadien* was excommunicated, and excommunication here is not a harmless weapon—*telum imbelle sine ictu.*" "What shall be said of clerical intervention in the struggle of parties, and of its *rôle*, more and more combative at elections? I have heard of some priests (*curés terribles*) subscribers of *L'Univers* and *Le Monde*, who

denounced from the pulpit, as emissaries of Satan, their political enemies. Bad luck to those who resist them! The lightest woe that can befall these wandering sheep is to be enrolled upon the 'Index' in their parish, and forced to hide in their baseness in the towns and cities." Such are the impressions M. de Molinari formed during his tour in America, and feeling no comment necessary, we only submit to the people of Ontario the simple question—"What do they think of the relative positions occupied by the Bishop of Gap and the Paris publicist on the one hand, and of the *Globe*, the champion of clerical intimidation, on the other?

It is one of the beauties peculiarly Republican, that politics at stated periods, yearly, but, in particular, quadrennially, dwarf and well-nigh extinguish every other topic of interest. The latter days even of the Philadelphia exhibition, which ought to attract general interest to the end, seem likely to expire unheeded amid the discordant uproar of a Presidential struggle. Any attempt to forecast the issue of the impending battle of the ballot-box would be useless. The prophets on both sides, with that marvellous aptitude for calculation which characterizes Americans, have settled matters in advance as hope or bold assurance inspired them. It seems to be admitted now by all parties that everything depends upon the vote of New York. So far as the other States are concerned, there are only a few—and they do not count for much in the electoral college—yet remaining doubtful. The latest indications appear to show, as the New York *Times* is forced to admit, that the result in the "Empire State" is more than doubtful. Mr. Tilden's personal character and popularity on his own domain may partly account for the apprehensions of the Republican party; but not altogether. A few weeks ago the thirty-five votes of the State were looked upon as secure for the dominant party, but they are not so sure now. The villainous work of Chamberlain in the South has been followed by its natural consequences; the Conservatives, including the Liberal Republicans, are dropping away from the camp of Hayes and reinforcing the party of Tilden. Without venturing to predict results, where the final action of so mercurial a mass as the American electorate is concerned, we should be disposed to say that the chances, though nearly even, are apparently somewhat in favour of the Democrats.

Notwithstanding some natural, perhaps traditional, reasons for dislike of the Democrats, it appears to us that the triumph of Mr. Tilden at this serious juncture would be a substantial, if not an unalloyed, blessing to the United States. There are three subjects of pressing and absorbing interest involved in the present electoral struggle—reform in the civil service, reform of the currency, and reconciliation with the South. On all these points Mr. Tilden's utterances, which are clear and unequivocal, have the advantage of being supported and reinforced by the record of his political life. Regarding the first little need be said, because the party platform speaks of it in unmistakable language, and Mr. Tilden's chief claim rests upon his persistent hostility to corruption in every form, and his indomitable pluck in bringing the culprits to book irrespective of party considerations. It is hardly necessary to mention that he is in favour of a resumption of specie payments at the best time; and the earliest, to use his own words, is the best. The nomination of Hendricks, although not altogether creditable to the party—and what party there or here ever hesitates from moral scruples?—was merely a *ruse de guerre*, and would have no appreciable effect upon a Democratic administration. In Southern affairs the Governor of New York advocates the only sound and humane policy, that of conciliation—not by depriving the coloured man of a single right he has acquired under the amended constitution, but by removing the causes of discord and driving out the harpies who prey upon Southern resources and foment the dissensions it is desirable to heal at once and forever.

It would not, by any means, be either wise or just to forget the invaluable services rendered to the Union by the party now in power. It has preserved the Union, removed the curse of slavery, and restored the country, in some measure, to its normal condition. When this has been said, however, eulogy is exhausted. From the moment when Gen. Grant took up his abode in the White House the decadence of the Republican party began. During his second term, more particularly, the country has been vexed by

exposures of official corruption and incapacity which require no special reference here. Is there any hope that Mr. Hayes, should he be elected, will effect any substantial improvement? The office-holders, fellow-conspirators with the executive in the work of corruption and misrule, are his staunchest and most energetic supporters. The "political assessment" on their salaries, extorted by that exemplary gentleman Mr. Chandler, one of Grant's Cabinet, forms his election fund. Can he reform a service to which he owes his election, and which defrayed the expenses of his canvas? Personally, he is the very man to be led into the mire by professional politicians; a feeble-backed and blind adherent of party, he voted in Congress with his party in defence of every job—the *Crédit Mobilier*, the salary grab, and all the other abominations of the time. His views on the currency are misty and ill-defined, as was sufficiently apparent in his contest last year with Allen for the Governorship of Ohio. Instead of civil service reform, he and his spokesmen have endeavoured to raise anew the war cry, which should have died into an echo ten years ago. "Waving the bloody shirt" is the substitute offered by the Republicans for the practical and exigent needs of the time. The election of Hayes, as we are firmly convinced, means a "third term" for the most unblushing system of corruption ever established, even in the United States. There seems no prospect of peace and contentment, of integrity and reform, from a renewal of the Republican lease of power; sincerely believing this, we desire the election of Mr. Tilden.

The Southern policy of President Grant and his party should, of itself, be ample reason for its condemnation. When the moment shall have arrived for a calm and dispassionate history of the last ten years, the folly, not to speak of the brutality, of this policy will appear sharply and incisively cut, with the strong distinctness of Greek sculpture, in the "corridors of time." The attitude of the Republicans towards the South has two phases, both of which it seems necessary to consider briefly, since they have an important bearing upon the approaching election. And first, looking at the South itself, there are three parties to be taken into account. To understand the present position of affairs, it is necessary to put ourselves, so far as possible, into the place of each, in order to appreciate their motives and also their hopes and prejudices. To begin with, the defeated slave-owners ought not to be deprived of all human sympathy, because they fought, and fought with unsurpassed gallantry, in an indefensible cause. Let anyone endeavour to realize the position of the Southern planter at the close of the war, socially, pecuniarily, and politically. Let him further review the treatment he has received at the hands of the conqueror during the eleven years that have elapsed since he laid down his arms, and then perhaps some allowance will be made for soreness and irritation in the South. Sir Charles Dilke remarks that "thorough, as to European ideas, has been the forget-and-forgive in America, it has been more complete in Japan." So far as America is concerned, nothing could be further from the truth. Four years ago, Mr. Greeley pleaded that the still "bleeding wounds" might be healed, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams is now pleading with honest fervour in the same direction. Why has not the healing process been begun and completed before this? Simply because the dominant party, which, under the rough but patriotic and moderate guidance of Lincoln, had achieved so much for its country, has fallen into the hands and beneath the control of schemers, robbers, and leeches, to whom the closing of the temple of Janus would be exclusion from power and peculation. No more disgraceful page has ever been filled by the recording angel than that which chronicles the treatment of the South during the past decade.

The next element to be considered is the negro population, and here the first remark to be made so obviously suggests itself, that one can hardly understand the obtuseness which persists in ignoring its truth. The emancipation of the slave was a necessity of war, but it was also a most laudable act, and, in order to protect him in the enjoyment of his dearly purchased liberty, it was also necessary to enfranchise him. But it was not at all necessary, but rather the height of wickedness, to use him, sensual, ignorant, passionate as he is, as the tool of party ambition. The franchise is, without doubt, an educator; but all depends upon the schoolmaster. It was certainly no boon to the negro to invest him with the dignity of citizenship and then to beguile him, through

the medium of the passions, into perverting his trust to the base purposes of violence and fraud. The seven devils in the Gospel found the room "swept and garnished," but they did not leave it so, and the last end of the man possessed was worse than the first. In its better days the Republican party emancipated the black man; it is now endeavouring to degrade him, by appealing to the baser side of his nature. The emancipated slave has neither a well-developed reason nor a soberly-balanced morality to fall back upon, and becomes, as might have been anticipated, the ready dupe of intriguing and unscrupulous men. Yet now that the glamour of the time ceases to confuse and dazzle his vision, the power of deeply-rooted attachment comes back to him again. Prone to savage outbursts of almost demoniacal rage and lust, the negro has his good side in the realm of the affections. Now that his dignity as man and his autonomy as citizen are assured, he naturally sways to the side of his old master, and the negro Democracy becomes a reality.

The third factor to be taken into account is the "carpet-baggers" and their tools. The lessons to be learned from the history of the last decade must have been drilled into unwilling ears, if they have failed to convince any honest and unprejudiced observer, that the policy devised by the ruffians who have, under martial law, maintained the rule of party in the South, and enforced by the corrupt rulers who have hitherto held sway at Washington, is bad in all aspects. It is bad for the negro, because it exaggerates the worst tendencies of his nature; bad for the white man, because it degrades him below the level of the negro; bad in the interest of good government, because supremacy is given to the basest of the hungerers for power and place; bad for the Union, since it keeps open wounds which might long since have been healed—bad, base, and immoral in every way.

At this moment when the honest portion of the Republican party are dropping away from him, Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, is attempting to secure his re-election by violence and fraud. The entire electoral machinery is at his mercy, the whites and Democratic blacks are forbidden to carry arms; but the Republican negroes are permitted to shoot and to mutilate the dying and the dead, as they did at Cainhoy and half-a-dozen places since. It is an error to suppose that the misrepresentations made by Grant and the Republican press will aid the party of Hayes. The people of the North are too intelligent to be caught in the trap set for them—"in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." When the President, in his proclamation, asserted the existence of insurrection in two counties of South Carolina, and that the ordinary means of suppressing it had failed, he could have known, had he chosen to inquire, that these means had not been tried to suppress a lawlessness which he might have easily convinced himself had no existence. The acts of Chamberlain, the aid given to him by Grant, the illegal arrests and the outrages committed by the deluded negroes, are all part and parcel of the conspiracy by which office-holders hope to preserve the *status quo.* Nothing short of an entire *bouleversement* at Washington will heal the wounds which have been so long kept bleeding by designing men. And yet the Republican leaders, instead of contrition for the gross corruption which has tainted their career, are still "waving the bloody shirt." If civil service reform be demanded, they remind you of the war; if you speak of corrupt administration, they raise the cry of treason. Mr. Tilden has effectually silenced the slanderers who charge him with sinister policy with regard to the South—any desire to deprive the blacks of the citizenship they have won, or any intention, in the remotest degree, of paying Confederate obligations. And if we look at the list from which the new President, whoever he may be, must—for there is no choice in the matter—select his advisers, can there be any doubt on which side the balance should incline? Mr. Hayes has the old crew to provide for—his supporters during the present contest. Three men alone, of all those his "organs" have suggested, are in favour of reform—Evarts and Curtis of New York, and Hoar of Massachusetts—and these men would certainly be rejected by the Senate. There remain Butler, Blaine, Chandler, Morton, Conkling, Logan, Bristow, Morgan, and the rest of the band which has well-nigh brought the vessel of state to shipwreck. Tilden, with Charles Francis Adams as Secretary of State, with Thurman, Bayard, Belmont, Gaston, Wells, or others who are named, could give the assurance of pure and honest govern-

ment, and it is only from so radical a change that so desirable an object can be attained.

Writing at a moment when the peace of Europe may possibly depend upon the whim of a Minister or the phrasing of a protocol, it would be worse than useless to offer individual opinion upon the outlook. The events of the month have trodden upon each other's heels so rapidly that even the expertest of daily chroniclers have been unable to keep pace with them. Still, out through the fog one may catch a glimpse or two of sunshine. It is perhaps well that the first burst of indignation which stirred the mighty heart of England has spent its force—better still that a stern resolve, free of passion and prejudice, remains behind. One result of the "sentimental" agitation survives, because it has in it immutably the deeply rooted, though sometimes slumbering instincts of national conscience—the determination to do right and to insist upon seeing that right is done at all hazards. Before that awakened giant the gaudy fripperies of Beaconsfield and the timid platitudes of Derby have vanished like straws in the grasp of the whirlwind. The people, as more than one thinker has told us, may be wrong in their opinions, but in their instincts never; and under the fervent leadership of Gladstone, and with the ringing periods of Freeman finding echo in their hearts, England has not only felt as she should feel, but settled wisely upon a prudent course of national action. Casting aside all the guises of diplomacy, the course of England, as the plighted champion of Turkey's oppressed populations, is simply this: to insist that Moslem rapacity and murder and lust shall no longer pollute the soil of the Provinces, and that, "bag and baggage," Turkish administrators, from the Pasha to the farmer of taxes, shall be driven beyond the Balkans. Peace on any other terms is a delusion—nay rather it is condonation for past misrule, and *carte blanche* for its continuance in the future. To re-establish the *status quo* is deliberately to prepare the way for direr conflicts and bloodier massacres and outrage. Let Russia desire what pleases her, she is powerless to oppose the will of Europe, and her own semi-barbarous acts in times past it will be time enough to expose when she has the opportunity in fresh fields of repeating them. For the present, it is enough for England to know—and it is satisfactory to feel that her people are quickened to a sense of the fact—that there is a higher law than expediency or national self-interest, however enlightened—the stern and inexorable law of duty. And if no other result should flow from the Eastern complications, it will, at least, be a comforting assurance that the "nation of shopkeepers" holds yet in firm and tenacious grip its hold upon the anchor of everlasting right. Ministers may haggle over terms and palter with moral distinctions as they choose, so long as the national pulse beats firm and strong in the wild movements of the time. Being just and being also compassionate, she has nought to fear except the canker of selfishness; as Philip Faulconbridge says in the concluding lines of *King John*:—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

BOOK REVIEWS.

GLADSTONE ON MACLEOD AND MACAULAY. Two Essays, by the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Toronto : Belford Bros. 1876.

These essays originally appeared in English reviews—the first in the *Church Quarterly*, the second in the old *London Quarterly*. It will not be necessary, therefore, to examine them at length. Mr. Gladstone's critical and politico-religious contributions to our contemporary literature are valuable, not so much for what they are in themselves, as for the light they shed upon the writer's own character, moral and intellectual. The time has not yet come, and we hope will not soon arrive, when the history of the ex-premier's mind may be properly subjected to the cold dissecting-knife of the mental anatomist; sooner or later, however, it will prove a psychological study of rare value. To the dignified and gentlemanly respectabilities of the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall* order, Mr. Gladstone appears a gushing sentimentalist entering upon matters too high for him, a disturbing element on 'Change, and the promoter of unreasoning public commotion. Yet one has only to look back upon the statesman's career, from his return for Newark, at the close of 1832, until his speech at Blackheath in 1876, to feel what a blank would be left in England's history if all his utterances, and all his public acts, with their consequences, could be blotted out of the record forever.

It is no mere demagogue, no designing agitator, no unscrupulous *fautor populi* with whom we have to do, but with a man in whom high intellectual and oratorical powers have been informed and ennobled by earnest and profound moral convictions. In short, it is on the ethical and emotional sides of his nature that Mr. Gladstone has proved himself so strong and effective from first to last. No deeper contrast could be afforded the student of character than that between the member for Greenwich and his great rival—successful now and perhaps definitively—the Earl of Beaconsfield. The latter bears upon him indisputable marks of genius, albeit an unstable and erratic genius, but he has none of that moral enthusiasm which sometimes seems to weave an *aureola* about the brow of Gladstone. Disraelitism is a dazzling phenomenon, but it can never be a moral guide, much less an abiding faith. Nor would a comparison between the developments of character in Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone respectively be less instructive. The fiery tribune of the Manchester School has lost much of his pristine vigour of late years. He is still earnest, forcible, and eloquent, but he has long ceased to be the moral power he was twenty, and still more thirty, years ago. When free trade in corn became *un fait accompli* Mr. Bright had finished the most brilliant portion of his career. To some extent he is out of sympathy with the masses who still cling to him fondly, at least in the midland counties. He is of the capitalist class, and has no great liking, at heart, for labour movements or trades' unions. Moreover his views on war hamper him considerably, more especially at such crises as the present. The English dislike war as much as the member for Birmingham does, but their views are practical, while his are abstract and theoretical. England recognises a truth which Mr. Bright repudiates, that war may be sometimes a duty, and, therefore, dislikes the gospel of "peace at any price."

Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, instead of losing his hold on the masses and mellowing into semi-Conservatism, exhibits a constant progress or development of character, which makes him more fervid, more earnest, and more powerful, in spite of advancing years. At this moment, he keeps the key to the national heart more securely in his possession than any statesman of the last century and a half, save three—Chatham, Peel, and Palmerston; in moral power, it is not too much to say that he excels even them, unless we make an exception in Chatham's favour. Mr. Disraeli will scarcely make so great a figure in history as Shaftesbury or Bolingbroke, perhaps not a greater one than Halifax, Carteret, or Pulteney; Mr. Gladstone's name will be coupled with those nobler ones whose effigies occupy places of honour in England's Walhalla, whose memory lives in the hearts of her people. The great men who are regarded as the benefactors of their race—those who like Agamemnon have borne in its noblest sense the proud title "King of men"—have all been gifted, as Mr. Gladstone is, with deep moral earnestness and enthusiasm. The secret of their power has invariably been strength of conviction, enforced by the glow of feeling, or as Mr. Arnold says, "morality touched by emotion." It is so in an eminent degree with the ex-premier, upon whom sometimes seems to have fallen, like a Pentecostal

tongue of flame, "the rapt seraphic fire" of the old prophet whose lips were "touched with a live coal from the altar."

Mr. Gladstone is not seen at his best as a writer; indeed few men who have made name and fame in the field of oratory ever have been. Yet all his writings, these essays included, are worth attentive reading. There is a healthy tone about them which may serve as a stimulus and an inspiration. In dealing with Norman Macleod and Macaulay the theological and political bias of the writer is evident, but he is too honest to pass too lavish a eulogy upon either of them. As we remarked at the outset, any lengthened review of what are themselves reviews would be out of place. It seems better to send our readers to the essays themselves, with the assurance that they will find them in no better shape than in the clear and neatly printed pamphlet before us.

QUEBEC, PAST AND PRESENT: A History of Quebec (1608—1876) in Two Parts. By J. M. Le Moine. Quebec: Printed by Augustin Coté & Co.

It is always a pleasure to receive a new volume from the author of "Maple Leaves." Mr. Le Moine's energy and industry have laid his own Province and the Dominion at large under a deep obligation. In collecting materials, sketches of character, Indian and Canadian, in rescuing favourite *chansons*, and, generally, in treasuring up for the historian's use *mémoires pour servir*, he has been an indefatigable labourer. The book under review is, so far as we are aware, the author's first effort in the field of history proper, and certainly is of sufficient merit to make us wish he had not confined himself hitherto to the humble task of gathering the crude stuff of which history is made. It would perhaps be too much to affirm that Mr. Le Moine has yet acquired the facile and pleasing style of Parkman, still the first part of this "History of Quebec" is as graphic as it is well-worked and instructive. Besides, it has one merit we cannot ascribe to the American writer to whom we owe so much, in never being too pronouncedly anti-clerical; but of that anon.

The early history of the city of Quebec, as well as of the province now bearing that name, during a century and a half, covers what may be termed the heroic period of Canadian history. Everyone who has read Parkman or Le Moine must have felt the study of these early annals to be not only instructive and entertaining, but absorbing and fascinating. Our author, beginning with the founding of the city in 1608, traverses the entire period of nearly two hundred and seventy years, concluding with a detailed account of Lord Dufferin's proposed restorations and improvements. The first historical portrait which appears upon the canvas is, of course, the noble and intrepid Samuel, Sieur de Champlain, who is the common property of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. His character and achievements are drawn with power and historical fidelity. Perhaps the only serious mistake made by that great man was his intervention between the Hurons and the Iroquois. There is much to be urged on both sides; yet it does seem, after all, that Champlain, by the pronounced share he took in the internecine struggles of the Indians, laid the foundation of much of the trouble and bloodshed of the melancholy years to come. Still, taking him for all in all, he makes a grand and striking figure in Canadian history—perhaps the grandest and noblest of those whose memories are embalmed in its pages.

Another notable character, about whom, however, controversy has never ceased to rage, is François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, Bishop of Petræa *in partibus*—the first Bishop of Quebec. He was an ecclesiastic with whom it is very easy to find fault; but it must not be forgotten that Quebec owes him much. It was he who founded its educational institutions, waged desperate war upon the Government for its iniquitous liquor trade with the Indians, and made the noblest efforts to civilize and Christianize the red men of the forest. Upon the other and less pleasing side of his character we shall let Mr. Le Moine tell his own story: "His will was the supreme rule. Still, impartial history must connect his name with many unseemly religious and civil bickerings. His domineering spirit has been unsparingly rebuked by Roman Catholic writers, some of them churchmen like himself. The historian Garneau was outspoken on the subject, and the learned Abbé Faillon has censured, in no measured terms, many acts of the Bishop of Petræa. In his uncompromising hostility to the introduction of "fire-water" amongst the Indians, he must certainly be upheld, but his domineering manner towards four successive Governors, L' Argenson, d' Avangour, Mezy, and Frontenac, whom, by his influence at Court, he managed either to disgust with their governments or to have recalled, and the tyrannical mode he adopted to remove from Canada the Abbé de Queylus are matters of history, which all the panegyrists in the world will fail to delineate." "For all that," as our author observes, "the name of Laval will long endure as a symbol, a banner, to those who seek to promote religion by subordinating the State to the Church."

It must not be forgotten that "the holy prelate," as he is distinctively called, did what he did, at the bidding of Rome. He was sent to Quebec as an Ultramontane and an uncompromising foe to Gallicanism. To the French monarch he was always, more or less, an object of suspicion, as the secret instructions of Col-

bert to the Governors plainly show. When we come to the work of the Church as a whole, it is impossible not to deny the debt of gratitude Canada owes it for what was done and suffered under the old régime. The Recollets Fathers, the Jesuits, the religieuses, especially the Ursulines—all are deserving, if not of unmixed admiration, at least of cordial and ungrudging eulogy. Here in Ontario, between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay, three brave Fathers suffered cruel tortures, and death in its most terrible form—Daniel, Brebœuf, and Lallemand. They were the explorers, the pioneers, the civilizers, the missionaries, the martyrs of that heroic time, and our antipathy to Ultramontanism, when it trenches upon the domain of politics now, should not prevent us from doing honour to those brave soldiers of the cross.

For the second part of the work, which deals with the antiquities, institutions, shipping, periodical press, and a number of other interesting matters, we have no space. The book, altogether, with the exception perhaps of the engravings, is a credit to the author and the publishers. To those who desire—and we hope the number is increasing—to learn something of that era of our country's poetry and romance, Mr. Le Moine's work will prove an instructive, interesting, and intelligent guide.

THE EARNEST STUDENT. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

This book, though appropriately entitled "The Earnest Student," is really a delightful memoir of John Macintosh, of Edinburgh. The selections from his correspondence and journals have been admirably chosen, and are well put together. No divinity student can fail to receive instruction from a perusal of this excellent work. It is full of earnest advice; and many of the passages from the diary are so touchingly written that they cannot fail to impress the reader profoundly with the importance of the truths so beautifully enunciated.

John Macintosh was probably one of the most unceasing and successful students of his time. In 1837, at the age of fifteen, he left the Edinburgh Academy laden with honours; and in the same year entered the Glasgow University, where he equally distinguished himself. In 1841 he was at Cambridge, a student of Trinity. His diary, which has furnished his biographer with so much valuable material, was commenced at the early age of sixteen, and continued almost to the hour of his death. His daily life is faithfully recorded; and some of his thoughts are described with great tenderness of feeling. Every entry bears unmistakable evidence of an earnest and devout spirit. His biographer says, "He knew much which he did not profess to know; but never professed to know anything unless he knew it thoroughly."

When in Cambridge, in 1842, he decided not to join the Church of England; and he communicates his feelings on the subject in an excellent letter to his father. He finally left Cambridge for Scotland; and in Nov. 1843, went to Edinburgh and enrolled himself as a student of divinity in connection with the Free Church of Scotland. In the following year, on the 9th January, his diary records: "To-day I enter on my twenty-third year. The thought appals me. So old, and hitherto so unprofitable." This is only one instance of the transparent candour which breathes throughout the diary. In the same year declining health compelled him to leave Edinburgh for the continent; and notwithstanding his delicate state there was no relaxation in the arduous nature of his studies. During his stay at Heidelberg he continued rising at four in the morning, attending lectures in the University, studying history and theology, and doing other laborious mental work. Wherever he went he seems to have pursued his studies with equal zeal. At the same time he carried on a large correspondence with his friends and relatives. Some of his letters are really excellent literary productions, while others show great depth of sensibility. Those to his mother and sisters are beautiful examples of kindness and family affection.

In December he returned to Edinburgh, and resumed his studies in the Free Church College. On the 1st January, 1845, he makes the following entry in his journal:—"May this year, on which through grace I have been spared to enter, be an epoch in my preparation for the ministry." For a short time during the early part of his life, when at home taking a rest from his studies, he appears to have neglected his diary, and in consequence slightly slackened the reins of self-discipline. In one of his letters he describes, with deep contrition, his unhappy state of mind from having, as he says, fallen into sin and neglected his devotions; and further on he makes the confession that for six months he has tasted some of the world's gay joys, as they are called,—amusements and excitements,—and has experienced in consequence a deadness to spiritual things.

In 1849 he again visited the continent. His letters from Geneva are especially interesting; and the account of his tour through Switzerland is a series of pen photographs. His impressions on entering Italy are very picturesquely described, and full of interest. Writing from Rome in answer to a letter from his biographer, he commences by saying, "Your letter, as sweet as violets among moss, awaited me on my arrival here." The whole is delightfully written, his remarks on the religious aspects

of Rome being particularly interesting. "The air," he says, "is melodious with church and convent bells."

Scarcely one hour of his life seems to have been unoccupied; to use his own words he sometimes "worked the clock out of countenance." In Tübingen he resumed his student's life, though it was apparent to himself that he was not long for this world. In some of his letters he writes of his distressing cough and the hæmorrhage which followed; and the daily entries in his diary respecting his rapidly declining health, though very sad, are full of poetic force and calm resignation. Up to within a very short time of his death, in addition to the labours entailed by his studies, his letters, and his journals (which latter alone extend to thirteen volumes), he performed those of a zealous Sunday-school teacher; and he also found time to visit the poor and minister to their spiritual wants. His death took place in 1851, in Germany, at the early age of twenty-nine years.

Dr. Macleod's memoir of this remarkable young man will no doubt find a large number of readers in Canada. It is a most interesting and instructive account of the personal history of a devout and earnest divinity student, cut off early in a career of great promise.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHEN Mr. Lowe undertakes to speak of "The Vivisection Act," as he does in the current *Contemporary*, we know in advance what he will be likely to urge. In this paper he presses a number of objections, some of which appear to be valid enough, and his tone is moderate, unusually moderate for him. The ex-Minister has always been *L'Etourdi* of English statesmen, treading upon everybody's corns with a blundering *gaucherie* peculiarly his own. In this paper, however, though there is nothing absolutely new, there is nothing offensive; on the contrary, he seems disposed to defer to what he probably regards as popular prejudices. Dr. Elam contributes another instalment of "Automatism and Evolution," which, while it is, critically speaking, quite as trenchant and vigorous as its predecessor, shows much improvement in tone. The writer first takes up Prof. Huxley's theory of Conscious Automatism, following him, step by step, with a minuteness we may admire, but cannot reproduce here. So far as the physiology of the nervous system bears upon the question, Dr. Elam admits that it "would probably only lead to a drawn battle, in a scientific aspect; and then the general tendency of men to think that they possess some power of voluntary action" (or as we should prefer calling it, universal consciousness) "would turn the scale against Automatism." With regard to Mr. Huxley's experiments on the frog, after eliminating the brain, it is said in one place that though they "give an interesting and instructive view of Automatism in a concrete form, they have no bearing on general action;" and in another he bids the Professor try his frog experiments on the dog, the cat, or any other warm-blooded verbetrate. It is amusing to notice the merciless practice of Dr. Elam when he has errors in chemistry to deal with. In his essay on "The Formation of Coal," Huxley says that on the combustion of coal, "if we could gather together all that goes up the chimney and all that remains in the grate of a thoroughly burnt coal fire, we should find ourselves in possession of a quantity of carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and mineral matters, *exactly equal* in weight to the coal." Whereupon it is remarked: "It requires but the most elementary acquaintance with the subject to recognise that the 'quantity' of these products would be at least twice, probably thrice, as great as the original weight of the coal. A due consideration and comparison of these facts" (facts previously stated in detail, of which this is only one) "will enable the reader to estimate at its true value the *science* from which such stupendous consequences are so confidently deduced." Next follows the celebrated passage in which Prof. Huxley, followed by Prof. Tyndall, repudiates "materialistic philosophy," while preferring "materialistic terminology." On this Dr Elam remarks that it "seems to evince a somewhat morbid objection to being considered materialists, overlooking the most obvious first principle of nomenclature, that 'names are to know things by.' . . Material ism is quite as good as any other *ism*, if it be *demonstrably* true—personally, I should say better, always under this limitation;" and a little further on, that "it has become custom-

ary of late years to consider it immaterial what language is used to express, or it may be to conceal, our ideas." Mr. Herbert Spencer is rather mercilessly treated throughout the paper; but we must hasten to the great bone of contention. Prof. Huxley announces his intention of extricating his friends from "the materialistic slough," and the writer hoped to see some rational, or at least plausible, dialectic account of some method by which matter could assume consciousness and volition. But such is not to be found." The Professor speaks of man's "plain duty;" to which it is retorted: "What does it all mean? If I am an automaton, how can I have any *duties* to perform? Conversely, if I have any duties how can I be an automaton? What is duty and *why* and how shall I do it?" This leads to an examination of the doctrine of Evolution, of which, as Dr. Elam urges, Automatism is the necessary corollary. Of this, which is the *crux* of the question, we can only indicate a few points. First in order is the theory of spontaneous generation, as asserted by Bastian, denied by Huxley, and admitted by Tyndall to have no "satisfactory experimental proof." Next in order comes the law of the conservation or persistence of force, which Dr. Elam fully admits, while at the same time he denies that "vital or organic force" is at all similar to either heat, light, magnetism, electricity, motion, or chemical affinity—all these being transformable, the one into the other, but not into vital force. Applying the argument in favour of ether occupying interstellar space, to the natural philosophy of life, which, though absolutely undemonstrable, is accepted, "because nothing else will fulfil the conditions or account for the phenomena," the writer concludes thus: "We hypothecate in consequence another *special* force not correlated with those of the inorganic world in the same way as these are correlated to each other; and, as a name to call it by, we call it the vital or organic force. Is this in any way more unphilosophical than the hypothesis of ether?"

Mr. Williamson's paper on "The Deterioration of British Seamen" is a reply to Mr. Brassey, and discloses some ugly facts; and Mr. Hewlett's on "Imperfect Genius" is a protest against the extravagant eulogies of the "fleshly school" on the poetry and painting of William Blake. The latter branch of the subject is to occupy another paper, but in the present Mr. Hewlett shows satisfactorily, as appears to us, that he possessed none of the marks of real genius. These are, according to him, five—originality, fruitfulness of idea, fulness and maintenance of power, coherence, and articulateness. Testing Blake under each of these heads, not once merely, but twice over, the writer demolishes the posthumous reputation Messrs. Rossetti and Swinburne are attempting to secure for him. The Rev. William Knight, of Dundee, whose connection with the prayer question will not be forgotten, contributes a well-reasoned but rather abstruse article on "Personality and the Infinite," which must be read to be fully appreciated. It must suffice here to say that it is an elaborate plea against the impersonal theory of Deity held by Matthew Arnold, and the "Unknown and Unknowable" of Huxley and Herbert Spencer. It is the fallacy of the new school of theological nondescripts that they are perpetually dealing with the two extremes—anthropomorphism (which is the only sense in which they are willing to understand the convenient but inadequate term personality) and pantheism. All statements made regarding the nature of Deity, whether typical, as in the Jewish Scriptures, or philosophical, are, as Mr. Knight cogently observes, "merely historical memorials of the efforts of the human race to vindicate to itself the existence of a Reality of which it is conscious, but cannot define." The whole paper deserves careful study.

Dr. Thornton, who is best known as the author of works on "Over-population" and "Labour," undertakes to refute the late Professor Cairnes's theory of Value. The special points made are that the Belfast economist was in error in speaking of the "aggregation of exchange values," that his definitions of supply and demand, as opposed to those of Mill, are faulty, and that his notion of their influence in regulating the market is also erroneous. Mr. Thornton contends that it is not supply and demand but competition which directs market values. Dr. Schaff contributes an excellent paper on "The Antagonism of Creeds." The writer is a well known and active member of the Evangelical Alliance, although he is free to confess that the articles of 1846 adopted by it "are a dry skeleton, without flesh and blood, too broad for some, too narrow for others, and lack the inspiration and spiritual unction of a genuine creed." Dr. Schaff gives an interesting account of all the creeds, from the confession of Peter, including the three of the Universal Church, the Roman, the Greek, the Anglican, Presbyterian, &c. Having indicated the points of coincidence and divergence, by comparing the creeds with each other, the writer proceeds to examine "the problem of re-union." Four solutions have been proposed: (1) The *absorptive* union of all creeds in one—the plan of Rome. (2) A *negative* union, which would give up all distinctive creeds and adopt the Bible alone. (3) An *eclectic* union, "composed of fragments from all creeds." (4) A *conservative* union, "which recognizes, from a truly broad and comprehensive *catholic* platform, all the creeds in their relative rights, so far as they represent different aspects of divine truth, without attempting an amalgamation or organic union of denominations." It is the last, under the name of a "free union," which commends itself to Dr. Schaff. Two

papers bracketed together under the general title of "Working Men and the Eastern Question," are written by Mr. George Potter and Mr. George Howell. The former is cautious, and on the whole inclines to the Derby view of the question; the latter is an out-and-out disciple of Mr. Gladstone.

The Fortnightly of the month, especially in its first three articles, is in extra force this month. Mr. E. A Freeman, the historian, contributes a paper on "Eastern Question," so powerful and vigorous that it can have produced an impression only less profound than the pamphlets and addresses of Mr. Gladstone. If proof of this were required, it would be forthcoming in the bitter attacks made upon our greatest living historian by the pro-Turkish press. Strong as this essay is in its moral power, its generous warmth of feeling, and its withering invective, its chief strength lies in the clear exposition of the facts and principles involved in the question. Tearing away the flimsy gauze with which diplomats have endeavoured to mask the deep, underlying reality, Mr. Freeman boldly impeaches the policy of the British Government. At Lord Derby's door he lays the chief responsibility for the miserable issue of the Cretan insurrection, as well as for the present attitude of England in Turkey at this moment. The main features of his policy are blindness to facts, indifference to principles, indecision in action—blundering in all. The Foreign Secretary complains that he has been charged with causing the Bulgarian atrocities. Mr. Freeman's answer is: "Over and over again has Lord Derby told us that he did not and could not have directly instigated the Turkish doings in Bulgaria. Over and over again has it been explained to him that nobody ever thought that he had directly instigated them, that he is the last man whom anybody would suspect of instigating anything. But over and over again has it also been explained to him that he has none the less made himself an abettor and accomplice after the fact, by keeping the English fleet in a position which all mankind but himself believed to be meant as a demonstration in favour of the evil cause." England has plainly declared against the patching up of the old system, under which similar revolts against cruelty and oppression, as well as similar outrages, would inevitably be repeated. The only settlement which can be durable is one which will place all the Provinces in the position occupied by Servia before the war. Lord Derby has said that he has "no objections" to administrative antonomy in these lands, but he sees "difficulties." To this Mr. Freeman replies: "Of course there are difficulties in the way of so doing, as in the way of everything else. The world is full of difficulties. However, life chiefly consists in meeting with difficulties, and in yielding to them or overcoming them, as the case may happen. Only with men the existence of difficulties is something which stirs them up to grapple with the difficulties and to overcome them; with diplomatists the existence of difficulties is thought reason enough for drawing back and doing nothing." He adds that there is one paramount difficulty just now in the way of England's "vigorous and righteous action," and that is "the existence of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby." It is impossible to do justice here to the masterly survey of the facts, and then the more masterly enforcement of the moral in this telling essay. It must be read in its entirety in order to judge of its value at the present juncture, and we are only surprised that none of our editors or publishers has yet laid it *in extenso* before the public. Bound with the proposed reprint of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet and speeches, it would form a permanently valuable addition to the literature of the subject,

Sir Charles Dilke's erratic course as member for Chelsea has been of essential disservice to him in other fields, where his undoubted abilities and literary power have full play. His essay on "English Influence in Japan," written as an additional chapter of "Greater Britain," is full of interesting fact and graphic description, with a thoroughly practical application. To begin with, there is a clear and succinct account of the revolution by which the Daimios overthrew the Tycoon, and now rule Japan nominally for the Mikado. Under absolute forms, the system is essentially radical and cosmopolitan; hence the wonderful transformation in the social, industrial, and political life of Japan. The Mikado is still "Mutsuhito, by the grace of Heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on a throne occupied by one dynasty from time immemorial," but the government is actually a democracy. The writer's account of the country, its scenery and its people, is exceedingly entertaining, and he does not forgot to impress upon England what Sir Rutherford Alcock has frequently insisted upon—the wisdom of contracting a close alliance with this brave, industrious, and intelligent people.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's essay on William Goodwin is a model of what a critical study in biography should be. Without being severe in tone, he thoroughly exposes the intellectual and moral weaknesses of the author of "Political Justice," and "Caleb Williams," the father-in-law of Shelley. Sir David Wedderburn's paper on "Mormonism from a Mormon point of view," is not exactly a defence of the system, but an attempt to give a fairer account of that strange nineteenth-century phenomenon than that usually received. Mr. Statham's "Modern English Architecture" is a trenchant attack upon the so-called "Mediæval Revival;" while Mr. Horace White gives a most instructive sketch of the course of parties in his "American Centenary."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE most noteworthy event during the past month at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House was the appearance, for three nights, of a portion of the Max Strakosch Italian Opera Company, from New York. The operas presented were Gounod's "Faust," with Miss McCullough as *Marguerite*, and Mr. Tom Karl in the title *rôle;* "Il Trovatore," with the same lady as *Leonora*, and Sig. Brignoli as *Manrico;* and "Martha," with Mdlle. Martinez and Sig. Brignoli in the leading characters. The selection was well judged, at least as regards the popularity of the operas, and their adaptation to the powers of the company. There is no occasion for us to enter into detailed criticism of the capacities of *artistes* so well known to the Toronto public as Miss McCullough, Sig. Brignoli, Messrs. Tom Karl and G. Hall, and we shall content ourselves with a brief glance at each of the operas in turn. "Faust," notwithstanding the undoubted excellence of much of the singing, was scarcely successful on the whole. The demerits of the representation were such as evinced either carelessness or haste in its preparation, rather than lack of ability in the performers. The scenical mounting was suggestive of a poverty of resource which certainly does not exist at this theatre. Faust's study, in the first act, was a nondescript sort of apartment, so entirely unlike the traditional mystically furnished Gothic chamber, that in "Il Trovatore" it did duty as a hall in the palace of Aliaferia; nor was the garden scene what it ought to have been. The prompter had an undue share of work, and the introduction of the band of the Tenth Royals in the March and *Gloria*, resulted in a good deal of confusion. But we are, perhaps, dwelling disproportionately upon defects, and it is with pleasure that we turn from them to speak of Miss McCullough's impersonation of *Marguerite*. Her acting was delicate, sympathetic, and, when occasion required, powerful. The same epithets fairly characterize her singing, and at the same time indicate a blending of the two which was one of the great merits of her performance. The third act, especially in the sixth scene, is the test portion of the *rôle*, as it is also that part of the opera which most nearly realizes on the stage the beautiful episode in the original Faust of Goethe. Miss McCullough did full justice to it. Her sweet and pensive rendering of the song, "*C'era un re, un re di Thule,*" with its interposed recitative, was admirable, and in the aria "*Ah! E' strano poter*" the *naïve* coquetry of her acting fairly brought down the house. Her most successful duet was the "*O silenzo, O mister*" with *Faust*, in which Mr. Karl merited a large share of the applause with which it was received. His fine tenor voice, less rich than clear, but full and melodious, was heard to best advantage in the aria *Salve dimora*. As an actor he was satisfactory, but not equal to Mr. Hall, who threw great vigour into the part of *Valentine*, and was especially forcible in his passionate death-scene. Mr. Gottschalk sang well as *Mephistopheles*, and would have made a better impression had he not appealed so frequently to the prompter, with whom he occasionally entered into an improvised and sustained duet. "Il Trovatore" was in every respect the best rendered of the three operas, and was received with an enthusiasm which was especially elicited by the fine singing of Sig. Brignoli, deservedly a great favourite, in the part of *Manrico*. The effect of his beautiful tenor as it was first heard in the serenade from behind, *Deserto sulla terra*, was magical, and set the audience on the tiptoe of expectation for the gem of the opera, the *Ah, che la morte* duet. This was exquisitely sung, Miss McCullough also fully rising to the occasion. It is a matter of regret that a bell so singularly unmusical was chosen for the *Miserere* chorus. Miss Frida de Gebele, who, as *Siebel* in "Faust," had not given great promise, surprised the audience agreeably by her impersonation of *Azucena*, in which she displayed considerable dramatic power, and sang efficiently, although her voice is somewhat worn. *Il balen* was Mr. Hall's best number as the *Conte di Luna*. We have left ourselves but little space to speak of "Martha," which was the least satisfactory performance of the three from every point of view. The insufficient preparation, or want of care, whichever it may have been, noticeable in the production of "Faust," here became glaring, and detracted very greatly from the merits of the representation. Mdlle. Martinez, who took the part of *Lady Henrietta*, sang fairly, but her voice is not a pleasing one, being thin, inflexible, and far from strong, while her acting was constrained and unnatural. The aria *Qui sola, virgin rosa* ("The last Rose of Summer,") although encored for its intrinsic beauty, was spoiled by her need of prompting; and this was incessantly audible throughout the opera. Aided by Miss de Gebele, who made a sprightly *Nancy*, Sig. Brignoli infused life into the performance by his singing, which was fully equal to that of the night before, and in some instances surpassed it, as in the well-known *M'appari tutt' amor*, which was his best effort on either occasion. *Facile princeps* of the company in vocalization, Sig. Brig-

noli is in no sense an actor, contenting himself with measured posing and spasmodic gestures. The chorus was by no means strong in numbers, nor did it make amends by the disregard of time it manifested in "Martha," although it was brisk and spirited. The orchestra, led by Sig. de Novellis, was full and efficient, playing accurately and with delicacy throughout. The overture to the last opera may be selected as the most favourable specimen of its performance. As a whole, for reasons we have referred to and some others, the company left an impression of disappointed expectation, notwithstanding the generous support accorded it during its stay.

Miss Mary Anderson, the young American tragedienne, who made her first appearance on the Monday following, as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," possesses among her advantages a striking stage presence and a beautiful face, with great mobility of expression. Her voice, on the other hand, is rather deep, and when at all raised, grows unpleasantly harsh. Her elocutionary training is less faulty than incomplete, overlaying a native roughness of enunciation only partially, and not yet sufficiently ingrained to remain with her at moments of excitement. Her *Parthenia* was a much more finished and quiet piece of acting than her *Bianca* in "Fazio." In both she evinced great emotional power, but in the latter there was more rein given to a tendency to rant, which is the besetting sin of inexperience, and the result of being too lavish of passion, instead of reserving it for passages of climax. It is to be hoped that an actress of Miss Anderson's intelligence and promise will see the necessity of a little toning down in this respect, in which case we prophesy well for the future of her budding reputation. It is to be regretted that better support could not be found for her than was given by the company. "Ingomar" is a play which is continually in danger of taking the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous, if every detail of its representation be not on a level with its perilously high-pitched sentiment; and the gloom of "Fazio" is not best relieved by dismal incompetency in the minor characters. Mr. J. K. Vernon's *Polydor* in "Ingomar" deserves favourable exception from these remarks. Mr. Fitzgerald, although a most painstaking actor, has not the physical requirements for the title rôle, and his conception of it gave rather the impression of the taming of a repentant outlaw than of a noble barbarian.

Sheil's antiquated and rather heavy tragedy of "Evadne, or the Statue," although it was dragged down almost to the level of melodrama by the stilted and stagey performance of the rest of the company, gave Miss Anderson opportunities for the display of some delicate and well-conceived acting in the leading part. The chief situation of the play, in which *Evadne* employs her father's statue as a means to turn the *King of Naples* (Mr. J. K. Vernon) from his designs upon her, brought out some of her best qualities.

In attempting *Juliet* on the night of her benefit, Miss Anderson did no more than pardonable ambition leads many young actresses to attempt, like herself, too soon. But she was unfortunate in eliciting comparisons with Miss Neilson, which was perhaps natural enough in Toronto, but none the less unfair. Dismissing altogether such a parallel view, and taking Miss Anderson's performance entirely on its own merits, we think it was too uneven to be called an unqualified success, though much in it was really admirable. As in all her other characters, she appeared to best advantage when delineating passionate emotion, and she did not evince so great a disposition to overdo it as had endangered the dignity of much of her previous tragedy. In the potion scene she rendered most naturally the quick leaping of an over-wrought imagination from terror to desperate resolution; working up to the climax through the various alternations of feeling, with a full grasp of the situation, and without the uncalculating abandonment of herself to its excitement that might have been feared in her. Not to harp upon the disadvantage at which she was placed by her voice and her mannerisms of speech, there was a monotony noticeable about much of the calmer portion of her acting which made it unsatisfactory. The only other parts which call for notice were Mr. Sambrook's *Mercutio*, Mr. Vernon's *Friar Lawrence*, and Mr. Semblar's *Apothecary*—all meritorious performances.

The other stars who played at this theatre during the month were Sir Randall Roberts and Mr. F. S. Chanfrau. The former appeared in "The Great Divorce Case," a farcical comedy in three acts, adapted from the French, which has been produced in Paris, London, New York, Boston, and other places, under half-a-dozen different names. It was very well put on the stage, and fairly well acted, the best played parts being *Mrs. Graham* (Mrs. Allen), *Samuel Pilkie* (Mr. Rogers), *Weathersby Grandison* (Mr. Hudson), and *Mrs. Sharp* (Miss Anderson). Of Sir Randall himself the best that can be said is that he is a moderately good amateur. Mr. Chanfrau, who appeared as *Kit Redding* in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller," and *Salem Scudder* in the "Octoroon," is a natural and vigorous actor. His *Salem Scudder* was the best impersonation of that typical Yankee that we remember.

Mr. McDowell's Shaughraun Company returned to Mr. French's Royal Opera House, and gave ten additional performances during the month. The plays selected were "Pique," "Clouds," and "Mary Warner." "Pique" is an adaptation from "Her Lord and Master," a novel by Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross-Church).

The adaptation purports to have been written by Mr. Daly of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York; but if report speaks truly that gentleman is not the author of any of the plays which pass under his name. Be the adapter who he may, however, the drama is a most admirable one; in fact we exaggerate nothing when we class it as the strongest play of the purely modern type that we ever remember to have seen. The dramas which will best bear comparison with it are "The Big Bonanza" and "The Two Orphans." The former, however, is merely a "society" play, and "The Two Orphans" is almost altogether sensational. "Pique" combines the merits of both; it has all the brilliancy of dialogue of "The Big Bonanza," and very much of the thrilling dramatic interest of "The Two Orphans;" and it is stronger in character-drawing and altogether more natural and realistic than either. Good, however, as the play is, the acting of Mr. McDowell's fine company was quite equal to it. It was, in fact, throughout the best acted play we have seen in Toronto since the Fifth Avenue Company appeared here in "The Big Bonanza." "Pique," however, is a more difficult play to act, and taxes the resources of a company more severely. Indeed one of the most remarkable things about it is the large number of admirably drawn and thoroughly individualized characters it brings prominently on the stage. Foremost among them, as the one in whom the interest centres, is *Mabel Renfrew*, a haughty belle who, out of "pique," marries one man while in love with another. It is a very arduous part, but it was acted throughout with great and unflagging power by Miss Weaver. Whether as the cold and scornful beauty of the earlier acts, or in the emotional scenes of the later, this fine actress was equally admirable. Miss Weaver has youth on her side, and we see no reason why, with study and hard work, she should not rise to the top of her profession as an emotional actress. Her principal defects are a trifling lack of genuine feeling in pathetic passages, and a certain "throatiness," or want of clearness in her voice, and an occasional over-rapidity of utterance, which slightly mar her otherwise excellent elocution. Next in importance among the characters is *Matthew Standish*, a fine specimen of the rigid but noble old Puritan of New England. It was played to perfection by Mr. Neil Warner. On a level with these two in naturalness and delicacy of drawing is *Mary Standish*, the "angel" of the Puritan home—gentle, patient, and loving. For this part Miss Reeves's beautiful voice, her clear and pure elocution, and her singularly graceful figure fitted her admirably, and she acted it exquisitely. The beautiful language put into her mouth seemed to gain an added beauty from her simple and unforced utterance of it. Another remarkable character, remarkably well-played, was *Raitch* (Miss Newcombe), a wild, harum-scarum, Topsy-like servant girl. We have not space to notice the other characters in detail. To name all that were well acted would be to go over almost the whole list: suffice it to say that Mr. McDowell was earnest and manly as *Captain Standish;* Mr. Chippendale, natural and forcible as *Doctor Gossit;* Messrs. Chester and Selwyn, extremely amusing as *Sammy Dympie* and *Thorsby Gill*, the college chums, fresh from Harvard; Miss Thompson, genuinely realistic as *Aunt Dorothy*, the Puritan old maid; and Messrs. Thompson and Gwynette exceedingly humorous and picturesque as the two ruffians, *Ragmoney Jim* and *Padder*, his mate. Well as these two gentlemen acted, however, the play would have gained by their absence from the last scene, where they were absurdly out of place.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Belford Bros. copies of Canadian reprints of "The Earnest Student," and "The Golden Thread," both by the late Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D.; "One Summer," by Blanche Willis Howard; and "Their Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells.

We are in receipt, from J. B. Magurn, publisher, of Toronto, of a copy of a work entitled the "Best Thoughts and Discourses of D. L. Moody." It contains portraits on steel of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, a sketch of Moody's life and work, by Abbie Clemens Morrow, and an introduction by the Rev. Emory J. Haynes.

Messrs. Appleton, of New York, have sent us copies of the following works:—"Darwiniana: Essays and Reviews pertaining to Darwinism," by Asa Gray; and "The Universal Metric System," by Alfred Colin, M.E.

We have received a copy of a work entitled "The Cares of the World," written by John Webster Hancock, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, formerly well-known in Toronto, but now of Liverpool, England. The work is published by James Speirs, London.

An English Edition of "The Catacombs of Rome," by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., is announced for early publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

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Lanark
Laprairie
L'Assomption
Leamington
Leeds
Lennoxville
Levis
Lilley's Corners
Lindsay
Listowel
London
L'Orignal
Lucan
Lucknow
Lyn
Madoc
Manchester
Markham
Meaford
Melbourne
Merrickville
Millbrook
Mille Roches
Milton, West
Mitchell
Montmagny
Montreal
Morpeth
Morrisburg
Mount Brydges
Mount Forest
Muir
Murray Bay
Napanee
Newboro'
Newburgh
Newbury
Newcastle
New Edinburgh
New Hamburg
Newmarket
Niagara
North Gower
Norwich
Norwood
Oakville
Odessa
Oil Springs
Omemee
Onslow
Orangeville
Orillia
Orono
Osceola
Oshawa
Ottawa
Otterville
Owen Sound
Paisley
Pakenham
Paris
Pembroke
Penetanguishene
Perth
Peterboro'
Petrolia
Picton
Plantagenet
Point St. Charles
Portage du Fort
Port Burwell
Port Colborne
Port Dalhousie
Port Dover
Port Hope
Port Robinson
Port Rowan
Port Stanley
Port Elgin
Prescott
Preston
Prince Albert
Princeton
Quebec
Renfrew
Richmond, East
Richmond, West
Richmond Hill
Rimouski
Riviere du Loup en bas
Rockingham
Rondeau
Rosemont
St. Andrews, East
St. Catharines, West
St. Cesaire
St. Hyacinthe
St. Jacobs
St. Jerome
St. John's, East
St. Mary's, Blanchard
St. Paul's Bay
St. Roch de Quebec
St. Thomas, West
Sandwich
Sarnia
Saugeen
Scarboro'
Seaforth
Seneca
Sherbrooke
Simcoe
Smith's Falls
Smithville
Sorel
South Quebec
Sparta
Stanstead
Stayner
Stirling
Stouffville
Stratford
Strathroy
Streetsville
Teeswater
Thornhill
Thorold
Three Rivers
Thurso
Tilsonburg
Toronto
Trenton
Uxbridge
Valleyfield
Vankleek Hill
Vienna
Victoria
Walkerton
Wallaceburg
Wardsville
Waterdown
Waterford
Waterloo, East
Waterloo, West
Welland
Wellesley
Wellington Square
West Farnham
Weston
West Winchester
Whitby
Windsor
Wingham
Woodbridge
Woodstock
Woodville
Wroxeter
Wyoming
York
Yorkville

Also Fort Garry, Manitoba.

Further Offices will be added from time to time.

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OUR PUBLIC INDEBTEDNESS.

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OUR Dominion, Provincial, and Municipal loans, negotiated during the past three or four years in Great Britain, have been of considerable magnitude; and, apart from their immediate, direct results, they have attracted the attention of monied men to the Dominion, and better information now prevails regarding the character and resources of the country. Though the success and continued high character of any individual loan on the London money market may seem to concern only the Province or Municipality which seeks the loan, it is nevertheless true that this success and high character have a wider effect in directing attention to the whole country at large, and indirectly aid in the success of subsequent loans of the other Provinces and Municipalities. It is equally true that the failure of even a single Province or Municipality to meet in London its semi-annual interest, or its maturing bonds, would be long remembered, and would not only affect existing securities of other Provinces and Municipalities, but also render it more difficult to float new issues, especially of localities previously unknown on the money market there. Each Province and Municipality has thus in no small degree an interest in maintaining a high credit for the securities of all the other Provinces and Municipalities, as well as of the Dominion.

Our public indebtedness has arisen from several causes—public works and improvements undertaken by the Government or municipalities; bonuses to railways or other private corporations; and increased educational facilities provided for the people. Thus, the Dominion indebtedness has largely arisen from the Intercolonial and other railways undertaken, and from canals and other improvements; the Province of Quebec's loans of 1874 and 1876 are essentially railway loans; whilst those of our cities have been for such purposes as waterworks, drainage, public buildings and parks, and providing funds for school purposes.

The funded and unfunded debt of the Dominion, including that of each of the Provinces previous to their confederation, was, on 1st July, 1875, $151,663,401. In reduction of this were certain assets, consisting of sinking fund and miscellaneous investments and bank balances, amounting to $35,655,023, leaving a net indebtedness at that date of $116,008,378. The average rate of interest paid on the funded debt was a fraction over 4½ per cent.

Among the Provinces, since their confederation, Quebec has been the only borrower. Its loans of 1874 and 1876 aggregate $8,030,000, carry 5 per cent. interest, and, so far as issued by its negotiators, are held entirely in Great Britain.

It is difficult to even approximate the municipal indebtedness of the Dominion. In two of the Provinces annual returns are required to be furnished to the Government, showing the indebtedness, by debenture or otherwise, of each city, county, township, and town; whilst in the other Provinces these returns do not appear to be provided for. Only in Ontario have the returns been published. The latest accessible reports for that Province are those for 1872, and in these are some facts of considerable interest when compared with the estimated indebtedness of the present time. One noticeable feature is the large increase in the liabilities of Ontario municipalities during the past three years. This increase has taken place chiefly through affording aid in railway construction; and it is suggestive, judging by the railway projects which have been aided and yet have fallen through, whether the municipalities are not sometimes too easily induced to vote bonuses to, and take stock in, railways. It is doubtful if sufficient consideration is always given to the question whether these railways have such financial resources as will ensure their being completed to the anticipated termini, and whether they are of the alleged advantage to the municipalities through which they pass, and are not, perhaps, only depreciating the value of other lines which run through or near the same districts, by taking away from or sharing with them a traffic not generally large enough for one railway. In 1869 the municipal indebtedness of Ontario is stated by the official reports to have been $15,845,520, including the old municipal loan fund debts. In 1872 this had been reduced to $14,583,800. In the absence of official returns it is difficult to approximate the indebtedness at the present time; but, taking into account the re-arrangement of the municipal loan fund debt, and giving credit for the respective amounts received by certain municipalities under the same Act, which gave effect to that re-arrangement—a considerable part of which amounts were probably devoted to the reduction of their indebtedness—and further, taking into consideration the bonuses which have been voted to railways, and which either have been or will, in all probability, soon have to be paid, the municipal indebtedness of Ontario now probably exceeds $19,500,000, or an increase of $5,000,000, or thirty-four per cent. in the course of four years. With regard to this increase, it is to be observed that a considerable portion of the railway bonuses paid during that period had been voted by the municipalities previously. These railway bonuses gave rise to a large portion of the new issues of debentures, and the extent to which municipal indebtedness has increased from this source may be judged from the fact that, since the Confederation Act took effect in 1867, the bonuses voted to railways in Ontario by municipalities alone, and quite irrespective of Government grants, have amounted to $6,465,980. Pending the completion of some of the lines, a portion of this amount has not yet been paid. Another feature in this enhanced indebtedness is, that some of the cities and towns of Ontario have added considerably to their liabilities, among others, Toronto, Ottawa, and St. Catharines. In each of these particular instances, however, the greater portion of the increased debt has been incurred on account of water-works, which of themselves form a reproductive asset. The aggregate debenture debts of the cities in 1876 appear to be as follows:—

Toronto	$5,311,810
Hamilton	2,596,049
Ottawa	1,988,122
London	1,150,788
Kingston	470,000

The three cities of Toronto, Hamilton, and Ottawa have thus a united liability of more than one half of the whole municipal debt of Ontario. Some of the counties have, however, also considerable debts. Among them, Huron, Bruce, Middlesex, and Perth have debentures outstanding—chiefly issued in aid of railway construction—which aggregate $2,748,000.

In the Province of Quebec it is not so easy to arrive at approximate returns. The Municipal Loan Fund debt amounts to $2,399,465; and, taking into account the bonuses given to railways and the known liabilities of the cities and towns, the municipal debt of the Province would appear to

be in the neighbourhood of $19,000,000. Among the counties, Compton, whilst probably the most flourishing and wealthy, has, in its issue of $250,000 debentures, the largest liability. The city debts appear to be as follows :—

Montreal	$10,488,000
Quebec	3,635,740
Three Rivers	165,000
Sherbrooke	155,000

In the Lower Provinces no official returns are made ; but the civic debts are as follows :

St. John, N. B.	$939,164
Halifax	1,213,400

In Manitoba and British Columbia the debts of the capitals are :—

Winnipeg	$250,000
Victoria, B. C.	100,000

The rate of interest which municipal debentures usually carry is six per cent., but seven per cent. is not uncommon. Each municipality knows its own credit sufficiently well to be able, before an issue of debentures takes place, to judge whether it can float six per cents at a figure high enough to make the burden on the ratepayers lighter than if the issue was of seven per cents. It is a mere calculation of compound interest, and a consideration of the credit of the municipality and of what the existing value of money is. There are, however, these decided objections to the issue of seven per cents, that a presumption is at once raised in the public mind that the municipality in question cannot borrow at six per cent., except at a heavy rate of discount under par, and further, in this country, among small issues of debentures, which are necessarily unquoted on the stock exchange, seven per cents rarely rise above par however good the bonds may be, whilst in the case of six per cents the constant aim of sellers and holders is to get them up in value to par. It is better also for a municipality to borrow at six per cent. because as its bonds rise in public favour through the locality and its financial position becoming better known—and every locality should look forward to and aim at this result—any subsequent issues of debentures can be placed at the better figures to which the bonds rise. The reluctance of the public to go beyond par would preclude this being effected in the case of seven per cents. The importance of this question of the rate of interest at which bonds should be issued is measured by the fact that the saving of the single one per cent. in the rate paid on the aggregate indebtedness of the Dominion, Provinces, and Municipalities, estimated at two hundred million dollars, would, taken at compound interest, be a gain at the end of twenty years, of the vast sum of $44,000,000, an amount more than enough to extinguish the entire municipal debts of both Ontario and Quebec.

The rates at which both our Dominion and Provincial Governments, and our cities, can borrow in foreign markets are not as favourable as they might be. The Dominion Government debentures have greatly improved in value during the past few years, and the last issue of Quebec bonds was made at one per cent. better than the previous issue ; but the credit of the country is still lower than that of most other dependencies of Great Britain. Thus, the last issue of Canadian Four per cents stood on August 30th at 92½, and Province of Quebec Fives at 100, whilst Victoria Fours were at 99¼, South Australian Fours at 96½, New South Wales Fours 98, Queensland Fours 93½, Natal Fours and one-half 98¼, Cape of Good Hope Fours and one-half 103¾, New Zealand Fives at 104¼, and Victoria Fives 110. The loans issued by the Province of Quebec, both in 1874 and 1876, have been taken up very slowly in London, whilst the recent Queensland loan was subscribed for three times over. It will be readily understood that one reason why the former stand relatively low is that the Province is not as yet well known on the money market. The Dominion has, however, until recently, been prosperous beyond measure, and were it not for influences which may be regarded as in a sense outside, and which yet have their associations with, the country's progress, its bonds should stand as well as those of any other colony or dependency of Great Britain. One of these influences is the financial embarrassments of our larger railways—a chronic complaint of the English investor. It is beyond question that the almost irremediable difficulties of the Grand Trunk Railway, extending as they have over nearly

twenty years, have contributed more than any other cause to keep down the values of Canadian bonds. The British investor has come to associate this railway with Canada, and, prompted in the past by the *Times*, *Herepath*, and other English journals, has ascribed not a few of the ills of this railway to the condition of the country. The embarrassments of other lines have helped to deepen this impression. Thus the errors in the original inception and construction of these lines, and the often reckless management since, even though directly controlled by British bond or stock holders, have afforded the occasion for denouncing the country at large. These very difficulties have even given rise to positive opposition to the floating of Canadian loans. The determined and uncalled-for but unsuccessful effort of the *Times* to crush the recently offered Quebec loan betrayed so little of reason, and so much colour of either interest or outside influence or pressure, that it is generally ascribed to the promptings of the President of the Grand Trunk Railway, and of the clique of brokers in London who manipulate Grand Trunk stocks.

There can hardly be a question, unless the loans required for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway are gradually issued and judiciously placed on the market, or the Government is successful in securing the construction of the line on the basis of only part cash and the balance land and interest guaranteed, that Dominion bonds will not reach that higher position which Canadians desire to see. The status of these bonds—and the same may be said of the Provincial bonds—depends largely on the watchful care of our Ministers of Finance and our London financial agents, and in this respect not merely in placing the loans at a good figure as they are issued, but by maintaining the credit of the country, by disseminating correct information regarding its resources and prosperity, and by keeping up the prices of the bonds in times of causeless depression by purchases for sinking fund investments and otherwise. It is extremely doubtful if, in the past, this has been always carefully and judiciously done. There seems no reason why the present position of these bonds should not be improved on, and should not be made equal to or even better than that of the bonds of the Australian colonies, if relative population, wealth, resources, and past prosperity form any criterion. New Zealand, with a population, according the census of 1872, of 279,000, has an indebtedness in London alone, according to the London *Economist*, of $69,578,000, or $249 per head of the population; Queensland has a population of 150,000, and a London indebtedness of $28,833,000, or $191 per head; Victoria, with 696,000 of a population is indebted $55,756,000, or $80 per head; whilst the Dominion, whose population was, in 1870, 3,600,000, has a total aggregate funded debt, at home and abroad, of $135,220,000 or merely $38 per head, and with all the municipal and unfunded debts added to this, only $55 per head. From these figures, and a knowledge of this country's resources and wealth, Canadians will judge for themselves whether their finances do or do not require attention.

The powers which our municipalities have of borrowing, under the Municipal Acts of the Province of Quebec, and under the Consolidated Municipal Loan Act, which applied both to that Province and to Ontario, are limited to twenty per cent. of the aggregate valuation of the property in the municipality when the last By-law authorizing a loan is passed. Under the Municipal Institutions Act of Ontario there does not appear to be such a limitation; but municipalities are restricted from contracting debts which would require a greater rate to be levied than an aggregate of two cents on the dollar annually on the actual ratable property. It would be better for the credit of all municipalities, and would result in a wider market and a better price for their bonds, if not only there were such a limitation in every Province, but also if the limit did not exceed ten per cent. of the aggregate valuation of the property in the municipality. It is not an unfrequent circumstance to hear English investors refer to the fact that five per cent. is a common limit in such cases in the United States, and contrast it with the more extended powers conferred on Canadian Municipalities. This is a matter which, in the interest of the country at large, should receive the attention of the Government.

In each case, excepting where a By-law passed by a city council affects Local Improvement Debentures, which are necessarily limited in amount, and where, passed by a County Council, the proposed loan is

for a sum not exceeding $20,000, every By-law, before it can have any legal effect, must, after due public notice, receive the assent, by public vote, of the ratepayers of the municipality. Further, under the Municipal Acts of the Province of Quebec, the assent of the Governor in Council to the By-law is necessary, and proof is required to be then made that the requirements of the law have been fully met. Though a similar assent of the Governor in Council is not stated in express terms to be necessary under the Act regarding Municipal Institutions of Ontario, although it was under the Municipal Loan Fund Act, such assent is expressly required to every By-law intended to in any way alter or repeal such previously passed By-law authorizing a debt to be incurred. All these limitations and requirements are very important sources of confidence to bondholders, as virtually every debenture liability incurred is required to receive the assent of three tribunals—the Municipal Council, the ratepayers affected by it, and the Governor in Council—and, further, the aggregate indebtedness cannot exceed twenty per cent. of the security, or must be such as not to require a rate of assessment exceeding two cents on the dollar for all purposes.

It is, by the Municipal Acts of both Ontario and Quebec, made a condition precedent to the legality of any By-law authorizing the issue of debentures, that a sinking fund shall be provided for in the By-law. In the Province of Quebec, and virtually under the Municipal Loan Fund Act, this sinking fund is arranged by an annual rate of two per cent.; whilst in Ontario it is required, in general terms, that an annual special rate shall be levied for paying the interest and creating an equal yearly sinking fund for paying the principal. Municipalities in Ontario are permitted to make a certain proportion of the bonds fall due annually, until, at the expiration of the term, the whole debt—principal and interest—is paid off. This latter plan is advantageous in some respects to the municipality, as it compels the corporation to invest annually in its own bonds, in preference to other investments, thus gradually reducing the indebtedness of the municipality, and removing the liability to possible loss through investments in other securities. The plan is, however, objectionable in other respects, as each set of bonds payable in any one year has a different value from those payable in other years, rendering the bonds thus more difficult of sale, both at first and subsequently. When the loan is very large, it would be impossible to obtain a stock exchange quotation for debentures issued on this plan; and this would be a very serious objection, as it would narrow the circle of buyers to permanent investors only, and but few of them would be purchasers, as even a permanent investor requires to consider the possibility of his having to realize at some future time, and on an unquoted bond it might be almost impossible at such a juncture either to realize or to obtain advances. To the uninitiated, the value of a stock exchange quotation may not be apparent, but such now are the modes of transacting business that this quotation has become a necessity, in order that the particular stock or bond may be constantly before the public, who thus become familiar with its value from day to day, and in order that sellers may at any moment be able to dispose of what they hold. The proper plan for any province, county, or city issuing a large loan, and desirous of paying off a proportion every year, is to make all the bonds payable at one definite time, and to provide for annual drawings by lot of so many bonds as it is desired to redeem. No bondholder knows when his particular bonds may be drawn and paid off; and, therefore, the whole bonds issued have the same value.

An error into which two or three of our municipalities have fallen, is that of bringing out on the English market successive loans within short periods of each other. It is always more to the advantage of a Province or municipality negotiating a loan to anticipate its wants, if possible, and combine them in one issue of debentures. It may be thought that investors will look only at the aggregate indebtedness, but this is far from being the case. So sensitive are the monied public that loans, however good they are, and however small each individually may be, are viewed with some degree of suspicion when they follow each other in quick succession. That each as it comes out is not to be the last becomes the public impression. But apart from this it is to be borne in mind that, in a vast monetary centre like London, a large loan, if really good, will always be more successful than a small one. It is, in fact, well known that the best

financiers in London do not care to undertake the negotiation of loans under £100,000 stg.

It is well that discernment and prudence should be shown by municipalities in exercising their powers to issue debentures. There may be occasions when, with the money market unfavourable, public confidence unsettled, or previous issues of bonds at a discount, it would be very impolitic to offer a fresh issue to the public, besides being an injustice to existing bondholders by further depreciating the value of their securities. Were the people of each municipality, who certainly know and should have faith in its resources, always ready, as they are in Great Britain, themselves to take up the bonds of their own municipalities as they are issued, there would not be the most remote possibility of any such municipality being allowed to incur an unreasonable indebtedness. As yet there is not wealth enough in the country to do this, and a very large part of each municipality's indebtedness is in reality held outside of the municipality; in the case of Canadian cities is chiefly held in Great Britain. Now the measure of confidence which the public have in a bond is the measure of its value in the money market. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that such holders of Canadian municipal bonds, living as they do at a distance, and having fewer sources of information than residents, should have no colour of reason afforded them for in the least doubting the resources of the municipalities, and of their ability to meet their indebtedness. The trans-Atlantic investing public are very nervous lest there should be over-issues of bonds, and lest our cities and provinces should incur more liabilities than they are able to bear. New loans recently placed, and rumours of fresh loans, as well as other exciting causes, have recently occasioned very serious falls in the values of the debentures of two of our Canadian cities on the London Stock Exchange. We are further told—with much exaggeration however—by one whom the London *Times* terms a leading shareholder of the Grand Trunk Railway, that at present Canadian city bonds are almost unsaleable in the English market. Every Canadian will be ready to affirm, and with good reason, that there are in reality few better securities quoted on the London Stock Exchange than Canadian municipal bonds, and every banker in this country is aware of their unexceptionable security. The depreciation in these particular cases proves how sensitive the British investing public are. The effect of the depression in these bonds is that not only will any projected loans of these cities, if issued now, whether here or in London, require to be sold at a considerable discount, and perhaps with difficulty, but their previously placed securities may be still further depressed whenever such fresh issues take place, and all Canadian municipal bonds in the English market will be more or less affected.

The debenture debt of any province or municipality, held as it always more or less is by trust and other corporations, and by individuals living beyond its limits, should be regarded as the most sacred obligation which the province or municipality has. The debentures and the coupons attached are its promissory notes, and the promptitude or carelessness with which these are met enhance or lower its reputation and credit. States, provinces, and municipalities, like individuals, have a reputation to maintain or lose, though they differ from individuals in this respect, that this reputation once lost is not easily regained. The default of a state, province, or municipality is, through the public press, heralded everywhere, and frequently referred to in after years, in the course of political as well as commercial and financial allusions to the country; and this default is the more serious because of its lowering effect on the securities of integral parts or other sections of the country. Some years since one of our Canadian municipalities, whose position is now above question, allowed its securities to go to default, and every holder of Canadian bonds who has endeavoured to float them in Great Britain is aware how inimical to the best existing and future interests of that municipality the default has been, and how much it has impeded the negotiation of other Canadian loans. The remedy, however, which bondholders have in cases of such default, under our Canadian municipal laws, is clear. In every municipality the ratepayers and their property are liable to assessment to meet the indebtedness under the bonds, and on a judgment obtained and writ issued, the Sheriff will make such assessment and levy the taxes under it.

In the United States, State securities are, as a rule, not held in such high esteem as they should be, considering the wealth and resources of the individual States themselves. Rhode Island six per cents are at present 106, Michigan sixes, 104, those of Illinois 101, and those of Missouri 106. On the other hand, on the London Stock Exchange, Province of Quebec five per cents are at par. For this disparity in price there is, however, among others, one very obvious reason. The Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States enacts that the judicial power of the United States shall not "extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state." Under the protection of this amendment, States have continued free from prosecution, and state bonds have become virtually mere debts of honour. Alluding to this subject, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, formerly United States Minister to England, has said: "It has often been regretted, and I think with good reason, that such an amendment was ever made. The consequence has often been most unjust to individuals, to the cause of justice, and to the interests of States themselves. To the States, because it has frequently induced them to enter into reckless engagements under the confidence that their compliance cannot be enforced, and this has frequently resulted in injury to their reputation, as well as in wrong to the citizen."

Municipalities should themselves undertake the negotiation of their debentures, and, as far as possible, themselves fix their value in the market. They are the most deeply interested in maintaining their municipal credit, and, therefore, in obtaining the best ruling prices for their own securities. Too frequently, when bonuses have been given to railways, the debentures have been simply handed over to the railway company, to be in turn transferred to the railway contractors, who, often pressed for means with which to carry on the work of construction, sacrifice the debentures for whatever they will bring. It thus happens that municipalities which have but small indebtedness, and which have always been prompt in meeting their obligations, and whose credit should be unexceptionable, find their securities sometimes heavily depreciated.

Municipalities require also to exercise care in the choice of the bankers or brokers who issue their loans for them. Hitherto some of our city corporations appear to have thought, when making a loan on the English market, that the price to be received for their debentures was the only subject for consideration. Three of them have, on different occasions, sold their securities to a firm of sharp, unprincipled financiers, who for some years have been known to be unworthy of confidence, and with whom respectable bankers would have no association. As in all their other schemes, this firm of financiers took no further interest in the loans, or in the cities which issued them, than was required to make a margin of profit on the negotiation of the debentures on the London market. Unfortunately for the credit of these cities, the name of this firm has become so associated with their loans on that market, that there are numerous firms of English and Scotch bankers, brokers, and solicitors, who, for that sole reason, would neither touch nor recommend to their customers or clients the securities of these cities. A serious result is the greater difficulty in floating fresh loans, and a diminished range of circulation for existing securities there. There is, however, another light in which to view the whole matter. Respectable bankers take an interest in, and carefully watch, the position in the money markets of the loans which they have issued. If unfounded rumours prevail lowering the price of the bonds, they endeavour to correct these rumours and restore the confidence of the public. Naturally they have an anxiety to maintain the price, because they feel that their own good name is associated with their loans. Some bankers have gone farther than even this, and a notable instance which was spoken of everywhere in monied circles in England to the honour of the firm which did it, has occurred within the last few months. The semi-annual interest on a certain large American loan fell due in London last spring, and was unprovided for, when Baring Brothers, who had floated the loan, gave prompt intimation to the bondholders to send in their coupons as usual for payment, and provided for them themselves.

At the present moment, city of Quebec six per cents, which a few months since were as high as 103 ex dividend, have fallen to 91½, and were even as low as 90½, and Ottawa six per cents, which were equally high but a short time ago, have receded to 95. It is to be feared that Grant Brothers, who have issued all the loans of these cities, would not, under any circumstances, have treated them differently from Emma Mine and Lisbon Tramways loans; and at the present time, if these cities desire to restore confidence in their securities, they must employ some other medium than a firm whose reputation is gone.

The state of the civic finances has lately been engaging serious attention in more than one Canadian city—the result perhaps, less of increased taxation, though that in some cities has been heavy enough, than of the greater economy felt necessary and practised in every household, consequent on the protracted depression in trade. Whether a curtailment of civic expenditure will result, it is difficult to determine, as discussion in such cases usually unveils the fact that certain expenditure has been authorised and must be met by taxation, and then, the taxes once paid, the public relapse again into indifference, from which they probably will not be aroused until the tax-gatherer once more makes his appearance. There can be no question as to the indifference with which the civic expenditure appears to be regarded in most of our cities, and it is indicative of the indifference, and results from the intensity with which party warfare is waged, that whilst an expenditure of fifty thousand dollars, the propriety of which it was possible to question, could not be made by the Government at Ottawa without the whole country being made aware of it by editorials in the public press, an expenditure of a similar sum by a civic corporation would often scarcely be known to any one who did not read for himself the City Council reports. At the end of the civic year the ratepayers are alarmed at the amounts of the taxes which they have to pay; but are they not themselves in part to blame? It is to be hoped, however, that some reform will result from the discussion. Cities and towns, as well as private individuals, must contract their expenditure when the necessities of the times require it. It is of as much importance, and even more, to the one as to the other, to maintain its credit. Municipal corporations must realize the fact that their expenditure must be measured entirely by their income, and their public indebtedness by the permanent advantage resulting from the expenditure of the moneys borrowed, and by the perfect ability and willingness of the ratepayers to pay the interest and sinking fund. The temporary expedient, but financial fallacy, of having a floating debt, which generally in the end has to be provided for by a new issue of bonds, must be done away with; the idea that debts of whatever nature can always be disposed of by such new issues of bonds must be dissipated; sinking funds must be more carefully guarded in the hands of trustees, and more carefully re-invested than in some cases they have been; and corporations must have it brought home to them that however advantageous the object may be, to carry out which they at any time desire to borrow, they can never place their loans to the best advantage unless there is the greatest confidence placed by the public in the cautious and economical management of their finances.

MORNING SONG.

SONGSTERS of the wood! awaking
With the breaking
Dawn, forth-shaking
Golden arrows of the day!
Sing! a sweet song-offering making!
Sing and pray!

Maiden of the cloister! sleeping,
Never weeping,
Long time keeping
Vigil for the Natal-day!
Wake! the morning beams are leaping!
Wake and pray!

Mother! pretty baby rocking,
Children flocking
(Arms enlocking)
Round thee as no others may,
Sweetly sing while gently rocking!
Sing and pray!

Mortal! at thy toil incessant,
Halt! not lessened;
Full, liquescent,
Shines for thee the light of day;
Often at thy toil incessant,
Praise and pray!

Members of this vast creation!
Man and nation,
An oblation
Render at the dawn of day!
As at monarch's coronation,
Praise and pray!

God's great universe expanded!
All things banded
Rise! commanded
By the voice that rules the day!
All the universe expanded,
Praise and pray!

Praise the King that never ages!
Long gone sages,
Holy pages
Say He's God of Life and Day!
Dead and living of all ages,
Praise and pray!

In a happy land, and vernal,
Vast, supernal,
And eternal,
Reigns the God of endless day!
That we reach this land supernal
Let us pray!

LONDON, ONT. R. S.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

IT was one of those days when Colonel Hugh Fleming was away up in London that "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" ushered in the first of November.

Of all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, the first day of November was to Squire Travers the most solemn and the most important.

The first meet of the season was held, according to a time-honoured custom, on a small triangular-shaped common surrounded by three cross roads, and having in the centre a fine group of elm trees, known by the name of Waneberry Green.

Here, by eleven o'clock in the morning on the eventful day, were gathered together half the country-side. There were eight or ten carriages full of ladies on the road by the side of the turf—Lady Ellison driving her roan ponies with her daughter-in-law beside her; Mrs. Blair, in sables and a Paris bonnet, leaning back in the Sotherne barouche in solitary grandeur; fat, good-tempered old Mrs. Rollick, with her three plain but jolly daughters crammed up in the antiquated family chariot, all four laughing and talking very loud indeed all at once, side by side with the Countess of Stiffly, very thin and angular, sitting bolt upright in her brand new carriage, and casting withering glances of contempt and disgust at "those horrible Rollick girls;" and many other representatives of the county families. Besides these, there were also most of the smaller fry of the neighbourhood.

The parsons had come out to see the fun, with their wives and daughters, in unpretending little pony carriages; and the farmers' wives, in wonderful and gorgeous colours, driving themselves in their high tax-carts.

And then there were a goodly company of riders. Ladies of course in any number, most of them having merely ridden over to see the meet and to flirt with the men, though some few had a more business-like air, and looked as if they meant going by and by. Conspicuous among these latter is Juliet, on her three-hundred-guinea bay horse, side by side with Georgie Travers on her old chestnut.

Juliet, with her face flushed rosy with the wind, and her beautiful figure shown off to full advantage by her perfectly fitting habit and by the splendid horse on which she is mounted, looks as lovely a picture as anyone need wish to see, and is the centre of an admiring group of red-coated horsemen; but Georgie is a little nervous and anxious, and keeps looking about for Wattie Ellison, who has not yet appeared.

The Squire of course is in great force, riding about from group to group, talking to the ladies in the carriages, waving his hand to this or that new-comer, consulting his watch every minute, and trotting rapidly up and down as full of business as a general on the eve of a battle.

"Isn't your Wattie coming?" asks Juliet aside of Georgie, for her woman's wit has long ago guessed her little friend's secret. "Ah, there he is, coming up to us now; how well he looks in pink! How do you do, Mr. Ellison? here is Georgie getting quite pale and anxious because you are so late!" and Juliet nods pleasantly as the two lovers with smiles and blushes take up their position at once side by side.

And now the clatter of hoofs is heard on the left, and, headed by Ricketts the huntsman, and backed up by the two whips, in a deep, compact, and mottled mass, the pack of hounds comes trotting quickly on to the scene.

Then at once all is bustle and excite-

* Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1876, by ADAM, STEVENSON & CO., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

ment; the Squire gives the word, on go the hounds to draw the woods to the right, crack go the whips, too-too-too goes the horn, and with much hurry and commotion the whole body of riders follow in the wake of the master.

Then there is the usual waiting about at the cover side, the gleam of red coats dotted about the field turns the grey background of brushwood and the sombre ploughed field into a holiday scene, all voices are hushed in the suppressed excitement of the moment, save only the Squire's, who swears roundly at everything and everybody within hearing, whilst the hounds draw silently but closely through the wood.

Then all at once a whimper is heard, soon deepening into a mellow chorus: "Tally ho! Gone away! gone away!"

In a moment the hounds have burst from the wood, and after them dash the whole company helter-skelter, as fast as their horses can lay legs to the ground.

Such a confusion at the first few fences!

Some refuse, some jump on each other, some make for gates, whilst the timid riders turn back, and those who are left with the first flight settle themselves down to their work in earnest, and soon disappear over the shoulder of the hill.

In an incredibly short space of time Waneberry Green is deserted. The carriages have all driven off, some few to follow for a mile or two along the lane in hopes of coming across the hounds again, but most of them to turn in the direction of their respective homes. The lookers-on and followers on foot, who often see a good deal of the fun, have all disappeared; not a living soul is left; and the rooks, who have been disturbed from their haunts by the morning's noise and commotion, come cawing contentedly back to the elm trees in the middle of the little common.

They had a good run that morning, and foremost in the field was of course Georgie Travers, pressing close in her father's wake, and followed near by Wattie Ellison. Georgie knew every inch of the country, every gap, every gate, every ditch.

She picked her own line with a cool head and scientific reckoning; she knew better than to waste her own strength or her horse's at the beginning of the day with unnecessary exertions, but when there did come an unavoidable thick-set bullfinch or a stiff bit of timber, Georgie put the chestnut's head well at it, rammed in her little spurred heel, set her teeth hard, and was over it in a manner that made every man round her turn for an instant to admire.

Juliet Blair did not ride to hounds after this fashion. I am not sure that she would not at heart have considered it rather *infra dig.* for the owner of Sotherne Court to go rushing over hedges and ditches during the whole day in the reckless way that little Georgie Travers did.

Juliet followed for a little way in a leisurely lady-like manner, followed by her groom, and keeping rather aloof from the ruck of the hunt, till they came to the first check, and then she turned her horse's head into a side lane, left the hounds behind, and went for a quiet ride on her own account.

Just when she was going home, and long after she thought she had left every trace of the hunt behind her, she suddenly came upon Georgie and young Ellison riding side by side down a narrow lane with their heads and hands suspiciously close together.

"Halloa, Georgie! I left you in the front; how do you come here?"

"I got thrown out!" said Georgie, blushing, "and we have lost the hounds; have you seen anything of them?"

"Nothing whatever, and I don't suppose you want to see them, you very disgraceful young people!" said Juliet, laughing, as she cantered by.

Georgie and her lover rode on slowly.

"You will tell your father to-night, Georgie?" said the young man.

"Yes, I think I had better; but papa has been very worried lately by Cis."

"What has poor Cis been doing now?"

"Why, Juliet has refused him again," said Georgie, laughing.

"I am sure I am not surprised; how can your father expect her to have him?"

"Well, I don't know, but even now papa won't give up the idea; he is very savage with Cis, and it is a good thing the poor boy is away. Certainly Cis inherits papa's dogged determination if he inherits nothing else, for he won't give her up a bit. I rather like him for it. Oh Wattie, Wattie!" she cried suddenly, "there are the hounds; come along."

And Georgie was over the bridge in a

minute and away, as a gleam of scarlet and white through a break in the woodland told them that they had again fallen in with the lost hunt.

Such a run they had in the afternoon! thirty-five minutes without a check; it quite eclipsed the little sport of the morning.

It was very late that afternoon when Georgie and her father, stiff, tired, and muddy, dismounted at their own hall door, and limped into the house, whilst their steeds, looking tucked up and draggled, were led away to their well-earned gruel.

Little Flora came flying down stairs three steps at a time to meet them.

"Have you killed a fox, papa? where is his head?" she cried, clinging to her father's muddy coat tails.

Mrs. Travers, following slowly, lugubriously said it was a mercy they hadn't broken their necks this time, as if they were in the habit of doing so.

"Oh papa!" cried little Flora, "do let me ride with you some day on Snowflake; I know I could go quite well without a leading rein."

"So you shall, my little girl," said the Squire, lifting her up and kissing her, "I'll make another Georgie of you some day, when she goes and marries, and leaves her old daddy!" and the old man winked and nodded at his eldest daughter in a manner that made her quite hopeful about the confession that was hanging over her.

"Please go and take off your dirty things, Georgie, and make haste," said her mother. "Flora, you naughty child, you have covered your nice clean frock with mud; and I wish, Mr. Travers, you wouldn't put such ideas in the child's head; I am sure one daughter rushing about all day with a pack of men, and unsexing herself among stable boys is enough in a family. I hope to see Flora grow up a lady like her sister Mary."

"Stuff and nonsense!" 'growled the Squire, fiercely; "there isn't one of 'em can hold a candle to Georgie; I won't hear her abused, ma'am. Unsexed, indeed! did ye ever hear such a word! d'ye want her to ride in a flannel petticoat? is it her wearing breeches that you mind?"

"Don't be so coarse, Squire," said his wife, looking deeply offended, whilst her spouse retired into his dressing-room with a loud guffaw of certainly rather unrefined laughter.

It was in the evening, after dinner, when the Squire had retired to his study to smoke his nocturnal pipe that Georgie came and stood at the back of her father's chair.

"Papa, I have something to say to you," she began, softly stroking the top of his bald head.

"What is it, my girl? I suppose you want another hunter this winter: well, I have been thinking myself the chestnut is looking a little bit shaky on his fore-legs, though there's no doubt he carried you well to-day, very well—couldn't have gone better; but still I know he won't last for ever. There's that brown mare, I meant her for you, and—there, I'll give her to you outright for your own; but I suppose you'll be wanting another. Well, if you're a good girl I'll see what I can do for you."

"But, papa, it isn't about horses at all," said Georgie, timidly.

"Not about horses!" he exclaimed, looking up at her. "Well, what is it, eh?"

"You—you said to-day, papa—perhaps some day I might—I might think about marriage."

"Eh? what, what! marriage, is it? Ah, my girl, I shan't know how to part with you, but I won't be selfish; never fear, my dear, the old man won't be selfish. I won't say nay to any good man who will make my little girl happy and keep her as well mounted as she deserves to be. Who is the man? out with it, Georgie; who is the happy man?"

"Oh, papa, I am afraid it isn't at all a good match for me, not so good as you would like, but he is such a dear fellow, and I am so very fond of him."

"Well—out with it; who is he?" said her father impatiently.

"Wattie Ellison!" faltered the girl, hanging down her head.

"*What!*" thundered the Squire, jumping up from his chair and turning round on her—whilst his best meerschaum pipe fell shattered at his feet. "*What?* how dare you mention that good-for-nothing young scoundrel to me? how dare you think of such a thing? confound his impudence! so that's what all your riding about together has come to, is it! I wouldn't have believed it of you, Georgie, I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Oh, papa, don't be so angry," cried Georgie, tearfully clasping her hands toge-

ther, "indeed we could'nt help loving each other."

"Loving! pack of nonsense. I am ashamed of you, Georgie. You don't suppose any father in his senses would allow his daughter to marry an idle young pauper like that. How dare he lift his eyes to you! how dare he make love to you! that's what I want to know. Of all the dishonourable, mean, base, contemptible young blackguards——"

"Papa, papa!" cried Georgie frantically.

"Oh ay, I mean what I say, and a good horsewhipping is what Mr. Wattie Ellison deserves, and that's what I would like to give him, and kick him out of the house afterwards, the impudent young scoundrel!"

And at this very moment the footman opened the door and in an impassive voice announced "Mr. Walter Ellison."

At this most unexpected and undesirable appearance on the scene of the young gentleman under discussion, poor Georgie went very nearly out of her mind with despair.

The Squire, speechless with fury, and almost foaming at the mouth, literally flew at the throat of his would-be son-in-law, and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"What d'ye mean by it? How dare you, you scoundrel? You d—d young rascal!" he panted out breathlessly, whilst Georgie rushed at him to defend her attacked lover.

"I don't see that I need be so dreadfully sworn at, sir," said Wattie as soon as he was able to speak. "It is not my fault that your daughter is so charming that I could not help falling in love with her, and if you would allow us to be engaged we could wait, and I dare say I could get something to do, and you would help us a little perhaps."

"I'll see you d—d before ever I give you or her a farthing, sir, of that you may be sure; and as to allowing her to be engaged to you, I'd as soon allow her to be engaged to Mike the earthstopper, quite as soon—much sooner, in fact."

"Hush, hush, papa!" here broke in Georgie, with a very white face. "You need not say any more—you will be sorry for having spoken like this by and by."

"I shan't be a bit sorry. I mean every word I say. When this young gentleman goes out of the house this evening, I forbid him ever to come into it again. I forbid you ever to speak to him or write to him, or hold any communication with him whatever; if you do, I will disown you for my daughter, and never speak to you again; and I tell you, Georgie, that sooner than see you married, or even engaged, to such an idle, profitless good-for-nothing as this young man, I would rather by far see you in your coffin."

There was a few moments' silence in the little room when the Squire finished speaking, and then Georgie, white to her very lips, but brave and resolute as the little woman always was where courage and resolution were wanted, went straight up to her lover.

"You hear what papa says, Wattie; don't stop here any longer, it is no use, he will never allow it, we must just make the best of it and submit. He is my father, and I would not disobey him for worlds. You had better go right away, my poor boy, and try and forget me. Yes, don't shake your head, Wattie; if it's impossible, we shall perhaps learn with time and with absence to get over it. Oh Wattie, give me one kiss and say good-bye!" And she put both her arms round her lover's neck and kissed and clung to him sobbing, whilst her father stood by, looking on, but saying never a word, with a sort of choke in his throat of which he felt half ashamed.

"Good-bye, my love—God bless you, Wattie; as long as you are alive I will never marry any other man on earth. Go now," and she pushed him with her own hands gently out of the room and closed the door upon him.

"My own brave good girl!" said the Squire when he was gone, attempting to draw his daughter into his arms, but Georgie shrunk away from him.

"Don't touch me, don't speak to me," she said, and then sat down till she heard the front door close with a slam, and Wattie's footsteps die away on the gravel walk outside.

Then she got up and moved rather unsteadily towards the door. The Squire sprang forward and held it open for her, looking at her wistfully, almost entreatingly, as she passed out; but she fixed her eyes in front of her and did not look at him.

And somehow, when she was gone and he was left alone, although his daughter had given up her love and promised to obey him, and although he had sworn his fill at

the young fellow, and had not even been answered again, the old man did not feel very triumphant; he did not seem to have had the best of it at all in the encounter that was just over, but rather very much the worst of it. He had a vague idea that he had taken an inglorious part altogether, and felt rather small and contemptible in his own eyes.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said to himself at last, "of course I was quite right—quite right—any father in my place would have done the same—impudent young scoundrel! and how was I to know the girl would take it in that meek way? girls don't generally. I didn't like the look in her face, though, when she went out. I hope it won't make any difference between her and me, though. Oh, she'll get over it fast enough! I think I'll give her a new saddle; she wants one badly—yes, I'll do that for her; that will please her, I know."

And no sooner had this brilliant idea come into his mind than he sat down and wrote to his saddler in London to send down as soon as possible a new lady's saddle of the very best that money could buy.

When he had directed and stamped this letter, and dropped it into the letter box outside in the hall, he felt happier in his mind, and went upstairs and joined the rest of his family in the drawing-room, but Georgie was not there.

No word was said between Georgie and her father of what had passed between them either the next day nor any of the days that followed. The girl went about her duties as usual, but very quietly and unobtrusively. She wrote her father's letters and read the papers to him, and walked up to the stables and kennels with him as she was always accustomed to do, but silently, listlessly, without any of her natural energy and enthusiasm. You could see there was no longer any pleasure or spirit in her life for her. She was not in the least sulky, she was perfectly sweet and gentle and submissive to her father, and when the new saddle came down she showed as much affectionate gratitude to him as he could possibly have expected, and yet everything was different.

There was no longer that unity in thought and purpose, that perfect confidence that had always bound the two together in a tie that resembled a devoted friendship rather than the relation which father and daughter generally bear to each other.

The next hunting day Georgie, much to her father's relief, for he had been dreadfully afraid that she might refuse to go out, appeared at breakfast as usual in her habit. She rode the new brown mare, who, although she fidgetted a good deal at starting, and lashed out once or twice at the covert side in an unpleasant looking way, still, when she was once fairly going, certainly acquitted herself as if she knew her business.

Wattie Ellison was not there, and Georgie and her father both overheard Sir George Ellison say, in answer to some enquiries after him, that his nephew had taken a fit of industry and gone to town to court fortune in his old chambers in the Temple.

To Juliet Blair the girl said a few words concerning her trouble. Juliet saw at once that something had gone wrong with her little friend.

"What has happened, Georgie?" she asked in a whisper, as the two found themselves side by side during a check in a deep lane. "You look so miserable."

"I *am* miserable, Juliet," answered the girl, and her lip quivered. "It is all over between me and Wattie; he has gone away; papa won't hear of it; he was very angry."

"What a shame! why should he be angry? I am sure Wattie is a man anybody might be proud of."

"Thanks, Juliet dear, but papa was quite right," answered Georgie, loyal as ever to her father; "I knew he would not allow it. You see, Wattie has no money and no prospects whatever; one's sense tells one it was impossible."

"How I wish I could help you!" cried Juliet, ever ready for a generous action. "Now, don't you think I could make you a good fat allowance, just to start you in life, you know? You wouldn't be proud, I know, for after all half the use of money is that now and then one can make somebody one cares for happy—don't you think we could manage it?"

"I am afraid not, you dear good Juliet! not that I should be proud a bit; but you see papa would not hear of such a thing, nor Wattie either; that is the worst of these men," added Georgie with a sigh.

"What, not even if I was your sister-in-law?" said Juliet, laughing.

"Ah yes, then, perhaps. Oh dear, Juliet, how I wish you could manage to marry Cis. Papa would be so pleased; poor papa! it is hard on him that both his children give him so much trouble and anxiety in their love affairs." At this instant a halloa was heard, and Juliet, who was going home, waved her hand in farewell to her friend, who put the brown mare neatly over a style and galloped off across a grass field to join the hounds.

CHAPTER IX.

COLONEL FLEMING ADVISES HIS WARD.

"I WONDER when he will come back," said Juliet to herself as she rode slowly up to her own hall door. "Not till the day after to-morrow, I suppose."

It still wanted two days of the week he had said he would be away, and Juliet, as she dismounted and went in, felt that she had never known a week to be so interminably long as this one had been.

She went into the little morning room. The short winter afternoon was drawing in, and the room was but dimly lighted by the flicker of the firelight.

"Let us have some tea," said Juliet, flinging down her hat and gloves on the table and ringing the bell, and then she stooped down in front of the fire and began warming her hands.

Somebody rose from the sofa in the half light and came and stood behind her on the heart rug. She thought it was her stepmother.

"I am very cold," she said.

"Are you?" said a voice that was certainly not Mrs. Blair's.

She jumped up with a glad cry of surprise.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed in her delight, unconsciously calling him by his christian name for the first time, and holding out both hands to him; and he took the hands and held them tight in his own, and then, with an impulse which he was unable to resist, drew her suddenly towards him and kissed her once on the forehead.

Ah! How many days were to pass away ere ever his lips repeated that unexpected and all too deliciously sweet caress!

"You are glad to see me again, then?" he asked, as Juliet drew back from him a little confusedly.

"Yes, so glad," she answered, looking away from him with brightly crimsoned cheeks. "I had no idea you were here. What brought you back sooner than you expected?"

"The three-thirty express. My business was over; there was no longer any reason for my staying away."

And then Higgs and the footman came in with the tea-tray and the candles, followed almost immediately by the rustle of Mrs. Blair's silk dress along the passage.

"Why, Colonel Fleming!" exclaimed the lady, "when did you come back? I never heard you arrive! Why, how quickly you have done all your London business; how much more lively I should have thought it must be for a man to be up in dear delightful London, with all the clubs, and Bond Street, and the shops, and the theatres, than down in the wilds of the country with only two women to amuse him; shouldn't you have thought so, Juliet?"

"You underrate your own fascinations, Mrs. Blair!" said Hugh with a gallant bow, whilst Juliet, still thrilling from head to foot with the memory of that kiss, busied herself silently at the tea-table.

About that same kiss, Hugh Fleming took himself afterwards very seriously to task. It was not at all in the programme of grave coldness and guardian-like severity of demeanour which he had drawn out for himself, and was quite incompatible with that stern line of duty and high principle to which he had determined most strictly to adhere. It was wonderful how, at the first sight of that graceful girl, with her small dark head and soul-inflaming eyes, all these good resolutions had vanished and melted away, and left him so weak that he had not been able to resist even the small temptation of kissing her.

It was only by going over and over again all the old arguments of honour and duty and right feeling during the course of a somewhat restless and sleepless night, that Hugh Fleming could at all bring himself round again to the very proper determination which Mr. Bruce's arguments and his own conscience had succeeded in implanting deeply in his mind.

He must do this hard duty by her; he must plead his rival's cause; he must, if possible, persuade her to look more favourably on Cis Travers's suit, and then he had

better get himself back to India as quickly as he could; for to stop by and see her married to another under his eyes was surely a pitch of self-torture and self-abnegation which could not possibly be required of him.

"Will you come out and take a turn in the garden with me, Juliet?" he asked of her as they rose from breakfast the next morning; "it is a nice bright day for a stroll, and I have something to say to you."

Juliet gladly consented, and went to fetch her hat.

They wandered out together towards the shrubberies, talking lightly first of one thing, then of another; Hugh, like a coward, delaying the evil moment as long as possible. Did he guess, perhaps, how rudely his hand was to tear away all her brightest dreams?

At last there was a sudden pause in their talk, and Hugh began hesitatingly:

"I said I had something to say to you."

"Yes?" she said enquiringly, breaking off a little branch of crimson-berried yew from the hedge along which they were walking.

"It is perhaps a difficult subject for me to broach to you, Juliet, and one which I can hardly dare hope you will listen to from me, but it has been forced upon my conviction of late that it is perhaps my duty to speak to you very plainly indeed upon this matter."

"Why should you not speak plainly to me?" she answered, looking down at the red berries in her hand and fingering them nervously.

"It is the matter of your marriage," he said gravely.

And then she answered, with, poor girl! heaven knows what a beating heart, and with all the hopes and fears of a glad love trembling in her low broken voice, "Speak to me as plainly as you will; speak to me from your heart, Colonel Fleming, not as guardian to a ward, but as man to woman; that is how I shall like you best to speak." In a moment it had flashed across her that because she was rich and he was poor, because he was her guardian and she his ward, therefore it was that he hesitated to speak what was in his heart towards her.

"Unfortunately, my dear Juliet," he answered after a moment's silence, during which every demon that understands the art of temptation had fought a pitched battle within him and been defeated—"unfortunately, it is exactly as a guardian to a ward that I wish to speak to you. I think you have hardly given the subject of marriage with Cecil Travers as much attention and consideration as the idea demands from you."

The crimson berries dropped from her nerveless fingers upon the path and every vestage of colour faded from her face.

Colonel Fleming went on, speaking rather rapidly.

"I had no idea until lately how very much your poor father's heart was set upon it, and how completely the match was of his own planning and arranging for you."

No answer, only Juliet walked on rather faster by his side.

"Cecil Travers is certainly a most steady and deserving young fellow, and is, as I need not remind you, very much attached to you personally. He is, I am sure, quite above any sordid considerations, and will value you for yourself and not for your money, as so many of the men you will meet in the world might do. Don't you agree with me?"

Still no answer; Miss Blair walks rapidly on.

"From what Mr. Bruce tells me," continued Colonel Fleming, "and from what, indeed, I know myself of your affairs, it would be certainly a great advantage for the two properties to be united; it appears that the whole of those outlying farms in the Lynedale valley, which now form part of Mr. Travers's property, did in point of fact actually belong to your great grandfather, who sold them very much beneath their value to the Travers family in order to pay the debts of a younger son. Now, such a proceeding was of course an iniquity, and if you can in any way repair and make up for the sins of your ancestors by restoring the property to its original fair dimensions it is no doubt incumbent on you to do so. *Noblesse oblige*, my dear Juliet; in your position of responsibility you are not quite the free agent which young ladies are generally supposed to be in these matters, and you owe a certain distinct duty, not only to your predecessors, but also, if I may be allowed to say so, to those that are to come after you."

Then Colonel Fleming comes perforce to an end of his arguments, having in fact nothing more to urge.

"You are well primed, Colonel Fleming!" cries Juliet sarcastically. "Mr. Bruce has supplied you with the usual stereotyped sentences. I have heard all that you have been saying a great many times before;" and she laughed a short, dry, and not pleasant laugh.

"I don't know, if the things are true, that they are any the worse for having been said before," said her guardian, almost humbly.

And then Juliet stops short in her walk and turns upon him with angry flashing eyes—

"And do you mean to say, Colonel Fleming, that you, of all people on earth, advise me to marry Cecil Travers?"

"Really, Juliet——" he begins hesitatingly, quailing somewhat before her righteous wrath.

"Answer me!" she cries, stamping her foot, "do you wish me to marry Cecil Travers?—Yes or no, answer me!" and Hugh, not daring for his own sake to answer her "No," replies—"Yes."

"May God forgive you for that lie!" answers Juliet, and deliberately turning her back upon him, she walks away into the house.

Things after that are very uncomfortable indeed at Sotherne Court for several days. Juliet is deeply, bitterly offended with her guardian, and will not speak to him more than she can possibly avoid.

That he should have spoken to her as he did, ignoring all that had passed between them of tender meaning and unspoken sympathy, was in itself a bitter source of grief to her, but that he should have deliberately insulted her by pleading the cause of his rival, is a thing which Juliet thinks, and perhaps rightly, that no woman ought ever wholly to forgive the man whom she loves.

By some mysterious means of her own, whether it is by letters from Mr. Bruce, or whether Ernestine's powers of observation have again been called into requisition, I am not prepared to say, but certain it s that Mrs. Blair is conscious not only of the coolness that exists between Juliet and her guardian, but also is perfectly aware of the cause for that coolness.

And this state of things affords her intense satisfaction.

Mrs. Blair, as has probably been seen long ago, divined that the interest which Colonel Fleming took in Juliet exceeded that amount of interest which a guardian may legitimately feel for a young lady who is in the position of his ward.

It seemed to Mrs. Blair that, given a man with no private fortune, and in a position of great intimacy in the house of a young lady largely gifted with all the good things of this world, what more natural than that the poor man should do his best to gain possession of those good things?

Now, that Colonel Fleming should marry her step-daughter would not at all have suited Mrs. Blair's views for her own future arrangements.

Colonel Fleming was not a man over whom Mrs. Blair felt she could obtain the smallest influence; she knew instinctively that he disliked and mistrusted her; and as Juliet did the same, anything like an understanding between the two would probably be at once the signal for her own departure from the very comfortable quarters in which she was at present installed. Although, with a weak youth like Cecil Travers, the widow felt that things would probably be very different, still I am not sure but that to put Cecil prominently in the foreground, in order to keep other and more formidable rivals at bay, was more her object than to urge on a marriage either with him or with anyone else. She felt that, if she could get Colonel Fleming safely back to India without his having proposed to Juliet, she would have gained a great deal.

Unconsciously, honest little Mr. Bruce, whose faith in the claims of the "Travers alliance" was part of his creed with reference to Miss Blair, played into the widow's hands with a promptitude and unscrupulousness for which she was constantly invoking blessings on his worthy head. And she had yet another advocate—of which, however, she was quite unaware—in the scrupulous feelings of honour and delicacy which formed a part of Colonel Fleming's character. Instead of being a fortune-hunter, as in her own mind Mrs. Blair had designated him, he was, on the contrary, ready to sacrifice not only his own happiness, but also Juliet's, if need be, sooner than in any way to court a woman whose wealth was to him only a disadvantage, and not in the very least a temptation.

After that conversation in the garden in which Colonel Fleming had given his advice so very ineffectually to his ward, his manner

to her became entirely changed; he was continually on his guard with her, constantly watching his own words and actions, so that he became reserved and even cold and distant to her.

Juliet fretted vainly over this change. To her impulsive, affectionate nature such an alteration in one who had hitherto been uniformly kind and indulgent to her was inexpressibly painful. Her own resentment against him had been but short-lived, and had he but met her half way, she would have been only too glad to have forgotten all that he had said, and have let everything be as usual between them.

Things were in this state when a dinner party which had been for some time in contemplation took place in Sotherne Court.

Sir George and Lady Ellison, Mr. and Mrs. Travers and Georgie, and the Rollick family, were among the guests.

A country dinner party is not as a rule a lively entertainment; the conversation is purely of local topics, and to a stranger the ins and outs of country gossip are apt to be inexpressibly wearisome.

It is bad enough at dinner, but after dinner, in the drawing-room, when the ladies are left alone, it is ten times worse. Lady Ellison gets hold of a young married woman, to whom she proceeds to unfold her views on the nourishment of very young infants. Mrs. Blair descants on the superiority of French ladies-maids to Mrs. Travers, who thanks God piously that she never had a fine ladies-maid at all, either French or English! Presently two of the Miss Rollicks good-naturedly go to the piano and warble a duet.

"Oh, were I on the zephyr's wing!" trill out these substantial maidens together, which makes Georgie Travers wickedly whisper that, if they were, they would very speedily tumble down; Mrs. Rollick sits by, fanning her portly person placidly, and smiling sweetly at her offspring, whilst Juliet and Georgie whisper together in a corner about poor Wattie.

"My dear," says Mrs. Rollick, who had a knack of making awkward remarks, nodding pleasantly across to Juliet,—"My dear," how long is that very good-looking guardian of yours going to stay here?"

Juliet is angry with herself for getting red as she answers, "As long as I can keep him, I hope."

"Ah!" says the good lady, nodding and winking, "if I were you I would try and keep him altogether; perhaps that is what you mean to do, eh?"

Here Mrs. Blair remarks casually, "I believe that Colonel Fleming's leave is nearly over, Mrs. Rollick; he will be returning to India almost immediately, I fancy."

And for once, although she hates her for saying it, Julia feels grateful to her stepmother.

She gets up and goes over to the Miss Rollicks, who have just ended their duet, and asks them to sing another, which they eagerly and joyfully proceed to do.

"I know a maiden fair to see!" said Miss Arabella Rollick, archly smiling round on the company generally.

"Beware! take care!" echoes Miss Eleanor Rollick in a deep lugubrious contralto.

"She's fooling thee!" continues Miss Arabella, confidentially winking down the room.

And then there is a commotion at the door, and all the gentlemen come in very closely together, turn round just inside the room, and go on with what they were talking about before they came in.

Lady Ellison and the young married woman hastily push their chairs apart and finish off their last confidences on the subject of the infants in a whisper.

The Squire has button-holed Sir George Ellison in the doorway, and is saying in a loud voice, "Unless we can improve our breed of horses, sir, unless we can improve the breed, the country *must* go to the dogs!"

"Ah, we must improve the breed of dogs then, ha! ha!" says Sir George, with a feeble attempt at a mild joke, endeavouring to slide away from his tormentor and to get into the middle of the room—a stratagem which the Squire immediately circumvents by backing in front of him, holding him tight by the arm, and talking at the top of his voice.

Mr. Rollick, who is very small and thin, and altogether gives one the idea of a man much sat upon by the females of his family, is telling the new married woman's husband, who is a curate, for the third time, that the crop of mangel-wurzels is remarkably fine this year, "re—markably fine." The curate, whose interest in that vegetable is not absorbing, answers rather irrelevantly, "Exactly

so!" and looks around the room to see if his wife is sitting in a draught, which is his prevailing anxiety. Two young officers who have come over from the neighbouring garrison town stand for a moment together, and ejaculate to each other, "Deuced good sherry!" and "Deuced fine gal!" the latter remark being pointed at Juliet; after which the Rollick girls, having come successfully to the end of "Beware," bear down upon these gentlemen from the opposite side of the room, and carry them off in triumph into separate corners, there to torment them at leisure.

Lastly Hugh Fleming saunters into the room, looking very much bored, glances for one moment at Juliet, and then sinks down into a low chair by the side of Georgie Travers, to whom he has taken rather a fancy.

Squire Travers having backed himself into the middle of the room, still discoursing noisily by the way upon the breed of horses, catches his foot in the folds of Mrs. Rollick's amber-satin gown, among which he flounders about hopelessly, and nearly tumbles headlong on to that lady's portly lap.

Juliet goes laughingly to his rescue, and then, with a view to the release of the much-enduring Baronet, carries him off to a distant sofa for "a talk."

The Squire is pleased with the attention; he is very fond of Juliet, and always looks upon her in the light of his future daughter-in-law. "My little Georgie looks well, dosen't she?" he says, looking across to his daughter.

"Not at all, Mr. Travers," answers Juliet remorselessly; "I never saw her look less well; she looks as white and ill as possible; I am afraid you have been giving her something to fret about lately!"

"Eh, eh what! what's the girl been grumbling about? you don't really think she looks ill, do you, Miss Juliet?" This is said anxiously. Juliet answers that she really does think so, and the Squire scratches his thin grey hair, and mutters—"God bless my soul! I can't let her go and marry a young pauper without a farthing, you know!"

"No but you might give her a little hope," pleads Juliet.

"Well, and are you going to give me a little hope about my boy?" says he, dexterously turning the tables upon her; "answer me that, Miss Juliet, and then I'll see what I can do for Georgie—not before, mind, not before!" And the argument is so unanswerable that Juliet is not able to continue the discussion.

And then, to everybody's relief, Lady Ellison's carriage is announced, and there is a general move; everyone saying, as they wish good-night, what a pleasant evening they have spent, and no one honestly thinking so, except the Rollick girls, who have made great way with the two officers, and got them to promise to come over to lunch next Sunday.

The last of the carriages drives off, and as Mrs. Blair goes up to bed, Juliet lingers a moment in the hall, and presently Colonel Fleming comes out to her; she lifts her eyes to his with a sort of dumb entreaty for mercy.

"Are you still angry with me?" she asks gently.

"Angry! what can you be thinking of? how could I be angry with you?" Something makes him more than half inclined to take her into his arms then and there, but he resists the temptation, and only says half playfully, half tenderly—"Go to bed, child, and don't take such silly ideas into your head!"

And Juliet sprang upstairs with a blither step and with a lighter heart than she had had for some days.

CHAPTER X.

THE MELODIOUS MINSTRELS.

WHEN Cecil Travers had met with that rebuff from the lady of his affections which has been recorded in a previous chapter, he had not been at all sorry to carry out her parting injunctions.

Broadley House became, so to speak, uninhabitable for Squire Travers's only son, and Squire Travers himself had taken care to make it so. During the two days that he had remained at home after having been refused by Juliet, Cis ardently wished himself anywhere but under the paternal roof.

His father sneered and scoffed at him all day long.

He wasn't surprised that no sensible girl

would have him; he shouldn't wonder if he hadn't had the pluck to ask her right out; he supposed he went whining and whimpering to her like a school-girl instead of speaking up to her like a man; girls, especially spirited, clever girls, like Juliet, couldn't abide mollycoddles—and so on, till Cis very nearly lost his temper; and it was a pity that he didn't quite do so, for his father would have respected him ten times more if he had.

Finally, Cis having declared that he was not at all hopeless of eventual success, his father answered that it was like his vanity to say so; but that he was very glad to hear it, for he intended to see Juliet Blair his daughter-in-law before he died; and that, if Cis stuck to her like a man, and asked her often enough, she was quite certain to give in at last.

The upshot of it was, that old Mr. Travers gave his son a liberal cheque, and told him to go up to London, away from his mollycoddling mother, and see if he couldn't get some sense into his head, and see a little life.

Cis accordingly, feeling very much like the prodigal son, pocketed his cheque, and, nothing loth to escape from the storms of home life, went his way up to London.

There, as has been seen, he visited Mr. Bruce, took that gentleman considerably into his confidence, and felt much cheered and consoled by the very hopeful view which he took of his prospects, and also by the eager partisanship for his cause evinced by the worthy solicitor.

Mr. Bruce, like Mr. Travers senior, was of opinion that perseverance was the main thing required, and that, if the young lady was but asked often enough, she was certain to yield at the end.

Only of course time must be given.

"Take your time, my dear Mr. Cecil," he said assuringly; "take your time; ladies never like being hurried. A little management is all that is required, and plenty of time." And Cis, as he wished him good-bye, felt almost triumphant already.

Cis, left to his own resources in London, was not nearly so much a fish out of water as he was in his own home. He belonged to a young University Club, in its first stages, and here he was sure to meet plenty of his friends—men of his own college and of his own standing, who did not know nor care that he could not sit a horse, but who did know and were mindful of that first in 'mods,' of which his own father had spoken so disparagingly, and amongst whom he had in consequence some reputation for talent.

These young gentlemen—whose whiskers, like Cecil's, were small, and whose heads were for the most part filled with inordinate vanity, coated over with a thin layer of information — nevertheless counted themselves among the rising minds of their time.

When they met together they discoursed eagerly upon the principal religious and political subjects of the day, and honestly believed that their opinions were altogether new and original, and were destined to exercise a great and lasting influence on the history of their country.

Amongst these young men, Cis found himself quite an authority. Instead of being snubbed, sneered at, and sat upon from morning till night, his opinion was asked, and he was attentively listened to when he gave it; he made little speeches, and they were enthusiastically cheered; and altogether he was conscious of being considered by his clique to be a very clever and rising young man. So true is it that a prophet hath no honour in his own country!

All his friends were not, however, of the same stamp. One day, as he was wandering idly down Piccadilly, staring in at the shop-windows, a tall young fellow, in loose ill-made clothes, and with a ragged red beard, stopped suddenly before him, exclaiming—

"Surely you must be little Cis Travers!"

"So I am, at your service—and you? Why, it's David Anderson! We haven't met since we left school—fancy your remembering me!"

"I should have known you anywhere. What are you doing in town—nothing? You must come to my diggings. Won't you? What are you going to do to-night? Nothing particular—I thought so; well, then, you must positively come to our meeting. We hold our weekly meeting to-night."

"Who are *we*?" asked Cis.

"Why, the 'Melodious Minstrels,'—our musical society, you know. Of course you are fond of music?"

"Ye—s, I suppose so," said Cis, doubtfully, recollecting that he was rather fond of listening to Juliet's singing.

"Yes, of course you are; every one with a soul loves music. Well, then, I can pro-

mise you a treat to-night; none of your trash, I promise you—real, good, first-class—the music of the future, you know,—Wagner, and Beethoven, and Schumann too. Here's the address," giving him a card on which was inscribed—"Herr Franz Rudenbach, 114 Blandford Street."

"But, my dear Anderson," objected Cis, "how on earth can I go to this place, and who is Herr Rudenbach?"

"Oh, he is our conductor and fiddler, you know, and with *such* a daughter! perfectly lovely! plays like an angel! You'd come for the daughter if you knew what she was like, I can tell you!' And Mr. David Anderson lifted up his hands and eyes, smacked his lips, and went through other gymnastic exercises indicative of his extreme admiration of the lady in question.

"You must come, you know, Cis; you'll be delighted. Nine o'clock sharp, mind; be sure you come. Good-bye;" and Mr. Anderson bolted swiftly round the corner of the street.

Cis felt very dubious about the evening's entertainment; but, when the time came, partly moved by curiosity concerning the fair Miss Rudenbach and partly through a wish to please his old schoolfellow, he found himself, a little after nine o'clock, at the indicated house in Blandford Street.

As he went up the narrow stairs of the dingy little house, a strange Babel of sounds met his ear: scrapings of violins, too-toos of cornets, mixed with noises the like of which he had never heard before, made him imagine that a farmyard had been let loose in the room above him.

As he reached the top step a guttural German voice cried out—

"Now, then, gentlemen. One, two, three, four—off!" And the performers started.

It was Beethoven's Toy Symphony. And any one who remembers his impressions on hearing this performance for the first time will understand the absolute amazement with which Cis Travers, with whom it was a complete novelty, listened at the doorway.

He thought at first he had stumbled on a company of lunatics. Ten young men were grouped around the piano, each armed with a different so-called "instrument." One had a child's drum, another a penny trumpet, another a whistle, one had a row of bells on a stick, another a sort of tambourine; but the most awful instrument of all was a small box, exactly like the stand of a child's toy dog, which when pressed emitted two sharp, short, deafening squeaks, supposed to imitate the note of the cuckoo.

When all these varied instruments burst into play at once, with doubtful tune and most uncertain time, the effect was simply Pandemonium. Herr Rudenbach stood in the midst, with his baton, and shouted "Time, time!" at every bar, whilst his daughter Gretchen slaved away at the piano. Innocent blue-eyed Gretchen, with her calm sweet face, and her smooth brown Madonna-like head! Cis Travers could not but acknowledge that David Anderson had shown his good taste in admiring her. She looked so out of place, so superior to her surroundings, like some garden flower grown up by chance in a field of weeds.

Wonders were never to cease that evening. Looking round the room towards the six or eight young men who composed the audience, Cis was astonished to recognise Wattie Ellison lounging back in an armchair and sketching Gretchen's profile in his pocket-book.

David Anderson, who was gravely playing the tambourine—indeed, the intense gravity of all the performers struck Cis at once as something very ludicrous, considering the ridiculous childishness of the instruments on which they were performing—David nodded at Cis over his music, and went on with his playing, and Cis sidled up to Wattie.

"Are they all mad, Wattie? and how on earth do you come here?" he whispered.

"I might ask the same," answered Wattie in the same tone. "Aren't they idiots? But it is very amusing, and little Gretchen's face is perfect. I am going to paint an historical picture; I don't know quite what the subject is to be, I haven't settled—the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the burning of Joan of Arc, or something of that kind. I think I shall make something of it, and I want Gretchen's face for one of my figures. That is what I am here for; I am studying it. It's miserable work losing all the hunting season for this sort of thing, isn't it? How are your people, Cis?"

Here the Toy Symphony came providentially to an end, and David Anderson went up to speak to his old schoolfellow, and introduced him to Herr Rudenbach, who bowed and smirked upon him with exaggerated humility, whilst Gretchen came forward

in her grey stuff dress, made high up to the neck, and spoke a few gentle words to him.

Then two young gentlemen played a duet on two violins, which was really a very creditable performance, and was boisterously clapped and vociferously encored by the rest of the community; after which an unpretending little tray of refreshments was brought in and handed round—lemonade and gin and water, the latter beverage being generally preferred; slices of pound-cake, and dry untempting-looking sandwiches from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner, which were nevertheless partaken of with avidity by the guests.

"Come home to my rooms, Cis," said Wattie Ellison when, having feasted upon the above-named refreshments, the little society prepared to break up; and, linking his arm within that of Georgie's brother, he carried him off with him to the Temple.

But that was by no means the last of Cis Travers's visits to the house in Blandford Street, nor to the meetings of the "Melodious Minstrels."

Partly through sheer idleness, partly through a certain pleasure in playing the great man among a set of men who, being chiefly city clerks or else embryo solicitors, looked up to him as to a superior order of being, Cis grew rather fond of dropping in during these weekly musical performances.

And little Gretchen got to look for his coming. With the instinct of true refinement, she learnt at once to distinguish him and his friend Wattie Ellison from the other young men, of David Anderson's stamp, who came to her father's rooms. Cis was kind to her, and took pains to talk to her and to be interested in her. And he was to her as a god.

It was very pleasant to him to be so regarded. In the present sore and wounded state of his heart and feelings, consequent upon his rejection by Juliet Blair, it was inexpressibly soothing to him to be worshipped and waited upon by any woman so young and so pretty as Gretchen Rudenbach. This girl did not snub him, nor laugh at him, nor pity him with irritating compassion, nor call him "poor Cis" to his face, as if he were an inferior being. She sat and gazed at him in speechless worship, or spoke to him, in low timid tones, of her daily life, and cast adoring, respectful looks at him when he talked to her or gave her advice, in a manner which no young fellow could possibly fail to find excessively flattering; he was grateful to her for her devotion, and began in return to pay her many little attentions. He brought her flowers and poetry books, and copied out music for her; once or twice he called at the house in the morning and found her at home; and having one day met her accidentally in the street, on her way to give a music lesson to two little girls, where she went three times a week, Master Cis carefully ascertained the exact route which she invariably followed on her way thither, and then found that, by some extraordinary coincidence, he was always turning up at unexpected corners of the street just at the moment when the little quietly-dressed music teacher appeared in sight.

Gretchen began to confide her little troubles and experiences to this kind-mannered young gentleman.

She told him that her father was not very kind to her, and that she was not at all happy in her home. Her mother, she said, had been a real lady—an English girl, who had run away with her father from the school at which he had been music teacher. As long as her mother lived, although she was a very unhappy woman, in very bad health, little Gretchen had been still not altogether uncared-for and unloved, but since her death the poor child had had but a troublous life of it with her father. From what she told him, Cis gathered that Herr Rudenbach, although he spoke kindly to his daughter before others, was rough and harsh to her when they were alone. He was avaricious and greedy of gain, looking upon his child and her talent for music solely as a means whereby he might make money out of her, of which he gave her hardly enough to clothe herself, whilst he himself spent every farthing that he could lay hands on upon his own selfish and not very respectable pleasures.

Gretchen also confided to Cis that David Anderson was anxious to marry her, and owned to him that, although she did not care for him in the least, she was half ready to do so in order to escape from the unhappiness which she endured at home.

But here Cis became quite eloquent in his remonstrances and admonitions. It was, he declared, the greatest sin a woman could be guilty of to marry a man she did not

love. How could she possibly hope for a blessing on a union entered into from so unhallowed a motive? She must not dream of marrying David Anderson—it would be an absolute wickedness! She must promise him solemnly never to consent to become the wife of a man she did not love, and who was so utterly unsuited to her as honest David.

And Gretchen tearfully, timidly, and blushingly gave the required promise; and heaven knows what wild impossible hopes dawned in the poor child's heart as she did so!

Cecil Travers was doing her a dreadful and incalculable injury. He was not in the smallest degree in love with her. Was he not as much in love with Juliet as it was possible for a man to be? He did not want little Gretchen for himself, but he did distinctly object to David Anderson having her. Men are very frequently found to resemble closely the typical dog in the manger.

And women are very slow to see this; they cannot understand a man being full of jealous objections to another man from any motive save one. Gretchen fancied (and who shall say she was to blame?) that because Cis was hotly, unreasonably indignant against David Anderson for wanting to marry her, therefore he must necessarily be desirous of doing so himself—whereas, as we know very well, nothing was farther from Cis Travers's thoughts than such a mésalliance.

David Anderson, although he had been educated at the same country-town school where Cis Travers had been sent for two years before going to Eton, was not exactly in the same rank of life as our young friend. He was the son of a worthy and respectable Glasgow merchant, who had given him a fairly good education and had got him a junior partnership in a young but rising firm in the city, dealing in hemp and flax. It was a splendid opening for young Anderson; for although his share of the profits was at present exceedingly small, in the course of a few years they would probably be much enlarged, and he would be in receipt of a very good income.

There was nothing in the world to prevent his marrying Gretchen Rudenbach, if he felt so disposed. His old parents were homely, simple-hearted people, who had no other wish than for their David's happiness; and they would have welcomed such a sweet, gentle-mannered girl as she was with delight and affection. And David would have made her an excellent husband; but, alas for her! there came between herself and this rough but honest red-bearded suitor the vision of a tall, pale, gentlemanlike youth, with blue eyes and yellow locks, who met her in her daily walks, who gave her paternal advice coupled with fraternal sympathy, and who, by occasionally pressing her hand sentimentally and looking at her tenderly, completely turned the head of the simple-natured little maiden.

One day, as the two were sauntering together down Wigmore Street, they came suddenly upon Wattie Ellison, who only nodded to them as he passed, but who looked back at them rather curiously after they had gone by.

"What can Cis Travers be walking about with little Gretchen for, I wonder?" he muttered to himself as he walked on; and Wattie came to the conclusion that Cis must be taken to task on this matter.

CHAPTER XI.

GRETCHEN GETS INTO TROUBLE.

WATTIE ELLISON'S rooms in the Temple do not, as it will be imagined belong to himself. They are the property of a well-to-do bachelor friend, who seldom visits them, and who lends them to Wattie whenever he cares to come and occupy them. Wattie is one of those lucky men who always fall on their legs in these matters. He has friends by the score: friends with moors in Scotland, friends with fishing in Norway, friends with shooting in Norfolk, and friends to give him mounts in "the shires;" and one and all of these friends are ready and anxious to welcome him and to give him of their best, whenever he may feel inclined to come to them.

And so, amongst others, he has of course a friend who has nice airy rooms, conveniently situated in the Temple, and who is only too delighted to place them at Wattie's disposal.

Wattie, who has been reading for the bar ever since he reached man's estate, comes to those pleasant chambers occasionally, by fits and starts as it were, whenever a sud-

den fit of industry is upon him, takes possession of his friend's household gods, gives pleasantly-spoken orders with a smile on his handsome face to his friend's old man and woman, who are left in charge, and who are ready to work their old fingers to the bone in the service of such a winsome-mannered, liberal-handed young gentleman; and, taking down his friend's musty law-books from their shelves, sets to work with a will, and burns the midnight oil in the study thereof.

And accordingly, when his utter rejection by Georgie Travers's father drove him in honour from the neighbourhood in which she lived, Wattie thought he would go up to London and toil at the law-books again. He had romantic ideas of remaining buried in hard study for several years, and then of bursting out suddenly into a Coleridge or a Cairns, when, having realized a large fortune and been raised to the top of his profession by his perseverance and genius, he would go down triumphantly to Broadley, and claim Georgie for his wife.

He set to work very hard indeed; for the first week he made himself almost ill by the ardour and energy which he threw into his labours. For the first week—after that, he began to find it rather monotonous. It occurred to him that, as he had a good deal of talent for painting, the fine arts might possibly open out a quicker road to fortune and to fame than the bar could do. At all events, the study would be pleasanter and more attractive in every way. Accordingly the law-books were replaced on their shelves, and the friend's rooms were quickly transformed into a studio. If, argued Wattie, he were suddenly to present to the world a striking and original picture, full of genius and talent, would not his fortune be as good as made? Why condemn himself to years of dry and uninteresting study when possibly a few months of much more congenial work might place him on "the line" on the Royal Academy walls, and lead him at once to a comfortable income and to Georgie Travers? And, even supposing he should not succeed and his picture be a failure, why then he could always go back to the law-books, for after all a few months more or less would not make much difference in the long run.

It was just at this stage of his proceedings that he stumbled across Cis Travers in Blandford Street.

Wattie Ellison was exceedingly cordial to Cis; he had never taken very much notice of him when they were both down in the country together, but here up in London they met like old friends.

Georgie's brother was a person whom Wattie Ellison could not fail to find exceedingly interesting to him. When Cis sat in his friend's rooms writing to his sister, Wattie, without sending her any direct message would suggest little allusions to himself and give bits of information or make little skilful enquiries, which Cis would duly report as he wrote.

"Wattie says he is going to do such and such things," or "Wattie has been asking me how your new mare goes, and what you have been doing this week," and so on; and then, when Georgie's answer came, you may be sure that all these little remarks were noticed and commented upon, and that the letter was as freely read by Wattie as by her brother.

Cis was fond of Georgie, for she had always been good to him and protected him from his father, and he was glad to do a good turn for her. Moreover, he became very fond of Wattie Ellison, and the two young men frequently spent their evenings chatting together in those pleasant Temple chambers, whilst Wattie, with a bit of charcoal, sketched out numberless rough designs for his great picture on a white board upon an easel hard by, and then asked Cecil's advice upon them. Cecil invariably said of each that it was very nice; and then Wattie shook his head and said it did not please him yet, rubbed it all out, and began it over again,

The same evening of the day when Wattie had met Cis and Gretchen walking together in Wigmore street, the two young men were as usual sitting together over the fire in the Temple rooms, when Wattie said, rather suddenly—

"Do you intend playing Faust to our little friend Gretchen, Cis?"

"Eh, what? What on earth do you mean?" said Cis, getting rather red.

"Don't you think it rather a pity to walk about with the child? And I saw you buying those flowers for her the other day at Covent Garden. She is an innocent little soul; one wouldn't wish her to get into any trouble."

"There's no question of any Faust, as far

as I am concerned, I assure you," said Cecil, earnestly, leaning forward in his chair and staring into the fire. "Why, you can't think so for one moment!"

"Well, I am glad of it; at the same time she may get fonder of you than is good for her, poor little girl, and it may put ideas into her head and give her hopes."

"Hopes? My dear Wattie, you don't imagine that Gretchen can expect me to marry her?" cried Cis, laughing.

"There's no knowing what a woman won't expect when a young man begins describing to her his views of marriage, as I heard you doing the other evening," said Wattie.

"Oh! as to that, you know, one can't allow her to throw herself away upon a boor like David Anderson, and I was giving her a little advice."

"Why should she not marry David? he would make her an excellent husband," replied his friend.

"My dear Wattie, what a sin it would be! Such a pretty, refined, gentle little thing to to be wasted on a great rough fellow like that!"

"It would be a very good match for her. I don't see where she would get a better," persisted Wattie.

"Good heavens! how can you suggest such an outrageous combination? Beauty and the Beast would be nothing to it!" and Cis began impatiently walking about the room.

At this moment there was a slight scuffle outside the door, and in another instant the stern-visaged old woman who "did for" Mr. Ellison broke in upon the tête-à-tête of the two friends with the information, which she delivered with evident disapproval of such proceedings, that a young woman was wishing to see Mr. Travers.

She was almost immediately followed by a small figure, wrapped in a long black cloak, who, brushing past her into the room, fell at Cis Travers's feet in a passion of hysterical tears.

"Good heavens, Gretchen!" cried Cis. "What on earth is the matter? what has happened? Here, Mrs. Stiles, go and fetch this young lady a glass of sherry." And Wattie helped Cis to raise the sobbing girl and to place her on a chair.

"It is my father!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, Mr. Travers, save me from him! He has beaten me so dreadfully, and he has turned me out of the house. Look here!" and she turned up her sleeve and showed the two horrified young men a sight that made them both shudder.

Her arm, once round and white and smooth, was covered with fearful bruises and bleeding wounds, and hung almost helplessly by her side.

"And my back is worse!"

"Good heavens, Gretchen, how dreadful!" exclaimed Wattie Ellison, in great dismay. "What was the reason of it? what made him so brutal to you?"

"Alas! it was because I have lost my situation as music teacher. I am sure I did no wrong, did I, Mr. Travers, by walking with you? But Mrs. Wilkins, the lady whose little girls I was teaching, saw me with you to-day, and she saw me once before, she says; so she came this evening and told my father that I was a bad girl, and that she would not have me to teach her children any more—and father was dreadfully angry, and beat me and then turned me out of doors, and oh, do help me! What shall I do?"

Cecil looked at his friend in blank dismay. This was what his mistaken kindness had brought upon her.

"Why on earth did you come here? had you no woman friend to go to?" asked Wattie almost angrily, of the weeping girl.

"No, no one; and I knew Mr. Travers would take care of me, he is so kind to me. I haven't a friend in the world but you," she added, looking up imploringly at Cecil.

"What shall we do, Cecil? Shall we take her back to old Rudenbach?" asked Wattie, in great perplexity.

"Oh no, no, no!" cried Gretchen, imploringly. "I can never, never go back to him. If you knew how cruel he is, how often he beats me and kicks me, you would not want me to go back—I would rather beg my way in the streets. But, dear Mr. Travers, may I not stay here?"

She was evidently as innocent as a baby; no idea of any wrong or impropriety in coming alone at ten o'clock at night to throw herself upon the mercy and charity of two young men ever for an instant crossed her mind. Cecil was kind to her, and she loved him devotedly; so in her trouble she had come straight to where she knew he

was likely to be found, and, having found him, she trusted herself implicitly to his protection.

No two young men were ever placed in a more awkward predicament. Here was this girl suddenly thrown upon their hands, without a friend in the world but themselves, and common humanity compelled them to take care of her. Cecil, moreover, felt himself responsible for the whole situation. It was his fault that the poor child had got into such a dreadful scrape; it was his foolish sentimental flirtation which had cost her her place and had made her brutal father turn her out of doors, and Cis felt in a perfect despair of misery and self-reproach as he reflected upon it.

Wattie Ellison forebore to reproach him. Fortunate it was that Mrs. Stiles was on the premises, and the two young men retired to consult with her over what was to be done.

Mrs. Stiles began by being exceedingly stiff and virtuous. She had never heard of such proceedings, she said, as a young woman coming alone to a gentleman's chambers in the middle of the night; she didn't know how she, Mrs. Stiles, a respectable woman, could mix herself up at all in such doings,—with sundry other cutting remarks of the same nature; but when the whole of Gretchen's story had been circumstantially related to her, and when she had seen the poor girl's maimed and bruised condition, feelings of humanity and charity awoke in her ancient bosom; and old Stiles, coming in at this juncture, proved a valuable ally, and suggested several useful and practical ideas.

Between the four it was settled that Mrs. Stiles should carry off Gretchen in a cab to the house of a cousin of her own—a certain Mrs. Blogg, who kept a small baker's shop in a street leading out of the Strand, and who, "for a consideration," which Cecil Travers eagerly offered to make as liberal as could be desired, would, she thought, take in Gretchen for a few days until it could be further decided what to do for her.

This idea was immediately carried out. Poor little Gretchen, much bewildered and rather reluctant, was carried off by the stern but by no means unkind old woman. Cis wanted to go with them; but Wattie, who had more sense and more knowledge of the world, would not allow him to do so. Mrs. Blogg, a fat, shrewd-faced woman, with a sharp eye to the main chance, fingered the instalment of two sovereigns sent by Cis with greedy joy, and consented as a favour to take in the young woman.

And between them the poor girl was put to bed.

But when Cis went the next morning to enquire after his protégée he found Mrs. Blogg had in much alarm sent for the nearest doctor, as Gretchen had awakened in high fever and was quite light-headed.

For nearly a fortnight the poor child lay in raging fever and burning thirst between life and death, and then her youth asserted itself and the disease left her, to live, but oh! so weak and pale, such a poor little shadow of her former self, as made even the heart of the hired nurse whom Cecil had engaged to tend her, ache with pity at the sight.

Meanwhile our two friends had not been idle in her service. They had, in the first place, repaired to Blandford Street, there to find that the wretched old German music teacher had departed and utterly vanished, leaving no direction behind him nor clue as to where he was to be found.

"And a good job, too!" said his indignant landlady, "although he do owe me for five weeks' rent, and for three pound ten as he borrowed of me just the day before he went; but a more disrespectable drinking beast never came into an honest woman's house; and I am glad he's gone, even though I've lost the money. I am right down sorry for the poor young lady, that I am, and if I'd been at home he shouldn't have turned her into the streets; but then I was out, and never knew nothing about it till I got home an hour after and found that furrin' beast lying dead drunk on the landing."

No more information being obtainable in this quarter, the two friends began seriously to discuss what should be done with poor Gretchen.

Cis Travers's funds were getting low, and he hardly knew how he should be able to go on supporting the girl if she were to be ill much longer.

Driven at last to desperation, he wrote to his father, and, vaguely stating that he had got into a little difficulty in which his honour was concerned, besought him to ask him no questions but to send him a cheque for fifty pounds at once.

The Squire was delighted with this letter

from his son. It so happened that there had been a Newmarket meeting the previous week; and the sport-loving old man settled it in his own mind at once that Cis had been lured into making some imprudent bets, for which this sudden and mysterious demand for money was to pay. Any iniquity connected with horses and horse-racing was pardonable in the old man's eyes. He was positively enchanted.

"The boy is coming round at last!" he said to himself, with a chuckle; "I shall make something of him yet; that sending him to London by himself was a fine idea!"

And when Georgie came into his room he said to her, with quite a beaming face—

"Cis wants money; he has been getting into trouble; he has been to Newmarket and lost his money, the young rascal!"

"To Newmarket!" repeated Georgie, in amazement. "Are you sure, papa?" For Cis had corresponded pretty regularly with his sister of late, and certainly there had been nothing in his letters to lead her to suppose that horse-racing had in any way formed part of his pleasures.

"I tell you he has been to Newmarket," repeated the Squire, doggedly, for he was determined to believe it; and he turned the key of his cash-box and took out his cheque-book, filled up a cheque for seventy pounds, and sat down and wrote a mild exordium to his son on the evils of betting if you backed the wrong horse, which letter considerably surprised and puzzled that young gentleman when he received it.

Georgie had her own opinions on the subject of what the money was wanted for, but she did not think it necessary to impart them to her father. She pulled old Chanticleer's ear, and the ancient hound winked his one eye gravely at her as much as to say, "We know better, don't we?"

"So we do, old boy!" said Georgie, in answer, half aloud; and left the Squire to his own delusions and to his letter.

But, although Cecil could make neither head nor tail of his father's letter, the meaning of his father's cheque was clear and very delightful, for with it he could do everything he wished for little Gretchen.

He and Wattie soon hit upon a plan for her. There was an old governess whom Wattie knew, who had once lived with the Ellisons, and who had now settled down in a little house in Pimlico, where she thankfully took in lodgers to eke out her small income.

This lady, Miss Pinkin by name, would, they soon found out, gladly receive Gretchen Rudenbach when she was well enough to leave Mrs. Blogg's not very comfortable mansion. Cecil was to pay for her lodgings and for the hire of a cottage piano for her use until she was well enough to begin her teaching again. Miss Pinkin's educational connection enabled her to ensure at least two or three young pupils for the girl at once, and in time she would, they hoped, get many more.

Gretchen, on being consulted, thankfully and meekly acquiesced in anything and everything that Cis had settled for her; and when she was well enough to be moved she took up her abode in Miss Pinkin's upper-floor rooms, and under that lady's care soon became strong enough to begin her work.

Cis took Wattie's advice, and went but very seldom to visit his little protégée. The poor child was very sad. She sat and watched for him day after day at her window, and when day after day passed, and he did not come, she wept miserable tears in her loneliness. Now and then, once perhaps in a fortnight, he did come and see her, and then Gretchen became a transformed being; her pale face was suffused with a blush of delight as he entered, her heavy eyes became bright with happiness, and her gratitude and love for her young benefactor beamed out in every look and word.

But Cis was very prudent, and was determined not to put himself in the wrong concerning her; only it did annoy him considerably to hear that David Anderson had tracked her to her new abode, and was constantly visiting her and repeatedly urging her to become his wife.

He might have made himself quite at ease concerning this. Gretchen was in no danger of becoming Mrs. David Anderson.

"I do not think about him," she would say to Miss Pinkin when that good lady urged her not to turn a deaf ear to so advantageous an offer.

"But you do think about Mr. Travers, I am afraid, Gretchen," the ex-governess would say severely, "although he is far above you in station, and is not likely to think about you."

And to this accusation Gretchen could give no answer whatever.

CHAPTER XII.

REJECTED AND LEFT.

WITH her feet on the fender, the last new novel on her lap, and her eyes fixed on the fire, Juliet Blair is sitting one evening in the twilight in the little morning-room to which she is accustomed to resort for her five o'clock tea.

It so happens that an emissary from Madame Celeste in Bond Street, armed with cardboard boxes of every size and shape, has with much commotion arrived half-an-hour ago at the house, having come down from London by the afternoon express with an entirely new selection of Parisian bonnets, hats, and head-dresses for inspection.

Mrs. Blair, who would barter her soul away for a French bonnet, has retired with Ernestine to her bedroom to unpack and look over all these treasures, and it is possible that Colonel Fleming is not altogether unaware of these arrangements nor of the superior attraction which retains the widow upstairs.

For he shortly afterwards steals into the morning-room, and drawing a chair in front of the fire, sits down by the side of his ward.

Juliet makes room for him with a smile, and then for several minutes neither of them speak.

"I have been doing a very unpleasant duty this afternoon," says Colonel Fleming, at last.

"Yes?" from Juliet, enquiringly.

"I have sent off a letter that I have too long delayed writing. I have written to secure my return passage to India in the 'Sultana,' which is advertised to sail in a fortnight."

"What!" Juliet starts to her feet. "To India—are you mad! What have you done? The letters are not gone!" and she makes a step to the door.

He put out his hand to stop her. "I am afraid they are, Juliet; the bag was just going as I came in; but even if they were not, it would make no difference. I have quite made up my mind that it is high time I went back."

"Surely this is a very sudden determination you have come to," said Juliet, trying to speak calmly.

"Not at all; I have been thinking of it for some time," he answered; "only it was no use talking about it until I had made up my mind to go; and now the deed is done," he added, with a half sigh.

"I do not see that the mischief is in any way irremediable," she answers, speaking quickly. "It is easy to write to-morrow, and retract your letter of to-day. Colonel Fleming, I entreat you to think better of it; we cannot let you leave us like this, indeed we cannot!"

"You are very good," he begins, rather formally;" "but I have not acted without due thought, I assure you."

And then all her self-control forsakes her, and she bursts into a wail of despair, clasping her hands entreatingly—"Oh! why, why should you go? are you not happy here?"

"Yes, I am happy—too happy, perhaps," answers Hugh, gloomily; "but one doesn't live for happiness, unfortunately. I have quite finished all that I came home to do for you, Juliet; and now I am only wasting my time and my life here."

"But why need you ever go back? Why not throw up your Indian appointment, and stay at home?" she asks despairingly.

Colonel Fleming smiles. "I don't quite see my way to that, Juliet. I am not likely to get anything else so good at home, or indeed anything at all, good or bad; all my interest is in India, and this appointment of mine is a very good one. You forget that I am a poor man. I should not have enough of my own to live like a gentleman in England."

Juliet was leaning up against the mantelpiece with her arms folded upon it, and her head bent down upon them. He could not see her face—the firelight flickered red and warm over her dusky head and her bowed figure; something in the utter despair of her attitude touched him strangely.

As he finished speaking, she raised herself abruptly and began walking rapidly up and down the room behind him.

"You must not go, you shall not go!" she kept on saying aloud. He would not look round at her, perhaps because he could not trust himself to do so. He sat leaning forward on his chair and staring fixedly into the fire.

Then all at once she came and stood behind him; her heart beat so that she could hardly stand; her voice trembled so that

she could scarcely speak; her very hands, which she laid one on each of his shoulders, shook as they rested there.

There was no light in the room but the firelight, and they could not see each other's faces.

"Hugh! don't go. Why should you go? Have I not enough for us both? Stay and share everything that I have—dear Hugh!"

And to her trembling words there succeeded an utter silence in the little room.

Why had she not worded it otherwise? why had she not said "I love you; stay for my sake, because I cannot live without you."

Then, indeed, he could hardly have withstood her; then, indeed, for her sake as well as for his own, he must have taken her to his heart at once and for ever. But a something of maiden bashfulness and reserve, even in that moment of impulse, when in her despair she had let him see too much perchance of what was in her heart, and kept her back from the actual confession of her love.

She had spoken of her money! Ah, fatal, miserable mistake! She had brought up before him the one thing that in his own mind stood as an inseparable barrier between them, the one thing that for honour's sake bade him hold back and leave her.

Rapidly there flashed through his mind the utter impossibility of what she had asked him to do—"to stay and share all that was hers!" How could he do so? how could he, her guardian, place himself in the utterly false position of her lover?

Still he did not speak. Ah, will no good angel prompt her to fall at his feet and to cry, "I love you!"

The opportunity is gone. Hugh turns round, and takes her hands—gentle hands, that were still on his shoulders.

"My dear Juliet"—and his voice betrays some unwonted emotion—"you are, I think, the most generous-minded woman I have ever met—but——"

"Ah, say no more! say no more!" she cries, wrenching away her hands from his grasp and burying her face in them.

"Do you not recollect, my child," he says, very gently and tenderly, "do you not recollect that I am your guardian and you are my ward? In such a position, that I should accept any gift or loan of money from you is utterly impossible."

He had wilfully misinterpreted her meaning! With bitterest shame she saw that he misunderstood her purposely—that he spoke of her money where she had meant herself! Was ever woman subjected to such soul-degrading humiliation?

She, Juliet Blair the heiress, the owner of Sotherne, young, beautiful, and talented, had made a free offer of herself to this man whom she had been weak enough to love. She had offered herself—and—had been rejected!

With flashing eyes and burning cheeks she turned upon him.

"Say no more, pray, Colonel Fleming. I am truly sorry that I should have offended you by offering to lend you money. As you say, I should have remembered that between you and me such a transaction was impossible. Pray forgive me, and rest assured that I shall be very careful not to offend you again by the repetition of such a proposition."

Her voice was full of scorn, and as she ceased speaking she made him a sweeping bow and left the room; and hurrying upstairs into her own bedroom, she flung herself down upon the sofa and burst into a fit of passionate tears.

Bitter tears of anger and self-reproach over her own abased pride and self-esteem! What demon had prompted her to speak those miserable words? Why had she committed the fatal, irretrievable error of wooing instead of waiting to be wooed? And the worst of it was that it was all a mistake! She had thought herself loved, and she had been awakened rudely to find herself scorned and rejected. For that he had really misunderstood her she could not for one instant delude herself into believing. In his pity and his compassion he had answered her about her money, feigning to ignore her true meaning—which, alas, she had all too plainly betrayed.

To any woman the position would have been a sufficiently painful one; but to Juliet Blair, with her proud spirit and independence of mind, such thoughts were absolute torture.

There was no untruth in the statement which she made to her maid, when that functionary entered her mistress's room to put out her dress for dinner, that she had such a frightful headache that she felt quite unequal to going downstairs again, and that

she would have a cup of tea in her room and then go to bed.

But when this message was brought downstairs to the two who were awaiting her appearance to go into dinner, Colonel Fleming offered his arm in silence to the widow, and became very grave and silent indeed.

Not all Mrs. Blair's blandishments, backed up with an entirely new head-dress just come from town, could extract from her companion more than the most absent monosyllables.

When it came to the mistress of the house being forced to keep her room because of his presence—for it was thus that he interpreted her absence—Colonel Fleming felt that something must be done. Sotherne Court was no longer a fitting abode for him.

After dinner was over, he studied Bradshaw attentively for some minutes, and then, going into the library rang the bell for Higgs.

"Higgs, can I have the dog-cart to-morrow morning to meet the eight o'clock train?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

"Very well, then: will you send James to my room to pack my things. I find that I am obliged to go up town rather suddenly to-morrow."

"Yes, sir—sorry you are obliged to go, sir; we all hoped you would have stayed," said the old man, lingering for a minute to poke the fire and sweep up the hearth. "I'll send James at once, sir."

And Higgs went his way to the back region, where, to the select community in the housekeeper's room, he gave it as his opinion that Miss Juliet had "given the Colonel the sack; and more's the pity, says I, for a nicer, pleasanter-spoken gentleman than Colonel Fleming never stopped in the 'ouse!"

Colonel Fleming and James the footman were busy packing up for the best part of the night.

"He'll never come back no more," said James to his superior, when at last he was dismissed; "he's packed up every stick and every straw; he's not coming back no more, Mr. Higgs."

It did not behove Higgs to lower his dignity by confiding to one of the under servants his views of the part which he supposed Miss Blair to have played in this sudden departure. He contented himself with gruffly desiring James to "clean up that there mess, and to go to bed and be quite sure he called the Colonel in plenty of time the next morning;" an injunction which James, mindful of parting tips, was not at all likely to forget.

When Juliet awoke at eight o'clock the next morning, her maid stood by her bedside with a cup of tea, and on the tray lay a small sealed note.

"Colonel Fleming desired me to give you this note, miss, before he went."

"Before he went! is he gone?"

With what a sudden, faint sinking of the heart she asked the question! but how foolish! Of course he had only gone up to town for the day.

The maid, perfectly unconscious of her mistress's agitation, said cheerfully that, yes, the Colonel was gone, and that she had heard Mr. Higgs say he had started in plenty of time, and was sure to have caught the train.

Juliet waited feverishly until the girl had left the room, and then tore open the note. It ran thus:

"Forgive me for leaving you so suddenly without a word of farewell or of thanks for all your hospitality and goodness towards me; but you will not, I know, think me ungrateful. After all that has passed between us, I do not think I could have stayed any longer under your roof, and I have thought it best to leave you thus without the spoken farewell that must have been full of pain to us both. God bless and reward you, dear Juliet, for all your generosity and affection towards me. I can never forget either; and, if ever you think of me in future years, do me at least the justice to believe that it is not inclination, but duty and honour alone, which have told me to leave you.

"I do not know where I shall stay in town, but I will write to you again before I leave England."

Mrs. Blair and Ernestine were as yet deep in the mysteries of rouge and crimping-irons, when, preceded by a short, sharp knock, the door was flung open, and Juliet entered hurriedly, with an open letter in her hand.

"My dearest Juliet!" cried the widow, hastily flinging a dressing-cape over the small collection of pots, and phials, and camel's-hair brushes that stood on the table near her—"how you startled me! What on earth is the matter?"

"Did you know that Colonel Fleming was going away this morning?" asks Juliet, shortly.

"Going away? No, certainly not; has he gone?" answers Mrs. Blair, with an astonishment too real to be feigned.

"Yes, I have just had this note from him to say he is gone; and I don't know if you are aware of it, but he starts for India in a fortnight."

"No, indeed; I had no idea of it. So he is gone! very rude of him, I must say, to go without wishing us good-bye." Mrs. Blair has some difficulty in concealing the satisfaction she feels at this unexpected piece of news.

"Not rude at all; he is suddenly called away—it is perfectly natural. Of course he could not wake us all up at so early an hour," answers Juliet.

"What does he say? Let me see the letter," says her step-mother, stretching out her hand for the note; but Juliet does not dream of giving it to her.

"There is nothing in it that would interest you," she says, folding it up slowly and replacing it in its envelope. "Besides, he says he will write again from town."

"Ah, he will write again?"

"Yes, so he says."

"Then perhaps, Juliet, you will leave me to finish my dressing, as there is nothing very serious the matter, and it upsets my nerves to be obliged to talk so early in the morning. Go on with my hair, Ernestine."

And Juliet goes.

Somehow that promise that he will write again prevents her from despairing.

That letter, she thinks, will in some way make up to her for all the suspense and uncertainty of the present. It is impossible that he can intend to leave her like that for years, perhaps indeed for ever. Vaguely, indistinctly, as women see such things, she begins to see the duty and the honour by which he has said he considers himself bound; but, woman-like, she does not think very seriously of them. Has he not at the same time more than implied that his inclination would lead him to stay with her? Do not such words mean that he loves her? And if so, then what need she fear?

What does a women care for duty or for honour when set in the balance against love? Love in her mind outweighs everything; give her love, and she laughs at every other earthly consideration. To Juliet, with her impulsive, enthusiastic mind, and her passionate temperament, it seemed impossible that so cold-blooded a thing as honour could in any man's mind win the day against love.

He would come back to her, she said to herself; he would not be able to stay away; a few days of waiting, and then he would come back to her, as he had come back before, sooner even than she had dared to hope for him.

She read his letter over and over again, she pressed it gladly to her heart and her lips, for she could not, possibly she would not, see in it a farewell.

And Hugh Fleming up in London is pacing objectlessly up and down Piccadilly and Pall Mall, wondering what he shall say to her, and feeling more and more angry with himself for having left her, and more and more inclined to go back to her by the next train.

Curiously enough, he does not feel at all sure that Juliet does indeed love him. Even her last interview with him, when she had of her own accord offered him everything, had but partially opened his eyes. He knows her to be impulsive and impetuous and generous to a fault. What more likely than that such a woman, fond of him as she undoubtedly was, should in a moment of exaltation be carried away into offering more than she intended or realised?

Should he be right or justified in taking advantage of that moment of weakness?

Had he known how completely and utterly the girl's heart was given over to him, he would certainly never have left her; but he did not know it—he knew, indeed, that if he chose he might win her, but he did not understand that she was already won.

He wandered about the streets, trying to settle in his own mind how he should write to her—or whether, indeed, he should write to her at all; and at last he decided that he would give himself one more chance of happiness.

He turned into the Club, and sat down and wrote to her.

He begged her to tell him truly if indeed what she had said to him had been the voice of her own heart—or merely an impulse of generosity; he told her that he loved her passionately, entirely, devotedly, with a love that he never thought to feel again after the death of his first love, and which she, Juliet, alone had had power to waken in him. But he told her at the same time that every feeling of honour, of duty, and of delicacy bade

him leave her; that her money stood between them like a wall; and that, moreover, his own peculiar position as her guardian made it almost a breach of trust to the dead that he should aspire to be her lover. One consideration alone, he said, could surmount these objections—the consideration of her happiness. If, indeed, she loved him so entirely that without him she could not live nor be happy, then indeed, and then only, would he throw all these most weighty objections to the winds, and devote his whole existence to her: And in this case he entreated her to write to him at once and recall him to her side; but if it was not so, if it was merely a grateful affection, a generous friendship, or even but a brief-lived fancy, which had made her for one short hour imagine that she loved him—in that case he prayed her to put his letter into the fire, and to send him no answer whatever to it; he should know too well how to interpret her silence. He concluded his letter by naming to her the very latest date at which he could receive an answer from her in town before starting for Southampton, and by telling her that up to the very last minute he should still not despair, but hope to hear from her.

Even when he had directed and stamped this letter, Colonel Fleming did not immediately post it. He was still so doubtful about the wisdom and the propriety of writing to her at all that he walked about with the letter in his pocket the whole of the next day. It was only on the third day that, having, I think, previously tossed up a sovereign, drawn lots from a number of blank slips of paper for one marked slip, and made use of sundry other most childish and undignified tricks of chance, in every one of which the luck came to the same decision, he finally determined to send the letter, and, going out with it on purpose, dropped it himself into the pillar-post.

And then he waited—at first confidently and patiently—then, after a day or two, less confidently, but still patiently—then with restless impatience, and finally, as the days slipped away one after the other, and the posts came in in regular succession, and brought him many others, but never the one letter he looked for—finally his waiting became despair.

The last day of his stay in England dawned. He was obliged to go about his business to a few shops and to his banker's—but all day long he kept returning to his hotel to ask feverishly if there were no letters for him, to receive ever the same answer—none.

Then late in the afternoon he went to see a friend whom he could trust, and charged him solemnly to go the last thing at night, and again the first thing in the morning, to his hotel, after he had left, and, if he found there any letter for him with a certain postmark, to telegraph to him on board the "Sultana," at the Southampton Docks, to stop his starting.

The friend promised faithfully—and then he could do nothing more, and he was obliged to go down to Southampton. To the last he would not give up hope; he watched and watched all that night and all next morning from the vessel's side, long after he had gone on board, for anything in the shape of a telegraph boy; and he would not have his things taken into his cabin, nor settle even that he was going, until the very last.

And then all at once the anchor was raised, and it was too late.

And as the good ship "Sultana" steamed slowly over the grey waves of Southhampton Water in the early morning, and stood out to sea in a light and favourable wind, Colonel Hugh Fleming beneath his breath cursed his native land, and Sotherne Court, and Juliet Blair, with deep and bitter curses.

"She does not know how to love—she could not stand the test. Her pride has ruined us both!"

And he turned his back on the white shores of the old country, and set his face fixedly and determinedly towards that far Eastern land to which he was bound.

(To be Continued.)

ELNAH'S GRAVE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

THE Winter night was dark and chill,
The wind was rising wild,
Yet little heeding, Elnah knelt—
Nionah's orphan child.

She knew that far in southern groves,
Her dusky brethren slept,
While she amid the forest gloom,
Her weary vigil kept.

Poor forest maid, her watch was vain!
'Neath Keeza's babbling wave,
Entombéd in its rocky depths,
Rested her Indian brave.

Nine moons were since he wandered forth
In all a hunter's pride,—
A treach'rous step, then never more
He rose from Keeza's tide.

Wishna, the Chief, and all his tribe,
Oft roamed the forest o'er,
And sought him, till, as hope grew faint,
They went in quest no more.

Yet Elnah tireless wandered forth,
By hill, and vale, and plain;
Each morn renewed her quenchless trust
She'd greet him back again.

Chilly the Autumn days stole on;
The north wind's icy breath
Shrouded the leaves in gold and red,
Then laid them sere in death.

"The frost-king travels on the wind,
Far from the ice-bound shore,
He bears such cold, and storm, and snows,
As ne'er we've felt before:

"We'll seek a warmer hunting ground,
As southward flits the bird,"
Said Wishna, and his warriors all
Re-echoed back his word.

But Elnah clasped her hands and said,
"Keolin will return;
Alone I'll wait to meet him, though
Ye wander from Tolurn."

They told of howling beasts of prey,
Of hunger, cold, and pain;
Still answered she in steadfast tone,
"I'll greet him here again."

Through weary weeks she watched alone,
'Mid hunger, pain, and cold,
Till came a night when frost cut keen,
And storm-clouds scowling roll'd.

And hoarsely howled the angry wind,
And colder grew the night,
While Elnah vainly strove to fan
Her fire's dying light.

She held her stiff'ning fingers o'er,
And shiv'ring, nearer drew,
As fiercer now the storm raged on,
The wind more biting blew.

The Spring in flowered dress arose,
Birds trilled their joyous strain,
When Wishna led his warriors back
To seek the maid again.

They found her resting ghast and still,
Beneath the linden's shade,
Till death e'en, trusting, brave, and true;
Poor untaught Indian maid!

Mid flower and fern, by Keeza's stream,
They made her lonely grave,
Nor knew till years had fled away,
There slept her Indian brave.

Yet Elnah, not in vain thy watch,
Love's sacrifice ne'er dies,
An incense from each deed like thine,
For evermore shall rise!

Barrie, Ont. F.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HUNTER-DUVAR, ALBERTON, P. E. ISLAND.

God save you, merrie gentlemen,
And send you Christmas cheere.

AMONG the antique institutions that are fast dying out in England, and have not been imported into America, are the celebrations of May-day and Christmas. The literature of the latter is very quaint and curious.

Lyric Poetry is commensurate with the feelings and emotions of man. Poetry and song (for the terms are synonymous) are as natural to the human race as to the birds on the bough. The untutored savage, roaming his native wilds, has a poetic shade in his nature that outlines for itself myths of much beauty, such as have been crystallized by the poet of Hiawatha. The desert-dweller sings the inspiration of his heart, all fragrant of the rose, as leaving behind him the flowery oasis he plods along the sands with the slow-moving caravan. The inhabitants of "the northern regions cold" are full of poetic fire; their weird mythology has a statuesque grandeur that is almost awe-inspiring; while their love-chants and pastorals are redolent of the soft, sweet summer that leaves them all too soon. In the earlier stages of civilization it is natural that the language of the lyric should directly embody the feelings, untrammelled, as well as unadorned, by the artificial fetters of refinement. Hence, the more intense the emotion, the more quaint the thought and familiar the words that embody it. Not only is the lyric the expression of pastoral, amatory, or warlike feeling, but in a larger degree it is the handmaid of religion, and the vehicle for conveying the cravings of the soul. The fervid worshipper sees nothing irreverent in the interchange of words of endearment between the Human and the Divine. The vulgar mind is at once superstitious and eminently realistic. As a consequence, the language of the untutored can only be increased in intensity by pressing into it the more ardent phrases of human affection. From this point of view the Mystery Plays of the Middle Ages cease to be absurd. The sanctity of religion satisfied the stirrings of superstition; faith accepted the realistic, and as the common mind, thus filled, discerned in them no touch of profanity, the educated intellect of to-day can regard them as respectable, if not venerable.

The august event of the Nativity is the basis of the Christian belief. Apart from its vital import, it contains all the splendour of poetry. Its incidents appeal to human affections. The SAVIOUR was a man of like passions with ourselves. All the incidents of His incarnation are sympathetic with human experience. The circumstances of His birth are full of domestic sentiment. In His advent are combined the bases of pity and the gladness awakened by the coming of the first-born. And as in this world the joys outweigh the sorrows, the feeling of gladness preponderated, and the Nativity came to be popularly regarded and celebrated as a joyous event—a consummation of exceeding joy. A devotional mind drinks in its details and is permeated with their sublimity. But, as the sublime is beyond the reach of most, the popular intelligence striving to rise to the occasion could only reach the pleasant and affectionate. And such is the character of the literature of Christmas.

The majestic grandeur of the event, as narrated in the unadorned simplicity of Scripture, has drawn around it an accumulation of legend that brings it more within the grasp of the uneducated. In like manner as the principle of evil has among all rude peoples been personified and been given the material elements of an embodied terror, material accessories have clustered around the Holy Childhood to bring it within popular comprehension as an embodied joy. The ideal Nativity is too spiritual for the multitude. By being materialized it became a pleasing entity, and within the grasp of an appreciative faith.

From the initial ages of the Church the anniversary of the "dayspring from on high" was doubtless held in regard. Without doubt the disciples celebrated its recurrence with "psalms, songs, and spiritual hymns." From the catacombs must have ascended the voice of praise. In the general recognition of Christianity, and its subsequent ever-increasing corruption of form, the Christmas celebration would primarily share. The taste that authorized the Carnival would sanction an outburst of genial licence at Christmastide. Naturally the celebration would in time separate itself into the devotional exercises of the altar and the *quasi*-religious festivals of the people. At what time this distinction widened so as to have become recognizable is not clear, but it must have been at a very early date. The records of all Christendom show that the people universally gave vent to their geniality in Christmas carols or familiar songs. The Troubadours, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were famous for their Christmas lays, and in Provence at the present day are current many such compositions both old and new. Several interesting collections of such lyrics have been published both in France and England, the earliest known in English having been printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521. We have at present to do with those of England only.

The natural events of the Holy Nativity, as recorded in the Gospels, were few and, but for the accompanying miracles, simple. A child was born and cradled in a manger, and wise men from the East came to offer gifts to the babe, they being guided to his resting place by the light of, to them, an unknown star. In the popular carols these events are related in a descriptive manner, more or less graphically, and (as we have said) more or less augmented by legendary accessories. Where the custom of carol singing still lingers in the more secluded parts of England, the church bells are chimed to usher in the happy morn. Then sally forth the singers who itinerate the village, carrolling their quaint and olden lays to the sprightliest of tunes. The custom is pleasant, the voices often being trained, though in a rude way; still it must be confessed that sad work is often made with the Latin choruses:

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
There is a blossom sprung of a thorn
To save man-kynd that was forlorn,
As the prophets said beforne;
Deo patria
Sit glor-ia-*ia!*"

There are several popular variations of the following rhyme, of different dates, but always sung to a rollicking hunting air:

"O, of a maid a child is born,
On a tree he shall be torn,
To deliver folks that are forlorn."

Or of date about Henry VI's time —

"Gesu the Son that here be born,
His head is wreathéd in a thorn,
And 's blissful body's all a-torn,
To save mankind that was forlorn."

The above, however, are only vaguely devotional, and not sufficiently circumstantial —a fault that cannot be asserted of the class of descriptive carols of which the following is the type:—

"A shepherd upon a hill he satt,
He had on him his tabard and hatt,
Hys tarbox, hys pype, and hys flagatt,
His name was calléd joly—Joly Wat.

Chorus—Can I not sing but hoy!
When the joly shepherd he made much joy,
For he was a gude herdis boy,
Ut hoy!
For in hys pype he made much joy.

"The shepherd upon a hille was layd,
Hys doge to his gyrdylle was tayd,
He had not slept but a lytelle brayd,
But '*Gloria in excelsis*' to hym was sayd."

Lying on the hill with his hand under his head this jolly shephered saw above him a star "red as blood," whereupon he forthwith placed his flock in care of a woman named Mall and his assistant Will, and set out to follow the ruddy orb and see the "fairly sight." Arrived at "Bedlem," Wat found "Jhesu in a symple place, between an ox and an asse." Reverently addressing the Christ, he proffered his rustic gifts, then returned home joyously carolling his chorus:

"Can I not sing but hoy! Ut hoy!"

And so forth.

"Jhesu! I offer to Thee my pype,
My skyrte, my tarbox, and my scrype,
Home to my fellows now wille I skype,
And loke unto my shepe."

Other events, real or supposed, of the Saviour's infancy are likewise embodied in the carols. The offerings of the Magians—a favourite subject, from which originates the custom of Christmas gifts—is quaintly related in a carol of a date older than the discovery of America :—

" There came iij kings from Galilee
In-to Bethlem that fair citie
To seek Him that should ever be
By right-a
Kyng, lord, and knyght-a !

" As they came forth with their offeryng
They met with Herod that bloodie kyng
And this to them he said-a :
' O whence be ye, you kyngs iij ?'

Magi. Of the East as ye may see,
To seek for Him that ever should be
By right-a
Kyng, lord, and knyght-a !"

It is somewhat typical that in several of the English and Dutch carols the kings come by sea ; although indeed some commentators would make out that their "three ships" indicate the Trinity, an allegory too deep for the vulgar mind. A ship figures frequently in the imagery of the dwellers alongshore :—

" As I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning,

" I spied three ships come sailing by,
And who should be with those three ships ?
But Joseph and his fair lady,
On Christmas Day in the morning.,

" O he did whistle and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy that our Saviour they did bring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Sometimes these water-poets soar out of the descriptive into the higher region of romance. In one well-known Dutch effusion a laden galiot comes into port with the Madonna on the quarter-deck, and an angel steering. In another the ship had a yet more illustrious crew :—

" Saint Michael was the steersman,
Saint John was in the horn,
Our Lord harped, Our Lady sang,
And all the bells of Heaven they rang
On Christ His Sunday morning."

Many other monastic legends have been engrafted on the scriptural account, and are set forth in various rhymes of lesser or greater antiquity. The Flight into Egypt, although later in the life of the Child, is a favourite subject, affording as it does scope for the invention of romantic adventures. In place of multiplying extracts we prefer giving a more modern rhyme, now published for the first time, wherein are set forth the various legendary incidents, all on the authority of the old painters. The rhymed story of Zingarella [gipsy woman] and the Bambino [little boy] is well known to students of mediæval literature :

FUGA IN ÆGITTO.

[*Joseph sayeth it.*]

" Dear Mary, hap young Christus well,
And pin his little tucker on,
And wrap Him in his new mantel,
For ere night falls we must be gone,—
And wear your blue serge petticoat,
And eke your warm red ridinghood,*
And I will don my redingcote,
And take my staff of crab-tree wood.

" Edward, mine ass, is fierce and fier,
For he hath ate of beans and corn,
And we shall be far leagues from hence
By breakfast-time to-morrow morn,—†
For Mary, in a dream of night
A spirit stood by my right hand,
And told with Him to take our flight
From Heraud's wrath to Egypt's land."

Went forth the Holy Familie,
In sad procession thro' the town,
And reached the gate of El Gebre
Just as the red son sank adown ;—
The sentry called out rough and wild :
" Who goes there ?" Joseph said : " Fair cheer !
This is my spouse, and this Her Child,
And me, I am a carpentere."

The soldier growled : " wood-spoiler, pass !"
And, turning, clanked along his beat,
While Joseph led the bridled ass,
And happed a shawl 'round Mary's feet,
And tucked well in the gentle boy
To keep his baby brow from damp,
And then, heart-full of thankful joy,
Went on their way with steady tramp.

The night falls sudden in those climes,
Stars' light was none, nor lightsome moon's,
But doleful sounds, like eerie rhymes,
Came sighing from the sand lagunes ;
As, keeping to the sandy track,
They made some leagues upon their way,
Though earth met sky in brooding wrack,
And overhead was misty grey.

* Blue and red, the colours of the Virgin, in which she is always pourtrayed.

† Joseph "arose by night," hence the flight into Egypt is so generally represented as a night scene, usually, however, illumined by the moon and stars.

The night set down more dank and drear,
The damps fell on the little child,
But resting place was none a-near,
And rough the road and many-miled;
They pushed along the open glade,
They rose the shoulder of the hill,
And here the Holy Infant said:
"Sweet mother, dear, I am a-chill."

The patient Mother, sore oppressed,
To guard her Boy from hurt and harms,
Stripped off for him her warm cloth vest,
And gathered him within her arms;
The while—as haps when heart expands—
Though tears stole down she did not weep,
But rocked Him in her cradling hands,
And croonëd: "sleep my little one,
Sleep my little one, sleep, sleep, sleep."

Beneath the hill-range, pools and dykes
Shut in a range of swamp and moor,
Where marsh-grass grew and cotton spikes
On quaking bog—a treacherous lure—
The knowledgeable ass, like stone
Stood still, for they were all estray,
And Joseph groaned in wildered tone:
"God help me! I have lost my way."

While all at fault they paused, ahead
A man was with a lantern seen,
Who, slowly moving forward, led
Them through the tufts of treacherous green,
By zigzag paths athwart the swamp,
Until they reached the solid plane
And highway ruts, on which the lamp
Went out, and all was dark again.*

And so they plodded on till dawn
Blazed ruddy in the orient sky,
At which time they had passed the lawn
Whereon fair Edom's land doth lie,
The where a farmer sowed of corn
On the brown furrow, with his men,
So to the husbandman, "good morn!"
Said they, and he to them, "god-den."

Quoth Mary Mother: "Friend, I pray
If any of the king's dragoons
Should ask if we have passed this way,
Say not, 'it was so many moons,'
But only that you sowed your grain
The day that we were passing by."
"Zooks!" quo' the husbandman again,
"I may say that and tell no lie."†

Then on. The farmer at his ease
Leaned on the gate to see them pass,
And marvelled much who might be these
With caravan of one sole ass;
Till screamed his lads of spade and plough,
"Master! here be a fearsome thing!
The corn that we have sowed but now,
As sure as eggs, begins to spring!"

The harrowed furrows, brown and bare,
Grew verdant like a rippling sea,
The grass burst forth amain, the crown
Shot from the leaf luxuriantly,
Up graceful rose the jointed stems,
Expanded wide the wheaten spears,
And all the field with pendent gems
Grew golden from the ripened ears.

The ripe grain rustled like a brook,
The reapers brought their stones and snathes,
And in the nodding furrows strook
The sickle to the falling swathes;
The farmer thought, "the crop be good,
Though it be sorcery, of course;
'Twill bring twelve quarters to the rood—"
When gallopped up a troop of horse.

"Ho! bumpkin!" cried the captain brave,
"Hast seen along this way to pass
A bearded, beggarly old knave,
A child, a woman, and an ass?"
"My General! see this field is mowed,
And I will swear by wool and horn,
I saw them pass along the road
When I was seeding down the corn."

"Pshaw!—Right about!" the captain said,
"We'll make nought of these rustic curs!"
So, wheeling back, their way they hied,
Till clank of swords and jingling spurs
Mixed with the clash of kettle-drums,
And braying of their bugles loud
Grew faint, as when a grumble comes
From out a distant thunder-cloud.

Meanwhile the Pilgrims, tired I ween,
Had come upon a sheltered nook,
With springy turf, as emerald green,
That ran around a wimpling brook,
Where four palms made a stately crown,
And green trees' shade invited rest,
Here Joseph helped Our Lady down,
And reached the Babe Christ to her breast.‡

IL RIPOSO.

When lo! there happed a wondrous thing!
The palms bowed down their plumed heads,§
As courtiers bow before a king,
And all the supple osier-beds
Did homage with their velvet tynes,
The running roses dipped their leaves,
And, drooping down, the climbing vines
Bowed all around in nodding sheaves.

And all the green trees salaamed, save
The prideful aspen-poplar tall,
That with its white feet in the wave
Vain strove to overtop them all—
To it sad said the Mother dear:
"False tree! remember God the Giver!"
Since then its limbs have quaked with fear,
And all its leaves have been ashiver.

* Various painters.

† Legends of the Madonna. The field of corn introduced into many pictures of the Flight into Egypt has reference to this incident.

‡ Claude Lorraine.

§ Ant. Mellone and others.

Upon the gazon green the shade
Fell gratefully, and Pure Marie
Undid the Infant's wraps and laid
Beside her Son, well pleased to see
The Boy so bright, nor felt surprise
That, pushing through the verdant sod,
Blue violets oped their gentle eyes
Where'er his small bare feet had trod.

And when the sanct Child ran about
To lithe his travel-stiffened limbs,
Among the branches in and out,
There hummed a drone of choral hymns,
As if sung by some kind of bees,
Though little angels made the tunes,
And flapped their wings among the trees,
And flew about in bright festoons.

While Joseph stalled his patient ass,
Four angels up among the palms
A curtain drew of silk arras, *
While music played, and fragrant balms
Shed scents as in a royal tent;
And watchers waited by the door,
And all around cup blossoms bent,
And petals strewed the flowery floor.

And there the Virgin Mother lay,
The small Child Jesus by her knee,
Around his hair a nimbus ray,
Most luminous and fair to see;
Four angels waited at their head,
And with a scarf their slumbers veiled,†
And twelve stood watching by the bed,
With folded hands and pinions brailed.

Like as in balmy meadow flats,
On mellow, sultry autumn eves,
With circling wings the filmy gnats
Fly up and down aslant the leaves,
A cloud of seraphs, purple-vanned,
Flew up and down, and wove a maze
Of spiral rings, a filmy band
Of motive minstrels hymning praise‡

On harp, psalterion, viol, luth,
And therebo and brass bassoons,
Which softly played produced, in sooth,
A lullaby of slumberous tunes,
In Babe and Mother's ear that chimed
Until their gentle dreams were done,
When back to heaven the minstrels climbed,
A shining plane towards the sun.§

Then other glorious shining shapes
Came ministering, bringing flowers,
With cherries red and purple grapes,
And dates and citron, sweets and sours,
With honeycomb and grateful food,
And water from the brook brought up;
And one small sprite on tiptoe stood
And offered Him a buttercup.

* Nicolas Poussin.
† Titian.
‡ Lucas Cranach.
§ Giotto.

I LADRI.

Meanwhile sire Joseph 'neath a tree *
Had ta'en the rest he needed sore,
For of the Holy Familie
He felt that he the burden bore;
And joy flowed all his heart amain,
And gladness filled his face with light,
To find once more the gentle twain
Had waked from sleep refreshed and bright.

The while he gave them tender care
Two forest ruffians rudely broke
Upon the scene, with brutal air,
And to the travellers harshly spoke:
"How dare you pass our ransom by?
But be ye Lazarus or Dives,
Ye may as well prepare to die,
Unless with gold ye buy your lives."†

Good Joseph grasped his staff, and threw
Himself before his sacred charge,
As guardian he, so leal and true,
Of his own breast had made a targe
To shield the loved ones from alarm;
But spake he fair and said: "Be sure
We have no wealth to work us harm,
You see that we are very poor."

Had those knaves known it, unseen bands
Of arméd spirits hemmed them in,
With levin falchions in their hands,
While on each vengeful helm there bin
Aglow red tongues of burning flame;
For from his cradle to his death
Man's secret deeds, whate'er their aim,
Some unseen spirit witnesseth.

The thieves were fierce and keen for prize,
But then the old man was so weak,
And Mary, with her soft, mild eyes,
So helpless seemed, a single streak
Of pity crossed the heart of one,
Who to his comrade said: "Gadzo!
In this mean business I'll have none,
And you, methinks, had better no.

"I have but forty groats, and these,
Besides my belt with buckles gay,
I e'en will give you, an you please,
But let these poor folks go their way."
The Infant Jesus raised his head,
And stood up by His Mother's knee,
And to the piteous thief he said:
"One day, man, thou shalt be with me."

LA ZINGARELLA.

Again the angels came. While some
Poured crystal cups of orangeade,
Some served at board, and swept the crumbs
Or salvers changed and napkins laid,
Or peeled the fruit, or waited nigh
And winned the soft air with their wings,
Then took the plats and set them by,
And tidied up the household things.‡

* Vandyke.
† Zuccaro.
‡ Albert Durer.

While others paddled in the brook,
And washed the Infant's linen clean,
Which from the purling stream they took,
And bleached it on the dewy green,
Or hung on twigs till blanched as snow,
And packed it with sweet lavender,
Then to the Mother proud they go,
And, bowing, give it back to her.*

From all the near acacia groves
The singing finches came in flocks,
Came cooing, prism-breasted doves,
And coneys hopped from out the rocks,
Came squirrels—gymnasts of the spray—
With lithe fawns that on lilies feed,
And asked the Christ with them to play
And gambol on the flowery mead.

While thus in holy innocence
The Lord with works of his own hand
Disported, tripping hence and thence
Upon the pied and blooming strand,
Quick steps drew near the sweet Bambin,
And with a burst upon the plain,
Three gypsy-folks came bounding in,
And, dancing, sang a rude refrain :

" We be gypsies, Lady fair !
Zingarelli, Master old !
You have a Bambino there,
We will read his palm for gold—
Tra la ! Cabala !
Abracadabra,
Here we be, Zingari !

" Pretty Lady ! cross our palms,
Ancient Master ! would you know ?
We can sing the Magi's psalms
And tell you if his beard will grow—
Trin, lin ! Sanhadrin !
Micrococosmosin,
Here we be, Zingari ! "

These gypsies were two men 'yclad
In bags and camelskin burnous,
And one—LA ZINGARELLA—had
Full draping robes of mingled hues,
Of stripes of white and bars of red,
That to her round knees flowed adown,
A pure white turban on her head,
And bangles on her ancles brown.†

And she it was that to the Maid,
Said, " Place your infant's palm in mine,"
Whereon the Child Christ smiling laid,
His small hand in His mother's, fine
And delicate as a pearly shell ;
But when the small palm met her gaze
The woman all atremble fell,
And broke into a song of praise :

' Blesséd art thou of women, O Ladie !
Mirror of Womanhood, O star Marie !
Nurse-mother of the Lord of earth and sea.

" Woman clothéd with the shining sun,
The hornéd moon for thy feet to rest upon,
And crown of twelve stars when the day is done.

" Garden enclosed from mortal lusts and harms,
Not barren thou, though angels kept thy charms
Fenced with a treillage of their linkéd arms.

" Sealed Book and Symbol of the Love Divine ;
Olive, Fruit-tendril of the blossomed bine ;
Flower of the stem of Jesse ; typic Vine.

" Apple that in the King's Walled Garden grows ;
Stalk of white lilies among thorns that grows ;
Pomegranate branch that budded ; mystic Rose.

" Dolorous Mother thou hast need for fears,
No son of thine will stay thine agéd years,
Days come wherein thou shalt shed many tears."

Here Mary turned her saddened gaze
Towards her mild-eyed little Son,
And clasped him close, with gentle ways
As if to shield Him, while there run
Adown her cheeks upon the strand
The tear-drops in a tender shower ;
The Child Christ kissed her, reached His hand,
And gave to her a passion-flower

When this was done the Zingarelle
Bent low before the Mother mild,
And humbly on her knees down fell,
And prayed a blessing from the Child.
The sturdy vagrants whined like slaves
To Joseph : " Master ! pray bethink,
We be such poor and needy knaves,
Pray give us a *pour boire* to drink ! "

" Good wine is good, if it be good,
And serveth well at good men's feasts,"
Said he, then took some chips of wood—
"Take these, but make yourselves not beasts !"
Each chip turned to a gold zecchin
As from the mint all red to see,
The which they tucked their pouches in,
And broke out in their uncouth glee :

" Bounteous Lady ! Master sere !
We have told the fortunes true
Of you and your Bambino dear—
Black for Him and white for you.
Los ! los ! Chrononthos !
Chrononthos,
We be Zingari !
Zurro ! zurro ! zinzinari."

[*Exeunt dancing.*]

As we have said, the custom of carol-singing is dying out in England, although we hear that attempts, emanating mainly from the Dickens sentimental school, are made to keep it up. All such attempts must necessarily be futile. They must lack the vital element of spontaneity. Geniality is, after all, an ele-

* Cranach.
† So represented by Giorgione.

ment of popular devotion, and neither individuals, nor the uneducated in the aggregate, can be hired to be genial by the job. Carol-singing may therefore be set down as one of the things fast passing away. So, too, Christmas cakes, with the corners rounded off to represent the cradle, are being dispensed with, even as they themselves superseded the buns with crescent horns dedicated to Astarte. Next we may hear that Queen Victoria (God bless her !) has ceased to present gold, incense, and myrrh, at the feast of the Epiphany to the Chapel Royal, as she does, and all her predecessors on the English throne have done, keeping up the custom of the Magi. All old customs are dying, yet long live Roast Beef and Plum Pudding. May they be the stand-by at Christmastide for ever. And for ever and ever may that charity flourish which considers it a duty incumbent on every Christian to let his poorer neighbour share in his basket and his store. In the country parts of our well-fed Dominion the advice may not be needed, but O, ye dwellers in cities ! at blessed Christmastide, Remember the Poor. So God save you merry gentlemen, and give you happy cheer.

DREAMS.

FAIRY, flowery, fleeting dreams,
Strange as moonlight's fitful gleams,
Flitting over sorrow's night,
Sudden flooding it with light ;
Flowers of fancy ! could ye rest
Constant in the human breast !

Wondrous, weird-like, wav'ring dreams,
Weird as hazy moonlight streams,
Hailing from—we know not where,
Falling softly into air,
Wand'ring far through worlds above,
Lost in clouds of light and love !

Weary, woful, wasting dreams,
Pensive as pale moonlight beams,
Anxious, through some bitter loss,
Seeing shadows of the cross,
Searching haunts of memory,
Pondering life's mystery !

* * * * *

Calm and cold—too chill for dreams ;
Death o'er Life—the end—it seems ;
Cheerless sky and rayless mind—
This, the *all* for human kind ?
Moons shall rise and moons shall set,
Worlds revolving, *we* shall yet
Dream again, and, dreaming, soar,
Wondering, dreaming, more and more !

Montreal. GOWAN LEA.

OUR ENGLISH SHAKSPERE.

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IT was a singular development of the golden age of English poesy that the glory of one who was the king of poets in his own country should have appeared at first a subject of paradox and scandal in other lands. In Germany this was not so remarkable as in France. But in France, the best literary minds, and the most refined and highly cultured lovers of the drama, long cherished the idea. La Harpe was carried away by a species of anger, serious and sustained, against the overshadowing fame of Shakspere. He persistently sought to degrade his genius, and, for a time, he succeeded. Frenchmen lent a willing ear to the appeals of the critic who told them that their own best plays were not menaced by those of the Englishman. Voltaire, in the same breath, called Shakspere a great poet and a poor buffoon. At one time, he compared him to the author of the "Iliad," at another, to a clown in a company of rope-dancers. Voltaire, as a young man, brought with him from England an ardent enthusiasm for Shaksperean scenes, and introduced them on the French stage as one of the bold novelties of the time. A decade or two afterwards he is found wasting a thousand strokes of sarcasm on the barbarism of the peerless dramatist, accumulating quotations from his plays in sportive mockery, and fulminating anathemas against him from the sanctuary of the Academy. Voltaire lived long enough to recant his worst errors, and redeem much of his ill-judged censure with honest praise. But even with him as its defender, the ancient fame of the French theatre was threatened long ere the sceptic with all his grinning mockeries had forever passed away. France, already nursing a revolution that was to appal the world with its horrors, passed silently through a revolution of a very different kind —a revolution of dramatic opinions and manners as well as of dramatic literature and taste. The English poet was crowned with a loyalty more unaffected, and ceremonials more august, than his own willing subjects had ever dreamt of.

Although Shakspere was many-sided and many-hued, although all attempts to trace his individuality in his writings have utterly failed, he has at least shown himself to be this—a representative Englishman, and the poet, above all others, who is dearest to the English heart. The splendour of his genius is unequalled, almost unapproached, in the literature of any country, but it is not unblemished. He has faults, not a few, constantly recurring in his drama, and some very odd and glaring faults. How came he, then, to be the idol of his English contemporaries, and the

> "Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,"

which was felt and acknowledged almost in a dawning literature? Why is it that he stands in English, as Goethe in German, literature, "the only one?" Why has he shed over English poesy a halo peculiarly its own?

In the period of England's literary life which closed with Spencer, the treasures of a poetical literature were rude but rich and manifold. English poetry had emerged from a condition of indigence and grossness, and begun to wear a garb of polish and refinement. Old English song had died with Caedmon, but Geoffrey Chaucer, in his unique imitations of Boccaccio and Petrarch, had revived beautiful models of artless verse and pleasant fictions innumerable. Surrey and Sidney had re-echoed the Italian poetry of the Renascence; but with the "Faerie Queene" the full glory of her new intellectual life broke upon England, and brought her mediæval past face to face with a revival of letters. The influences of the time were no less favourable to this newly aroused poetic impulse. It was a time of insatiable restlessness and curiosity—of travel, of discovery, of inventiveness in the arts, of industrial development. There was a universal passion to go over "the whole of the past

and the whole of the globe." In England there was a general quickening of intelligence, an upgrowth of learning, an increase of wealth, and refinement, and leisure. A great national triumph had rolled away the dark, threatening clouds of foreign conquest. The storm of a mighty religious revolution had swept over the land. The imagination of the people was excited. Their old beacon lights were found to be false guides—their old havens of refuge full of peril. Religious controversy was active; the strifes of creeds and sectaries stimulated enquiry, and an intense yearning for new thoughts had seized the nation's mind. The Bible, of which the versions by the Puritans had become popular, was, in itself, a school of poetry. It was replete with images which enlivened the people's fancy, and emotions which stirred deeply the people's heart. The antique legends and ballads of the middle ages were all but discarded, and their place filled by this sacred legend of immortality. The rude translations of the Psalms were full of poetic fire. They were the war chaunts of the Reformation, and pæans of hope and triumph through all that troublous time. Poetry, which until then had been a mere pastime amidst the idleness of palaces and courts, had thus lent to it something of enthusiasm and earnestness. The study of the ancient languages also opened an exhaustless source of recollections. Translations were numerous, and supplied elements for a poetical literature that stimulated research. The images of the old classic authors assumed a kind of originality from being half disfigured by the confused conceptions which the multitude received of them. Greek and Roman learning was the *bon ton* of Elizabeth's court. The Queen herself quickened the literary zeal of her nobles by a simple rendition into English verse of Seneca's *Hercules Furiosus*. Her courtiers became students and ambitious to excel in a new field. Of dramatic productions there was no dearth. Although the stagecraft of the time had many imperfections, the spectacles which it presented, patronized as they were by the Court, and fostered by the growing prosperity of a peaceful period, lost much of their coarseness by the novelty of the enjoyment which they afforded. It was then that Marlowe produced his "Tomburlaine the Great" and other minor plays, and that the ennobled Sackville, from whom "winsome Marie Stuart" received the message of her doom, wrote and exhibited in the English capital the tragedy of "Garbeduc."

The erudition of the Court, however, was not communicated to the people at large. But withal it had a latent influence which cropped out in many a quaint and fantastic form amongst the popular festivals and amusements. The mythology of the ancients was revived, and, on English soil under an English sky, were to be seen real spectacles that had only an imaginative existence amongst the people of a crumbling antiquity. The Queen's progress from shire to shire was a series of splendid processions. Chivalric entertainments and classic pageants awaited her at every turn. When she visited a courtier or nobleman, the Penates saluted her on the threshold of his castle or country seat, and the "herald Mercury" conducted her into the chamber of honour. All the surroundings of her place of sojourn were made to minister in a similar way to these whims of Majesty. Tribute was exacted from the culinary arts that supplied the royal table, and the metamorphoses of Ovid were conspicuously reproduced in the materials of the dessert; the pages that waited on Majesty were transformed into nymphs, and the long twilights were beguiled by the Nereids and Tritons who disported on the lake of the lordly demesne. In the early morning Diana, the huntress goddess, did obeisance to the Queen as she returned from the brisk pleasures of the chase. Every divinity in turn gave her of the first fruits of his empire. As she entered the old city of Norwich, attended with all the pageantry of her brilliant court, the fickle goddess, Love, stepped nimbly forth from an encircling crowd of grave civic dignitaries, and, as a compliment to her all-potent charms, presented her with a golden arrow, a gift which we are told Her Majesty, who then drew near to forty, received with gracious thanks. These and many other spectacles equally ludicrous, were not altogether vain, idle shows. They excited the popular imagination and influenced the popular taste. They were the devices of men who might have been much better employed, of lord high chamberlains, wise ministers, and keepers of the Queen's conscience, who thus amused and amazed the people by flattering the vanity of a woman who ruled them with an iron hand;

but they, at the same time, spread an acquaintance with the charming legends of a very remote past. They familiarized the most ignorant with the heroes of a classic age and their mythical histories. The great dramatist himself caught their spirit. In his earlier compositions for the stage there is a pervading element that otherwise would never have found a place there. Like many another who has gained fame within the glorious guild of English literature, Shakspere was at first a mere bread-winner. He wrote for that which perisheth with the using. He was more or less forced to consult the popular taste of his day, and therefore it was that he represented on the English stage those thrilling events of Grecian story which had already begun to possess the English mind, and which were made to pass before the spectator with such irregular unity. The untutored judgment of the English public called for these scenes of strangely mingled sublimity and buffoonery, prose and verse, pathos and triviality. They applauded the grave and tragic ceremonies in which, as at court and as was the manner of the time, the jester, with his encircling fool's bells, came and went with his laconic saws and idiotic mimicries. The dramatist strove to catch the popular ear; had he failed, many of his plays would have been, for his purpose at least, so much waste paper. He would have been hissed from the stage as a dramatic author, as the tradition says he once was as a player of the Ghost in Hamlet.

There were other well-springs of fancy from which a great poet to be could draw as his needs prompted him. Throughout Elizabethan England, as even in our own day, popular traditions and local superstitions were jealously preserved. The ignorance of the masses strengthened their vitality. Even at court, where the highest type of knowledge was to be found, astrology was studied and implicitly believed in. In the rural districts, and scattered villages and hamlets, the belief in witches and witchcraft, in fairies and genii, and the charms and wonders of fairy land, was universal. The melancholy tinge of mind of the English rustic found pleasure in such imaginings. The warm sunny skies of the south seemed to nurture these dream-like pictures of a more northerly clime, and the people cherished them as so many national recollections. In the minds and memories of the more cultured classes, they were blinded with the chivalrous fables of the south of Europe, with the stories there extant, of heroic knight errantry, marvellous adventure, and deeds of supernatural daring, and all those wonderful tales which the translator's art had culled from the pages of Italian poetry. On all sides, and in all directions, by the mixture of ancient and foreign ideas, by the credulous obstinacy of indigenous recollections, by erudition and by ignorance, by religious reform and by popular superstition, were opened a thousand views to fancy. It was the bright dawn of a poetic golden age, and England, issuing from barbarism and from the fiery trials of a cruel religious persecution, agitated in her opinions, full of imagination and the memories of the past, and at peace with the world, was then the best prepared field from which a great poet could arise.

The genius of the dramatist flashed amidst the maze of fancies that enveloped him, and invested everything with a new and fascinating light. The nature of the materials with which he had to deal, the unfallowed field in which his genius chanced to exercise itself, and the time on which he fell, had everything to do with the impress which he made on our national literature. His drama was composed of the most opposite and conflicting elements, but the homelike harmony which he gave to its rough-hewn, shapeless fragments, the homelike mould into which he cast them, and the marvellous transformations which originality of invention and creative power there effected, gave Shakspere at once a permanent place in the national affection. The shadowy beings of chivalry and romance, ancient and mediæval, became in his hands stately and beautiful personages. The forms and features of the great men of the past were as familiarly fixed in the nation's mind as those of the popular idols of his own day; their language was that of the courtly Englishman of the period—of the Walsinghams, the Cecils, and the Drakes—who basked in the royal presence, and who were proud actors in the stirring drama of public life. Shakspere has been called infinite, eternal, everything that human admiration could ascribe to him. The language of enthusiasm and idolatry has been lavished on every line that flowed from his pen. The German critics, and especially Schlegel, have gone over every page of his drama with a loving

care; they have deified even his imperfections; yet, amidst all this prodigal worship of him, the manner of the poet's working shows him to have been a man after all, and wondrously like other Englishmen. He had a type of life before him, just as Massinger, Ford, and Dekker had, and the many humbler devotees of the poetic drama; and he pourtrayed it as he saw it. He drew men and women, but he drew them after the likeness of the English men and English women of his own day. No poet was ever more national. "It is we who are Shakspere," said Coleridge, citing him as the one man who contained all the English nation. In his free and proud gait, his humour, his brusque pleasantry, his intellectual ruggedness, and even his mental gloominess, he is very much the English genius personified. Hamlet's soliloquy—is it unseemly that it should have been inspired in a land so often swathed by the Atlantic mist and fog, and where nature at times seems to dispose the mind to an unnatural melancholy? The black ambition of Macbeth—so startling in its suddenness and violence, so deliberate and intense in its horrible purpose—is it not a picture designed for a people whose history, however grand in its past, is painfully marred by many a dark stain, whose royal succession has more than once been decided by the stroke of the dagger, and where the sceptre of sovereignty was long the sport of revenge, and crime, and sanguinary war? No poet was ever more English. The local manners of the different countries, in which so many of his plots are laid, are nothing to him. He is constantly preoccupied with the manners of his own country. He is full of patriotism and insular prejudice, and, in Henry VI., he has caricatured Joan of Arc in the most heartless fashion. English physiognomy was ever before him, whether writing of Athens or of Rome; and the crowds that listened to Marc Antony or Menenius Agrippa, had all the humours of a London populace. His historical paintings, and his sweet and tender limnings of home and domestic life, were all taken from the England which he loved so well. His canvass is crowded with the grand figures of many a grand epoch in the nation's past. In his drama they file proudly past as in a living panorama, but the whole life of England follows in their train. The courtier jostles the citizen, the gentleman the fool, the soldier who fought at Flodden the sailor of the Armada. There was nothing singular in his manner of doing this. As a playwright he wrought with sensible simplicity, he performed the tasks set before him like many another who has followed a literary career, by doing whatever his hands found to do. He retouched such old pieces as he came across in the repertories of the theatres of the period, learning all the while to make plays of his own. He turned an honest penny as an actor, and, like other actors, lived a life obscure but free, compensating himself by pleasure for the want of consideration. He had the jejune style of the beginner, and improved it, as others did, by the teachings of age and experience. He drew the plots of his comedies, tragedies, and pastoral or fairy dramas, at one time from a popular tale or ballad, at another, from an old chronicle or a new translation. He wrote the English of his day, lived on the fruits of his pen, and at last, with the competency gained by his labours, prosecuted in a shrewd and business-like way, retired while yet in the prime of life, and "with all his honours fresh upon him," to the quiet repose of his English home.

Twenty-five years seem to have been sufficient for the poet's great life-work. Soon after he went to London he became known and envied as a dramatic author, and some literary lampoons of the time disclose a merited jealousy of his rising fame. His first efforts do not appear to have been devoted to dramatic composition. They gave to poesy many delicate fancies, strains of sweet tenderness and adoration, and touches of noble sentiment, but they gave many things also that had better never have been written. His "Venus and Adonis" which appeared in 1593, and which, in his dedication to Lord Southampton, he calls the "first heir of his invention," has a quaintness of style, an affectation of sprightliness, and a profusion of imagery that seem entirely in the Italian taste. The same thing is seen, amidst frequent beauties, in his "Passionate Pilgrim" and his "Lucrece;" and, in the amatory measures of the sonnet, we often miss the facility and grace of our native English measures—the song, the madrigal, or the ballad. In the period from 1589 to 1614, Shakspere produced thirty-six pieces the authenticity of which is undisputed; and although, according to Ben Jonson, the poet

wrote with astounding rapidity and never erased what he had written, it is evident that his compositions did not crowd confusedly in his mind, or come forth without profound reflection and sustained effort. Shakspere's was not the amazing fecundity of a Lope or a Calderon, those inexhaustible playwrights whose dramas are counted by thousands. Neither had he the trite and insipid ease of the French poet Hardy and others of that school. Despite their many dissimilarities, however, the English and Spanish dramas are not unlike. In both there are the same intermixture of tragedy and comedy, the same complication of plot and unexpected incident, the same free employment of colloquialisms instead of the even flow of poetic diction. But the improvisations of the Spanish poets proceeded more from the richness of the language in which they were written than from the native genius of the writers. They are too often bombastic, senseless rhapsodies, replete with platitudes expressed in the most extravagant style. We look in vain through them all for those sudden flashes of genius, those flights of poetic enthusiasm, and that deep philosophy which everywhere pervade the Shaksperian drama. The whole Spanish theatre has a bustling intricacy—a sort of wild delirium. It has the air of a fantastic dream whose effect is destroyed by disorder, and which vanishes in confusion leaving no trace of its presence behind. The theatre of Shakspere is the work of a fervid but robust imagination, which leaves indelible impressions, and gives reality and life to its most whimsical caprices.

The origin of the national vanity, which has made Shakspere the first of English poets, is not far to trace. He formed his expressions amongst the first treasures of the nation's literature, and proved the matchless power he wielded over his English mother tongue. Meres said "the Muses would speak with Shakspere's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English." It was the dramatist's subtle beauty of expression which first made him dear to the national heart. Amongst the multitude of pieces which crowded the stage of his day, his alone had the charming spell that language alone can give. To his contemporaries this was his crowning merit: he was called "the poet with the honied tongue." Like Corneille he made eloquence where it had not been, and exacted the homage that all dawning literatures pay to a power so irresistible. The influence of the poet upon his contemporaries must have been very remarkable, and was of a kind we love to linger over. "Rare Ben Jonson," timid rival as he was, has expressed his attachment in lines full of enthusiasm, closing with a species of apotheosis which fixes the star of Shakspere in the heavens to cheer forever the stage with the fire of its rays.

Although the poet's glory was dimmed by the fury of the civil wars, and the Puritanical proscriptions of the middle of the seventeenth century, and although the frivolities of the reign of the second Charles enfeebled his worship, his influence upon his countrymen never waned. His fame became a sort of national superstition, a tradition glorious and perpetual. It was not the fruit of a slow theory, or the tardy calculation of national vanity, and we need not conjecture what it might have been had he flourished in a less happy time. The most patient investigation has given us only imperfect glimpses of his personal history, but these show that he had his full share of the ups and downs of life. He seems to have felt early the grief of misplaced or unrequited affection, the bitterness of poverty, the sneers of the cold world, the need of pity. But he lived to enjoy the affection and homage of "troops of friends," and the serene pleasures and secluded ease of his home on Avon. Nor were courtly favours and noble protection denied him. Elizabeth appreciated his talents, and was charmed with his "Henry V.," and especially with Falstaff. The admiration of so severe a Queen could have chosen better, and the wonder is, that she whom the grateful poet calls "the fair vestal seated upon the throne of the Occident," did not find other things to praise in the greatest painter of the revolutions of England. The generous freedom which Shakspere employed in the selection of subjects, is more to the Queen's credit. Under Elizabeth's absolute sovereignty, the poet recites history that to her was but of yesterday. The tyranny and turpitude of her self-willed father, Henry VIII., are depicted with a simplicity that is as beautiful as it is true, and poor Katharine of Arragon, harshly expelled from the throne and embraces of her husband, to be superseded in his fickle favour by Elizabeth's mother, has

her virtues and her rights pourtrayed with a tenderness that is touching in the extreme. James I. was no less well disposed towards the poet, and received with pleasure the predictions, flattering to the Stuarts, that appear in the terrible tragedy of Macbeth. Then, as long afterwards, the Court was the author's patron; but from the natural sycophancy, the fawning abjectness, of patronage, Shakspere appears to have been absolutely free.

The want of dramatic system, or rather the presence throughout his plays of a continuous dramatic confusion, was due in part, if not altogether, to the education of his age. It is not to be supposed that he was ignorant of dramatic rules. He had read the translations extant of ancient dramas, and in Hamlet, where he displays a marvellous knowledge of so many things, he makes Polonius speak of the dramatic unities. He must have studied the simplicity of narrative of the old Greek tragedians, and with the principles of Aristotle he was certainly familiar. It is, after all, in the fashion of the time that we must look for Shakspere's irregularities of composition. All the absurd improbabilities, all the buffooneries of his drama, were common to the crude French drama of the same period. Both represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure;" the system of the poet was the result not the cause. Yet we see learned German critics enraptured before the happy confusion of paganism and fairy tales, of the Sylphs and Amazons of ancient Greece and of the mediæval time, mingled by the dramatist in the same subject. Schiller copies the poet in this particular. In his "Bethrothed of Messina" he designedly imitates this odd amalgamation which, in Shakspere, was perhaps but a mere deference to popular taste, or the play of a careless caprice. The intermixture in the English drama of ancient and modern ideas, and the motley character of the costumes of the stage, were common before the dramatist's own day, and in this respect he has only followed his predecessors. His authority may have been the Theseus of Chaucer, in which we find the superstitions and the feudal manners of the middle age alike transported into heroic Greece. As Duke of Athens, Theseus gives tournaments in honour of the high-born dames of the city, and the poet describes at length the armour of the knights, and the equipment of the cavaliers, as he might those of—

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.

The "admirable Racine," too, substitutes the manners of his time for the ceremonials of antiquity, when he makes the guards follow the Queen, instead of showing Clytemnestra and Iphigenia avoiding the staring eyes of men, and received only by a chorus of Greek women. But these anachronisms are forgotten or overlooked in the spectator's involuntary preoccupation with the customs that are most familiar to him. If, however, a man of genius is to be judged by truth and not by systems, is Shakspere to be excused for a fault too often repeated in his drama, and presented there in endless variety? Why should defects be admired in him that elsewhere are buried in oblivion, and which have survived in his drama only under the protection of the great beauties with which he has invested them? In fairly estimating his genius, is there no false taste to be discarded? Is it unnecessary to be on our guard against making systems, applicable to our own time, of these revered monuments of Elizabethan England? If a new form of tragedy should spring into startling grandeur from our present manners, why should it strive to resemble in all respects the tragedy of Shakspere? Would it necessarily resemble the Shaksperean drama, any more than in France of to-day the rise of a new drama, equally grand, would resemble that of Racine? If Schiller, in one of his best plays, borrows from the character of Romeo the lively and free image of a sudden passion, of a declaration of love that begins almost with a catastrophe, is he not carried away with the delirium of an Italian imagination? If in a dramatic poem, full of the abstractions of his time, and which discloses all that satiety of life and knowledge, that ardent and vain longing which seem to be the bane of the highest civilization, Goethe diverts his readers with weird and wild songs like those of the witches in Macbeth, does he not make an odd play of the fancy, instead of a natural and terrible picture.

To Shakspere's age, then, must be ascribed most of the incongruities of his works. Popular Elizabethan tragedy was a rude representation, on a very rude stage, of events singular and terrible, and entirely

disconnected as to time and place—a simultaneous exhibition of the thrilling occurrences of many years and many lands. The serious and the grotesque, sublimities and buffooneries, were everywhere blended. The court jester, with his "gibes and flouts," appeared with a sudden bound in the midst of the gravest ceremonials. Such a style of tragedy was convenient to the author, while it dazzled the eye, and fascinated the attention, of the auditory. Ben Jonson, who was a good classic and an accomplished scholar, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, and their compeers and imitators, all employed this style. The great facts of their plays were rapidly presented. They showed the same confused stage; they carried the spectator quickly from place to place; they mingled the most opposite and varied emotions and expressions of the human heart in the same confined scene. Shakspere did this also, only he did it with a richness and versatility of fancy unequalled, and a power that was all but supernatural. The other dramatists in the main but filled in the rough outlines of their plays. They strained to the utmost even Elizabethan delicacy, and abused their license by a grossly vulgar combination of scenic representations. The language of their best characters, in depth of feeling and elevation of sentiment, falls far short of the terse and expressive English of those who speak in the pages of Shakspere. The outlines of his plays resemble in their irregularity those of his contemporaries, but his inimitable imagery, his passion, his fervid eloquence, carry everything before them, and leave nothing to be desired in dramatic construction. Molière has successfully imitated the poet's method in at least one particular. He has taken the mere framework of a play, wanting in the meanest attributes of artistic excellence, and has filled in, with the instinctive touch of genius, a multitude of fresh and beautiful traits. He recast the grotesque and absurdly ludicrous tale of *Festin de Pierre*, which, at the time, had a run in all the theatres of Paris, and transformed and enlarged it by the addition of the part of Don Juan, and that brilliant delineation of hypocrisy, surpassed only in *Tartuffe*. Some of the best French plays, however, are marred by the forced and unnatural artifices of the playwrights. In Corneille there is frequently a tone of gallantry unsuitable to the characters which he introduces, and utterly foreign to his own genius. In Racine we look for the simple domestic life and virtues of an old land of heroes, and too often find the pomp, the splendour, and endless intrigues, of the court of Louis XIV. In Shakspere, how different! The myriad scenes of his drama are true to nature; they hold up the mirror to society and real life in their endless round of change and vicissitude. Disconnected though they be, they fascinate by their unexpectedness; their abruptness is overpowering. The personages who meet there by chance say things which cannot be forgotten. They fly past as in abject fear or hideous terror, but their flight is ineffaceably traced in our memories. They march grandly off the stage, and the remembrance of their presence, of the hopes that inspired them, the vows they uttered, or the resolves they made, remains long after they have vanished. The language of their thoughts has unsurpassed excellencies, but it is not unincumbered with obscurities and defects. Shakspere has a strange fondness for metaphorical turns and affectations, where these are vain and useless. With all his great vigour of thought and expression, he frequently employs quaint and strained locutions to express the simplest things. His violations of local and historical truth are admitted; but, in all these departures from the proprieties of language and manners, we discern the influences of the time in which he wrote, and the education which he received from his age. It was that which he studied. Between himself and his age there was a mutual action and reaction, only he coloured it and all succeeding ages as did the Syrian sun the old crusading warrior. Although an age extremely favourable to poetic genius, it retained in part the stamp of mediæval civilization. The crude learning, the corroding rust of the bygone century, weighed down upon it. In every country of Europe, except Italy, public taste was unformed and untaught, and more or less corrupted; scholastic philosophy and theology did not serve to reform it. Even the brilliant court of Elizabeth was not free from quaintness and pedantry, the influence of which diffused itself throughout all England. When we read the strange speech from the throne of James to his Parliament, we are less astonished at the language which Shak-

spere gives to the kings and heroes of his drama. It is a language of strength, fresh and artless, wherein is felt the labour of a great mind winding up the devious paths of a civilization, new and complicated, and trammelled with the fetters of the past. But, as Fenelon says somewhere of Homer, it is wanting sometimes in "that amiable simplicity of a new-born world" of letters and of arts.

From his earlier occupation as an adapter of stock pieces for the stage, Shakspere was led into dramatizations of our history. Marlowe in his "Edward the Second" had disclosed the capabilities of the historical drama. Shakspere followed the plan of some of these older plays, but his treatment of his subjects was vastly different. The large and deep conception of human character, the intense power, and the tragic grandeur displayed in these pieces, established the poet's popularity for all time amongst the great mass of Englishmen. In them he is the representative poet of his country, and the embodiment of the native spirit of his race. He rushes upon his audience with all their time-honoured national memories, customs, and prejudices, with the familiar names of places and men of high renown in their great historic past. In the midst of work faintly traced for him by subaltern pencils, he throws in, as in masterpieces of painting, the vigorous and brilliant touches of a master hand. His powerful pen vivifies everything. The life and movement of history are fully disclosed, while his countrymen gaze with rapture on scenes "instinct throughout with English humour, with an English love of hard fighting, an English faith in the doom that waits upon triumphant evil, and English pity for the fallen." These dramas were written for their native stage, but if dramas like them had been written anywhere else, would they not have added equal lustre to the literature, and held an influence quite as great over the people, of the country that produced them? Had a man of Shakspere's splendid genius and eloquence been thrown, for instance, on the period of the first unfolding of French letters and arts; had he presented upon that stage, with unlimited liberty of action and the fervour of a still recent tradition, the vengeance of Lewis XI., the crimes of the false Charles IX., the audacity of the Guises, the phrenzies of the League; had he described their chiefs, their factions, their fields, not with the light passing allusions of *Nerestan* and *Zaire*, not with the emphatic circumlocutions and modern pomp of the old French disfigured by Dupellay, but with a plain and simple, yet powerful frankness, with the familiar expressions of the time animated by his own great genius, would such pieces not hold an immortal authority in their literature, and an all-powerful effect on their stage? And yet the French have not, like the English, the love of their old annals, the regard for their old manners, nor many of the sensitive impulses of an insular patriotism. Nor can we forget, in this connection, that the great spectacles of the drama have never been in England, as they long were in France, a pleasure reserved for the aristocracy, or for the higher classes of the people; they were, and have remained, popular. The English sailor, returning from his long voyages, and in the intervals of his adventurous life, goes to applaud the tale of Othello recounting his perils and shipwrecks. The crowds which fill the pit of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, are passionate for the odd and varied spectacles which the tragedies of Shakspere present. They feel with unspeakable force the energetic words and bursts of passion which start from the midst of a tumultuous drama. Everything pleases; everything responds to their nature, and astonishes, without offending them. Upon the refined and highly cultured, the tragic nakedness of Shakspere acts as an ever grateful, and ever potent spell. It fascinates by the very contrast which it offers to the peaceful pursuits of habitual life. It is a violent shock which distracts and excites those accustomed to all the elegancies of social life, or who are surfeited with its pleasures. The more hideous the pictures, the more powerful is the emotion created. Terror and mirth alternately hold sway amidst the labour and jokes of the gravediggers, the quaint sarcasms of those who could distinguish the skull of a courtier from that of a clown, and all the terrible buffoonery of Hamlet. The least impassioned cannot be unmoved at such a spectacle; they are attracted by these odd pleasantries that mingle with the play of the personages before them; they bend eagerly forward towards the funereal remains displayed upon the scene, and contemplate with ravenous curiosity the images of destruction and the minute details of death.

French critics affect to be shocked at these tragic images of the poet, but, in all these things in which Shakspere has least gratified the fastidiousness of foreigners, he has an inexpressible interest for his own countrymen. He imparts to an English imagination pleasures which never grow old; he agitates, he attracts, he favours that love of singularity which England flatters herself she possesses; he entertains the English people with themselves, and it is with themselves that they are best satisfied. His work is a thoroughly national work in many parts, but these are the works which become most cosmopolitan. The Greeks, who wrote only for themselves, are read universally. Shakspere was reared in a less happy and poetic civilization; his drama had not the naturally brilliant inspirations and poetic origin of theirs, and, unlike them, he offers perhaps fewer of those universal beauties which pass into all languages. It was on the fields of Marathon, and in the festivals of victorious Athens, that Æschylus had heard the voice of the Muses. But the characteristics of a man of true genius are not circumscribed in their range. The innumerable local beauties and individual traits of his works answer to some general type of truth. In labouring for his countrymen, he is the benefactor of humanity; he writes for his own nation, and gives pleasure to the whole world.

No poet has shown such an intimate searching out of the human heart, and deep sounding of its reigning passions. Ambition, hate, compassion and cruelty, the love of life, man's every feeling and impulse are tracked to their farthest source. He is often pompous and subtle, and his conceits and quibbles of style are endless; but, when he enters upon the expression of natural sentiments, when he turns his philosophic eye inward upon the mysteries of human nature, when he paints man, the emotion and eloquence of his drama are transcendent. His tragic characters, from the depraved and hideous Richard III. to the dreaming and fantastic Hamlet, are real beings who live in the imagination, and the impression of which is never obliterated. Like all great masters of poetry, he excels in painting what is most terrible and most graceful. In delineating the characters of women, his delicacy has a matchless faultlessness. Ophelia, Katharine of Arragon, Juliet, Cordelia, Desdemona, Imogen—pictures touching and varied—have inimitable grace and an artless purity which we could not expect from the licentiousness of a gross age, and the ruggedness of a manly genius. In characters like these he never fails to supply the exigencies of a pure and elegant taste; he divines, with an exquisite instinct of propriety, everything that was wanting in the refinements of his time. He has softened even the character of a guilty woman by traits borrowed from the tender observation of nature, and dictated by milder sentiments. Lady Macbeth, so cruel in her ambition and designs, recoils with horror before the spectacle of blood: she inspires the murder but has not strength to see it. Gertrude, throwing flowers upon the corpse of Ophelia, excites compassion, notwithstanding her crime. This profound truth in primitive characters, and these delicate shades of nature and of sex, so strongly seized by the poet, justify the highest admiration; but are we to conclude that his frequent neglect of local colours is an unimportant consideration, and that when he confounds the language of different conditions in life,—when he places a drunkard upon the throne and a buffoon in the Roman Senate,—he has simply followed nature in discarding exterior circumstances, like the painter who, content with catching the features of the face, is careless about the drapery?

Shakspere moves with no less power the superstitious part of the soul. Like the first Greek tragedians, he has rather a fondness for depicting physical pain, and he has exposed upon the stage the anguish of suffering, the tatters of misery, the last and most frightful of all human infirmities, madness. Nothing can be more tragic than this apparent death of the soul, which degrades, without absolutely destroying, a fellow-creature. The poet has often used this source of terror; and, by a singular combination, he has represented feigned, as frequently as real, madness. He has mingled both in the mysterious character of Hamlet, and blended the lights of reason, the stratagems of a calculated alienation, and the involuntary distractions of a perturbed soul. And, while he has shown madness arising from despair, while he has joined this to the most poignant of all sorrows, the ingratitude of children, he has often, by a no less deep insight into human nature, connected crime and madness, as if the soul became alienated from

itself in proportion as it becomes guilty. The terrible dreams of Richard III., his slumber agitated by the convulsions of remorse, the still more frightful sleep of Lady Macbeth, or rather the phenomenon of her mysterious watching, as unnatural as her crimes—all these inventions are the sublime of tragic horror, and surpass the Eumenides of Æschylus, if, indeed, the Eumenides are to be compared with them. Neither the English nor the old Greek tragedians respected the severe law of the unities, and we find, therefore, occasional resemblances between them. Poetic daring is one of these. In Shakspere it is more marked than in Æschylus, but in, perhaps, a less cultivated form, there is the same vivacity, the same rich profusion of metaphors and figurative expressions, the same dazzling and sublime warmth of imagination. In his purely creative pieces especially, the English poet has displayed the same wealth of colouring, although in a more subdued form; but the incongruous tastes of his time caused him to intermingle a dramatic grossness and grandeur that are less noticeable in the old Greek tragedians. When antiquity is brought upon the scene, national and individual character is often disfigured; but in his historical dramas, and particularly in the more modern subjects, the simplicity, naturalness, and harmony of the whole are as absolutely perfect, as they are beautiful and true.

Fenelon reproached the French drama with having given, what he called, an "emphasis to the Romans." It is a question if the Julius Cæsar of the English dramatist is not open to the same criticism. Cæsar, so simple from the very greatness and elevation of his genius, seldom speaks in this tragedy but in stately, if not inflated and declamatory, language. Be this as it may, the admirable truth in the part of Brutus and the other great characters of the play, has redeemed it all. Brutus appears, as Plutarch has described him, the mildest and gentlest of men in domestic life, and impelled by the old Roman virtue of his nature, to the boldest and most sanguinary resolutions. Marc Antony and Cassius are personages no less profound and distinct. The incomparable scene of Antony rousing the Roman people, by the artfulness of his address, is all new, all created. The whole speech is the ideal perfection of oratory, and a master stroke of creative genius. The emotions of the multitude at this address, emotions that are given in so cold, truncated, and timid a manner in the later dramas of the English stage, are here so lifelike, and so true to the instincts of a mob, that they form an indispensable part of the drama, and carry it irresistibly forward to the great catastrophe that follows. The contrast between the speeches of Brutus and Antony, and the principles on which they are framed, are a whole study in themselves. Both were to the same crowd, but the vulgar envy of Cæsar, the vulgar hatred of tyranny, gave Brutus an advantage which he failed to improve. He spoke to not unsympathetic ears, while Antony had to win popular sympathy as an ally for the deep game he was about to play, and to peril his life in doing it. Brutus's words are those of a pedantic rhetorician: frigid antitheses, strained climaxes, stale, heartless commonplaces form the staple of a speech that was intended to fire the hearts and nerve the arms of the mob from the *rostra*. Pitt was once asked by a French statesman, "How is it that that man Fox, a debauchee given up to pleasure, and ruined by the dice-box and the turf, has such weight with you in England?" He replied, "If you had ever been under the wand of the magician, you would know." Antony's secret was no great secret after all, but it was one that professional politicians of the Brutus type too often forget. He appealed to the feelings of his hearers, to their regard for friendship, their pity—that strong impulse with the uneducated—their curiosity, their love of gratitude, their hatred of ingratitude, their military glory. He had but to point to the rent mantle of the dead hero, and, gathering them round his bleeding body, bid them see—

> Sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

and remind them of his will and its contents, to set "mischief well a-foot," and complete his victory as a popular orator.

The tragedy of Coriolanus is another result of the vivid impressions left upon the poet's mind by Plutarch's delightful pen. The haughty character of the hero, his pride as a patrician and soldier, his scorn of popular insolence, his hatred of Rome, and his love for his mother, make him one of the most dramatic personages of history. How different the view disclosed in Antony and Cleopatra? There the Roman character

never appears but as the recklessness of debased greatness, that delirium of prosperity and dissipation, that fatalistic vice which plunges headlong forward and boldly precipitates itself into ruin. All these assume a garb of semi-grandeur by dint of their very truth. Cleopatra is not a princess of history, but she is the veritable princess of the old Roman biographer, that depraved woman traversing Alexandria in the night in disguise, carried to her lover upon the shoulders of a slave crazed with voluptuousness and intoxication, and knowing how to die with so much languor and yet with so much courage.

In one or two of the historical plays on national subjects, which are but in part his own, we see traces of the power which the poet must have held over his contemporaries in delving amongst the repertories of the time. Thus, in the first part of Henry VI., we are dazzled with the splendid scene of Talbot and his son refusing to be separated and wishing to die together—a scene that for its simple sublimity, its manly precision of language, and its grandeur of sentiment, has thrown the most captious of Shakspere's foreign critics into ecstacies. In a scene like this the English theatre permits a liberty of incident and action that the French does not. The power of the whole representation consists in its moral dignity and elevation of sentiment, but the vehemence and patriotic beauty of the spectacle are at once discerned in the rapid and varied incidents of a combat that discovers the heroism of the father and son, saved at first, the one by the other, reunited, separated, and finally killed together upon the same battle-field. The same thing is noticed amidst the tumultuous changes of the second part of the same play. Such is the impressive scene where the ambitious Cardinal Beaufort is dying, and where he is visited upon his death-bed by the king whose confidence he has betrayed, and whose subjects he has oppressed. The delirium of the dying man, his dread of death, his silence when the king asks him if he hopes to be saved,—can there really be a question that this whole picture of utter despair, and premonitory damnation, belongs to Shakspere, and to him alone? Then there are the vivid exhibition and expression of a great popular movement, the living panoramic image of a sedition and revolt—"the scum that rises when a nation boils." There, everything is the poet's; the very words which rouse and fire the multitude are heard; the man is recognised who leads them, and whom they follow, with deepening fury and the wildness of revenge, bent on all the violence and destruction which he may suggest. In this and other of his historical pieces which he either retouched and repaired, or which were entirely his own, the dramatist created an endless number of new situations. His fancy fills those vacancies which are left by the most faithful history; he sees what it has not described, but what must be true. Such is the monologue of Richard II. in prison, and the details of his dreadful wrestling in the midst of his assassins. So, in King John, the maternal love of Constance is given with a sublime expression; and the scene of young Arthur, disarming by his prayers and gentleness the guardian who wishes to burn out his eyes, has a pathos so touching and so true to nature that even the poet's affectation of language cannot alter it. In all these historical subjects the disregard of the unities, and the long duration of the drama, permit contrasts of great effect, and disclose more naturally all the extremes of human existence. In this manner Richard III., the poisoner, murderer, and tyrant, in the horror of the perils with which he has encompassed himself, and suffering anguish as great as his crimes, is slowly punished on the scene, and dies, as he lived, miserable and remorseless. So Cardinal Wolsey, whom the spectator has seen an all-powerful and haughty minister, the cowardly persecutor of a virtuous queen, after having succeeded in all his designs, falls into royal disgrace, the incurable wound of an "ill-weaved ambition," and dies in such sorrow as almost to excite compassion. So Katharine of Arragon, at first triumphant and honoured amidst the glories of the Court, afterwards humbled by the charms of a young rival, reappears before us a captive in a solitary castle, consumed by the wearisomeness of her prison house, but still courageous and a queen; and when, at the point of death, she learns the bitter end of the great Cardinal, she speaks words of peace over his memory, and seems to feel some joy at least in forgiving the man who did her so

much harm. Twenty-four hours are truly too short to compass all the sorrows and all the incidents of human life.

Even Shakspere's irregularities of style have their advantage. In his unique mixture of prose and verse, the dramatist has generally determined the choice between the two with a view to the subject and the situation. The terrible dialogue between Hamlet and his father, and some of the scenes of Romeo and Juliet, needed the attractiveness, or the solemnity, of verse. Nothing like this was required to show Macbeth conversing with his hireling assassins. Striking theatrical effects are produced by these abrupt transitions, and, in the sudden diversity of expressions, images, and sentiments, some profound truths are always discovered. The cold pleasantries of the musicians in a hall adjoining the death-bed of Juliet, these spectacles of indifference and despair, so near each other, say more upon the nothingness of life than the uniform pomp of foreign theatrical sorrows. The coarse dialogue, also, of the two soldiers mounting guard at midnight in a deserted place, the strong expressions of their superstitious fears, their simple and popular recitals, prepare the soul of the spectator for the apparition of spectre and phantom much better than would all the prestige of poetry. Powerful emotions, unexpected contrasts, terror and pathos carried to the extreme, buffooneries mingled with horrors, and which are like the sardonic life of the dying—such are some of the chief characteristics of the tragic drama of Shakspere. From these different points of view, Lear, Othello, Hamlet, and the great epic drama of Macbeth, present beauties very nearly equal.

Another and far different interest attaches itself to those plays in which the poet has lavished the inventions of a romantic fancy. Such, for instance, is Cymbeline, the somewhat odd product of a tale of Boccaccio and a chapter of the Caledonian chronicles, but a fable full of action and enchantment, where the most luminous clearness reigns in the most complicated intrigue. There are other pieces which have all the charming disorder and freedom of Shakspere's saturnalia of imagination. The Tempest, which a great French critic has sought to weigh down with his strong reason, is one of the most wonderful fictions of the poet. But even this critic is forced to admit the creative energy, the singularly happy mixture of the fantastic and comic, in the character of Caliban, that emblem of all gross and low inclinations, of servile cowardice, and of grovelling and greedy abjectness, as well as the infinite fascination in the contrast presented by Ariel, that sylph as amiable and airy as Caliban is intractable and deformed. There, too, we see Miranda, one of the bright gallery of female portraits so felicitously sketched by the poet, and whom a native innocence, nurtured in solitude, distinguishes and adorns.

It is doubtful if Shakspere's comedy has ever had the universal popularity of his tragedy, although its marvellous versatility has shown, more even than the other, the wealth of his creative faculty. Dr. Johnson's judgment has given his comic muse a very high place, and in its pleasantries, vivacity, and the steady flow of its sprightly mirth, he found a real superiority over many of the fruits of the poet's tragic genius. This has never been, and never will be, the opinion of foreigners. Nothing is translated or understood in another language less easily than a *bon mot*. The manly and powerful vigour of language, the terrible and pathetic bursts of passion, resound afar; but ridicule evaporates, and wit loses its point and grace. The comedies of Shakspere are pieces of intrigue rather than pictures of manners; they are not designed to place real life on the scene, but they preserve, by their very subject, a peculiar character of gaiety that diverts the imagination and gratifies the senses. An English critic has accused Molière of being prosaic because he is too true and faithful an imitator of human life, but, whatever may be the defects of the French humorist, his holding the mirror up to nature in anything is scarcely the plagiarism of an ordinary mind. Shakspere's comedies are full of complications of odd incidents and exaggerations; at times there is almost a continual caricature, while the fantastic buffoonery of his language, and the caprices of his invention, are the next thing to Rabelaisian. But the blemishes of his comic effects are more than redeemed by the sparkling raciness and brilliant wit of the dialogues. Timons of Athens is one of his most spirited pieces. It has something of the satiric fire of Aristophanes, and the malignant sarcasm of Lucian. The Merry Wives of Windsor is said to be the

only comedy for which he imagined and arranged a plan. It glows with rollicking mirth and gay bursts of laughter, and equals the happy prosaism of Molière in painting in expressive colours, the manners, the habits, and the reality, of life. The character of Shylock throws an admirable tragic hue over the whole of the Merchant of Venice. The inextinguishable thirst for gold of this Jewish money-lender, his greedy and base cruelty, the bitterness of a hatred ulcerated by contempt, are there traced with incomparable fidelity; while Portia—one of those rare female portraitures of the poet's pen—lends to the varied incidents of a romantic intrigue all the charms of passion. This is one at least of the comedies of Shakspere which has a moral aim—something in which his comedies, as a whole, are defective. They amuse the imagination, they excite the curiosity, they divert, they astonish, but they can scarcely be said to be lessons of manners; at all events, when they are such in any sensible degree, the lessons inculcated are more or less concealed. Some of them are very like Molière's *Amphytrion*, and have all its attractive grace and free poetic turn. The Midsummer Night's Dream is one of these. It is an unequal, but most entrancing, piece of poetic composition, in which magic, fays, and fairies, and all the mysteries of that world of enchantment so dear to the heart and imagination of childhood, furnish the poet with a gay and perpetually delightsome marvel. In his As You Like It—which is full of verse as beautiful as any he ever wrote, and descriptions as light and graceful—Shakspere imitates the Italian pastoral of the 16th century, and he has there represented, in a form the fairest and most agreeable imaginable, those ideal shepherds which Tasso's *Arminta* had brought into fashion. In his *Princesse D'Elide* Molière is swayed by the paramount idea of the English poet in the pastoral referred to. He shows the same mixture of passions without any apparent endeavour to give them the impress of reality, and the same sort of rural pictures without seeking to make them absolutely true to nature. This is not the most truthful kind of writing; it is not intended to be truthful, but probably the very opposite; but, if it appeals less to the reason in what the reason usually exacts from the drama proper, its scenic representations present just as many grateful fascinations to the eye, and far more to the fancy.

All these productions, so original and diversified, all these efforts of imagination, so varied and profuse in kind and degree, prove the boundless wealth of genius of the man who brought them forth. Coleridge, who applied to the poet so many felicitous epithets, calls him "the thousand-souled Shakespere," and when we see the multitude of sentiments, ideas, views, and observations which fill his works indiscriminately, and which can be extracted at every turn from the least happy of his compositions, we discern at once the force of this epithet of the author of "Christabel." His expressions, lavishly quoted by a long line of masters of English prose and verse, are the purest gems of our language. No foreigner, who has the sentiment of letters, can open his translated pages without finding a thousand passages which he never can forget. In the midst of strength often excessive, and of an expression given to character often immoderate, he will there discover innumerable touches of nature which more than redeem his greatest faults. How little can he wonder that, with a reflecting and ingenious people whose love of country is a very sacred thing, whose natural leaders are their noblemen of letters, who cling affectionately to all their traditional liberties, and who venerate their glorious past, the dramas of such a poet, in all their depth and fullness, should be as the very basis of their literature? Shakspere is the Homer of the great English-speaking brotherhood of nations; he began everything for them. His powerful diction—his language enriched with bold and beautiful thoughts and images—was the treasure-store from whence drew at will the elegant writers of Queen Anne's age. His delineations of life and manners, so vivid, picturesque, and true, his energy never spent in vain, his untrammelled imagination which compassed everything, have for all time fashioned the character, and fixed the ambition, of English literature. Despite the constant advancement and ever-widening views of science and philosophy, the ever-circling changes of opinions, the amazing march of events, and the progress of research and acquisition in every department of human knowledge, Shakspere subsists as strong as ever in the literature of his country; he

animates and sustains it as, in this same England from which he sprung, and from which have radiated the influences of his race, the laws and constitution of the ancient realm animate and sustain the modern commonwealth. There have been times in the history of English thought when originality languished, and when its utterance grew faint and feeble. There has never been a time when they failed to find fresh vigour and vitality in drawing from the well-springs of his genius, when they did not derive new support from the rich bounty which he left them, and when they returned with confidence unrepaid to the old model which he set up in that golden age. The whole body of English letters is penetrated with the influence of his example. The novelist, quite as much as the poet, has sought, in the study of his works, to sound the depths of his great art of creating—of giving life to and identifying the characters of their fictions by the smallest details; of ushering, so to speak, more beings into the world with attributes peculiarly their own, and which their names alone recall to memory. Shakspere has never been copied by system and never will be. An object of emulation to the literature of every country, he has never been, as he never can be, reproduced in any one; and, where the attempt has been made, cold and incongruous, or laboured and stilted, imitations have too often been the result. Shackled with the fetters of any other theatre than his own, the power of his dramatic freedom is weakened; nearly everything that is unexpected by the imagination is lost. The great characters of his drama are dwarfed; they have no longer room to move. His terrible action and wide developments of passion are cramped by method, and crippled by fastidious rules. His pride and daring are restrained; his head is fastened with the innumerable threads of Gulliver; the giant is swathed instead of being left to his natural unbounded liberty. Shakspere belongs truly to all who bear the English name. He is their's essentially, and their's he must remain; but, so long as the English tongue is spoken, the fortunes and genius of his countrymen will continue to extend the sphere of his immortality.

NOVEMBER FANCIES.

I.

IF earth were always bright and fair,
And skies were always blue,
And flowers grew always everywhere,
And dreams were true!

If pain were not, and death were sought
In vain from shore to shore;
If haunting fears, and parting tears,
Were all no more;

If hearts once joined were ever bound,
If friends were ever true;—
Why then, this world no place were found
For me and you!

For only perfect hearts, that beat
With calm unvarying poise—
Keep even way through passion's sway,
Through griefs and joys—

Could in a perfect world find place ;
And ours, so frail and weak,
Could never dare a realm so rare
To vainly seek !

Let us be patient, then, the while :
When *we* shall perfect be,
A perfect world shall doubtless smile
On you and me !

II.

The soft, sad autumn rain is falling, falling,
Through leafless boughs, from skies o'ercast and grey ;
In all the wood no bird its mate is calling,
For all are fled away !

No sunshine on the sodden grass, and sadly
In mournful heaps lie dank and sodden leaves,
That but so lately fluttered green and gladly
About our chamber eaves.

Where is the sunshine and the summer gladness ?
The brooding light and warmth—come they no more ?
Are we left all alone, in gloom and sadness,
Upon a desert shore ?

Nay ! but, beyond the murkness and the shadows,
Beyond the dull horizon, dark and grey,
The summer light falls soft on dewy meadows,
And birds sing, all the day.

Somewhere the sun is shining, bright as ever,
And summer leaves are dancing, fresh and fair,
And golden ripples fleck the winding river,
Somewhere,—somewhere !

Let us be thankful, in November sorrow,
To know that, though unseen, the day is fair
With sunny promise of a brighter morrow,
Somewhere—somewhere !

Kingston. FIDELIS.

HOW I SAILED THE 'FLYING SCUD.'

"YOU needn't hurry back you know, Jacob."

I addressed this remark to the ancient mariner who, as the only professional seaman on board, acted in various capacities, from sailing-master to man-before-the-mast, on the schooner-yacht *Flying Scud*. He was pushing off from the yacht with a boat-load of the young people of both sexes who had formed our sailing party. We had just come to anchor, after a delightful afternoon on the lake, in front of the hotel which commands the mouth of the river at that most tranquil and pensive of watering-places —Old Newark. We were now all going ashore to end the day with tea and a dance at the hotel. The boat was full, but there were still two persons standing upon the yacht. By a coincidence, which was not entirely undesigned, those two persons were Alice Warren and myself. It was under these circumstances that I said casually to the ancient mariner, "You needn't hurry back you know, Jacob." Jacob made a display of understanding all about it, which was as disconcerting as it was superfluous.

The boat was rowed away and I turned to my companion. For the twelfth time that day I made a mental note of the fact that lovely woman appears at her loveliest in a crisp white dress and cherry-coloured ribbons, with a parasol lined with the same tint to shed around her a sweet halo of rose-colour.

"It will be some time before Jacob returns with the boat, Miss Warren," I observed. "I heard you say you wanted to explore the cabin; will you do so now?"

Young ladies have a keen curiosity about the interior of places specially haunted by men. A club is a mysterious seclusion which no girl could enter without a beating heart. The cabin of a yacht is no less an object of romantic interest. Miss Warren readily assented to my proposal.

Those break-neck cabin-stairs of the *Flying Scud* have often tried my temper, but I cheerfully admit that they have advantages. When a pretty girl descends them, regard for her safety requires that you should go down first and grasp both her hands firmly. Alice Warren gave me both her hands.

When I said that we two were the only persons left on the yacht, I overlooked that member of the crew, young in years but old in guile, who went by the name of the "Imp." As we entered at one end of the cabin, he hastily retreated from the other. He had evidently been purloining the remains of the sweet-cake which had been brought on board in the afternoon on account of the ladies.

"That small sea-faring man seems to take a deep interest in me," said Miss Warren, referring to the retiring Imp. "I have found his wondering eyes fixed on me a dozen times to-day. I really believe I have unconsciously made a conquest. It is very singular."

"To me it does not appear singular," I remarked with a bow.

"Thank you. But pray tell me who this latest of my victims is?"

"Morally, he is an Imp of Darkness. Professionally, he is the steward, assistant-cook, cabin-boy, and general *valet-de-chambre* of the *Flying Scud*."

"An Imp? Why those innocent blue eyes might belong to a cherub; 'the sweet little cherub,' in fact, 'who sits up aloft,' and does what he can to neutralize the ignorance of amateur yachtsmen. Has he any other title but 'the Imp'?"

"Oh, yes; his christian name—if I may be allowed the expression in speaking of an Imp—is Billy, and his surname Tarpaulins. Never having had a father he had no surname till a compassionate yachting-man named him Tarpaulins, I think from the fact that his only pair of trousers are made out of one of those durable articles. I have told you his position on board. I have only to add that he is as calmly superior to his duties as a hotel-clerk of long experience."

Miss Warren's interest in the Imp beginning now to flag, I proceeded to point out the various mysteries of the cabin. She expressed surprise that any man could sleep in the narrow berths, and I explained that, as far as my personal experience went, no

man could. The kitchen she thought rather confined, and as it was three parts cooking-stove to one part kitchen, there was no denying the fact. But the log excited her deepest curiosity. I think she had previously had somewhat vague ideas as to what part of the ship's machinery the log was. She found it to be a battered volume, full of pencilled entries, relieved by frequent sketches, which, if crude, were spirited.

"What shall I read you?" I asked. "We have here something to suit every taste, the comical, tragical, pastoral, pastoral-historical, historical-comical. Into this convenient receptacle every member of the crew pours his soul, when the moving influences of the sea inspire him. I assure you the entries in this log exhibit astonishing power."

"How amazingly clever you gentlemen are when you are by yourselves. Why are you so selfish as never to bring your cleverness into society?"

"It is not selfishness; it is pure generosity to the women. But come, shall I read you something in which the tender and the terrible, the real and the romantic, are exquisitely blended? Something which smells of the sea? Shall I read you about a pirate?"

"Yes, a pirate above all things. I have never quite lost my early sympathy for pirates. They do not steal more than people in the best society, and then they are so bold about it, and don't pretend to be good. I shouldn't care to be a pirate's bride, but it would be nice to have a pirate for a brother. How one could frighten away meek young men who danced badly, by alluding carelessly to 'my brother, the pirate!' Pray let me hear about the pirate!"

I thereupon read from the battered volume the ballad of—

THE PIRATE.

A gifted youth was Peter Bliss,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form;
But with an ill-starr'd love he worshipp'd Miss
Matilda Storm.

His faithful heart the maid declined;
The youth, though clever, still was in his teens:
She loved a party with a smaller mind
But larger means.

With murderous thoughts did Peter swell,
"Ha, ha!" he cried, "I'll board the *Flying Scud*,
If haply as a Pe-irate I may quell
This thirst for blood."

He piped on deck the gallant crew;
They triced the ship; they spread her snowy wing;
The billows rolled; the winds tempestuous blew
Like anything.

"Ease her! belay! stand by a spell!"
In warning voice the careful bo'sen said:
But Peter, bent that fatal thirst to quell,
Still onward sped.

"A ship! ha, ha! a ship!" he cries;
Loud roars the tempest and the lightnings play,
"Stand by my merry men to board the prize,
Belay, belay!"

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" they reach the prize;
Loud laughs the gale; loud laughs the jovial crew;
"Luff up," in warning voice the bo'sen cries,
"Stand to, stand to!"

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha! where's Captain Bliss?
The word to board! what means this dire delay?"
No answer, but a faint voice murmuring there,
"Belay, belay!"

The prize their Captain little heeds;
Below he lay, the pangs enduring there
Of that fell thing, that foe of noble deeds,
The *mal de mer*.

"Luff up," he said, "the *Flying Scud!*
Luff up my friends, nor tempt the howling blast;
I find that fierce, insatiate thirst for blood
Is quelled at last."

They luffed her sadly as she sped,
And slow returning gained the tranquil bay;
"Stand by!" in warning voice the bo'sen said,
"Belay, belay!"

Bold Peter Bliss now dwells on land.
No more enamoured of the pirate's sail,
He deals out bank notes with unerring hand
Behind a rail."

I regret to say that in the log of the *Flying Scud*, the burlesque element prevailed. And if, to the outside world, the humour would have appeared strained and meagre enough, it was bright and sparkling to those who understood the local allusions, and who took a kindly interest in the hands that penned them. In the incidents described, imagination had built upon a very slender foundation of fact, but if the log were not a veracious chronicle of events, it at least reflected truly the freedom from care and restraint, the good-fellowship, the high spirits, breaking out into all extravagances and absurdities, which enlivened the cruises of the *Flying Scud*. So my companion listened and laughed while I read page after page of the battered log, and if the reading was not

highly profitable it was at least pleasant to both of us.

I know not how long we had been thus engaged, when Alice suggested that we should write an account of the day's sail. With that fine sense of justice in the distribution of labour, which women shew in their treatment of men whose allegiance they are sure of, she directed me to compose and write while she criticized.

"The strange and romantic narrative of a cruise of the *Flying Scud* on Tuesday, the 20th July, 187—"

I wrote this on a blank page, and it looked well. In the absence of further ideas I paused and gazed into Alice Warren's dark eyes as the most likely place to find inspiration.

"So far," she said, "I have nothing to object to, except that in our cruise there has been nothing strange and nothing romantic. Subject to this exception the heading will do."

"I am compelled to disallow the objection. It is true that our cruise—like Mr. Tennyson's drama—has no incidents, and therefore to make the story interesting our invention will supply something strange and romantic."

At this moment a sharp cry on deck caused me to drop both book and pencil from my hands. After this incidents were supplied, without the aid of imagination, to fill up the blank page in the log.

I went hastily on deck and found that the cry had proceeded from the Imp, who had himself just ascended from below where he had been a secret and gratified listener to my reading. When I looked about me I could hardly believe the evidence of my eyes.

The yacht was at least half a mile from the spot where we had come to anchor.

I was quite unused to yachting, but I could see that we had, in seaman's language, "dragged our anchor," and had drifted, and were still drifting, in the swift current of the river. Every one knows that the strong, deep Newark river, instead of plunging at right angles into Lake Ontario, makes a sudden curve near the mouth, and flowing for a short distance almost parallel with the lake shore, continues its course after it has lost a northern bank, and carries its turbulent current some distance into the open water. Every one knows, too, that Old Newark stands on the southern side of the rapid stream, just within the shelter of the opposite bank. We had dropped our light anchor within the edge of the current, and it had evidently taken no hold upon the smooth sandy bottom. The land-breeze had suddenly sprung up, and our mainsail being still set, the yacht had worked its way back into the stronger current, and, once in deep water, floated swiftly and noiselessly down the stream.

I looked to see if our movements had been observed from the shore. It appeared not. We found out afterwards that Jacob, obeying my suggestion too literally, had rowed up the river to the pier in order to lay in a fresh stock of provisions. Our friends, with nearly all the people of the hotel, had gone in to tea, and had not noticed our absence. The few strangers who were lounging on the balcony were too accustomed to the sight of yachts drifting lazily about to imagine that one of them might be in a position requiring help from the shore.

I hastily concluded that my proper course was to hoist the sails at once and endeavour to regain our anchorage. My companion, I was glad to find, had not the fearful imagination of her sex. Most girls in her position would have at once prefigured for themselves all modes of disaster, amongst which shipwreck and the consequent ruin of expensive millinery would have been the least evil. A slight shade of annoyance for a moment clouded Miss Warren's face, brought there doubtless by the sense that she was in an undignified and even ludicrous situation. To her well-regulated mind the greatest evil which had as yet presented itself was the absence of a chaperon.

My thoughts were more serious. The task I had before me was this: I, inland born and bred, and the merest tyro in sailing, had to navigate a schooner of 40 tons burthen into the most difficult harbour on the lake, with a crew consisting of an Imp of darkness and a fashionable young lady.

As I stood in some perplexity and looked back at the town, I saw that a dark shadow was slowly creeping up the sky, far off behind the houses. On this murky background a tiny spark flickered for an instant and went out, like a firefly on the edge of a swamp. After a pause it was followed by a faint growl, as if some wild animal had awakened unwillingly from sleep.

Another pause; and then there came across the water from the fort opposite Old Newark, the boom, prolonged and dull, of the evening gun. The sullen sound fell upon my ear like a messenger of approaching danger.

"Tarpaulins," I exclaimed, "we must get these sails up at once. Miss Warren, you will have to steer for a few moments. We shall have to stand out a short distance into the lake first; keep the yacht on her present course." The ship was heading from the shore; the breeze was freshening. Under the mainsail, which, as I have said, was already standing, we were moving gently through the water.

The pace was accelerated when we raised the staysail.

The heavy foresail was not so easily hoisted. The Imp, who enjoyed the difficulties with which I was beset, and seemed disposed to add to them, insisted that it must go on one particular side of a rope up aloft. The foresail insisted on going on the other side. I hauled it up and down half-a-dozen times before the Imp declared that his fastidious taste was satisfied. When it was at last properly set, we were a mile from shore.

Surely by this time they had observed us from the land, and sent a boat to meet us as we came in? I swept the shore with the glass. Amongst the few loungers in front of the hotel I thought I recognized the portly form of old Warren, as he came to the edge of the bank and looked towards the yacht—

Lord Ullin to that fatal shore—

but he had probably no idea that a lover unused to the "stormy water" was abducting his child much against his own will. However, the yacht must not be permitted to go cheerfully out to sea in this way any longer. We would "go about" at once.

"Hanker's got to come up," said the Imp with a malignant grin, as he anticipated the toil that was before me. I felt that he was right. To plough the deep with an anchor suspended by a chain of unknown length from the bow, like a huge fishing-tackle, was, to say the least, not ship-shape and might be dangerous. We would go about as soon as the anchor was hauled in. Till that was done I would try no experiments in navigation.

I hauled on the anchor chain, while the Imp stood by and made suggestions, till I was compelled to stop in order to prevent the veins in my forehead from bursting. I might as well have tried to uproot a cathedral. I did not move it one inch. The Imp at last came to my help with a wooden handspike from below. By the aid of this and the windlass I brought the anchor in, inch by inch. It was the hardest work I ever did in my life. When it was over I leaned against the mast and trembled from head to foot with exhaustion.

I had been twenty minutes at the work, and we were now another mile from shore. The black shadow behind the houses was darkening one-third of the sky. I hastened to the stern. Alice Warren stood at the tiller erect and beautiful, but her cheek was pale, for she too had noticed the darkening sky.

It was high time to put the vessel on the shoreward tack. I took the tiller and directed the Imp to go forward and "attend to the headsails." I was aware this was the usual thing, though it would have puzzled me to explain what sort of attention it was they required. I then shouted "helm-a-lee" with all the confidence I could command, and put the tiller "hard down."

The ship slowly swung into the wind; the sails flapped; the main-boom quivered; the ship stood still; and then—quietly fell back into her old course.

She had experienced a misfortune which to one of her sex is peculiarly embarassing. She had missed her stays.

Yachting-men will understand me when I mention that in this and my second attempt to go about, I neglected the simple expedient of hauling in the main-sheet. But at the time I blamed only the perfidious bark. The sensation possessed me that I had a vicious animal to manage which would kill us all if she could. She plunged fiercely through the water, and I made a second attempt to turn her infernal head. I put the tiller down more cautiously. The wicked brute paused, and angrily shook her mane. She unwillingly brought her head round to the wind, sniffed it for a moment, and prepared to fling herself into the old path. With a smothered imprecation I gave the tiller a violent jerk. The next moment I was lying on my back, with the detached tiller in my hand. It was of

iron and its end was wrought into a circle which fitted on the rudder. It had been insecure for several days, and had at last twisted off in my hands. At this accident Taupaulins uttered a cry of dismay. Miss Warren burst into tears. "Hysterics!" I thought, "this is worse than ten broken rudders." But ashamed of her weakness, she stopped her sobs by a strong effort of self-restraint, and I never had to complain of her want of firmness again.

"Quick, Tarpaulins!" I shouted, "we must get the sails down at once and mend the tiller." The ship, released from a guiding hand, was now bowling along in the old course. So admirably had the sails been set by my ignorance that I believe she would have reached the opposite shore without a touch of the rudder. We lowered the sails with all the speed we could and clumsily tied them up with ropes' ends to prevent them from blowing about. The Imp, no longer malignant, had become a marvel of alacrity. Alice Warren tied many a rough knot with her white hands.

"Now Tarpaulins, the hammer and nails! Look alive! We must mend this tiller somehow or other!"

It was too late. The storm was upon us. On it came, like Night, embodied and animated, howling across the deep, blotting out the land, the white houses, and the last sweet radiance of the sunset, and driving the white-caps before it like a flock of frightened sheep.

"Miss Warren," I pleaded, "pray go below, and keep out of the rain. You can be of no use up here."

"No, thank you," she said quietly, "I would rather stay here. I am not afraid of a wetting." I could not urge her. I knew that her feeling must be the same as mine. Whether our little bark would live through the thunder-squall which was sweeping down upon us, was more than my experience could tell. For anything we could do to help ourselves we might as well be below, but on deck we could at least see our dangers and be to some extent prepared for them. Crouching in the little cabin we should lose even that poor satisfaction. The Imp suddenly threw round Alice Warren's shoulders a large military overcoat which he had unearthed from below, and gained a grateful smile for his thoughtfulness.

The storm struck us, and in a few minutes we seemed to be in the midst of a chaos in which wind and mist, darkness and water, were furiously mingled together. The vessel was lying rather across the wind, and when it struck us, the resistance offered by the clumsy heaps into which we had bound the sails, caused her to heel frightfully. The water poured in volumes over the bulwark-rail and into the cabin windows. Amid the roar of the storm I heard a sharp crack and a report like a pistol-shot. I could just discern that one of our sails had been carried away. It was the flying-jib which had been hanging loosely at the end of the bowsprit, and the pressure on the fore topmast had caused it to snap also. But at the time I knew not how much damage had been done and expected momently to see the masts topple over.

At the sound of the breaking timber Alice crouched to my side and grasped my arm tightly. I drew her close beside me, and clasped her cold and trembling hands in mine.

After the first shock the yacht stood up nobly, though every now and then we shipped a sea. We seemed to tear through the water which hissed and boiled around us. We were in thick darkness, made more appalling by the constant flashing of the forked lightning. The thunder rolled over our heads and the rain fell in a fluid mass. For the first time in my life I felt that my own will and powers were absolutely of no account. I was at the mercy of forces entirely outside myself; the sport of circumstances. I had no plans, no expedients for our safety, or even for bettering our position. I could only sit there in the pitiless rain with that shrinking girl beside me and wonder when and how it was all to end. Having nothing else to do, I began to review the course I had taken. I now saw that I had been foolhardy in attempting to sail the yacht back to the anchorage, instead of shouting for help from the shore. This thought gave me constant pain. My two companions were in a position of great misery and peril through my want of judgment. And one of them was a delicately nurtured girl, for whom I would have suffered anything rather than that a breath of rude air should cause her annoyance.

The lightning—was it ever so terrible on land as this? The shrouds of the yacht were made of twisted wire. They were in

fact wire ropes reaching from each side of the vessel to the very top of the masts. What would be the effect of these wires when the electric clouds drew closer to us?

As I asked myself this question a lurid flash revealed to me new dangers. I saw, not a hundred feet from us, the outlines of an immense ship. I saw its high black hull with white squares painted on it to simulate port-holes, the cabin on the deck, with its green shutters, the huge anchor at the bow, the three tall masts, the spars, and all the myriad blocks and ropes. It seemed inevitable that the two vessels should crash together. I pictured to myself the sensations of drowning, and lived through an incident of my childhood when I had narrowly escaped being drowned in a mill-race. I thought of my office in the city, and the confusion there would be in my business if I failed to return. I thought how desolate my home would be without me, and how those who loved me would weep to see the books on my table, which I had not finished reading, and the old chair in which I should never sit again. I thought of her who was beside me, doomed to perish in her youth and beauty, and there went up from my heart a mute cry of anguish to the Power who sits above the storm.

In immediate answer to my prayer, as it seemed, a slender stream of white-hot lava was shot across the sky, dividing it like a fiery meridian on an inky map. At the same moment it appeared, to my dazzled vision, as if a little jet of flame had glanced at an angle from the summit of the mainmast, and slid, like a fiery serpent, with a hiss into the water. On the instant, too, there broke around us such a peal of thunder that the very heavens seemed to be falling. We appeared to be in the centre of some terrible explosion. The ship trembled and we fell stupified upon our faces. For some moments I felt no impulse to move. I was going into another world and the thought gave me no terror. But the feeling was only momentary. As I arose I was stupidly conscious that a large mass was displacing the air close to us. Then something struck our mainmast a rough tap, producing a second vibration through the yacht. I hardly noticed this at the time, and I only realized what had happened by subsequent pondering over it. The fact was that some projecting spar of the passing vessel had touched our mast.

As my mind cleared I became aware of two facts. The spectral ship had passed us harmlessly and the wire rigging had saved us from the lightning. The next clap of thunder sounded clearly in advance of us. I heeded it no more than if it had been a child's rattle. I believed that the danger from above was past.

I now insisted on Alice seeking the shelter of the cabin. The Imp lighted the cabin lamp, which cast a cheerful glow, as it swung with the rocking of the ship, over the crimson cushions. It was the only spot in the wilderness of gloom on which the eye could linger with momentary comfort. Alice went below and divested herself of the dripping coat which had served her well in the rain. The Imp ministered to her comfort with a cheerful alacrity wonderful to any one familiar with his habits. When he had established her in the luxurious den known as the captain's cabin, he joined me on deck, and between us we hammered away at the rudder, by the light of the binnacle lamp, and we succeeded in mending it after a fashion. This enabled me to keep the vessel directly before the wind and saved us from being washed by the waves, which had been happening with inconvenient frequency.

By half-past ten the rain ceased, and the wind and sea rose. I did not dare to put up the sails; I could do nothing but sit there and await the dawn, and watch for whatever danger might yet be in store for us. I had sent the Imp below though he manfully declared he wasn't sleepy. He proved the truth of his assertion by coiling himself up upon a cushion and going off to sleep in three minutes.

How I missed his company! To me, sitting there and counting the slow minutes, the gloom seemed more intense, the desolation more complete than ever. What a long night it was! The last hour of a sentry's beat at dead of night, seems a day; a grand dinner party at about the fourth course becomes maddening in its interminable vapidity. But I have never been in any position where Time did crawl so drearily from minute to minute, from half-hour to half-hour, as on that miserable night.

What I chiefly feared was a collision with some other vessel, for I knew that we must be now in the course of ships sailing up the lake. Now and then I caught sight of a

light gleaming faintly over the water and I knew these must be the lights of sailing vessels. This reminded me that our own lights were not hung out. Leaving the tiller I found the lanterns after a long search and lit the lamps. I then hung them on the rigging, but to this day I can not tell whether they were on the right side or not. I thought we must be a long way from any land, so that I had no dread of being cast on shore while it was still night.

At about two o'clock I saw a light to the eastward which caused me much anxiety. It seemed to be a huge beacon on a shore some six or seven miles away. The vessel was now moving slowly in a northerly direction, if the compass told the truth. According to my calculations we ought to be some twenty miles from shore, on the north and on the east there should have been open water for a hundred miles. I was utterly confounded by this mysterious light. I went below and consulted the charts of the lake, but found nothing there to resolve my doubts. The strange beacon must have been a creature of my imagination. No, there it flamed, the only lurid spot in the encircling darkness. But it shed no bright rays through the darkness, nor did it flash to me the comfort which a familiar light always brings the sailor. I felt an undefinable awe stealing over me as I gazed at that strange visitant of the night. I tried to shake off the foolish feeling. It must be a ship; but it was four times the size of any light ever carried by a vessel on the lakes. If it was a ship at all, it was a ship on fire, and this thought made me shudder. I again went into the cabin and pored anxiously over the charts.

When I returned to the deck, after some time, it seemed as if the inexplicable light had come under the touch of some enchanter's wand. For its dark and lurid colours had been cast aside, and it shone there with pure and liquid beams, the loveliest of stars. It was the morning star, larger and lovelier than any star of heaven, rising from the bosom of the lake like a goddess fresh from the bath—

> Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
> Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells.

And now a great change passed over the world. The powers of darkness began to collect their forces and sullenly retire before this spirit of the light. Half an hour ago I could discern nothing beyond our yacht but the white-caps and gleaming backs of the rollers within a yard or two of us. Now I could distinctly perceive the horizon on all sides. The sky and water were still dark, but they were separated by a sharp and definite line. A ship would have been distinguishable a mile away. It was clear that, in the words of the collect, the night was far spent, the day was at hand. I was inexpressibly cheered and comforted. I felt as if all our dangers were past, as if there was nothing more to fear. Had I been able to sing I should have done so now. As I was unequal to that I whistled.

I had successfully accomplished a few bars of "Oh believe me, if all those endearing young charms," when I turned and found Alice Warren standing in the companion-way.

"I am glad to find you so happy," she said. "I was beginning to think you might be finding it lonely, and I came out to help you to be miserable. I didn't expect to find everything so cheerful. That lovely star, how kindly and mildly it looks down upon us."

"Yes, Miss Warren," I replied, "it is the morning star. It will soon be broad daylight;

> 'Look, love, what envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east!
> Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.'"

There was a time when, had I been told I should find myself quoting Shakspere to a young lady at break of day in the middle of Lake Ontario, I should have refused to believe it. It was rather cheeky and not altogether appropriate, but I had to relieve my feelings, and I think Alice forgave me.

The Imp now joined us, but took the morning-star philosophically. He brightened up when I suggested breakfast. We had eaten nothing for thirteen hours and, for my part, I was hungry. When we went below we found that the Imp had spread on the cabin table the following tempting delicacies:—

2 ham sandwiches,
4 "ladies' fingers,"
1 broken fragment of jelly-cake,
Half a pound of lump sugar,
The dregs of a jug of claret-cup,
1 bottle of plain soda-water.

"Merciful heavens, William!" I exclaimed, "are these all the provisions?"

"Ain't nothing else," said the Imp, and this time he spoke without a grin. It was too true. We had left home suddenly, and only provisioned for the run across the lake. Jacob had told us at breakfast yesterday morning that the larder was empty. The viands now before us were the remnants of some things brought on board in the afternoon.

"There's little Billee, he's young and tender,
If we ain't got no wittles, we must eat he,"

I suggested pleasantly, but the Imp showed no appreciation of my humour. Miss Warren ate one sandwich, and I, at her command, ate the other. I emptied the soda-water into the claret-cup and made a horrible drink, most of which fell to the Imp and myself. We handed over to the Imp the ladies' fingers and the jelly-cake. Miss Warren then retired in good spirits to her cabin and I again went on deck. One rosy finger of the dawn was pointing out his course to the uprising sun. I would get up the sails—if I could only keep myself awake.

I must have slept three hours. When I awoke the sun was high in the heavens; the wind had almost died away. By eight o'clock there was not a breath of air stirring. In three words, we were becalmed.

Becalmed in the middle of Lake Ontario on a day in midsummer. No cloud to intercept one burning ray of the sun; no breath of air to cool the cheek; no motion but the sickening rise and fall of the vessel on the oily rollers of the dead-swell; and not a morsel to eat. I longed for another storm.

Alice came on deck and eyed the prospect with a look of blank astonishment. The only land in sight was on the south, and that was visible only to the keenest eyes. I had hoisted the sails, but they flapped idly in the still air, the booms plunging with the motion of the ship and making an intolerable din. The only sign that showed that we were not alone on the deep was a sail miles and miles away, obviously motionless like ourselves. The girl's lip quivered as she realized the situation.

"I suppose they will send a steam-tug or something after us?" she said at length quite calmly.

"Oh, yes," I answered cheerfully, "they have a steam-yacht at Newark which, I dare say, is already on its way."

"If they do not find us when will the breeze spring up?"

I hesitated for a moment to contrive an answer. The Imp took advantage of the silence. "It'll be a dead calm all day," he said savagely.

As the day went on and the sun beat down, we got up the awning and tried to relieve our tedium by reading. The library of the *Flying Scud* was scantily furnished; a few books on navigation and some yachting-magazines were its regular stock. But we found two precious volumes which had been left on board by two members of the crew of somewhat different tastes. One was Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics;" the other, a volume of Milman's "History of the Jews." These books probably saved us from throwing ourselves overboard to end our wretched existence.

At midday the Imp gave an instance of his ineradicable deceitfulness, which I felt sure must show itself sooner or later. I happened to ask Alice if she could hold out till toward evening, when we were sure to have a breeze, if the steamer did not come to our rescue sooner. She answered cheerfully that she could without difficulty, but she was terribly hungry. Thereupon the Imp retired quietly, and reappearing with two ladies' fingers and the broken fragment of jelly-cake, laid them by her side and disappeared again.

"You naughty boy!" cried Miss Warren, "to try and starve yourself on our hands. Do you suppose I'm going to be so greedy as to eat your cakes. Come here sir, at once, or I'll never look at you again."

The Imp returned, looking rather shamefaced. He mumbled something about "hating them sweet things." I knew this was a deliberate lie, as nothing that is food for man was an object of distaste to the Imp, so we forced him to consume the ladies' fingers on the spot.

The weary day wore on and no help came. I searched the horizon till my eyes ached for some signs of coming relief. Everything was against us for, as I afterwards learnt, the engine of the steam-yacht was broken, and it was six o'clock that day before the most earnest labour could put it in repair. We had seen a steamer, which I supposed to be the one which crossed the

lake from Old Newark, pass in the far distance, a little cloud of smoke. The captain's time was too valuable to permit him to scour the lake in search of wandering yachts. Night would return upon us perhaps, before the breeze sprang up. If so, what assurance was there that we should not be compelled to spend another night, with all its dangers, upon the lake? I was sick and faint for want of food. What assurance was there that we should reach the shore before starvation had deprived us of life or reason? I thought of that disabled yacht on which four young men had floated helplessly about the lake till three of them died, one after the other, in delirium. The fourth was picked up senseless, and with difficulty rescued from the fate of his comrades. With such gloomy thoughts did my mind, in my weak and dejected state, occupy itself, though I tried, for the sake of Alice Warren, to seem cheerful and confident. She, brave girl, never uttered a murmur. I felt inexpressibly tender towards her, and towards the Imp too. Community of distress is a great humanizer.

About five o'clock, as I lay listlessly on the deck, having almost given up hope of getting ashore before dark, I felt a faint breath of air upon my face. I started up; a gentle cats-paw was ruffling the water. Was it the beginning of a breeze, or only one of those deceptive currents of air which I had experienced before during the day, and which, apparently coming from nowhere, ended in nothing? My question was answered by a puff from the north, which for the moment filled the idle sails. Then I could see that, though the water around me was again as smooth as glass, off to the north and west it was dark with ripples. Another puff and I saw behind us a line on the water which indicated that we were moving. I rushed to the tiller and put the ship on what I thought would be the course for Old Newark. In a few minutes the yacht was gliding through the water, which rippled against her bows, making music sweeter than the music of the spheres. Alice and the Imp were soon sitting beside me with new life in their pale faces. How strong and fresh and cool the breeze was! Would it keep up? No fear of that; the yacht was down to the gunwale. It might blow a hurricane and welcome; I would not take in a stitch till we rounded to in front of the hotel.

In an hour we saw buildings which with the glass we made out to be Old Newark. Before two more hours had passed, we were sailing under the bastions of the fort, when, sharp and clear, rang out the report of the evening gun. No wedding bells ever sounded more pleasantly in the ears of a bridegroom than that sound in mine.

We met the steam yacht, made effective when too late to be useful, coming to our rescue. Once more the *Flying Scud* lay at anchor opposite the hotel; once more Jacob, looking like a felon, was waiting to row us ashore. The Imp stepped last into the boat. Poor child! no sooner had he taken his seat than his head drooped and he slipped fainting to the bottom of the boat.

Alice Warren bent over and kissed him. For the first and only time in my life I wished myself a sick Imp.

"You will never care to go sailing with me again, Miss Warren," I said mournfully.

"I don't blame you for either the storm or the calm," she replied.

"No, but I am to blame for your being exposed to the miseries of both," I burst out passionately.

Alice looked up. She said nothing, but I read in her eyes something that was more than forgiveness.

G. A. MACKENZIE.

PAGAN RITES AND CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

BY J. A. G., PAKENHAM, ONT.

WE propose in this paper to show the close connection which exists between the two apparently incongruous subjects which form the heading of our article, how they became connected, and why they have not long since fallen into desuetude.

It is still known that the Mythologies of pagan Greece and Rome embraced an almost infinite multitude of deities, of many different ranks and powers, and as many different vocations. There was no action or thought of life, public or private, but what was placed by the fertile imaginations of the Theogonists of those days, under the tutelar patronage of some one or more of their gods; no tangible object could be presented to their sight, but what must have been associated in their minds with some mysterious being, who had it in his peculiar charge. Each of these deities, of course, had his own peculiar method of being propitiated—by the sacrifice of blood, of the fruits of the earth; by fasts or feasts; by secret orgies; or by national Saturnalia.

The more aristocratic among these heathen divinities had particular days allotted to them for the performance of the peculiar rites pertaining to their worship; hence it was at one time complained that every day in the year was monopolized by the gods, and there was no time left for mankind. The consequence of this condition of affairs was, that Christianity found the people of Greece and Rome, as well as of barbarous countries, accustomed, both by tradition and habit, to an endless round of festivals and celebrations, which the earlier and purer form of our faith utterly repudiated as idolatrous and impious, and the usual excesses of which were altogether repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel, as taught by the Apostles and early Fathers of the Church. In course of time, even as early as St. Paul's days, as we may gather from his writings, a certain degree of laxity began to prevail. This was increased by a false zeal for proselytizing, which arose very early in the Church, the two errors mutually promoting the growth of each other. The pagan Roman, accustomed to a religion of the senses, could not understand the spiritual doctrines of Christianity; he could see nothing in the timid and austere Christian, in constant terror for his life and liberty, that could be an inducement to him to adopt a creed apparently so gloomy and unprofitable. He very naturally reasoned that there was no inducement for him to peril "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," for a religion that was altogether dim and misty to him, and did not even afford him the tangible benefit of amusement; and he therefore stood aloof from it, if he did not persecute its votaries.

In the course of time, when the severity of persecution had ceased, the Christians began to celebrate their worship openly, and forms and ceremonies, unknown in the days of its founders, crept in. In their eagerness to make converts, the leaders of the Church gradually introduced more of pomp and splendour into its observances. In order to allure by outward show, they were induced to imitate the pagan system of holidays or festivals, merely changing the name of the heathen divinity, in whose honour the day had been formerly bept, into that of some saint or martyr, but still perpetuating in the popular mind, in a greater or less degree, the peculiar superstition with which the original festival was connected. It must be borne in mind that the great body of the people were at this time uneducated; that these festivals had "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength"—had become, as it were, a part of their lives. Who could blame the ignorant people for keeping up the old association of ideas, handed down to them through countless generations, although they had nominally become Christians? We all know with what tenacity our mental selves cling to what has been instilled into us in childhood, even after our more mature faculties have shown us the absurdity of our youthful beliefs. In this way heathen superstitions became engrafted upon Chris-

tian observances, and have come down to us at the present day no more changed from the original than can be easily accounted for by the mere difference of outward circumstances.

Before the Christian era had very far advanced, a new and powerful auxiliary to those already mentioned was found in the system of canonization, gradually adopted into the Church. This is so evidently an imitation of the Pagan *Apotheosis* of heroes and famous characters into the ranks of the mythological godhead, that it is scarcely necessary to point out the identity. We have said that the system was gradually admitted; it was so at first, but this slow process did not long satisfy the now more ambitious ecclesiastical mind. Indeed, so rapidly was the hagiology of the Church filled up, that in the reign of Phocas, A.D. 604-10, there were more saints than there were days in the year, and at the solicitation of Pope Boniface, that Emperor appointed a daily service in what had formerly been the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, to "all the Saints of Christianity." This service was afterwards, by Gregory IV., limited to the first day of November, *as we find it now*, both in the Anglican and Romish Churches. Since that time they have increased and multiplied amazingly, till they have become like the stars of heaven for multitude, some of them with not much better earthly reputations than their ancient prototypes, the heathen deities.

The admission of every new saint gave opportunity for the transplanting of another pagan holiday into the Christian calendar, and as it was generally accompanied by a new batch of nominal converts, we need not wonder at the rapid development of canonization. In Britain, the early clergy tried hard to put down the riot and licentious practices of the original Festa, but they were too deeply rooted in the hearts of the people to be eradicated by sermons and synods, and the most that could be done was, as in Rome itself, to endeavour to give something of a Christian colour and character to things that were still essentially pagan. As we proceed, we shall have occasion to note how successive Popes have followed out this notable plan. Nor is this course without at least a plausible excuse; if they could not entirely eradicate the excesses of the heathen Saturnalia, it may be said that it was a step in the right direction to bring them under the control, even partial though it might be, of a purer and better system. Where the error lay was in the false and flimsy, and often absurd, pretexts in which they were veiled, and which, even at that time, must often have excited the smile of contempt or the sneer of unbelief on the lip of men of common sense. These pretexts were ultimately to become, in a great measure, the means of breaking up the system in the most enlightened countries of the world.

We may now proceed to notice a few of the many instances of this strange transformation of idolatry and paganism into the observances of professedly Christian Churches. To begin at the beginning of the year—the first day of the year, at whatever season it has been made to commence, has, from the earliest dawn of history, been celebrated by some kind of religious observances. From Ovid we learn that it was a day on which to observe omens; "the first sound you hear, the first bird you see, *that* becomes an omen." From him we also learn that our custom of wishing our friends "a happy New Year," is no *parvenu* salutation, for he asks, Fasti, Lib. I. v. 175,

> At cur læta tuis dicuntur verba Calendis
> Et damus alternas accipimusque preces?

Libanius also tells us that the fourth kind of festivals, common to all people living under the Roman Empire, takes place when the old year has ended and the new one begun. They kept up the night, or eve, with riot, and in the morning, after the usual sacrifice to the gods, they went round visiting the dignitaries, and gave New-year's gifts to their servants. This does not differ very much from the present custom in most Christian countries, except in the gifts to servants, and that the Romans kept the first five days as a festival, instead of the first only, as we do. Thus the New-year festival of the Romans was unquestionably the origin of the same celebration among the early Christians, although from kindred ceremonies among the Hindoos, and the undeniable connection between Druidism and the worship of Mithra, it is possible that the custom may have been introduced into Britain by the Druids, long before the advent of Christianity in the island. The early ecclesiastics endeavoured to curb the dissipation incident to the celebration, and

even went the length of ordaining a fast. The *Strenæ*, or New-year's gifts, were forbidden by the council of Auxerre in A. D. 614, which stigmatized them as diabolical; but the decree appears to have been in vain, as the custom has come down to us with a great deal of its folly unabated.

Candlemas, or the purification of the Virgin Mary, is, in all probability, but a continuation under another form of the *Februata Juno* of the Roman calendar, and adopted into the family of Christian festivals for the reasons before given, the very name of the month in which both the ancient and the modern celebrations took place being derived from the Latin *februa*, an expiatory or purifying sacrifice offered to the *Manes*. Again, hear how Pope Innocent accounts for its being called Candlemas, in a sermon upon this festival, quoted in *Pagano Papismus*—"Because the Gentiles dedicated this month of February to the infernal gods, and as, at the beginning of it, Pluto stole Proserpine, and her mother, Ceres, sought her in the night with lighted candles, so they, in the beginning of this month, walked about the city with lighted candles; because the Holy Fathers could not utterly extirpate this custom, they ordained that Christians should carry about candles in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, and thus what was done before to the honour of Ceres, is now done to the honour of the Virgin." Truly an excellent reason for the infallible ruler of a Christian Church to give for the perpetuation of a heathen rite!

Saint Valentine's day seems beyond dispute to be but a modification of the Roman Lupercalia, celebrated about the middle of February, in honour of Pan and Juno. The names of young women were, with various ceremonies, put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed, as in a lottery. This, like other old customs, had become so rooted among the people that the pastors of the early Church could only follow their usual plan of adopting it, that they might, in some measure, obtain control over it; and from being "an unsightly nuisance, they endeavoured, as a skilful architect would do, to convert it into an ornament." In fact Pan and Juno vacated their seats in favour of the Christian bishop, Saint Valentine, but the good man could not avoid having much of the heathen ritual fastened upon him.

The day before Shrove Tuesday was, at one time, observed as a festival in England, under the euphonious title of "Collop Monday." According to Polydore Virgil, this observance originated in the Roman feasts of Bacchus. Some colour is given to this up to the present time, by the custom of the Eton boys of writing verses on this day in praise of the Lybian deity. Saint David's day opens the month of March. The custom of Welshmen wearing the leek on this day has been variously accounted for; perhaps the following hint may have as much authority as any other. The Egyptians, as Pliny tells us, "in swearing, hold the leek and onion amongst the gods." However we may account for it, there is scarcely a rite or ceremony amongst any people, without a precedent in one of an earlier date. Now, as to how the Egyptian esculent and the ideas connected with it could find its way to Wales, on the west coast of Britain, it is well known that the Phœnicians traded to Cornwall for tin, and probably to the neighbouring coast of Wales, about Swansea, for copper, in which case there is nothing improbable in the supposition that they introduced both the leek and the superstitions connected with it, and that the custom, like many others, has survived, although its origin has been forgotten.

Mid-Lent Sunday, or Mothering Sunday, immediately preceding Palm Sunday, probably came from the Roman Hilaria, a festival held at the time of the vernal equinox in honour of the Mother of the gods, and evidently borrowed from the Egyptians. The Mother of the gods, the Earth, rejoiced in the return of Sol, the Sun, just as Isis was supposed to mourn or rejoice for Osiris, according to the change of season. An eloquent writer says:—"There is surely deep meaning and much beauty in these religious fables of the old heathens, however they may have been disfigured by popular superstitions. In all of them there breathes a profound spirit of veneration for the *One*, the Omnipotent, through the medium of His works."

The next observance that particularly calls for our attention is the first of April, popularly called "All Fools' Day." The custom of making fools on this day is very old, both Maurice and Colonel Pearce showing that it prevailed in India as a part of the *Huli* festival. The latter says:—"During

the *Huli*, when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindoos of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the persons sent. The *Huli* is always held in March, and the last day is the general holiday." Maurice observes that the origin of the custom is to be sought in the ancient practices amongst the eastern people, "of celebrating with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, or the day when the New Year of Persia anciently began." But no matter whence derived, the name at least existed among the Romans, as the following from Plutarch clearly proves:—"Why do they call the Quirinalia the *Feast of Fools?* Was it because this day was given, as Juba writes, to those who were ignorant of their tribe? Or was it because it was permitted to those who had not sacrificed like the rest, at the Fornicalia in their tribe, on account of business, travelling, or ignorance, to recover their festival on this occasion?" It has been objected against the identity of the custom, that the feast of fools was held on the first of November, but it is marked in the ancient Romish Calendar as having been removed thither from some other day —"*Festum Stultorum hunc translatum est*," —"The Feast of Fools is removed hither." Removals of this kind were frequent in the Roman Calendar, when, as often happened, any particular day became laden with more saints than it could conveniently carry.

Palm Sunday.—There seem to be some strong reasons for supposing that the peculiar ceremonies of this day, though explained as symbolizing Christ's entry into Jerusalem, may, after all, be nothing more than a revival of the old pagan custom of carrying Silenus this day in triumph. Dr. Clark tells us that it is still usual to carry Silenus in procession at Easter, and we have already seen how fond the old Church was of giving a Christian signification to heathen ceremonies, when they could not put them down.

We come next to Easter Day, or as it was formerly called, "Asturday." The name of this day has by some been derived from the Saxon, "Oster," to rise, typical of Christ's rising from the dead, but as the *month* had the name of *Easter* among the Saxons long before the introduction of Christianity, we must look further for the origin of the term; and where does it seem so probable as in the name "Eostre," (the Saxon Goddess), in all probability a corruption of *Astarte*, the name under which the moon was worshipped by the most ancient nations of the East. Bede says:—"Eosturmoneth, which is now interpreted to mean the Paschal month, formerly had its name from one of their goddesses (i.e., Saxon goddesses) who was called Eostre, and to whom in that month they celebrated festivals." The very fact of its having been called *Asturday* seems to bear out this view. One of the Cottonian manuscripts has the following:—"Gode men and wommen, os ye knowe alle welle, this day is called in some place asturday, in some place paschday, in some place goddes sounday. Hit is called asturday, as Kandulmasse day of Kandulles, and palme sounday of palms, ffor wolnoz in uche place hit is the maner this day for to done fyre oute of the houce at the astur* that hath bene all the wyntur brente wit fuyre and blaknd wit smoke, hyt schal this day bene arayed wit grene rusches and swete floures strowde alle aboute, schewing a heyghe ensaumpul to all men and wommen that ryzte os thei machen clene the houce withine bering owte the fyre and strowing there flowres, ryzte so ze schulde clanson the houce of zour sowle." In plain English the old monk would call it hearth-day, but the etymology seems to be rather strained, for Astur is evidently but another form of Eoster or Astarte, which is as plainly a variation of the Hebrew *Ashtaroth*, signifying fire; therefore the goddess Eostre was the Saxon Diana, in whom they worshipped that vivifying power which was adored in Summer, as proceeding from her brother, Bel.

The festival of May-day has existed in England from the earliest times of which we have any record. Tollet imgines that it originally came from our Gothic ancestors, but we shall have to go much farther back to discover the true origin. Others have thought to find it in the Floralia, or rather in the Maiuma of the Romans, as established under the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 268-70. Of the latter Suidas says:—"Maiumas was a Roman festival held in the month of May, when the heads of the city, going off to the sea-town called Ostia, gave themselves up to pleasure, and amused themselves with throwing each other into the sea; hence the

* Astur or astre, signifies a hearth. See Spelman, *sub voce.*

time of that festival was called Maiuma." But though this may have the immediate origin as regards Britain, we must go still farther back and to other countries to find the final one; there is but little doubt that it belongs to a far more remote period. Maurice * says that our May-day festival is but a repetition of the Phallic festivals of India and Egypt, which in these countries took place upon the sun entering Taurus, to celebrate nature's renewed fertility. Now *Phallos* in Greek, signifies *a pole*, as well as its more important meaning, of which this is a type. That the festival itself has come to us from the Druids, who in turn had it from India, is proved by many things, and by none more than by the vestiges found in it of the god, Bel, † the Apollo or Orus of other nations. They celebrated his worship on the first day of May, by lighting fires in his honour. The day is called by the Irish and Scottish Highlanders, Bealtine or Beltine, that is, the day of Bel's fire, for in the Cornish, which is another Celtic dialect, *Tan* is fire, and *tine* signifies to light a fire. The Irish retained the Phœnician custom of lighting fires near each other, and making their cattle pass between them; ‡ fathers, too, taking their children in their arms, jump or run through between them. If further proofs were needed of its Eastern origin, there is the fact that Britain was called by the earlier inhabitants the island of *Beli*, and that Bel had also the name of *Hu*, which we again see occurring in the Huli festival of India.

It is not easy to discover when or how the Rogation days became mixed up with the parochial perambulations as practised in England, but there cannot be a doubt that the latter is derived from the Romans. It is simply a Christian form of the *Terminalia*, established by Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome (B.C., 716—673), in honour of the god *Terminus*, the guardian of fields and landmarks, and maintainer of peace among mankind.

Midsummer's day, the time of the summer solstice, June 23rd, is noted in most European countries as the festival of St. John the Baptist, and is celebrated with various ceremonies, but always connected with the lighting of fires. These fires, however they may have originated, have been common on this day, at all times, and in all countries of which we have any record. They blazed equally in India and Egypt, and in the cold north among the Druids, from whom the custom probably descended directly to the Britons. In course of time the original festival was adopted into the Church, merely by giving it a new cognomen, but not thereby preventing it from being associated with many absurd superstitions, as we learn from Bishop Pecock, such as that the branches and flowers brought for decoration into London on this occasion, grew in the carts that brought them, and even in the hands of those who supplied them.* Hutchinson mentions that "another custom used on this day, is to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers. A layer of clay is placed on the stool, and therein is stuck, with great regularity, an arrangement of all kinds of flowers, so close as to form a beautiful cushion; these are exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at the ends of streets and cross lanes, where the attendants beg money from passengers, to enable them to have an evening of feasting and dancing. This custom is evidently derived from the *Ludi Compitalii* of the Romans. This appellation was given from the *Compita*, or cross lanes, where they were instituted and celebrated by the multitude assembled, before the building of Rome. Servius Tullius revived this festival, after it had been neglected for many years. It was the feast of the Lares, or household gods, who presided as well over houses as streets.

The Dog-days, regarding which there are so many absurd superstitions even now existing, are so called from the rising of Sirius, or the dog-star, which, as it rose in the latitude of Egypt about the time of the rising of the Nile, was worshipped by them under the names of Isis and Thoth, as supposing it had some mysterious influence upon their great fertilizing river. The story of the "Seven Sleepers," celebrated on the 27th July, seems to be but an elaboration of the story of Epimenides, told by Diogenes Laertius, and excellently parodied by Irving in his tale of Rip Van Winkle. The observance of the first of August as *Lammas*, is

* Maurice's Indian Antiquities, vol. 1, p. 87.

† Variously called Beal, Bealan, Belus, Belenus, Bael, and Baal.

‡ Higgins's Celtic Druids. Cap. v. sec. 23.

* Lewis's Life of Reynold Pecock. Pecock was Bishop of St. Asaph and Winchester, temp. Henry VI.

identical in time with the Egyptian celebration of the New-year, which with them commenced at this season.

Of Hallow Eve, October 31st, Hutchinson says correctly that "it seems to retain the celebration of a festival to Pomona (the goddess of fruits), when it is supposed that the summer stores are opened on the approach of winter. Divinations, and consulting of omens, attended all these ceremonies in the practice of the heathen; hence, in the rural sacrifice of nuts, propitious omens are sought touching matrimony." Here again, as in so many instances, the custom may be traced back from an unmeaning frolic to a popish superstition, and from that to a classic rite. "Nuts have a religious import," says the Roman calendar,* and going yet farther back, we find that this is but an echo from the times of earliest Paganism. Amongst the Romans it was customary for the bridegroom to throw nuts about the room, that the boys might scramble for them, for which custom various reasons have been given.† Vallancy gives some curious particulars of how the Irish celebrated this festival, which they called the vigil of Saman, clearly identifying the day with the sacrifice to Saman, or Baal-Samhan, on the following day, of a black sheep, a proof of which is, that the people went about soliciting gifts for the feast, desiring to lay aside the fatted calf, and to bring forth *the black sheep*. After enumerating a number of foolish observances, customary among the Irish of that day (about 1780), he says:—"These and many other superstitions, the remains of Druidism, are observed on this holiday, which will never be eradicated while the name of Saman is permitted to remain." Of course the old Scottish method of celebrating the vigil is familiar to all general readers, through Burns's inimitable description.

We now come to All Saints' Day, the first day of November. There can be little or rather no doubt as to the origin of this observance, although there may be with regard to the particular Pantheon from which it was derived. As the gods of Rome became too numerous a body to be easily looked after, when allowed to go about singly at their own sweet wills, Agrippa erected the *Pantheon*, as a sort of general lodging-house to accommodate them all, and as some say, made it of a circular form, that it might appear more like heaven, and therefore a more fit habitation for all the deities, although Pliny affirms that it was sacred to Jupiter the Avenger. Be that as it may, the comprehensive name seems to include in some way, all the divinities, or, as the Venerable Bede somewat profanely says, all the devils. By the close of the sixth century, the hagiology of the church had become about as extended as the older Roman Pantheon, and required as extensive premises to accommodate it, or at least some comprehensive method of recognising it. About the year 605, therefore, Pope Boniface persuaded the Emperor Phocas to turn out the idols, and, as it had been dedicated to all the gods of heathenism, he ordered that it should now be made sacred to all the saints of Christendom, with a daily service to them, as well as to the Virgin Mary.* Gregory IV., at a later period, limited the service to a festival on the first of November, and excluded the Virgin from any share in it. The ceremonies of the next day, the Feast of All Souls, were derived from the old Roman rite of sacrificing to the *manes* or souls of the dead. The Romans, in their turn, had borrowed it from the Greeks; it is spoken of so commonly by Greek and Roman writers as scarcely to require argument or proof. The commemoration of the Church seems scarcely to have differed even in form; even the sprinkling with holy water at this festival comes from a pagan origin. Virgil says:—

> "Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda,
> Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivæ,
> Lustravitque viros."†

There are various elaborate tales told of the origin of the latter rite, but none of them with sufficient probability to entitle them to repetition. Martinmas, or *Martlemas*, November 11th, is another festival borrowed, as far at least as the date and *some* of the observances are concerned, from the Greeks. It is generally considered to have been derived from the Athenian *Pythægia*, so called from tapping the casks of new wine. It took place on the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of

* "Nuces in pretio et religiosæ." Brand's Pop. Antiq., vol 1, p. 212.

† Pliny's Nat. Hist., by Holland, vol. 1, cap. 22.

* Bedæ Martyrologium. D. Calend. Novemb.

† "A verdant branch of olive in his hands,
He thrice waves round to purify the bands;
Slow as he pass'd, the lustral water threw."
—ÆNEID, Lib. vi., v. 229.

the month Anthesterion, corresponding with our November, and in all the vine-growing countries the custom still remains of feasting and rejoicing, as at our Harvest Home. As a further proof of the identity of this feast with the Pythægia, there is the fact, that, in some places, they had the custom of cheating the children into a due respect for St. Martin, by making them believe that he changed water into wine for their special delectation. "To effect this piece of jugglery the children were taught to fill vessels with water, and to leave them in that state for the saint to operate upon. The parents would then substitute new wine for the water, while the young folks were asleep, and in the morning St. Martin would get the merit of the whole transaction."

The first festival of note in December is Christmas Eve. In the primitive Church Christmas day was always held as a Sabbath, and hence it was preceded by a vigil as a preparation for the day following. It was attended by many popular superstitions and observances, the ceremonies of the Saturnalia, from which it was derived, being improved upon by Druidical and Christian additions. The connection of this festival with the Roman Saturnalia has never been disputed, by those competent to judge in the matter, and in some still existing observances in Franconia, the traces of the latter are undeniable. In fact, the ceremonies were identical in kind, though improved upon as we before noticed. In addition to what we have here shown, we have the unquestionable authority of Bede for asserting that it had been observed in England long before by the heathen Saxons; it was called the Mother Night, probably on account of the ceremonies used. Gregory Nyssen expressly says:—"It came to pass that for exploding the festivals of the heathens, the principal festivals of the Christians succeeded in their room, as the *keeping of Christmas* with joy and feasting, and playing and sports, in room of the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia;" and, he adds,—"By the pleasures of these festivals the Christians *increased much in numbers*, and *decreased as much in virtue*, till they were purged and made white by the persecution of Diocle-sian."*

* See Sir Isaac Newton on Daniel, part 1, chap. 14.

But though a certain part of this festival may be traced to the Romans or the Saxons, the real foundation lies far beyond. It was clearly, at first, an astronomical observance of the Winter Solstice, and the approaching lengthening of the day, as is symbolized by the Christmas candles and Yule (or Huli) logs, emblems of increasing light and heat. These Christmas candles were, in old times, of great size. Even within the last twenty years it was the custom, in a certain city of Canada, for the candle-makers to present their customers with a great candle of half a pound or more; perhaps the practice exists yet. The Yule-clog or log was the representative of the fires at the mid-summer Solstice, the change of season having made their in-door warmth desirable. At one time it was in especial order to light it from a brand of the last year's log, carefully preserved for that purpose, as Herrick shows in his Hesperides.* This is plainly a derivation from the perpetual fire of the Indian Fire-worshippers and the Rosicrucians. Nor is the use of the Druidical Mistletoe in the Christmas festivities without its significance, as to the Pagan origin of these rites. What are called Christmas-boxes are, possibly, if not probably, derived from the Roman custom of sending presents to their friends at the season of the Saturnalia. The usual custom was followed, but the object changed; what had formerly been done in honour of Saturn, being now done as a votive gift to the Virgin Mary. It is certain that this custom is expressly prohibited in the Canons of the sixth Trullan Council. The good Fathers had discovered a wicked habit among the faithful, of baking cakes and presenting them to each other, on pretence of doing honour to the Virgin at the Nativity, but, as the good men sagely observed, "how are we to pay the rites of child-birth to her who never knew of such a thing?" forgetting that a few days after there was an appointed feast of purification, and that their action necessarily did away with that also. There is another possible derivation of the custom, but it seems so far-fetched that it is hardly worth

* "With last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is teending."—*i. e.* kindling.

while noticing it. It would seem to point to a Druidical origin for the custom. In Normandy and some other parts of France, New-year's gifts are still called "*Guy*, or *Gue l'an-neuf*." Now *Guy* or *Gue* is the Celtic name for the oak, and Keysler tells us that on New-year's eve the boys go about begging for gifts, while, as a New-year's salutation, they cry,—"Au Guy, l'an-neuf,"—"To the Mistletoe, the New-year's come!" We shall notice this farther on.

On the 27th, St. John's day, it is said to have been the custom of the Apostles to send to each other a present of a draught, presumably, of wine. The scattering of the Apostles throughout all lands, and the difficulty of communication in those days, sufficiently refute this origin of the St. John's draught or blessing, still kept up in many places. A more probable source of the custom is the practice of the Pagan Romans of sending round to each other at this season, a votive cup in honour of the two-faced God, Janus, who, according to them, was the first cultivator of the vine. The similarity of the names gives strength to this supposition, for the change from *Janus* to *Johannes* was so easy that it was not likely to have been overlooked by the astute ecclesiastics of those days, while the great body of their nominal converts would imagine that it was simply a different pronunciation of the same name.

Holy Innocents or Childermas, which is held on the 28th, is supposed to be in commemoration of the slaughter of the Jewish children by order of Herod. Now, in the first place, there have been grave doubts whether this ever occurred, and is not an interpolation. It is only mentioned by St. Mathew, and that directly only in one verse. No contemporary historian, not even Josephus, himself a Jew, and, as an avowed enemy of Herod, not likely to overlook such a stain on his character, has the slightest allusion to it. But in the second place, we find strong reasons to suppose that this is another graft from the mythological tree. Saturn had his great festival on this day, and he too, was to have had a great slaughter of the innocents, as he was to devour all his own children. The reason given in the Romish Missal for the marriage of Mary—that the Devil might not suspect the birth of a child from a virgin, is a perfect counterpart of the pagan legend. We have also a Hindoo Herod in the god Cansa. *

The flight into Egypt is not mentioned except in St. Matthew. Nay, St. Luke, who is very minute, expressly says, "they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth," and that they went up to Jerusalem *every* year at the feast of the Passover. The whole passage in St. Matthew is not greater than some interpolations that have been proved to the satisfaction of the most learned men who have ever studied these matters, and the whole looks so like an attempt to reconcile evangelical authority with practice, as to render it suspicious.

We now come to New-year's eve, to which belongs the Hogmanay or Hagmena, by some supposed to be derived from the Greek, *Hagia mene*, sacred month, a name given to the month by the monks, who went round begging and chanting a carol, every verse of which commenced with the words—*Hagia mene*. The Wassail at this season was also a heathen custom, the very term being directly derived from the Saxon *wæs hæl*, "be in health;" but the custom of drinking to the gods, magistrates, and to each other, was common among the Greeks, and the Christians, following their example, drank to St. John the Baptist, or to St. Michael, their fellows responding with Amen! So also the Danes drank to Thor and Woden, and when converted, only changed the object to their patron Saint, Olave, while the Icelanders drank to Jesus Christ, and even to God the Father, regarding it as a religious ceremony or custom.

* This Hindoo Herod had been warned by a mysterious voice, on the marriage of his sister, Devaci, that her eighth son would be his destroyer, whereupon he seized her by the hair and would have cut off her head, had not her husband, Vasudeva, promised to give up to him all the children she might bring forth. Six he slew; the seventh, Rama, escaped; and when for the eighth time Devaci became pregnant, her beauty shone forth so resplendently, that it brightened her husband's face and illuminated the walls of her chamber. At length she brought forth a child, and the eyes of the parents being open for the moment, they knew it was God himself. Again their eyes were reduced to a mortal state, when they saw only a human infant before them, but a divine voice directed Vasudeva to fly and secrete the infant. Cansa being thus baffled, ordered "*all the young children throughout the kingdom to be slain.*" In this story we find, not only the exact counterpart of Herod, but the prototype also of Saturn devouring his children, lest any one of them should destroy him. Maurice's "Indian Sceptic," (p. 102.)

We have thus traced the connection of a few of the very numerous Christian festivals throughout the year with those of heathen mythology on precisely the same dates. The reader will not have failed to observe a similarity in the simultaneous celebrations, as well in character as in date. The common origin of many of them is beyond a doubt, while circumstances and the collateral testimony of Christian authorities place that of the others in almost as certain a position. In a recent work we have also concurrent testimony as to the adoption of heathen rites and superstitions into the Russo-Greek Church. We give a short extract:

"On the popular tales of a religious character current among the Russian peasantry, the duality of their creed or that of their ancestors has produced a two-fold effect. On the one hand, into narratives drawn from purely Christian sources, heathen influence is perceptible in stories which deal with demons or departed spirits; on the other, an attempt has been made to give a Christian character to what are manifestly heathen legends, by lending saintly names to their characters, and clothing their ideas in an imitation of Biblical language."*

Did the present limits permit, the proofs might have been swelled out indefinitely, but enough has been shown to provoke inquiry, which is all that was intended.

* Russian Folk Tales. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., London, 1873, p. 326.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

BY E. RANSFORD, TORONTO.

AT the present time, when the Papal Court is mourning the loss of the only man of any intellectual power amongst its members, a few random recollections of its late Secretary of State may not be unacceptable to Canadian readers. In them I shall confine myself exclusively to what fell under my own notice during several visits to Rome, during which I was on terms, if not of intimacy, at least of acquaintanceship, with the late Cardinal Antonelli. As it was well-known that I was an occasional Roman correspondent for one of the leading English liberal papers, I was, of course, in common with my fellow-correspondents, more or less an object of interest, not to say suspicion, to the bureau presided over by the chief of the Roman police, and more than once came into what might have been somewhat unpleasant collision with that department, had it not been for the good offices of the deceased prelate, whose courtesy to all journalists, not Italian and latterly not German, was of the highest, though he most affected those attached to the English non-Roman Catholic press. These he constantly endeavoured to bring round to his views, or tried, at all events, to induce them to modify theirs, and to report the *roba di Roma* as looked upon through the spectacles of the Vatican. Individually he hated journalism of any sort, and had it been politic, he would willingly have suppressed every newspaper, and driven every journalist out of Rome. But as this would have involved the elimination of those journals and correspondents who were favourable to the ultramontane cause, and such a course of action would not have been a paying speculation, his policy was to endure the evil, in the forlorn hope of being able to cast dust in the eyes of the anti-papal writers. Clever and shrewd in his way, he little knew that in his own case was exemplified the proverb, "A man's foes are they of his own household"—"*Omnia Romæ venalia*"—and Cardinal Antonelli's personal attendants were no exception to the rule

they had their price, and those who could afford to pay for it were able to secure the earliest and the most authentic news as to the proceedings and opinions of the Pope and the Curia. In this way much leaked out into channels by no means friendly to the clerical cause, and for a long time the Cardinal was at a loss to discover the sources of our information. Later, however, the secret did come out; the chief offender, a secretary in the office of his Eminence, was made aware of his danger, and saved himself, by timely flight, from a somewhat too intimate acquaintance with the dungeons of St. Angelo. It is needless to remark that another was speedily found who supplied the place of the fugitive, nor could all the Cardinal's efforts thwart us in our manœuverings to countermine the plots of the *papalini* against the consummation of Italian unification.

One thing bothered Antonelli, perhaps, more than all the overt acts of the various conspirators. That was the existence of a national printing press, through whose instrumentality were thrown off by the thousand, stirring appeals to the friends of liberty in Rome, news of the movements of their brethren abroad, and summonses to those meetings on the Corso, the Pincio, and other places of public resort, which rarely came off without a dragonnade and the incarceration of some scores in the Roman prisons. We all shared the risk of secreting this press, which was purposely made of a small and portable size, and with its types and furniture could easily be packed at a moment's notice, either whole or in parts, and transported to safer quarters. On one occasion, after it had sojourned for some weeks in my rooms, (which were let to me by a red-hot papalist,) and had been instrumental in scattering broadcast through the city some tracts very damaging to the interests of Pius IX., we one day received a hint from the Cardinal's personal attendant that a raid would be made upon the premises early in the evening, with the additional information that a load of wood destined for the Vatican would be passing at a certain hour in the afternoon. A word was sufficient for the wise. At a quarter to two p.m. the obnoxious press and its apppurtenances, all ready packed up, were hidden under the faggots, the driver was "got at" by dint of a few judiciously expended scudi, and the perilous cargo driven into the Vatican right under the nose of the omniscient Secretary of State and his myrmidons, and safely lodged under the same roof with his Holiness, whose temporal power its agency was doing so much to overthrow. Hardly had this been effected when the police arrived, and departed deeply chagrined at being so befooled. Of course I at once complained to Cardinal Antonelli, who made every apology, and, as far as I could judge, sincerely, for the intrusion on my privacy.

It is not needful to give a biography of the late Secretary of State. I only purpose to give a few personal recollections of his Eminence. Sprung from the people himself, he hated the multitude with all the hatred of a *roturier*. Was an Italian noble or conspicuous by position, above all was he rich, he was sure to find favour in Antonelli's eyes, and he might be guilty of many peccadilloes before he forfeited the esteem thus acquired. Only let him refrain from, at all events openly, mixing himself up with the Liberal party, and the Cardinal would wink at any other accusations that were brought against him, and it was whispered would even put him in the way of adding to his funds by successful speculations, or of enjoying certain pleasures and amusements supposed to be illicit in the palmy days of papal supremacy. But for his fellow-citizens and the rabble of the "baser sort," i.e. the middle and working classes, the Cardinal's contempt knew no bounds. "Keep them down, keep them down, if you want peace," was his constant advice to his gentle and liberally-minded master. The instincts of liberty were to be repressed at all hazard, and the old expedient of sitting on the safety-valve resorted to,—with the usual results. A meeting on the Corso was the signal for a charge by the papal dragoons, the vilest set of hireling ruffians unhung; a cry of "Viva Garibaldi," the display of the National colours, a necklace or a brooch of a certain shape or fashion, was too often equivalent to a life-long imprisonment or a voluntary banishment. Neither justice nor mercy found a place in his vocabulary; next to money, expediency and the magnifying of his office was his god. Ecclesiastical supremacy, a theocracy, with Pius IX. as the nominal, and Antonelli as the actual head, underlied all his policy; and hence it came to pass that Antonelli was, as it were, an Ishmaelite in the political world, if not in the

ecclesiastical. His hand was against every man and the hand of every man against him. Never was a man more hated, perhaps never was a man more dreaded; and since the days of Talleyrand no one has ever exercised so great an influence in Continental politics, or displayed such versatility of genius or such a capacity for finesse as the late Roman Secretary of State. He seemed intinctively to know all that was going on around him, and with a keen nose for smelling out antagonistic schemes, was able to counterplot—in nine cases out of ten, to do so successfully. He was within a little of being another Machiavelli, indeed he only failed in equalling, if not surpassing, that astute master of state-craft, owing to the superior enlightenment of the age, an enlightenment which he would fain have extinguished, had it lain in his power. Few were able to stand against him, and those who tried it generally went to the wall. Cavour attempted it, but was cut off, not without suspicion of poison on the part of Antonelli. Garibaldi thought to out-manœuvre his adversary; but retreated ingloriously with a ball in his foot on one occasion and one in his back on another. Napoleon III. broke a lance in favour of Victor Emmanuel, but found it more prudent to conclude the treaty of Villafranca, than to risk the fate which afterwards befell him at Sedan—a fate not improbably precipitated by the withdrawal of his troops from Rome, and the consequent entrance of the Italian troops through the breach in the Porta Pia. Bismarck alone has succeeded in countermining him, but his success has been due, not so much to diplomatic sharpness, as to blood and iron, and the employment of the secular arm against ecclesiastical tyranny. Nor have his successes been without risk to his own life and the stability of the German Empire which, even in the present day, is more menaced by the Ultramontanes—admirers of Antonelli's machinations—than by the hosts of the Red Republicans or the riffraff of the Commune.

Intellectually Antonelli far surpassed all his colleagues—to whose lot fell but a small portion of brains, and a smaller of any but a purely theological education. He was an accomplished scholar, a lover of art, an enthusiastic collector of jewels and articles of vertu, being possessed of a collection of gems and antiquities surpassed by no private collector. His conversation, when he chose, was fascinating to the last degree, enlivened by flashes of wit, and apt and elegant quotations, not only from the Italian but also from other classical writers, ancient and modern. His sarcasm was biting and unsparing: it mattered not whether those he satirised were friends or foes, all fell in for their share of ridicule, not always of the most kindly sort. On one occasion I went to the Vatican accompanied by a ritualistic friend, in order that the latter might have an audience with the Pope. His Holiness, with his usual urbanity, jested with the Anglican "priest," whom he likened to the church bell, inasmuch as he called the people into the Church, but went not in himself. Antonelli, with a grim smile, said, "Nay, rather, Holy Father, is he not like the ass in the parable of the Good Samaritan, who bore the sick man to the inn, but had to put up with the outside stable himself?" On another occasion he compared a famous ritualist who had just been snubbed by his bishop, to Balaam's ass, who spoke the truth but was scourged for it by the false prophet. In neither case did the ritualist seem to take the joke.

I have said that next to money Antonelli worshipped power; that, however, fell into insignificance before gold. His every moment was spent in its pursuit: one might say his political endeavours were all directed towards the same object. He knew that the downfall of the temporal power meant the downfall of the religious orders, from which he derived a large part of his enormous income. Dispensations, renewals, fines, all came under his jurisdiction, and served to fill his coffers; nor is it any secret that the many schemes by which the Papal exchequer has been filled to overflowing since the "imprisonment" of Pius IX., were elaborated by the deceased Cardinal, whom the Ultramontanes laud to the skies for his devotedness to the Pope in *sharing* his "fallen fortunes." Doubtless there are many who would not be slow to evince a similar devotedness, or even to experience like ups and downs of the fickle goddess. So well known to the Pope was the avarice of his Minister, that he observed of him one day when it was of obligation for all ecclesiastics to say the Litanies of the Saints, that his Eminence had assumed Papal power, and added another Saint to the calender, devoutly praying, "Sancte Pluto, ora pro nobis." On

another occasion he remarked that Antonelli had erected an altar to the "Diva Pecunia," in the innermost recesses of the Vatican, and that, by way of showing his acquisitiveness, had actually "conveyed" the altar itself from the Vatican Museum. His accumulated hoards have been left, not to the Church whence they were derived, but to his numerous relations, not a few of whom are what the Italians call, in the case of an ecclesiastic, "*quasi*-nephews and nieces."

In disposition, the Cardinal corresponded to his personal appearance. Naturally saturnine, his dark olive complexion suited his mental gloom. Intellectually brilliant, his keen black eyes—the most fearfully piercing eyes ever seen in human head—deeply sunk in their cavernous sockets, would at times light up with the flash of genius, and some quip or sarcasm would set the table in a roar. His narrow forehead and sharp eagle nose spoke eloquently of that *auri sacra fames* which was the bane of his career. Round his chiselled lips there often played a sensual expression, betokening too clearly the animalism which dominated over the finer nature of the man, and pointing evidently to that immorality and those vices for which he was, unhappily, too notorious. His immorality was no secret to the Pope. Indeed, it was the joke in Rome, on one occasion during my going there, that on Antonelli's replying to His Holiness, when offered a pinch of snuff out of the Papal snuff-box, that he had not that vice, the Pope quickly retorted: "It's no vice, else you would long since have added it to your bundle."

In pride, the Cardinal was a very Lucifer. The people he would fain have trodden under foot, or at all events have allowed them only the privilege of existence. This the Romans heartily reciprocated. Hateful and hating one another best expressed their mutual relations. I well remember seeing the Pope going to a solemn function—I forget what—with Antonelli in his suite. It was very soon after the massacre of Perugia, and the Roman mind was greatly excited, yet hardly dared to give vent to its feelings. It was one of those glorious Roman summer days when everything seemed to partake of the nature of the sweltering heat. As soon as the *cortège* came within sight of the assembled populace, instead of a continuous shout of *vivas* for the Pope, his Holiness was received in solemn silence, only broken when Antonelli's carriage was seen. Shouts of "Ficconaso" (Paul Pry), "Butcher," "Murderer," "Enemy of Italy," "Pig of a Cardinal," and the like, arose on all sides, and the startled horses could scarcely drag the heavy carriage along, so fiercely did the enraged Romans press upon it, in defiance of the Dragoons who surrounded it. The Pope was greatly agitated, and shed tears of sorrow, but Antonelli sat erect and emotionless as ever, his awful eyes—whose gaze only Cavour was ever known to withstand—scathing his assailants as with a lightning flash, and only once, when a stone whizzed past the driver's head, did he seem moved. A sinister smile lighted up his dark features, and muttering, "Canaglia; but they shall pay for this," he relapsed into his former insensitiveness, and went through his part of the sacred function as coolly as if nothing had happened. In the afternoon he carried out his threat. The Corso was crowded as on every *festa;* the morning's excitement seemed forgotton, and all were quietly promenading, when suddenly there was a charge of Pontifical dragoons. Numbers were cut down, many killed, and not a few swept off into captivity, from which some were not released till the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops.

An enemy to all progress, Antonelli scrupled not to imprison every priest, monk, or even bishop, that ventured to express liberal opinions or to advocate any change, except in a retrogressive direction. The dungeons of the Inquisition, as well as the cells of St. Angelo, if they could but speak of the horrors perpetrated within them up to 1848, could unfold many a sad tale of the sufferings endured by the victims of Antonelli's jealousy of aught approaching to reform. When I was in Rome, that eccentric British person styling himself "Father Ignatius, O. S.B.," nearly obtained for himself the notoriety he coveted. It was reported to Antonelli that an Englishman was masquerading in the streets, clothed in a bad imitation of the Benedictine habit, and strutting about with ladies on his arm. The Cardinal was on the point of ordering him to quit the city, but on discovering that he was a ritualistic monk, he gave one of his sarcastic laughs, and suggested, in the Italian equivalent, that the aspirant after monastic honours should be labelled "Brummagem—

warranted best veneered," at the same time commending him to the care of the Bishop of Birmingham, who then happened to be in the Eternal City.

Antonelli, besides being a diplomatist, was an enthusiastic chess-player, the only amusement he permitted himself. In this game he was so proficient that the saying ran, "It wants the devil to checkmate Antonelli." His sole objection to the game was that it took up too much time. So sparing was he of that article that for many years he refused to be ordained priest, lest he should lose too much time in preparing for, in saying, and in returning thanks after Mass—one hour altogether. As an ecclesiastic in Sacred orders —as opposed to the four Minor initiatory orders—he was equally economical. He was bound by the obligation of his state to recite the Canonical Hours of the Breviary every day—a task which occupies, on an average, one hour a day, and is rendered more tiresome by the amount of turning the pages over and over, to find the various antiphons, prayers, suffrages, etc. This Antonelli avoided altogether, by having the whole "Office" for each day printed in a bold canon type, on large quarto cards, in the exact order in which it was to be said. These were handed to him one by one by his chaplain and the words were rapidly repeated by his Eminence, who thus satisfied the obligation at very little trouble to himself. As a rule, he would postpone the Office of the day till within an hour of midnight, and would first repeat it, and then by anticipation that for the next day, in immediate succession, thus being clear of all religious obligations for the next two days.

His business powers were unparalleled, and his despatch in all matters connected with his office, rendered him a perfect terror, as well to his subordinates as to his fellow ministers, with whose duties he interfered to an unwarrantable extent. In matters of war or peace, the organization of the army, the conversion of the heathen, the police, the appointment of a bishop, finance, or ecclesiastical ceremonies, nothing came amiss to him; nor was the epithet "Ficconaso" (Paul Pry) misapplied in his case. The Pope at first tried to resist, but was at last compelled to yield to what was in reality the tyranny of his minister, ruefully complaining that, "no matter how varied the materials in the ecclesiastical omelette, Antonelli was sure to have the mixing." It was an evil day for Italy, and especially for Pius IX., that saw the deceased Cardinal assume the position of Secretary of State. Had the Pope been left to himself and to follow the dictates of his own better and more liberal inclinations, a *modus vivendi* would have been arrived at by which the King of Italy's task would have been accomplished without the fearful outpouring of blood and treasure which has so crippled the new Kingdom, whilst to the Papal Court and its appanages would have been secured an amount of freedom and power, such as, fortunately for the world, it can never look for now. Antonelli stopped the way and brought himself and his master to grief. In fact, the only point on which the Pope and he disagreed was, that he never could persuade his Holiness to excommunicate Victor Emmanuel by name. The Cardinal hated the King as much as the Pope loves him: the one looked on him as a robber, the other as a true Itatian. But "the craft was in danger," and the King had to be left out in the cold. It did not jump with Infallibility to look with favour on a monarch whose Ministers had flouted the Holy See in its own city, and given checkmate to its crafty and ambitious Prime Minister; and so, by the ambition of one man, the lives of hundreds have been sacrificed, and the world looks and scoffs at the sight of the "Vicar of Christ" snarling in the Vatican, or whimpering out querulous complaints from an imaginary dungeon.

As to the Infallibility dogma, and Antonelli's share in it, I can safely assert that, as to its theology, he cared nothing; he looked on it solely as a means to an end, the apotheosis of hierarchism. Whilst it flattered the obstinate vanity of Pius IX., it played into the hands of the Cardinal, and seemed to open up an enchanting vista of increased power, and consequently of money-bags still further inflated. The theology he left to the Jesuits and Archbishop Manning, with both of whom he was *pro hac vice* at one: the political part of it he appropriated to himself. Sedan and Bismarck combined defeated his ambitious projects, and saved Italy, and indeed the world, from the infliction of a burthen too heavy to be borne.

It remains to be seen what difference his death will make in the politics of the Vatican. Already we read of changes, actual,

and rumoured. Cardinal Simeoni, Antonelli's successor, is a servile imitator of his predecessor, a man of mean ability, but of high sacerdotal ideas. If Cardinal Manning is really to remain at Rome, that would seem to point to the assumption by the Jesuits—whose tool the late Archdeacon of Chichester has always been, and whom Cardinal Antonelli always firmly opposed—of that absolute despotism over the Pope's mind, at which they have always aimed, and to the possible succession of Cardinal Manning to the Papal chair on the nomination of Pius IX. himself, a privilege he can now claim as an outcome of the declaration of the new doctrine. This step Antonelli always opposed, as there was no love lost between himself and his brother, the English Cardinal. He had other views, and these in favour of the election of an Italian Pope. He had no wish to be Pope himself; he was more than content to pull the strings, and he had quite political sagacity enough to know that his election to the papal throne would be the signal for a general shout of execration, and a combined storm of opposition on the part of a united Europe sufficient to threaten the very existence of the Papacy. A mere puppet, in the shape of some half-educated Italian Cardinal, who could be moulded as he chose, was the one whom the late Papal Secretary of State desired to see step into the shoes of Pius IX., under whose *régime* he might still hope to enjoy the sweets of power and of money-getting.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.

POOR ANGELO.

CHAPTER VII.

MICHAEL SEWELL.

BRIAN HALFDAY was not unmindful of his appointment with Angelo Salmon on the following day. True to his old punctual habits, he was descending the grand staircase of the "Mastodon" as the clock in the hall was striking seven. It was a bright, breezy morning as he stepped from the portico of the hotel to the street, and went on a few paces to the railing that skirted the cliff, where he paused and looked across at the sea, full of life and light in the early sunshine.

Brian had the view to himself for a while. The visitors at the "Mastodon" were not early risers as a rule, and the white frost on the cliff railing, and on the top of the bathing machines below, was scarcely inviting to those who loved warmth within doors. It was a keen air, and Brian found it necessary after a while to walk up and down at a sharp pace to keep his blood in circulation, whilst he wondered what had become of Angelo, and whether another thought of meeting him had crossed that young man's mind, or the little that was left of it.

He would give him ten minutes' grace, and then start off towards the great green hills lying beyond the town, Brian thought, taking a long walk before breakfast, and postponing Angelo's revelation for another opportunity. He would have been glad to hear Angelo's story; to approach more closely to the truth from Angelo's point of view, but there was time before him, and no

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

necessity for haste. Young Salmon had possibly overslept himself, or was naturally an unpunctual man; he should see him on his return, and if he waited there much longer for him—he who hated to wait, or to be kept waiting—he should certainly lose his temper, being not wholly amiable. Suddenly the click of the great brass latch of the "Mastodon" doors echoed in the quiet street. Brian turned back with the expectation of meeting Angelo, and in his short-sighted fashion advanced towards the man descending the steps.

"You are behind time," he said half-sharply, before he was aware that it was not Angelo Salmon upon whom he had intruded. The effect of his appearance upon the stranger was more startling than he had bargained for. The man came to a full stop, went up two steps again in his surprise, paused and gave vent to a bitter, awful oath.

"Brian Halfday!" he said the instant afterwards, "you have been waiting here. By what right do you watch me?"

"By what right are you in this place spending the money that belongs to another?" asked Brian, sharply in his turn.

He did not explain to the man on the steps that this was one of those chance meetings with which the world is full; it might be as well, for his future plans, to profess that he knew Michael Sewell was at Scarborough, and that he had been waiting for him there. At all events, in the early moments of their meeting he would not undeceive him.

The man whom we meet for the first time, and yet whose life and character have been shadowed forth by his young wife Dorcas in our pages, was a tall and strikingly handsome man—an olive-skinned, dark-eyed, gipsy-looking being, who seemed more Spanish than English at first sight. It was probable that his surprise—even his evident confusion and anger—at this unlooked-for meeting with his brother-in-law had deepened the natural colour of his skin, for after all he was not a great deal swarthier than Brian when he had recovered himself and descended to the pavement. He towered over our hero, and looked down at him almost in defiance; he had been surprised and tracked, but he was not to be browbeaten by this fierce little man whom he had always hated, and with just cause too—he was sure of that! The times had changed, and he was rich and his own master—what was Brian Halfday to him now, and taken at his worst, what harm could he do?

"I am spending the money that belongs to me," he said in reply to Brian's last remark, "and you have no right to say a word against it."

"Have you no idea of making restitution to Miss Westbrook?—is this how you carry out your promise to my sister?" asked Brian.

"You are in too much of a hurry—and I hate hurry," he replied. "I want time to turn round, and to consider how this affects me—and by Heaven I'll take my time too. Who has set you dogging my steps like this—Dorcas?"

"Is not Dorcas with you?"

"No—she is not."

"Where is she?" asked Brian.

Michael Sewell seemed indisposed to afford his brother-in-law the information required. His face darkened again, and the veins in his forehead became swollen with a rage that was difficult to repress. Still, he repressed it; he was not at his ease in Brian's company, or under Brian's questioning, but there were reasons why he should not openly quarrel with him at present. He owed Brian Halfday a grudge, and he was a man who never forgave nor forgot, but the hour of retaliation lay beyond the present day, and he could afford to wait as well as any man. The game was his own, and he held the leading cards."

"Look here, Brian," he said bluntly, but in a more friendly tone, "you and I have not hit it well together, and you have taken a deal of pains to make me hate you, but you will find I'm straight and fair—if you'll leave me to myself. Cross me, and there's no one a greater devil. Ask Dorcas—ask that infernal father of hers—ask anybody who has ever known Mike Sewell. If you want me for an enemy, say so—if you want me for a friend, hold out your hand."

Brian was not to be deceived by this sudden exhibition of frankness. He believed he knew the man and estimated him at his just worth, and he had lost faith in him and his honour long ago.

"I make neither friends nor enemies if I can help it," he said, "and you and I are not likely to meet very often here, or elsewhere."

"I'll take care of that," said Michael Sewell, insolently now. He was not at his ease, and his mood varied with every sentence of his brother-in-law's.

"I shall be glad of one interview, at your leisure," Brian continued, "for I have news of considerable importance to communicate."

"Have you been following me to tell me this?"

"Scarcely," said Brian, "my principal business in Scarborough is with Miss Westbrook herself."

"Ah—yes—Miss Westbrook," he muttered in a confused way that was difficult for Brian to account for, "but she does not know you are in Scarborough."

"Has she told you so?" asked Brian. "Are you acquainted with Miss Westbrook?"

"Look here," he said again, as though the phrase was a familiar one, "I am not going to be bothered by all your hateful questions—I don't care to commit myself—that is, to be taken off my guard. You are too sharp a fellow for me—you always were, and I want time and patience, lots of them. I haven't been well. I have come here for a holiday—a complete change—and not to be worried by business of importance, as you please to term it. Why," he added with a forced laugh, "I have not even given my right name here, so that I might enjoy a little peace."

"Not your right name," repeated Brian thoughtfully.

"I wasn't fool enough to come as Michael Sewell—the deserter too!—it was not in my line to let everybody know who I was."

"Will you tell me where Dorcas is?" asked Brian quietly.

"She is in London with her father. Ah! and look here now, I have not much time to spare," he said, drawing a new gold watch from his pocket and consulting it attentively, "but as we have met, and before we say good-bye here—and a good riddance to each other, perhaps—there's another little matter of importance I'll talk over with you presently—and that's this infernal father-in-law of mine. If you or Dorcas think I'm the proper person to take care of him—to be cursed with his whining and snivelling, and all his beastly ways, you're very much mistaken. There!"

"He is with Dorcas and you?"

"At present. If he stops much longer I shall murder him," replied Mr. Sewell vindictively. "You are not going to shove him upon me, I can tell you. Of all the hateful—but I shall see you again. Good morning."

He strode away in the direction of the steps that led to the sands and the valley, then turned again suddenly, as with a new thought which had come to him.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, advancing very closely to Brian once more, "least said is soonest mended between you and me. You need not tell everybody in the hotel that my name's Michael Sewell—it's a name I detest—and I don't care to be known by it in a swell place like this."

"Your complete change includes change of name also," said Brian ironically.

"Yes, it does. I have to play the part of a gentleman here."

"I am afraid you find it a difficult impersonation."

"Never you mind. You can disgrace me, and you can make people laugh at me," he said; "but two can play at that game, remember, always. And when your sister comes, which she will presently, you will have disgraced her, too—don't forget that."

"I will not forget anything," was Brian's answer.

Michael Sewell went his way after this, and Brian, disturbed as much as his brother-in-law by the turn which events had taken, resumed his beat in front of the hotel, and thought less of the gentleman for whom he was waiting, than of the individual playing the part of a gentleman from whom he had recently parted.

He walked to the cliff railing again, and looked down at the sands, as if curious—and he was naturally curious, the reader is aware—to learn what had become of Michael Sewell, and whether a cold bath or a walk by the seashore, was the mission which had brought the man out at so early an hour.

It was strange that he should have met him in this place; had he been a superstitious man, he might have seen something like destiny in it—the destiny of a retribution that it was in his power, and which it had become his duty, to bring about.

Yes; Fate, tired of persecuting Mabel Westbrook, was playing into his hands, when it brought him and Michael Sewell together by the sea; now the heiress might

step into her rights again sooner than he had dreamed.

This Michael Sewell had possibly determined on a long walk; the tide was low, and Brian, from his vantage ground, could see the well-knit figure of his relative by marriage striding along the wet sand, and close to the water's edge, as if with the intention of cutting off the curves of the bay, by keeping as far as he could from the range of brown cliffs that stretched on beyond the Spa, towards Filey.

Through his strong glasses, which he had put on to make sure that he was not interested in the movements of a stranger, Brian saw Michael Sewell suddenly look towards the gardens of the Spa, or to the sands immediately beyond the lower entrance, raise his hat, wave his hand, and make towards a spot of colour there—a fleck of blue and white, strangely like a lady in morning costume, sauntering time away by the sea.

"An assignation! I am not surprised," said Brian, shrugging his shoulders as he turned away; "he is false in everything. It is like his character, as I have always painted it—it is like the man of whom I always warned poor Dorcas. Why did I watch the wretch?" he said, stamping his foot upon the ground in his new petulance; "why have I lowered myself to spy upon him, knowing what he is so well."

Still Michael Sewell puzzled him, and enraged him. For his sister's sake, and in her service, it might be as well to learn something of the truth, to face the man even, and accuse him of his baseness, or to make sure that he was not the arrant knave he thought him. He would descend to the seashore and confront him. He might be doing Michael Sewell an injustice, he thought more generously, as he descended the steps, and the lady might be as innocent of an intentional meeting with the ex-soldier as Michael was of meeting her. A chance acquaintance born of *table-d'hôtes* probably; he was getting terribly suspicious of his fellow-creatures—he was not improving—Mabel Westbrook had seen that for herself only last night.

When he had reached the sands, the man who was not surprised, was doomed to experience another shock of considerable force, for leaning against the lower wall of the Spa, peering round it nervously and eagerly, and looking in the direction which Michael Sewell had taken, was Michael Sewell's wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOT QUITE HAPPY.

INTO the foreground of life—and of life's battle—were advancing all those in whom Brian Halfday was interested. It seemed as if the great fight was to be fought out at this garish watering-place, where Thalia reigned supreme, and the dark skirts of Melpomene were only seen fluttering at the side wings. Surely more like destiny than ever to find Dorcas Sewell there—although Brian, like a wise man, had no faith in destiny. It was his sister who believed in fate, and who turned round with a half-scream of affright, as he touched her on the shoulder.

"Brian!" she exclaimed, "what evil genius brings you here?"

Dorcas was attired in a morning costume of fashionable make. It was the first time that Brian had seen her "dressed like a lady," and he frowned a little at her "style," at the massive gold chain hanging round her neck, and attached to a gold watch at her girdle. Evidences of making free with Mabel Westbrook's property—nothing more than that—nothing more creditable, he thought—not one effort to save money for the woman who had been robbed by the Halfdays.

"Miss Westbrook's business brings me here, Dorcas," replied Brian to her; "I hope the same motive has brought you, too. We have both been waiting for you."

Dorcas looked down, and wrung her hands together.

"I have been given time," she answered; Miss Westbrook promised to have faith in me and him."

"Meaning your husband?"

"Yes."

"And what faith has the wife in Michael Sewell when she watches him like this." asked Brian; "when he is unaware of her presence, and believes her to be in London with her father?"

Dorcas winced at the inquiry. The warm blood mounted to her face, and then died away, leaving her the colour of the dead.

Brian waited for an angry answer, for the

old passionate outburst which was natural to her character, and which invariably followed reproof or advice, but it came not. The hands were wrung together again, and the thin lips quivered, as she replied in a low voice—

"I did not care to be too long away from him. I wanted to see him, if even at a distance. I wanted to know what he was doing in this place without me."

"Are you jealous of him?" inquired Brian.

"I—I wasn't when I came here first—that is," she added, "not very jealous. But he was anxious to get away, and leave me to father, and he never asked me to come with him, and I—I couldn't bear it any longer."

"When did you arrive?"

"Father and I have been here a week."

"Without discovery—that is strange."

"Oh! we are not likely to be discovered," said Dorcas, with her old excitement gathering strength by degrees; "father is palsy-stricken and helpless now, and I am his nurse in lodgings near the 'Mastodon.' As near as I could get them, too, so that I could see Michael from behind the window-curtains pass the door, or come out of that hateful hotel where the women make love to him unblushingly, and he is fool enough to be flattered by their leers and smiles, and think what a handsome lady-killer he is! As if he is fit to be there, Brian," she exclaimed; "as if they didn't laugh at him and his rough, soldier-like ways—as if he wouldn't be so much happier and better, and truer with me—as if he wasn't down here learning to forget me. Oh! my God, Brian,—already!—think of it!"

She struck her hands upon the stone sea-wall of the Spa in her sudden rage, and then spread them before her face to hide a rush of tears from her companion.

"Dorcas——" began Brian, when she lowered her hands and cried—

"Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say. 'I told you so—I warned you of him—I knew how it would be!' Well, don't say it—it's a lie—you don't know anything, and I will not listen to you."

"I was about to speak in his defence, Dorcas," when you interrupted me, said Brian very calmly.

Dorcas looked at him with amazement.

"*You* speak in his defence," she muttered; "is the world coming to an end, then?"

"I wished to say, Dorcas, that you must not suspect your husband too hastily, or you will pave the way to your own unhappiness," he said in a gentle tone that was new to the wild girl—for she was still a girl, rash and uncontrollable; "your husband is a man unaccustomed to society, vain, and easily flattered. He is not wholly ignorant; his rough manners may pass amongst some people here for a charming out-spokenness; he has probably made a few friends or acquaintances, who will drop him next week as easily as he will forget them, and there is no harm done or thought on either side. It would have been better to have left him to his holiday, and have waited trustfully for his return."

The kind words were too much for the weak woman. She broke down again, and turned her face away from him and said—

"I couldn't, Brian, I couldn't. I did try."

"Courage—faith," said Brian, putting his arm round her, "you are a young wife, and this husband married you for love, remember."

"Is that one of your old sneers?"

"No, Dorcas," he replied, "I believe—and perhaps it is all I do believe—that Michael Sewell really loved you when we used to quarrel about him so terribly."

"But you never had faith in him."

"Well—no."

"And now you have?" she inquired wonderingly.

"I don't say that," answered Brian, "although it does not agree with my experience of human nature to think Michael Sewell a cold-blooded villain. He may surely talk to the ladies of an hotel where everybody grins and chatters"—he was thinking of last night and Mabel Westbrook's friends, now—"without a suspicion that he is false to you. A sensible man comes here to laugh rather than make love."

"I'm not so sure of it," said Dorcas, "and—what is he always with that woman for? Who is she? Why does she meet him in the early morning on the sands? Why are they together in the Spa? Why are they always together? Will you tell me that?"

"I cannot explain anything, Dorcas. I was only in Yorkshire, for the first time, last night."

"Ah! then, you don't know," said his sister; "you haven't seen how he goes about with her, whilst I stay at home and break my heart. And yet he doesn't mean any

harm—he always liked me—he's a good fellow, he means to do right—it's that hateful woman who is leading him on, and mark me, Brian, *I shall kill her!* "

CHAPTER IX.

A BROTHER AT LAST.

BRIAN HALFDAY had been all his life accustomed to the strange wild moods of his sister Dorcas, but he was unprepared for the intensity of hate and passion displayed in her last words. Here was something to surprise and appal him—even to confound him with the consciousness of his own poor knowledge of human nature. After all, he was no wiser than his fellow men, and this distracted girl remained an enigma impossible to solve. She had become in her jealousy a dangerous woman, and it was no idle threat which had escaped her. Brian could not see to the end of her purpose, or through the shadowy complications hovering about her life. What was to become of her?

He was wise enough at least to affect to disregard the bitterness of her words, and the threat which she had conveyed.

"You are looking at this through magnifying glasses," he said, "and will have a hearty laugh at your own extravagance some day. Now, Dorcas, will you take my advice for once?"

"I never cared for your advice," his sister answered sullenly.

"I am aware of it," said Brian; "but we will not talk of the bygones."

He had advised her long ago to have nothing to do with Michael Sewell, but she had disregarded him and his counsel. Women generally will turn their backs on "advice gratis" when a lover is in question.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Dorcas.

"Go home quietly, and leave this to me," he replied. "Trust me even to fight my sister's battle, if it should be necessary—which is doubtful."

Dorcas looked round the sea-wall again before she answered.

"I don't say there's any harm in those two; but he has no right to go on like that," she muttered. "And if any harm comes, I am not the woman to put up with it. I belong to a family, Brian, that's revengeful and not too particular."

"We are not a very nice family, certainly," was the dry comment of her brother.

"There they go, walking along together still. She has got her hand upon his arm now. Do you see?"

Brian could only see that Dorcas's face had assumed a greenish hue—the loiterers on the sands were beyond his range, even with his glasses.

"Let them be," he said; "it would be a miserable policy to show the woman you are jealous, and the husband that you mistrust him. I will walk back with you to your house, if you can put up with my company so long."

"Very well," Dorcas assented reluctantly.

They went slowly towards the "Mastodon," Dorcas turning and looking after her husband more than once. Brian endeavoured to distract her attention by discussing various matters foreign to the one subject weighing on her mind, but the effect was not particularly successful. He told her of his journey to America, of Peter Scone's death—without, however, mentioning the second will of Adam Halfday—of Mabel Westbrook's being at the "Mastodon," which she knew already; of Angelo Salmon's illness, and the strange means that had been adopted to work a cure in him. He was more communicative and confidential than he had ever been; he was altogether kinder and more considerate; and the change in him was too remarkable for Dorcas not to notice at last.

She had been answering in monosyllables to his various questions and items of news; she had been oppressed by her own thoughts; but when they had ascended the cliff, and were close upon home, she said, in dreamy wonderment—

"What has altered you so much, Brian? Why were you not always like this in the old days? I should have loved you then."

Brian felt the reproach conveyed by the two questions she had asked—felt that there was more than the ring of a half-truth in them. He *had* been hard and harsh in the past—if he had been right in his judgments, he had not been merciful—like the rest of the Halfdays, a consideration for other people's feelings, other folks' weaknesses, had never been a strong point in his char-

acter, and Dorcas had not learned to love him.

"I am getting older and more thoughtful, perhaps," he answered, "but does it strike you I have altered very much?"

"Very much."

"I cannot account for it—I know I am as bad-tempered as ever," he added, thinking of last night again.

"It is not every thought for yourself," said Dorcas shrewdly, if not too complimentarily, "you are not thinking always of how good and wise a man you are, now."

Brian laughed.

"That is a sharp criticism, girl—but admirably near the truth. And there are times when I feel astonishingly like a fool," he said.

"You can't be in love," said Dorcas, moodily regarding him again, "it's as unlikely for you to be in love, as for—"

"As for anybody to be in love with me—exactly," said Brian, concluding the sentence in which she had stopped half way; "oh, no—it's not likely to be love, of all the miserable passions of the world. Is this your place?"

They were standing before a house in the square that faced the "Mastodon Hotel."

"Yes, from the windows on the first floor I watch him eternally, Brian. And it's no light task, God knows," she added, with a heavy sigh.

"Leave this to me for an hour or two," said Brian; "I am thinking that Michael Sewell may as well know you are in Scarborough."

"No, no," cried Dorcas, with evident alarm, "for Heaven's sake don't tell him. He would hate me for ever—he would never forgive me, Brian. You must not tell him—you will promise me not to tell him I am here—for my sake don't lower me in his eyes—pray don't!"

Once again Brian marvelled at his sister's manner, and at her sudden exhibition of excitement. She distrusted her husband, but she was terribly afraid of him.

"Will you inform him yourself?—write to him in a day or two, not later."

"Anything rather than you should tell him—or he should hear it from other lips than mine," said Dorcas.

Brian considered the question for a moment.

"Very well—I will keep your secret. I have not a right to betray it, perhaps."

"Thank you, Brian—thank you," she murmured gratefully; "I am beginning to hope I have a brother at last."

"Why?"

"You are kind to me—you speak kindly."

"I have a great deal to say that you will not take kindly to, presently, Dorcas," replied Brian, gravely, "but there is time before us for future arrangements."

"You mean about the money," she said with a shudder,; "ah! you may reproach me if you will, though I am very helpless now. Not," she added, quickly, "that I have lost faith in Michael's doing right, or acting rightly by Miss Westbrook. He promised me he would, and he will keep his word, I am sure of it."

"Good day—I shall see you soon again."

"Will you not come up-stairs and say a word to father? He is stricken down of late days. He talks about you very often."

"Not now," said Brian, "presently."

"Good-bye, then—and please don't tell Michael."

She held her face up to him, and he stooped and kissed her, as he had not done since she was a little child—so far apart had the hearts of these two unsympathetic beings drifted in their day. He crossed the square and went towards the hotel, thinking it all over again, and striving vainly to see the end of it.

"If it had been any one else except Michael Sewell," he said to himself, "there might have been more hope for his wife."

CHAPTER X.

THE BIG BLONDE.

THE affairs of life were becoming complicated for Brian Halfday, and there was a greater pressure of business upon him than he had bargained for. He was a man with more missions than one, and they crossed and recrossed each other very strangely. First and greatest of all tasks was his duty to Mabel Westbrook: to bring back to her estate all the money of which she had been deprived had seemed the one

aim of his existence, until he had found her betrothed to Angelo Salmon, linked to a weak-minded eccentricity, whom he was sure she did not love, and whom she had accepted out of pity. To save her rather than her money in the first place—and then to confront this Michael Sewell with the tidings that he was not heir to the estate of Adam Halfday of St. Lazarus. To save Angelo Salmon also from the keen anguish of the disappointment that must come to him, to render him more man-like and self-confident, was scarcely an impossible task with time before him, Brian thought, but time was hemming him in quickly, and here was a jealous woman in hiding from her husband on his hands as well—a woman who would adopt desperate means to assert her rights against any one who came between her and the man she loved. Yes, he had enough to do—and he did not quite see in what direction to begin. He must watch his opportunity, for the sakes of all these people who had got upon his mind, and ousted his profession from his thoughts.

At the table d'hote breakfast at the "Mastodon," he saw nothing of his friends or acquaintances—it was on the Spa that they flocked towards him or swept by him, atoms of the busy crowd of fashion and frivolity.

Mabel and Angelo came towards him first, and his heart sank a little—was it with envy?—as they approached him arm-in-arm. Angelo Salmon presented a less ghastly appearance in the sunshine, or the breeze had freshened him up for the morning, or in Mabel Westbrook's company, and with Mabel to take care of, he had become a different man. And she was bright and full of smiles also—hardly like a woman engaged against her will, Brian thought discontentedly, although a vainer man might have taken her smiles to himself, and considered that she was glad to see him again.

Mabel and Brian shook hands, and then Brian and Angelo, the latter proving that he possessed a memory still, by saying at once—

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Halfday, for not keeping my appointment this morning. I hope you did not wait long for me."

"Not very long," was Brian's answer.

"I did not wake—and the man who had orders to call me received fresh instructions from my father to let me be—and so I hope you will hold me excused. They," he added, with a half-frown, "treat me very like a child, you perceive. Even this dear, good friend—this wife that is to be—talks to me as if I were a boy of ten years old, at times. That will not do much longer, Mabel," he said, looking into her face with so much love and admiration that Brian was half disposed to feel indignant again. It was an extraordinary thing that he could not bear anybody to smile at Mabel Westbrook but himself; he had no idea he was so selfish as that—it was perfectly unaccountable; he must be just waking to the consciousness that his temper was execrable.

"I hope Scarborough pleases you better in the daylight," said Mabel to our hero.

"It is a place that will never please me," he replied; "I am too quiet, or too morose, or too fond of my own company."

"I don't like it myself," said Angelo, "but they keep me here for some reason or other—for the sake of the change, I think they call it, as if change were necessary with Mabel for a companion."

"Shall I leave you two gentlemen to talk scandal against a fashionable watering place?" said Mabel. "I perceive a friend approaching whom I have almost deserted during the last two days."

"You will not be long away from me?" said Angelo.

"You will find me near the band," answered Mabel.

There was design in her departure, Brian thought, and Mabel certainly considered that it would be better for Angelo to tell his story, or that part of his story which might be of interest to Brian, as speedily as possible. Brian would understand Angelo and herself more thoroughly then, she hoped.

But Angelo Salmon was not in a hurry to commence his narrative. He sat down by the side of Brian, and followed Mabel with his eyes, watched her cross the promenade to address a lady and gentleman, to stop and talk to them for awhile, and finally proceed with them in the direction of the orchestra. Brian had been watching also with immense interest, for the lady was strikingly attired in blue and white, and the gentleman was Michael Sewell. The costumes are more striking than picturesque at Scarborough as a rule, and there are as violent dashes at colours and contrasts as in

the garish habits of an opera bouffe. Hence there are a few happy results and many terrible failures, although it was doubtful if the blue and white dress were a failure, despite the attention it attracted, and men and women looking curiously after it and its wearer. It was a marvel of skirts, under-skirts, and flouncings, we may observe; and the lady within it was large, fair, young, and pretty enough to carry off with something like grace a dress that would have been social annihilation to a doll or a dowdy.

The wearer of the blue and white was a fine woman, and knew it—and was perfectly aware that the world in general was of the same opinion as herself. Brian scowled again; it was another blow to him to think that Mabel Westbrook had made the acquaintance of Michael Sewell and his companion. Mabel was too quick to make friends, and her amiability had been imposed upon in consequence.

"Who is the lady, Angelo?" asked Brian sharply.

"The lady—what lady? I beg pardon, if you have been speaking before, I did not hear you," said Angelo, jumping at the suddenness and sharpness of Brian's address.

"Who is the lady Miss Westbrook has shaken hands with?"

"Mrs. Disney, a young widow. I don't admire her," said Angelo.

"Does Mabel Westbrook admire her?"

"I cannot say, she always fires up if one utters a word against her friends, and I like her for that, as I like her for everything. There is not such another woman in the world, Brian," he cried, enthusiastically.

"Exactly—Mrs. Disney is her friend, then?"

"They were schoolfellows together. Mrs. Disney was educated in America; when Mabel left Penton, she found out Mrs. Disney, who was very kind to her, and made her share her home at once."

"Oh! this is the school friend, the one friend in England of whom I have heard her speak. I wish it had been one friend the less," he muttered to himself.

"Mabel came to Scarborough with Mrs. Disney, and I found her here after a long search. I was determined to find her; I had made up my mind to die, and I thought I should be glad to see her again before I left the world in which I had lost all hope."

"That was a foolish resolution, Angelo," said Brian. "you should have been a prouder and braver man than that! There are plenty of women to love in the world, and there are life's duties before women."

It was his first step towards the end he had in view, and Angelo Salmon considered the remark for a moment.

"You do not know how completely prostrated I was, and what a blank everything was, too. I should not care to live without Mabel—I would not," Angelo said, stamping his foot upon the ground.

"It is a morbid feeling; you have no right to think of any one in that way," said Brian. "You will have different and better thoughts as you grow stronger."

"I don't want to think of anything but Mabel. She is my one thought."

"I am sorry for it," said Brian bluntly.

Angelo looked intently at his companion.

"Have you ever been in love yourself?"

"I don't know—I can't say. I have a remembrance of a school-girl whom I met in half-holidays, and once went nutting with, and who promised to marry me when I grew up. But she didn't."

"If you have never cared for any one—I mean, cared deeply—it is beyond your power to understand me, sir," said Angelo in a half-offended tone.

Brian assented readily.

"Perhaps it is," he said; "let us change the subject."

He saw quickly and shrewdly that Angelo's variable moods were difficult to oppose, and he felt already that the young man, who had been hitherto meek and docile, was as irritable and suspicious as himself now.

"Do you remember my asking you to be my friend?" Angelo asked suddenly.

"Yes; in the Museum at Penton; and I answered like a churl;" said Brian.

"I thought—she thought—that I could not have a better; there seemed something so strong, and manly, and straightforward in you—but," he added with a shiver, "I should not take you for a friend now."

"Have I altered so much?"

"I have taken a dislike to you," was Angelo's candid reply.

"Well, I regret that; for I would make you my friend, if I could."

"You have tried to make me think less of the woman I love—and I cannot forgive that very readily, Mr. Halfday," said Angelo

with great gravity, "you must have had some hidden reason for endeavouring to disparage Mabel in my eyes."

"I would not say a word of disparagement against Mabel Westbrook for the world," replied Brian; "but I would for all that, beg you to love her with less selfishness."

"What can you possibly mean now?" cried Angelo.

"I have already told you that no woman is deserving of, and that no good woman expects to be made, the sole thought of a man's life. It is unnatural and unreal; and harm may come of it."

"I would prefer not continuing the discussion," said Angelo, loftily, as he rose from his chair, took his hat formally from his head, and left Brian to ponder on the non-success—even the utter failure—of his first attempt to rescue Mabel from the clutches of this man.

"Still it must be done," he said; "he is worse than I thought; and she would be hardly safe with him."

He sat there brooding on this problem, until Michael Sewell, Mrs. Disney, and Mabel passed again; when he half rose to his feet, as if with the intention of joining them, and then sat down again.

"No—I will not hunt her to death. She is happier without me," he muttered.

As they passed, and Mabel looked towards him and smiled, he could almost fancy that her glance asked him to rescue her from those people whom she had sought of her own free will, and had possibly tired of speedily; but he had not the vanity to construe her meaning thus, and contented himself by raising his hat, and feeling grateful for her acknowledgment of his existence. They passed on, and Brian looked after them, until he became aware that his sister Dorcas was looking after them too, from the upper gallery of the covered corridor which faced him. Ever the same thought and the same eternal watch for this woman of one idea—the sooner husband and wife were together, or Mrs. Disney separated from Michael Sewell, the better. This task seemed possible at least. Dorcas was thickly veiled now, and Brian would scarcely have recognised her, despite his glasses, had it not been for the preceding interview. But Dorcas was on his mind, and there was no mistaking the figure leaning over the balcony.

Dorcas did not see him. She had only eyes for Michael Sewell and his companion; and when Mabel left them and came on alone towards Brian, she did not look towards her, but shifted her position with the movements of her husband in the crowd. Presently Brian lost her altogether, and he was gladdened by the sight of Mabel standing before him.

"What have you done with Angelo?" she asked.

"He left me a few minutes since, being heartily tired of my society," said Brian.

"I will go in search of him."

"I will accompany you, if you will allow me."

"Certainly," said Mabel.

"I have one or two questions to ask concerning Mrs. Disney," said Brian; adding, as Mabel regarded him with surprise, "and in Mrs. Disney's interest."

"Mrs. Disney should be very much obliged to you," Mabel answered.

"Oh! I am not going to quarrel with you again," said Brian with a half sad smile; "I think I understand you now, and for ever."

"Well, well," she said in a lower tone, and looking away from him for an instant, "it is almost time."

"Young Salmon tells me that Mrs. Disney is a dear friend of yours," Brian began.

"He is mistaken," Mabel answered, "a dear friend Isabel Disney can never be. She is an old school-fellow, whom I sought when I found myself alone in the world—whose knowledge of that world, too, I fancied might be of service to me in some way. That was one of my mistakes—I make them at times, as you are aware."

"You do not like Mrs. Disney. I am glad of that," exclaimed Brian.

"On the contrary, I like her very much—as an acquaintance," was the reply. "She is very amiable, very kind, very anxious to be of service, very generous——."

"And very vain," Brian concluded.

"How do you know?" asked Mabel.

"I don't know, but the idea has impressed me, nevertheless."

Mabel laughed.

"Well, I think she is 'just a little' vain," Mabel confessed; "not much—not enough to spoil her. She is very pretty and dashing, and gentlemen pay her a great deal of attention, and that is likely to turn the head of a

young lady who is as fond of admiration as the rest of us."

"I wish you would not talk quite so flippantly on subjects of importance, Miss Westbrook," Brian jerked out solemnly. "You are not fond of admiration or attention."

"I am only a woman," answered Mabel demurely. "I think I am, Mr. Halfday."

"No—no, not in the way I mean," said Brian; "not the fulsome admiration and attention which that big blonde would take for a compliment."

"What a name, 'that big blonde!'" cried Mabel. "If she could hear you; if her new and last admirer could hear you."

"The gentleman with whom she is now, you mean?"

"Yes. Captain Seymour."

"Oh! that is Captain Seymour," said Brian. "Do *you* like him?"

"Well—no. He is very handsome, but very rough in his manners."

"Hardly a gentleman?"

"No—hardly a gentleman," repeated Mabel; "but Isabel likes his frankness, and he is certainly very attentive to her—possibly very fond of her."

"Don't say that," said Brian very quickly.

"Why not?" asked Mabel in astonishment. "Why should he not be? Do you know anything of him—is he what he seems?"

"No," was Brian's reply.

"What is he, then?"

"My sister's husband," answered Brian.

CHAPTER XI.

CLOSE TO THE TRUTH.

MABEL WESTBROOK turned very white, before a flush of honest indignation at Michael Sewell's duplicity stole over her face and neck. Young and guileless herself, knowing little of the world and the world's temptations, crediting humanity with higher motives than as a rule it deserved, believing in the good, and doubting if there were much evil in men's hearts, the revelation of Brian Halfday was a blow to Mabel from which she did not readily recover.

"Oh! is it true—can it be true?" she exclaimed.

"It is unfortunately too true."

"Let us get away from this crowd," she said with excitement. "I am bewildered—I shall betray my confusion. You must tell me what to do."

"What to do?"

"Yes; for Isabel. For oh! Brian, I—I think she likes him very much already."

"And has no idea he is married?"

"No. She is vain, but not wicked. She has not a bad thought in her simple heart, I am certain."

"She will the more readily get over this folly," said Brian.

They went slowly from the promenade to the paths which wound up the steep hills of the Spa Gardens, where they could talk in peace, and with only a few stragglers to wonder what might be the subject of their conversation.

"Now tell me what to do. I can rely upon you," said Mabel, when they were on one of the upper paths, and not far from the summit of the cliff.

"Thank you for the compliment," answered Brian with a smile. "I have given you, in my time, a great deal of advice, which I have no remembrance of your following."

"Go on, You regard matters lightly. I have a friend's reputation at stake," said Mabel impatiently.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Westbrook. This is reproof for reproof, I suppose; but I hardly deserve it. But why should we not treat the matter lightly?" he asked. "Michael Sewell has been flirting with your friend, and has not told her he is married. Mrs. Disney has been a little indiscreet in accepting attentions from a gentleman of whose antecedents she is in ignorance; and a quiet hint from you sets the position right. Where is the harm done? The widow is not likely to be desperately in love. Her vanity may have been flattered by a handsome young man's attentions, but I should doubt if her heart had been touched in the least."

"I am not so sure. Love is a plant of quick growth in the hearts of most women, I have been told."

"Quick-growing plants wither quickly," said Brian in reply. "The weed grows apace, is torn up by the roots, and thrown aside—and there's an end of it."

"I had forgotten your opinion of women," said Mabel, half-indignantly, half-sorrow-

fully. "But this Michael Sewell is dangerous."

"To any one with a fair share of common sense," Brian answered, "he is obtrusive and vulgar."

"Why is he here without Dorcas? Why does he come under a false name to the 'Mastodon,' and with a title to which he has no right?"

"I am not defending Michael Sewell," replied Brian. "He is no friend of mine. In twenty-four hours from this time he will constitute himself my bitterest enemy."

Mabel drew a quick breath of alarm, and looked anxiously at Brian.

"He will not think you have told me," she said.

"Probably he will; but I am not alluding to that. He knows I am likely to study Dorcas's interest before his own; and if I understand the gentleman, he will treat the matter as an excellent jest, when he is found out—not before."

"Why do you think he will consider himself your bitterest enemy then?"

"Will you allow me to reply to that question twenty-four hours hence also?"

"For what reason?" Mabel inquired.

"It concerns you—it relates to the old, objectionable topic of your money," said Brian.

"Yes," replied Mabel thoughtfully, "I can afford to wait for any explanation of that, but," she added with greater interest, "you are not going to quarrel with him—to place yourself in vain opposition to him—to do harm rather than good by setting yourself up as my champion? I promised your sister Dorcas to wait patiently—to have faith in her—and you must not interfere."

"Suppose I am studying my own interests, and not yours?"

"Ah! now you speak in the old aggravating, enigmatical way. I will not suppose anything half so ridiculous as that," said Mabel, pouting a little.

"Ridiculous—do you say ridiculous? I think at least——" he came to a full stop, and then went on in a different tone, "but I am never again going to be angry with you. There—you may say what you like!"

"Thank you very much," said Mabel drily.

"Shall we change the subject, or go in search of Mrs. Disney?"

"Mrs. Disney I shall not see till luncheon," said Mabel, "but we may as well return to the promenade."

"I do not see any particular reason for that," replied Brian, "I hate promenades and mobs of people with fine dresses to show off."

"Angelo will wonder where I am—he——"

"Confound Angelo!" exclaimed Brian in a higher key, despite himself; "only last night you spoke as if you were afraid of him, doubtful of the result of this foolish step—you must pardon me, but it was a very foolish step—which you had taken at his friends' advice—and now you are scarcely happy out of his sight."

"He is my charge," was Mabel's reply, "for the present. He is still weak and strange, and only I have any influence over him. I might add without much vanity perhaps that *he* at least is unhappy out of my sight, terribly unlike his old self, but after your hard words I shall say no more, Mr. Halfday. Please conduct me back to the promenade."

"Yes—one minute," said Brian, "I have said something rude again, and hurt your feelings as usual. But you spoke of the man as if——"

"Well—as if?" demanded Mabel imperiously.

"As if you loved him," Brian answered, "and that vexed me."

"I do not see why it should vex you in any way," said Mabel, with a charming assumption of ignorance that a man more versed in woman's wiles would have seen through quickly, and seized his advantage from.

"Everything that relates to you affects me seriously," replied Brian, very grave and stern under the misapprehension of her manner, "and you know, or should know, that as well as I do. I have attempted no disguise; you have. Every time I meet you there arises something to perplex me with your character, and to bewilder me with your remarks. *You* wonder why I should be vexed at your speaking as if you loved Angelo Salmon. Why—you have no right to love him!"

"Have I not a right to love whom I please?"

"Certainly not," said Brian emphatically,

"you should be—I believe you are—above all profession of attachment for people you don't care for."

"But I do care for Angelo—in a way, that is."

"Yes, in a way! But how would the man who loves you with his whole soul—whom you love, for you have almost owned it—think of the miserable and mistaken position you have assumed?"

"What man can you possibly mean?" exclaimed Mabel, becoming very red on the instant.

"What man? Great Heaven, what a question! are you laughing at me—have you gone out of your mind, too?" cried Brian, in his profound astonishment.

"I hope not—but I don't know what you mean. I must be unaccountably dull this morning. Will it please you to enlighten me?"

"The dry-goods fellow—in the backwoods somewhere—whom you are not treating well, if you care for him at all. Which you owned to me you did, mind," said Brian with severity.

Mabel coloured again, but her eyes looked up at the blue sky, and then along the path they were pursuing in their slow progress downwards to the promenade again, and finally, to Brian's increased surprise and vexation, she burst into a peal of merry laughter which echoed pleasantly and musically amongst the trees. It was a momentary forgetfulness of the shadows that were about her life, that might be stealing from the lower ground like a mist that would envelop the lives of others presently, and wherein others might be lost, but she was young, naturally light-hearted, and the humour of the position and the studied gravity of Brian Halfday were too much for her. She laughed from the heart, as a girl should at her age, but it was the last laugh for many a long day.

"I don't see the joke," said Brian shortly.

"I cannot very well explain." was Mabel's answer; "there is a mistake somewhere, I think."

"There is no one in America whom you would marry if he asked you—whom you could love in good time—who you are sure loves you?" he asked.

"Not one," answered Mabel confidently.

"Have I been dreaming all this while?" said Brian; "was it a fiction designed to mislead me?"

"Not so bad as that."

"Believing in what you said to me, I betrayed the secret of my own heart," said Brian, "for I felt hope was gone for ever after you had once loved."

"I simply said there was some one whom I might learn to love one day," said Mabel; "was there anything very remarkable in that?"

"A man in the backwoods."

"Ay—very far back, indeed."

"If I had only dreamed you were jesting on that night respecting the man I fancied you loved—I should have been very glad. I should have acted in a different fashion."

"I don't see why you should have done so."

"You were not in love with a dry-goods man—a backwoodsman—any one in America, then? Tell me that?"

"Literally speaking—no," answered Mabel; "but you must not ask too——"

"And you have never loved Angelo Salmon?" he cried. "It is all out of pity for him that——"

"Pray don't say any more," said Mabel, interrupting him in her turn, and becoming very much afraid of him. "I don't care—I don't wish—to reply to further questioning. I will not."

"You shall," he exclaimed; "for I must learn the truth, and be crushed under foot or raised to heaven by a word. I love you, Mabel. You know it—you have known it all along. Oh! my darling, to be lost for ever, or to be won now. I love you—I love you!"

It was a fitting place for the avowal, under the still, green trees that shadowed the winding paths of the Spa Gardens, where love-making is not particularly uncommon; it was the fitting time for it to two hearts that had been slowly and surely approaching each other from the first, in spite of every misconception; it was the genuine outburst of a pent-up soul that no woman could mistake. It was the strong love of a strong man, whose pride had given way, and whose passion had mastered his reserve.

Mabel looked away, trembled, and shed tears, but she did not shrink from him as he passed his arm for an instant round her waist. This was her first love, and she only

wondered that he had not seen it long ago; for this had been her hero from the early days of his unselfish thoughts of her.

"Don't say any more, Brian," she murmured; "let me think a little."

"I have not made you unhappy?"

"No."

"Happy, then? say that, Mabel—just one word."

"Yes, I am happy now," she answered.

He kissed her very hastily and clumsily—not being used to kissing—but he was very happy, also, and forgot the world ahead of him, as he drew her arm through his, and walked down with her very proudly towards the band—that was playing a triumphal march, as if in compliment to his victory.

Two men followed them, but Brian and Mabel were unconscious of watchers, or of anyone existing, just then, in the world, save themselves; such is the selfishness of the human heart when a man or woman is stowed away at its core.

"What did I tell you?" said Michael Sewell to Angelo, as they stood on the high ground, looking down at the lovers; "what else could you expect?"

"Yes—what could I expect?" repeated Angelo.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

IN all countries where the people, either *en masse*, or as winnowed out by a process of artificial selection, constitutes the ultimate depositary of political power, the problem sooner or later arises, how to reconcile the broadest franchise with security for the ability, culture, and integrity of rulers. It is no new perplexity arising out of the exigencies of modern representative institutions; on the contrary, it was felt in Rome of old, and met by such rude appliances as suggested themselves as each new emergency arose. It is felt now, when civil polity has assumed the garb of philosophy, when society is more complex, and the need of satisfaction more pressing and imperative. No doubt the science of government was treated of by Plato, and Aristotle, and Cicero, but the conditions under which it presented itself to the view of the ancient philosopher were radically different from those of modern society, as contemplated by modern thought. A brief consideration of the question may be of service here, since, as may perhaps appear in the sequel, Canada offers a fairer field for its solution than Europe or the United States. And first, to clear the ground of a few obstructions tending to obscure the view, which, to be of use, must necessarily be broad and comprehensive.

Popular government, whether it be decked with the trappings of monarchy or appearing in the naked, but pretentious, simplicity of a republic, is not an end, but only the means to an end. To assert that the object of all government is the good of the governed, and, therefore, that its machinery is merely instrumental, appears to be a truism; yet, like other self-evident propositions, it is apt to be, at times, lost sight of or forgotten. There crops up, ever and anon, the popular fallacy that forms of rule are to be approved or condemned, not for what they *do*, but for what they *are*. Since the days of Rousseau and the Encyclopædia, *doctrinaires* have never tired of expatiating on the theory of government, as divorced from its practice. Like political economy, the offspring of the same era, democracy has been submitted as a complete theory, indisputable in its dogmatic principles, and capable of adaptation to any community, without regard to time, place, or degree of civilization. The revolution of 1789 has ceased to be the bogey it was, and properly so. The present generation has learned to peer beyond the terrible excesses of the Revolution; the eye is no longer confused with the fearful scenes of the Terror; the ear catches other sounds than the groans of the dying, the rattle of the fatal tumbril, or the dull thud of Samson's knife. The smoke has rolled away, and the substantial results remain to be contemplated by men no longer frenzied by horror or unnerved by fear. The cost of these benefits surpasses calculation; but, on the other hand, they are priceless. It is not too much to say that all which Europe possesses of

political and intellectual freedom, and all the promise of advance and progress yet before the nations, are referable to that awful convulsion. Whether liberty could not have been achieved by a process less violent and drastic, it is futile to enquire; for we must take history as we find it, not as one would have pre-adjusted it.

It is one thing, however, to recognize the service to human equality and freedom wrought by the Revolution, and quite another to approve of the theories to which it gave rise. Rigid political systems, stereotyped for all time, are sure to prove faulty, just as cast-iron creeds in religion have done over and over again. Theologians are not the only dogmatists in the world; nor have they a monopoly of obstinate bigotry and intolerance. To propound a particular form of government as the only one suited for every nation, irrespective of age, clime, or social development, on the sandy foundation of a social contract or an hypothesis concerning the rights of man, is only less absurd than to impose upon all men a detailed scheme of religious belief. A form of government, like all human appliances, must stand or fall by its adaptability to the purposes of all government, or the reverse. Democracy is no spell to conjure with; there is no magic about the name or the thing; for, according to circumstances, it may be either as an angel from Heaven, or as a fiend from the pit. At some stages of civilization, what Mr. Mill calls a "beneficent despotism" may be, out of question, the best form of rule, and popular government, if possible at all, the very worst. In like manner, even where the people have a share in the councils of their country, the extent of that share must be determined not on any preconceived theory, but by the circumstances of the case. It cannot be too often insisted upon, that the franchise is not a right but a privilege, to be granted or withheld according to the simple rule of expediency — by which is meant a regard for the general good, or in other words, a regard for the ultimate objects and aims of government which is established for the general good. If every intelligent human being had an inherent right to the franchise, there could be no possible pretence for denying it to women, who are, for the most part, more intelligent in the lower strata of society than the males already enfranchised—or of refusing it to minors between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. Moreover, if the possession of property were the test, instead of, or conjoined with, manhood, then every man should be represented according to the amount he pays to the tax-collector, which would give us that most odious of all governments—a plutocracy. Property qualifications are a clumsy device for separating the enfranchised sheep from the unenfranchised goats—a *pis aller* for want of something better.

Forms of Government, then, as well as the extent of the franchise where representative institutions exist, cannot be determinately fixed on *à priori* principles; and yet it by no means follows that they are matters of indifference. Pope's well-known couplet—

> "For forms of Government let fools contest,
> That which is best administered is best,"

is superficially true, yet substantially false. Given the age, the historical antecedents, and the existing conditions in point of civilization of any people, and although you may have some doubt about the precise political system to be preferred, there is seldom any difficulty in excluding all forms of government but one, out of view altogether. In civilized Europe and northern America, at all events, there is no longer room for choice. In Europe, Russia and Turkey alone remain without representative institutions, and for the present, it is quite as well that they do so. The Divan's proposal to establish constitutional government throughout the Ottoman Empire would be ludicrous, if it were not palpably fraudulent, a deliberate offer to act a lie, the same lie they imposed upon credulous Europe in the case of Crete. Germany is a bureaucracy, with the forms of free institutions, as the last Napoleon's rule was a despotism grounded on universal suffrage. In France and Italy, the experiment promises well, and deserves the cordial sympathy of free humanity; in Spain it is an abortion. In England and the United States, representative government is of historic development—the sole difference being that the child has outstripped the parent. Whether it has acted wisely or not, is another thing. The framers of the American constitution left the question of the suffrage to the individual States, and, as a matter of fact, Virginia and other members of the Confederation required a property

qualification long after the Union had assumed its present form. Ultimately, as Jefferson and his colleagues doubtless foresaw, universal suffrage prevailed, and there can be no doubt that many of the constitutional provisions were adopted as safeguards against possible danger from that quarter. The President is irremovable and possesses a veto, which it requires a two-thirds vote to override; the members of the Cabinet, although their nominations must be confirmed by the Senate in the first instance, are responsible only to the President, and independent altogether of Congress, like English judges, *quamdiu sese benè gesserint;* and the Senate itself was obviously designed as a bulwark against assaults from the popular side. Then, again, above all sits the Supreme Court, with its unprecedented jurisdiction over the action of Congress; and although this tribunal was no doubt established to arbitrate between the central government and the States, so as to protect the "sovereignty" of the latter, it is essentially a conservative institution. In Canada, we occupy a middle position between the mixed monarchical democracy of England and the uncontrollable pantocracy of the United States. Our system is framed on the English model —for have we not a House of Lords, such as it is?—yet there are obvious differences between the two, in practice, if not in theory.

For our present purpose, the qualification required of a voter in Canada may be taken to be the same as that which confers the borough franchise in England under the Act of 1867, and the inquiry remains:—What are the peculiar weaknesses and dangers attending the system, and how may they be overcome? One thing is certain, that, even if we find ourselves in the desert, there is no use in hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt. The franchise once conceded cannot be taken away; we may go forward, but we cannot go back. Those who would be disfranchised are not likely to submit to the withdrawal of the boon; and they would be much to blame if they did. Whether the concession was wise or not, is a matter of opinion. Some Englishmen are lamenting over the glories of the past as earnestly as if by some legerdemain it could be transmuted into the future. It is possible that, in England, under the somewhat reckless whip of Mr. Disraeli, the coach has been going down hill too fast; still it has not yet been upset as "Johnny" once upset the party drag. The cords have been lengthened, and the only desirable thing now is to strengthen the stakes. The infirmities and dangers of a widely-extended franchise are two-fold, those arising from the character of the electorate as a voting mass, and those which impair the efficiency of government by swamping the talent, the culture, and it may be, the integrity of the country.

In the first place, it is obvious that every addition to the constituency involves the taking in of an increment of lower intelligence and inferior education and judgment. There is no ground for alarm in this evident fact *per se*, for although the value of the franchise, as an educator, has perhaps been valued too highly, it nevertheless is an educator of no mean importance. Certainly if you refuse it to any class having a reasonable claim to enjoy it, on the ground that they are not yet intelligent enough to exercise the privilege judiciously, and on that ground only, you make a great mistake. The man who proposes to wait until he can get ideal electors out of any stratum of unenfranchised society, will wait for ever, and wait in vain. The sole question to be asked is—Are these classes sufficiently intelligent to know their duty, or sufficiently docile to be taught it? If so, then their admission to political privileges, notwithstanding temporary trouble and inconvenience, will strengthen the nation, and they should be admitted. The matter, as was before observed, resolves itself into a question of expediency and, in the natural march of events is only a question of time. Every portion of the people, above the "residuum," will ultimately obtain the privilege of voting, unless we mistake the signs of the times; representative government means progress, and therefore people may as well reconcile themselves to the inevitable. The agricultural labourers of England will as certainly be enfranchised within the next decade, as the artizans in the boroughs have already been, and therefore, the pressing duty of the hour, in England, is, so to elevate them mentally, morally, and socially, as to make them worthy, or at least promising members of the electorate when the time arrives for their admission.

No apprehension for the future, therefore, need be entertained, so far as the essentials of civic institutions are concerned; and the

Cassandras of the time are, we believe, doomed to disappointment. Still the fact remains, that, after putting forth every effort to educate the masses, the stress of the voting power will remain with those least fitted by intelligence, training, thoughtfulness, and judgment to use it aright. It is not the fault, perhaps not even the misfortune, of the people as a whole, that intellect and culture are sunk in the restless ocean of impulse, self-interest, and toils of every-day life. When Carlyle cynically observes that the people of England numbered "twenty-four millions, mostly fools," he is not to be taken too literally. If he meant that they are not all profound thinkers or Chelsea philosophers, it is fortunate that they are not; if by "fools" he desired to express in modern phrase an Horatian dictum—*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, he made a serious mistake. A generation of philosophers would die of starvation in a week; all we can require of the toilers of the world is a reasonable use of those mental and moral gifts with which they have been endowed, and for the rest, a teachable and tractable spirit where the ordinary lights fail them. The statesman is not so much born as made; for whatever natural abilities he may possess, can, without straining a point, be found in the humblest walks of life. Of this surely the trades' union movement, with all its faults and excesses, is a sufficient proof. Nor is it any objection to the working-man that, feeling the divinity within him, conscious of potencies stunted and ill-developed, he becomes self-assertive and self-satisfied as the hour of emancipation draws nigh. To one who believes in the redemption of the entire race from the thraldom of vice and ignorance, to one who without seeing visions or yielding to fantasies of any sort, has a firm and well-grounded confidence in the future of humanity, the words of Mr. Walter Bagehot seem singularly malapropos. He is speaking of the checks upon extended suffrage, which we both advocate together; we, perhaps, with more earnestness and hope than he can command:—"What we have now to do, therefore, is to induce this self-satisfied, stupid, inert mass of men to admit its own insufficiency, which is very hard; to understand fine schemes for supplying that insufficiency, which is harder; and to exert itself to get those ideas adopted, which is hardest of all." The answer is, that the people are not so stupid or conceited as Mr. Bagehot supposes; they are certainly not "inert," the danger being that they should prove too active and too meddlesome in matters with which, from the nature of the case, they are unfitted to deal. The phrase, "unbridled democracy," is often used, but it is, historically speaking, a contradiction in terms—and herein lies the danger. As Mr. Mill has observed, the "adulation and sycophancy" which was once lavished upon the despot, is poured in clumsy and profuse abundance upon the masses. The demagogue, in short, is the modern courtier, without his elegance of diction, grace of manner, or delicacy of approach. King Demos has supplanted King Louis le Grand, but he is gratified with the incense of worshippers much after the manner of his defunct predecessor.

The first danger then, so far as the electorate is concerned, arises from an accessibility to flattery which soothes its self-esteem and lulls its rude and honest strength by a Delilah lullaby. The tactics of Sergeant Snubbins have been as successfully pursued on the stump as at the bar; the demagogue's object being to persuade the steam-engine that it is omnipotent so long as he stands at the lever and has command of its motive power. The democracy is always bridled, and the problem to be solved is, how to oust the political charlatan, and give the weight of influence which is his due to the man of trained ability and unimpeachable integrity. The *fautor populi* is invariably a dishonest man, because on the face of it he is a liar; and lying is the begetter of all the vices. The second danger is partly engendered of the first. Flattery is the subtlest persuader in the rhetoric of guile. Whatever theologians may say, it is as easy, though perhaps not so immediately profitable, to lead the masses in a right, as in a wrong, direction; and whatever materialists, with equally presumptuous dogmatism, allege, there is a spark of divine fire in the human heart, which requires only the breath of genial inspiration to fan it into an ethereal flame. Unfortunately emancipated humanity has fallen upon evil days, and the prophet of the new dispensation is a spiritualist without spirituality. The true leaders of the people are mute amidst the din of charlatans, or if they lift up the voice as "of one crying in the wilderness," it is either unheard

or unheeded. The net results of our extended franchise, for the present are, a mass of humanity struggling to the light, and a herd of Polyphemuses satisfying them with smoky torches in the cavern, the guides ultimately, or perhaps from the first, as blind as those they essayed to lead into the azure.

The weaknesses then, so far as the electorate is concerned, are, want of political instinct or training, want of judgment, want of appreciation, where culture is concerned, fused into one base metal by the amalgam of flattery. Upon the rulers of the people, especially upon the representative assemblies, the results have been eminently disastrous. To whatever cause it may be attributed, there can be no question about the deterioration of statesmanship in all English-speaking countries. Having purposely avoided speaking particularly of Canadian politics hitherto, we shall not ask, Where are the giants that were in the old days? But where in our own England, in this her hour of possible peril, are peace-makers like Walpole or Fox, or war Ministers like Chatham, or Canning, or even Palmerston? Where are the orators of England —its Burkes, its Sheridans, its Windhams, and all the other brilliant names not yet forgotten? One man only, survives as a scion of the old stock; and Mr. Gladstone, great as he is in most things, and weak in some, is the best-abused man in the kingdom. There are at present many able men, and even a larger number of conscientious men still, but none of them ever rises to the moral dignity of the ex-Premier. Whilst Mr. Disraeli, his senior in age, was setting off childish squibs of his own, brilliantly devised by the irregular fancy of an ill-directed genius, the only living statesman, whose pupil is Mr. Disraeli's Chancellor of the Exchequer, was sitting at the feet of departing Gamaliels.

In the United States, the outlook is not promising; what has been the past we know. The Van Burens, the Tylers, the Polks, the Pierces, the Buchanans, and, we must now add, the Grants, have degraded the government of the Republic. No Clay, Webster, Calhoun, or even Seward, has filled the chair during the last half-century; they who have are mediocrities all. Lincoln, in peace times, would not have been a Grant certainly, but he might just as well have been for all the intelligent electorate knew about him. They, or Providence, turned up a trump card, and thus, in some mysterious way or other, according to some law which Buckle failed to discover, and Tyndall may live to the end of another century without finding out, the man was found when the hour came. Lincoln's case, however, was an exceptional one: the general rule of survival of the unfittest remains.

The problem then may be briefly stated thus:—Let the franchise be extended as widely as the security of government and a due regard to its ultimate objects may permit, how may the superior advantages—we do not say rights or claims—of cultured statesmanship be conserved? Or, to put it in another form, how may we combine the broadest popular basis with any adequate representation of the organizing thought of the leisured and thoughtful class? It is evident that there is a division of labour here which is ultimately of benefit to both parties. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, and most of us feel the necessity of guidance in leadership in all beyond the stretch of everyday thought. The ordinary elector has his work before him; the struggle for existence is his first duty, no doubt, and if he is not as well instructed as his teachers and preachers may desire, it does not at all follow that he is self-satisfied and stupid; he is only uninterested. In such a state of society, there is an imperative necessity binding upon the culture of the country to look after its own interests, not in the selfish sense, for there is nothing morally self-seeking in intellect, except that which is imported into it by immoral bias, but because its interests are coincident with the best interests of the community. It would, of course, be absurd to undertake a proof of the advantage which cultured ability gives to free governments—that is conceded, the only remaining difficulty being how to secure it in the sphere of government.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, in the paragraph immediately preceding the one quoted, recognizes, as all his predecessors have done, the crucial difficulty. For the present we intend, indeed space forbids any other course, to leave the matter as it stands, merely repeating the solutions suggested with one or two observations. Mr. Hare's system is one which commends itself to an intellectual man at the first blush, but we are not so sure that, as at present formulated, it

both exerted, as the case may be, to prevent, what is of the essence of free institutions, free political action at the polls. The difference being simply that fear is appealed to in the one case and cupidity in the other, and, generally speaking, the needy or the ignorant elector is practically as powerless where he is tempted, as where he is threatened. When ecclesiastical terrors are held over the voter's head *in terrorem*, involving, as he is taught and confidently believes, deprival of the sacraments, which are the only means of salvation, and social ostracism, to be followed by eternal woe in the world to come, it is of importance to the State, not whether the sacerdotal power be in fact possessed or not, but whether its assumption does, as a matter of fact, deter whole masses of electors from voting freely as the law desires they should. If such is the effect of clerical intimidation, then it is to be deprecated, and, if necessary, to be punished. In any case, it should void an election where it has been employed. If this is not to be done, then all laws against coercion, and all provisions against bribery are without logical foundation. *Salus populi, suprema lex* is at the root of all legislation of the kind, and, because both bribery and intimidation are deadly foes to popular suffrage, they should be both forbidden, no matter what form they may assume. The State does not interfere so much to save the voter from his ignorance, credulity, or love of money, as to save itself and its institutions from flagrant abuse. Certainly if a *curé* may terrify the superstitious with penalties which make them objects of alarm to their relatives, pariahs in society, and heirs of eternal damnation, and do all this with impunity, there can be no reason why a rich man should not buy the votes of those who are ignorant, careless, or greedy enough to sell them.

In two cases recently the question has assumed grave importance—an importance becoming more momentous every day. During the last five years, clerical pretensions in Quebec have been growing in magnitude. The Ultramontane spirit, which received so powerful an impetus after the Vatican Council, has gradually extended its sphere into every department of the State. The Syllabus has been quoted in Courts of Justice, the Papal decrees cited as binding in an Act of Parliament, and the franchise has been systematically tampered with throughout the Province. There can be no question that the ultimate design of the hierarchy is to make of Quebec an ecclesiastical preserve, to subject its people and laws to clerical control, and to make a nullity of our free British institutions. There can be no doubt that this anomalous state of affairs will never be remedied so long as both political parties bid for sacerdotal support from the pulpit and altar, and they have both been guilty of doing so. M. Langevin received assistance in Charlevoix, as his former chief did in the olden time, and as the Local Government obtained it at the last general election. On the other hand, the Liberals were favoured with it, for a season, when Sir George Cartier refused to do the bidding of the bishops, and M. Laflamme would be glad to secure it now, if he only could do so. Both parties only feel aggrieved when their opponents monopolize the ecclesiastical machinery of terror instead of themselves. The Conservatives defend the system, because, for the present, at any rate, they are reaping all the advantages from it. The Reformers, "who have nothing to reform," do the same, partly because they stand committed to it by the course taken so soon as they caught a glimpse of power, and partly because they still hope, by some political thaumaturgy, to enlist the hierarchy once more upon their side. For this purpose they are willing to appear more thoroughly Ultramontane than the Archbishop of Toronto, or even his Grace of Quebec.

Some of the arguments advanced by these apostate Liberals have already been noticed; but let us now examine one of the straws to which they cling. The Rev. Mr. Bray, in a lecture delivered at Montreal, took occasion to express his opinion very plainly on the Bulgarian atrocities. He went further and denounced the action of Lord Beaconsfield's government in regard to the Eastern question, basing his right to do so on his duty as a minister of the Gospel, Here then, observes the Ultramontane organ, is an exact parallel to the interference of clerics at the Charlevoix and Jacques Cartier elections. Now it is easy to show, or rather, perhaps, it is too obvious to need showing, that there is no analogy whatever between the cases. When *curés* in Quebec interfere, they base their interference on a supposed possession of supernatural power; they are the depositaries of divine grace; they may

impart or withhold the sacraments necessary to salvation; they may make of a man an outcast in this world, and an heir of eternal damnation in the next. Whether these powers are in fact theirs or not is beside the question. Two queries only are relevant—"Does their improper exercise, real or assumed, actually intimidate voters?" and then—"Does the reflex influence upon the entire electorate, which is the ultimate source of power, tend to injure the State?" Both these interrogatories must be answered in the affirmative; yet in no respect is Mr. Bray touched by them. He lays claim to no mystical power, and his hearers would not entertain it if he did. No one, during his lecture, was threatened from pulpit or altar, if he dared to differ from the speaker; no spiritual terrors were so much as dreamed of by any one present. But again, clerical interference in Quebec, as between two local party candidates, means an attempt to force the election of one of them by illegal—we had almost said magical—means. Mr. Bray, without attempting to warp the consciences of his hearers, appealed to them in the cause of humanity, and protested against what he deemed a guilty connivance with Turkey for the purpose of maintaining, at any cost of blood and treasure, the integrity of that wretched Empire. There is no reason why a *curé* should not express his opinions in the same or a contrary sense, if he be so minded, and many reasons why a clergyman should do so in the discharge of his sacred functions. Unfortunately, in our opinion, the Vatican has exerted itself not on behalf of the oppressed, but of the oppressor. At any rate, what possible comparison can be made between party politics, as enforced in Quebec, and the Eastern question, which even in England—and we are not immediately concerned in English politics—can scarcely be called a party question? Are the bishops and clergy of England, though they spoke as became them in the strongest language, partizans in the sense that Quebec *curés* often are? Was the Bishop of Minnesota interfering in matters of party when he denounced the Indian policy of the United States as iniquitous, fraudulent, and bloodthirsty? To most people it appears peculiarly the duty of a Christian minister to lift up his voice on behalf of suffering humanity, and to preach the evangel of "peace on earth and good-will to men," especially at this Christmas season. But with the Ultramontane organs there is no *modus in rebus*. A clergyman must be nothing in his influence upon the world, unless you permit his neighbour to be a political busybody, dealing in spiritual blackmail. The former must either cease to lift up his voice against oppression and outrage, whether they pass under the name of the slave-trade, or are clad in the bedraggled garments of Turkish "integrity," or submit to be compared with the latter, who stirs up the turbid waters of our party politics, tampers with the franchise, and employs the solemn sanctions of his religion to secure a miserable triumph at the polls.

The Lincoln election enquiry has been protracted to an inordinate length. The final result of the "revision" has not yet been announced, although in any case, the majority for one or the other of the candidates can only be a small one. Whether Mr. Neelon or Mr. Rykert ultimately succeeds, is not of much importance; they are both of a low type of politician, with which, unfortunately, we are becoming too familiar. It is important, however, to consider whether these protracted trials are at all necessary. The time frittered away during the Lincoln enquiry was terrible; and if it be true that the cost was one hundred and fifty dollars *per diem*, this cannot on any pretext to be justified. There must certainly be something radically wrong in our registration system to admit of such a monstrously long and outrageous trial as this. Moreover, the ballot, as established in Ontario, conceals nothing, and it is hard to divine for what purpose it exists, except to enable partizan returning officers to reject, on any pretext, ballots on the wrong side. So far as Lincoln is concerned this was, of course, a casual election; yet why should not an overhauling of the voters' lists take place previous to every election, so that no impeachment of a vote would be allowable after its reception. What is wanted is a system which will secure fair play to all parties, and settle every elector's claim to the franchise a reasonable time before the day of polling. Then there would only remain the oath to be administered, and the lawyers would be deprived of the fees they increase by protracting such farces as that at St. Catharine's. If the so-called secret voting were what it ought to be, and our system of registration what it might be, this abuse

would be put an end to. As it is, an entire county is scoured over for flaws that may be found in votes, and the haggling over a single naturalization lasts an entire day, with the probability of the very same case recurring in the event of another contested election. The American registration system may not be perfect, or exactly suited to us, but it is revised and supplemented prior to an election and not after it. Surely the Government can devise some plan by which the ludicrous scenes of which we have had so costly an exhibition in Lincoln, cannot be repeated. At any rate, every man might be registered in his own municipality, where the evidence of his eligibility would be forthcoming.

The municipal elections, and we are speaking mainly of the towns and cities, will no doubt result as they usually do, in the collection of a miscellaneous herd of incapables, after a rough scramble for such honour as the aldermanic dignity can bestow. So far as the mayoralty is concerned, it is high time that popular election were abolished. Three, four, or five greedy aspirants for the dignity, throw their hats into the ring, and the consequence usually is, that the worst candidate gains the day. Municipal affairs are, for the most part, matters of administration, and of these, the people at large are never good judges. We have already advocated a reform in the selection of administrators; but, in default of that, it would be well to enact that no man shall be eligible to the mayoralty, who has not served an apprenticeship as alderman. The election of mayor by the Council would open the door to some evils, but they are as nothing, even in the most aggravated form, as contrasted with the consequences of the rough-and-tumble system now in vogue. The debts of our municipalities are accumulating to unmanageable proportions, and unless those who bear the weight of the burden—those whose ability, integrity, and independence ought to be at the service of their fellow-citizens—come to the rescue, municipal affairs will sink deeper into the slough of despond. No improvement in the Councils is to be hoped for until they cease to be refuges for ward politicians. One thing may be done, and that is, to compel people to see that it is their duty to make their weight felt at the polls, and certainly if Mr. Bethune's scheme of compulsory voting were needed at any time, it is at the present crisis in municipal affairs.

The Presidential election was held on the seventh ultimo and there is as yet no certainty as to the issue. Mr. Tilden is supposed to have one hundred and eighty-four electoral votes, or within one of the required number. Mr. Hayes can only muster one hundred and sixty-six, and therefore requires nineteen. The States whose votes remain in dispute are Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, one of which would elect Tilden, and all of which would be required for his opponent. It is most unfortunate that this should be the case; because the openings for fraud are so palpable, and the chances of fair-play so exceedingly small. These States have long been under the control of the "carpet-baggers," and what lengths they are ready to go in the way of fraud, falsehood, and violence, the history of the last few years has made evident. The record of political trickery in Florida has been unclean enough at times, but it is out of the way and has not so often been exposed. In Louisiana, the most audacious stratagems have been resorted to, as most readers are aware, who have not forgotten the frauds of Kellogg and Packard in 1874. The Returning Board nominally consists of five members, but actually of three, two of them coloured men of the basest character, and the third a Custom House officer. These men have the result of the election in their hands absolutely and without control by Court or Congress. If they choose to falsify the returns, they may do so; if they prefer a shorter cut to success, they may disfranchise entire parishes for some trifling informality or on pretence of a violence or intimidation which had no existence. Already they have cut off a majority of over one hundred and seventy which Mr. Tilden had in one parish; they have declined to receive any protest; and, in fact, have boldly proclaimed their intention to decide the election as they please—that is, in favour of Hayes and their fellow-conspirator Packard. Unfortunately, by an unaccountable omission in the Constitution of the United States, Congress cannot go behind the certificates of this partizan tribunal. There is, in short, no fraud of which they may not be guilty, including the greatest of

all—the imposition of a President who is not elected by the States—and guilty with perfect impunity. In South Carolina, again, Chamberlain is determined to carry the election *vi et armis*. When he invoked the aid of the Federal troops, his intention evidently was to succeed by organized terrorism. The disturbances in Aikens County, of which he complained, had no existence save in an imagination fertile in crooked expedients. The Supreme Court Judges, who were of his own party, the bishops and clergy of all denominations, as well as the most eminent of the merchants, flatly contradicted him. His hope evidently was that the Rifle Clubs—a perfectly legal organization—would resist his order to disband, and then he could use the United States' troops to crush all opponents. He was disappointed; the clubs obeyed, and the troops found that there were no enemies to encounter, and no disturbances to quell, except those aroused by lawless bands of Republican negroes. General Grant has been again called upon for assistance, this time for the purpose of seating Chamberlain in power so soon as the returns are properly manipulated in his interest, and a Colonel Pride's purge is possibly in contemplation. Fraud is thus to be covered by force. The Democrats all over the country are behaving with exemplary patience; but they are probably dazed by the unexpected turn of events, and may possibly be less docile and tractable when the worst is known.

Under stress of an ultimatum from Russia, the Porte has granted the shorter term of armistice, and, after attempting to forestall the decisions of the Conference, quietly given way. The Marquis of Salisbury is probably by this time at Constantinople, as the representative of England, and negotiations will begin with a fair promise of success. Journalists of both parties have expressed their satisfaction at the appointment of the Indian Secretary. In the first place, he is a man of strong and independent character, unlikely to be bent from his purpose as Lord Derby has been by Lord Beaconsfield. Then again, he is no admirer of the Premier's Semitic vagaries, and has said very little upon the question, and that little has been exceedingly moderate. Finally, he is sure to be satisfied with no half-work, and such guarantees as he may obtain for the Christian Provinces will be firm and substantial.

It is evident that the turn affairs have taken does not please every one—the *Pall Mall Gazette* for instance. Not long since, while Mr. Disraeli was stigmatizing Mr. Gladstone and his friends as "more atrocious than the perpetrators of the Bulgarian atrocities themselves," that journal was also accusing them of "criminal conduct which was drawing England and all Europe into war." It is singular that its cry now is "that England cannot be neutral," and must rush into war by all means. Only a few weeks ago it was congratulating the country on the fact that there was an end of the "sentimental gush" of the "atrocity meetings." The discovery has since been made that although the fever of the agitation has passed off, the substantial results of it remain, and hence the impotent rage in which the *Pall Mall Gazette* indulges. The other day, it fell foul of Mr. Gladstone for his article on Turkistan, in language of unusual savagery. An editor must have lost his head when he can charge a statesman like the ex-Premier with "deliberately, carefully, and completely falsifying the whole question."

For the present the whole difficulty in the way of peace is the obstinate attitude of the Porte. Mr. Forster observed in a speech at Aberdeen, on the 27th, that Turkey's refusal of guarantees might lead to war, and that "the chief danger of that refusal was in her belief that England would support her." Further, the right hon. gentleman traced that belief to the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield, and especially his Guildhall speech. It can only be hoped that the firmness and robust sense of Lord Salisbury will speedily dissipate the delusion caused by the Premier's theatrical defiances of Russia.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CARES OF THE WORLD. By John Webster Hancock, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. James Speirs, London, 1876.

One of the most marked and hopeful features of the present time is the interest taken by laymen in discussing questions which used to be considered the monopoly of preachers and theologians. When a clerical writer discourses upon "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches," ordinary readers are too apt to consider it simply "his *rôle*," and to pay correspondingly little attention; but when a barrister-at-law takes up this and kindred subjects, and speaks of them plainly and earnestly, as a business man to business men, about what most intimately concerns him and them, it is instinctively felt that he must have something important to say. And so we think he has, and has said it well. The sixteen papers contained in the neat volume before us, some of which, at least, appear to have been reprinted from serials of some years back, discuss ably and forcibly the practical questions which concern our life as citizens of this world, in connexion with that higher life which is to fit us for another sphere, and which it is of such paramount importance to cultivate here and now. Of the theological speculation which is so common there is hardly a trace, if we except the theory respecting guardian-angels; and those who regard such speculation with suspicion may consider this volume quite "safe." But of wise and practical demonstration of the bearing of the religious life on the every-day matters of the life of this world there is a great deal. There is nothing of the peculiar phraseology of a school, nothing to indicate the author's own theological leanings, except perhaps his undisguised contempt of all that is formal and unreal. His style is plain and direct, without any attempt at rhetorical graces, but with a certain naive simplicity of its own that gives it individuality and strength. His analysis of human life and human actions is profound and searching, and shows close observation aad earnest thought, a knowledge of human nature that implies much self-knowledge, and a strong realization of the spiritual life and spiritual realities of which he speaks, which gives life and force to his words. We may stop to consider and question some of his statements, as, for instance, that "it seems to be a general law that our self-love should bear an exact proportion to our intellect, so that if we possess a large and active capacity for understanding truth, which tends to elevate us to heaven, a counter-poising weight of evil lusts requires the practical application of every new truth to prevent them from dragging us down to hell." But we must always respect his application of principles to life and experience; as in the passage which shortly follows: "Mere thinking does not purify. We may therefore seem to ourselves to realize the promise, 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles.' but until we have learned to 'wait upon the Lord' we speedily 'faint and are weary.' We may, indeed, eagerly pursue our investigations of spiritual truth as a science, and seem not to slacken, but rather to increase, in the ardour of our pursuit, though our will and its affections receive no heavenly modifications from that which we learn; but in this case two things are certain—*first*, that a vast extent of highest and sweetest contemplation can never open to us, nor can we have the least conception of its existence, because that is revealed only to 'the pure in heart;' and, *second*, that at length we fly by night, and therefore not towards but from the sun, for such as is the quality of our will such is the quality of our thought."

From this extract it will be seen that the book is one which demands some exercise of thought, and so will not commend itself to the indolent lover of "thinking made easy," but only to those who enjoy what is suggestive and stimulating to mental circulation. The author's style is also, perhaps, hardly "spicy" enough for a taste formed in a sensation-loving age. Yet perhaps there may be among those who are weary of perpetual "spice" and periphrases, a tolerable audience for a man who clothes his thoughts in plain downright phrase, and thinks more about what he has to say than the way of saying it. His avoidance of set or "cant" phrases often gives freshness to his manner of stating old truths, as, for instance, where he speaks of the "spiritual" as being distinguished from the "natural" man, by "the powers of a spiritual mind hitherto undeveloped. Powers which corporal nature cannot give, but which are the direct gifts of that formative spirit which broods over the chaos of the fall in every man, and strives to create in him a clean heart and a right spirit." The papers on "Particular Providence," and on "Affliction the Great Purifier," may be read with profit by both Christians and sceptics. The former may be benefited by the contrast which he draws between the ideal Christians whom his imagination created as the result of their professed beliefs, and the average Christians whom he actually encountered; although he tells us that he *sometimes* found his early dreams realised. Some may be startled, too, by his unquestionable and unquestionably proved position, that "*Every rebel-*

lious murmur, under any trial or affliction, contains within it a denial of the existence of a God;" and those who doubt the doctrine of a particular Providence may find in these papers some suggestions worth considering. "By Providence," says the author, "we mean a controlling, modifying, helping Power, strong to do us good. If we deny such a Providence, we might as well believe that matter is God, that our life is but a magnetic current, and that gravitation is the only Providence, since that takes care that every atom in the universe tends to a common centre, and thus prevents every form of sentient and unsentient order, beauty and use, from being dissolved into an infinity of invisible dust, if indeed we should not say with Shakespeare—

'And leave not a wrack behind.'"

The papers on "the Combat of Good and Evil," "Poverty and Oppression," and "The Rich and the Poor," are well worthy of the study of business men as well as of political economists. The author exposes, we think, the true root of the class evils which distract society, and must continue to do so till the problem is solved in the way he indicates. The manner in which he analyses two current maxims, "Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself," and "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," may startle some employers and merchants who "profess and call themselves Christians." Of the first the author says, indignantly, "This infernal maxim lies deep in the heart at the root of all the miseries which man inflicts on man. It is the source of poverty and the spring of want. It goes forth decked in the artificial laurels of a heartless philosophy —falsehood reduced to a science—and, blasting all the freshness of life, charges creative power with barrenness amid the boundless profusion of its treasures. Rich and poor *alike* have drunk of the poison." "If the law of the strongest is the law of hell, and earth most resembles hell when that law is recognised and enforced, then, too, the separate inhabitants of earth who most recognize and enforce it are most like the separate inhabitants of hell, in whom it reigns and rules as the absorbing principle of conscious life; but what do we call the separate inhabitants of hell? Where is the difference between them? *Actually* there is none; but there is a *possibility* in favour of man."

One of the most interesting of the papers, particularly in the light of the discussions of the day, is the one on "The Philosophy and Theology of Sleep," in which several interesting veins of thought are suggestively struck. The paper on "Widowhood and its Hopes" will, to many, have a special interest. That on "Old Times" is one of the liveliest in its strain, and will interest both parties to the perpetual debate, whether the world grows better or worse as it grows older. No one, at least, can deny the assertion that "modern changes have gone far to equalize and to spread what I may call *nervous* cares broadcast over the whole community;" and the Montreal merchant's remark as to the effects of telegraph and cable in "taking peace from the earth," will find an echo in many a care-oppressed heart.

There are a few literary blemishes in the work, such as the occurrence of the inaccuracy "different to," and an unauthorised use of the preposition "without." These might easily be removed in another edition, as they are doubtless simple inadvertences. The author's very high tribute to his wife, embodied in his dedication, is worth the attention of wives in general. Mr. Hancock was formerly a practising barrister in Berlin and also in Toronto; though he now dates his preface from the vicinity of Liverpool. We are glad to give this work the most satisfactory commendation a reviewer can bestow; that of cordially recommending to others a book which one has read oneself, not only with much pleasure, but with much profit.

ST. ELMO. A Novel. By Augusta J. Evans Wilson. Toronto: Belford Bros.

"Blasé, cynical, scoffing, and hopeless, he had stranded his life, and was recklessly striding to his grave, trampling upon the feelings of all with whom he associated." Such is the author's description of her hero, and her other characters are pitched in as positive and exaggerated a key. Edna Earl, the typical woman and wife, is every whit as pure and holy as St. Elmo is vicious and degraded. Only one point of similarity exists between them, their surprising and supernatural learning, and the readiness with which they quote long extracts from forgotten authors, or bespatter each other and one another's friends with sarcasm, repartee, and abuse, couched in every living and dead language, and barbed with allusions to classic authors, nay, to the Talmud, the Koran, the Targums, and the pictured bricks of Babylon. At the age of seventeen, and having had no education at all until she entered her teens, this heroine had mastered Latin and Greek, and plunged into the mysteries of Hebrew and Chaldee. Four months' tuition in this last, and a little private study of her own, enables her (at p. 97) to turn up a disputed passage in an ancient Chaldee MS. in double quick time, so we must not feel surprised to find her, at "sweet seventeen," embarking on an original work of her own, in which that trio of "ologies"—mythology, ethnology, and philology—should march abreast, and trace, through all the supposed similarities of religious thought, the fancied thread that should

link the diverse systems together with one common source. This is much akin to the task undertaken by Mr. Casaubon, the creature of another woman's brain; but how differently George Eliot told her tale! In the story before us we have whole segments of the heroine's book. In "Middlemarch," there is barely a quotation or extract from Casaubon's ponderous tomes, and yet how one little master touch—the reference by the dying man to the "second excursus on Crete"—throws a vivid light upon the wasted labour, the heavy erudition, and their fruitless aim. George Eliot knew such a book would be a failure, but Mrs. Wilson, clinging to the idea, actually makes her heroine work it out and achieve a success, —on paper. We do not propose to tell the tale of St. Elmo; it will bear reading, for the sake of its vivacity and force, by any one who is prepared to skip every other word, or puzzle out its meaning by the help of a polyglot dictionary and an improved Lemprière. At first we thought that it would prove a splendid volume for any one who bore a grudge against an insurance company, to present to the managing director. Four several and distinct deaths and a terrific railway accident in the first 31 pages would certainly suffice to insure him a splendid nightmare! But we are happy to say the characters get more long-lived towards the end of the volume.

It is the duty of the reviewer to point out a few of the grave faults in this work. There is a most terrible anti-climax at p. 25, where an elaborate description of what a country churchyard was *not* like, and a catalogue of the "rippling fountains, "crystal lakes," and "silver dusted lilies" which it did *not* possess, are wound up by the assertion that it was not so beautiful as "Greenwood or Mount Auburn!" Perhaps the printer (to whom we must accredit a more than usual number of typographical errors) is guilty of the punctuation which on p. 14 makes Mr. Hunt's saddle-bags (instead of his relations) reside in a neighbouring state. The taste which designed "*Le Bocage*," St. Elmo's residence, is supposed by the writer to be well nigh perfect, but Ruskin, whom she so plentifully quotes, would hold up his hands in horror at a mansion combining "a richly carved pagoda roof," "statues of Bacchus and Bacchante," "high gothic windows," "a rotunda with moresque frescoes," and "distorted hideous monsters" carved as "grim doorkeepers."

Edna is not without lovers, who in horsey phrase may be described as "good stayers," and ready to "come again." Neither the "petrified hawthorn," the "man with the granite mouth," nor the "handsome lawyer" with a congenial taste for Chaldee MSS., nor the "haughty, huge-whiskered" English baronet, are content with one snubbing a-piece; they all get refused twice or oftener. While as to the happy man, he . . but we must pause and refer our readers to the book itself. In spite of its untruth to life, it is worth reading; its tone is sound, and the reader will find that the author has, in its pages, defended herself by anticipation against strictures upon her style and her far-fetched metaphors—with how much success we must leave the public to judge.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The *Contemporary Review* is peculiarly rich this month in distinguished names and valuable contributions. "Russian Policy and Deeds of Turkistan," by Mr. Gladstone, is the paper which has excited the ire of the *Pall Mall*. It is a review of Mr. Schuyler's work, and opens with a concise account of the Provinces and peoples of Central Asia. Then follow the strictures on the use made by the journal of what is really a hearsay story. It is alleged by Mr. Schuyler that Gen. Kaufmann demanded from the Yomuds, a sum of money he knew they could not pay, and ordered their extermination in case of default. Mr. Gladstone charges the *Pall Mall* with garbling what it quoted, and deliberately suppressing the Russian defence, as well as all the favourable testimony to their policy in the book before it. So far as the latter branch of the case is concerned, the editor urges that it was no part of his business to make out a case for the other side. Perhaps not, according to the Old Bailey code of ethics; but one who claims to guide the popular mind has no business to suppress the truth, however unpalatable, and it is quite clear that he has both suppressed and garbled. Mr. MacGahan, lately the *Daily News* correspondent in Bulgaria, went through the entire comparison, and "A Russian," also gives a defence of Kaufmann; both of them tell a very different story from that which Mr. Schyler heard from Mr. Gromoff nine years after the alleged

occurrence. In any case, as has been well remarked, there is no parallel between the extermination of a ferocious tribe which lived by "pillage, slave-dealing, and murder, far on the steppes of Central Asia, and the slaughter of a peaceful population in Bulgaria, accompanied," as Mr. Gladstone observes, "with exquisite refinements of torture, and with the wholesale indulgence of fierce and utterly bestial lusts—all within two hundred miles of Constantinople and under telegraphic control from Midhat Pasha."

Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Psychological Parallel" deserves a more extended notice than we can give under pressure for space. Its main feature is an attempt to account for the belief of the Apostles in the resurrection of our Lord, by referring to the belief of Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Thomas Browne in witchcraft, in the seventeenth century. He traces much of our Lord's apparent acceptance of Jewish tradition and language to a desire not to break continuity, refers especially to the apocryphal book of Enoch, and endeavours, in conclusion, to indicate a method of accommodation by which those who believe with him may remain in the Church. Dr. Appleton's examination of Mr. Arnold's four prose works is exceedingly able, and merits careful study; it is neither depreciatory nor over eulogistic, but as another instalment is to come we may defer its further consideration. Lady Verney's "Bunsen and his Wife," is a careful study of the great Prussian and his English wife. As a picture of home happiness, of busy life, and contact with all the best spirits of the time, it is most interesting. The Rev. Mr. MacColl contributes a slashing paper on the normal rule, as opposed to the Bulgarian outburst of last May, or rather he shows that both are of a piece. His account of the terrible oppression, the extortion and the outrages, which have driven the peaceful rayahs to rebellion, is appalling. He contends that the Turks will never do otherwise, and that the "bag and baggage" policy is the only one which will adequately meet the case. Mr. W. R. Greg's paper, "The Prophetic Element in the Gospels," is one which should not be slurred over. It is a reply to Mr. Hutton's plea on behalf of the resurrection of Jesus, his premonitions and prophecies, and is weighty in argument and reverent in tone. Finally, Cardinal Manning appears in a review of a work, "Philosophy without Assumptions," by Mr. Kirkman, who in his Eminence's opinion has demolished evolution and materialism.

The *Fortnightly* opens with an exceedingly valuable lecture, for such it originally was, by Prof. Tyndall on "Fermentation, and its bearings on Disease." It is something to sit at the feet of a scientific man who can first assure you that in spite of conjectures of former days, no thorough and scientific account of "fermentation was ever given until the present year," and secondly, trace the labours of Pasteur, who found out the nature and remedy of the vine and silk-worm diseases, the analogy between the "yeast-plant" and other organisms which produce diseases, culminating in the splendid discoveries of Drs. Lister and Burdon Sanderson. What the great Boyle had dimly discerned, is now demonstrated beyond dispute, "that reproductive parasitic life is at the root of epidemic disease." We refer elsewhere to Mr. Walter Bagehot's paper on "Lord Althorpe and the Reform Act of 1832." It is not so much an account of the Whig leader "who carried the Bill," although we have a very interesting sketch of him; but rather an essay on representation and the fate which seems likely to overtake it. The writer believes, with Dr. Arnold, "that the principle of power according to the majority of a population, is fraught with evil." He deplores the decay of statesmanship, and, although he approves of Mr. Hare's scheme and other similar palliatives, despairs of their adoption.

Mr. Sidney Colvin gives a very carefully written critique upon "Daniel Deronda," in which he deplores a tendency to philosophizing and pedantry in its author's last two works. Mr. Jevons's "Future of Political Economy" is a plea for the science of which he is a distinguished Professor. He denies the dictum of Mr. Lowe that the work on Adam Smith's foundation is all accomplished. Mr. Morley's address "On Popular Culture" is full of valuable practical hints for the student, on languages, history, and more especially on what is much wanted—training in the law of evidence. "The Eastern Situation," by Mr. Ralph E. Earle, is full of instruction in reference to the position of the Powers; but the way in which he proposes to cut up the map of Europe in strips, strikes us as rather cool. Mr. Hartshorne's "Rodiyas" is an account of a singular Ceylon tribe of whose origin nothing is known.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT the beginning of November the Grand Opera House "posters,"—apt emblems of fickleness,—lent their conspicuous superlatives to the announcement of the performances of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, assisted by Mr. J. C. McCollum. Mrs. Bowers is an actress of established American reputation, which has, in its day, fallen but little short of celebrity. She is, perhaps, somewhat *passée* now, but the indications of this are less in any positive failure of power, than in the impression which her acting leaves upon us, that it must be judged as it is,—that its faults and merits are alike stereotyped, or, at any rate, can alter only for the worse. The two historical dramas of "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," and "Elizabeth, Queen of England;" Brougham's dramatization of "Lady Audley's Secret;" and the elder Colman's comedy of "The Jealous Wife," had sufficient diversity to constitute a very fair test of her depth and versatility. The "Mary" and "Elizabeth" are both "hack" versions from the Italian, miserably lacking in strength, and murdering historical, without gaining dramatic, sequence. The text makes the "Mary" of necessity a very sombre performance; but, even with this fact in view, we are inclined to think that Mrs. Bowers neutralized the character too completely under the depth of shading she gave its sorrow. *Elizabeth*, painted here in colours that would disgust Froude, gave her talents more scope, and she rendered admirably the queenly strength of mind that is continually being carried away by the undercurrents of vanity and caprice. In the last act, Mrs. Bowers was especially fine, and the contrast between the haughty autocrat of the earlier scenes and the palsied, querulous old woman of this, was really wonderful, and not a little horrible. The touches by which she gave evidence of the survival of a ghastly coquetry, were subtle and telling; while her spasmodic efforts to regain self-command, her grovelling terror of death, and her desperate tenacity of her crown and sway, were most powerfully pourtrayed. The *rôle* of *Lady Audley* brought out some of Mrs. Bowers's best qualities, among them a reserve of force in emotional passages and a resulting concentration of passion, that mark an actress of finish and experience. But in this, and the lighter part of *Mrs. Oakley*, in "The Jealous Wife," there were more noticeable a certain deliberation and stiffness in her acting, which, with a laboured, although correct, elocution, deprived it of spontaneity and gave it a tendency to staginess. Mr. McCollum acted creditably as *Essex* in "Elizabeth," but carelessly as *Robert Audley*. He has a fine stage presence, but a jerky and vicious enunciation, and, altogether, does not rise above mediocrity. The company barely passed muster; but praise is certainly due to Mr. Rogers for his *Luke Marks* in "Lady Audley's Secret," and his *Paulet* in "Mary Stuart;" while Mrs. Allen acted intelligently in the latter play as *Elizabeth*, a part, however, not quite in her line.

During the following week, Toronto was amused by Mr. John T. Raymond, who has identified himself throughout the United States with the speculative *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, who sees "millions" in prospective, and *en attendant*, borrows ten cents because he has on his "other pants." The dramatization of the "Gilded Age," in which he appears, is a string of five straggling and colourless acts, which does injustice to the novel, and of which the only *raison d'etre* is evidently the introduction of the Colonel and his eccentricities. Mr. Raymond has made a speciality of this character, as Sothern has of *Dundreary*, Jefferson of *Rip Van Winkle*, and Owens of *Solon Shingle*. It is doubtful whether he has any remarkable capacity as a general actor, in parts which require the discarding of personal peculiarities instead, as does this, of their exaggeration. But that is beside the question; it is as Colonel Sellers that he claims notice, and as Colonel Sellers he is inimitable. The part fits him as if it had been written from him as the original. It is a broad and amusing caricature of a sort of Americanized Micawber, possessing, instead of an "admirable passivity," the national activity, which leads him to turn up every scheme that is visionary, instead of "waiting for something to turn up" of itself. It has not escaped the taint of vulgarity that seems inseparable from any product of American humour, and in the fourth act Mr. Raymond fell little short of coarseness in his rather realistic pourtrayal of intoxication. However, it is a thankless task to criticise too closely a performance brimming over with such hearty fun as Mr. Raymond's impersonation of so genial an oddity as Col. Sellers.

There was more justice than mercy in a severe paragraph that appeared recently in a New York dramatic paper, concerning Miss

Kate Claxton, which declared her success in the "Two Orphans" to be "owing almost entirely to her organic adaptation to a purely pathetic part," and censured her "assumption of a *rôle* of an entirely different character," such as *Constance* in "Conscience." The recent opportunity we have had of witnessing her in this play proved the justice of this remark, and showed that Miss Claxton possesses but few qualifications for emotional parts which demand powers more varied and more pronounced than the touching simplicity and the vivid realization of a physical misfortune which have gained for her, in the "Two Orphans," a success she is not likely to repeat. *Conscience*, at any rate, is not a play in which she will increase her reputation. It is without a spark of originality in plot or characters, and the sleep-walking expedient in the last act is almost identical with that in Simpson and Dale's powerful drama, "Time and the Hour." It is too late in the day to offer any remarks upon the "Two Orphans," except as regards its performance by Mrs. Morrison's company. Mrs. Allen had once more, in *Henriette*, a part for which, for physical reasons, it was obviously unfair to cast her, but she succeeded with it very fairly. Mr. Sambrook again played *Pierre* the cripple, and Mr. Vernon did justice to the part of *Jacques Frochard*. As *Picard*, Mr. Rogers chose his own invariable way of being funny, but neither acted nor looked the dapper and self-satisfied Parisian valet.

Miss Julia and Miss Jennie Beauclerc were the attractions last week at Mrs. Morrison's, in F. C. Burnard's lively burlesque of "Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel." Madame Janauschek, who, as a tragic actress, has probably no living rival except Ristori, is now filling a week's engagement; but we must reserve our remarks upon her till next month.

At the Royal Opera House, the event of the month was the production, by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer's "combination," from New York, of Shakspere's "Julius Cæsar," with Messrs. Davenport, Barrett, and Warde in the three principal characters. The leading actors were supported in the minor parts with that efficiency and that perfect smoothness which only long practice together can give. The costumes, as might have been expected, were, with some exceptions, very fine, and histrionically correct; and the *mise en scène* was excellent, the garden scene at Brutus's house especially so. As regards accessories, there was one curious omission. This was in the scene of Cæsar's murder, where Pompey's statue was conspicuous by its absence. Altogether, the performance was probably the most satisfactory presentation of any of Shakspere's plays ever witnessed in Toronto. Of Mr. Davenport, who filled the part of *Brutus*, it is almost superfluous to speak. His reputation as a sterling, if not as a great, actor, has been acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic for the past five-and-twenty years. Doubtless he has passed his best day; and although Time has dealt gently with him, still one cannot help seeing that his *Brutus* is not what it once was. In parts, noticeably in the well-known oration to the Roman citizens, it was even tame. Notwithstanding, however, the evident indications of failing physical energy, it is still a noble performance; the grand old Roman whom Shakspere drew with so loving a touch, is made to live again in our presence. The exception to which the *Brutus* of Mr. Davenport was open, cannot be taken against the *Cassius* of Mr. Barrett, which displayed, if anything, a superabundance of fire and energy. Mr. Barrett possesses a powerful voice, which has a fine, manly ring about it, and is withal capable of considerable variety of intonation and expression. His elocution, too, is remarkably fine; and his magnificent delivery of the splendid speech beginning with the words—

> "I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
> As well as I do know your outward favour,"

was perhaps the finest thing in the whole performance. Mr. Barrett was remarkably good also in the celebrated quarrel scene, and in that of his death; and altogether his *Cassius* was the best that we remember. His principal faults are a tendency to over-act, and a very disagreeable trick of snorting (or something very like it) in which he indulges, in order to indicate suppressed rage. The part of *Anthony* was filled by Mr. Warde, the young English actor who appeared in Toronto last spring with Mr. Edwin Booth. Mr. Warde has an evident liking for the part, and he threw himself into it heart and soul, and the result was a very effective performance. Mr. Warde's elocutionary method, however, is radically faulty; he drawls unpleasantly, and constantly emphasises unimportant words. The wonderful oration over Cæsar's body, though on the whole delivered with great spirit, was, to a certain extent, marred from this cause, and also from a misapprehension of the author's meaning in two or three places. Several of the other characters were well acted, but none calls for special mention.

On November 20th, this theatre was opened permanently for the winter season, with a new stock company, under the management of Mr. Joseph Gobay. The company is an excellent one, including, among others, Mr. Neil Warner, Mr. Couldock, Mr. Spackman, and Miss Sophie Miles. We hope to notice their performances at length next month. During the present week there is an extra attraction in the shape of a star—Miss May Howard, a rising young actress who has won favourable opinions in Australia and the United States.

LITERARY NOTES.

We are in receipt, from Messrs. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., of a neat volume containing Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and Prof. Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," bound together, both being reprinted from the latest London editions. The same enterprising publishers have also sent us a reprint of "Mystic London; or, Phases of Occult Life in the British Metropolis," by Rev. C. M. Davies, D.D.; and a volume entitled "London Banking Life: Papers on Trade and Finance," by William Purdy. This work deals at length with the recent depression of trade throughout the commercial world, a chapter being devoted to Canadian affairs.

The Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., of Montreal, have sent us a pamphlet entitled "Another Trade Letter: What is the Commercial Outlook?" by W. J. Patterson. It deals with the question of opening up trade between Canada, and Australia and the West Indies.

We have received from Hunter, Rose & Co., a copy of their Canadian Copyright edition of "The Golden Butterfly," the last novel by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."

We are also in receipt, from Messrs. Belford Bros., of a work entitled "Life and Letters of the late Hon. Richard Cartwright;" Edited by the Rev. C. E. Cartwright. The subject of the memoir was the grandfather of the present Finance Minister.

One of the most sumptuous publications devoted to Art is the new French weekly journal entitled "L'Art," of which four volumes, in folio, appear during the year, at a cost of about $8 per volume, in paper. The contents of the volumes are of the most attractive character, both as to text and as to illustrations, the latter being copies of the pictures of celebrated contemporary artists, examples of antique and modern sculpture, together with some rare etchings and choice designs in various departments of art. The publication is maintained at an immense outlay, and art-connoisseurs should not be unaware of its existence.

Among the recent issues of Messrs. Harper Bros. are: a superb *edition de luxe* of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," with illustrations by Doré; a work entitled "Mediæval and Modern Saints"; and a new novel called "The Laurel Bush," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Mr. Ruskin is at Venice, occupied in studies for a supplementary volume to "The Stones of Venice," a work which has made considerable progress. He is also engaged in preparing a sort of art-guide or history of the masterpieces existing in the city.

From the *Athenæum* we learn that the long promised edition of the Greek Testament, on which Prof. Westcott and Mr. Hort have been engaged for nearly twenty years, is nearly completed, the sheets of the Apocalypse being in the printer's hands.

The MS. remains of the late John Keble are in an advanced stage of preparation. They will be published shortly in London, accompanied by an essay by Dr. Pusey, and an elaborate criticism by Dr. Newman.

The article in the last number of the *London Quarterly Review*, on the Papal Monarchy, is said to be by Mr. Gladstone.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, after an interval of three or four years, has just given to the world a new novel, entitled "Joan." The critics differ in opinion as to its merits; the *Athenæum* pronounces it superior to any other work of its author's, and as marking a distinct step in advance; while the *Saturday Review* denounces it as vulgar and indelicate. The book nearly gave rise to a libel suit, in consequence of a casual remark by one of the characters, speaking slightingly of the wines of a well-known firm in London. The sale of the work was stopped for a time in order to have the objectionable passage expunged. This has been done, and the work is now again in the market.

CORRIGENDA.—In the paper entitled "Our English Shakspere," in the present number, the reader will please note the following corrections, which were overlooked in the hurry of going to press:—

On page 502, 1st line, for "Garbeduc" read "Gorbeduc."
" " " 2nd line from foot, for "Tomburlaine" read "Tamburlaine"
" " 503, 1st line, for "blinded" read "blended,"
" " " 4th line from foot, for "dream-like pictures" read "dream-like fictions."
" " 505, 1st line, for "astounding" read "astonishing."
" " " 11th line from foot, for "employed" read "enjoyed."
" " 506, 17th " " for "Betrothed of Messina" read "Bride of Messina."
" " 508, 3rd " " for "crimes of the false Charles IX." read "crimes of the palace of Charles IX."

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CANADIAN BILLIARDS.—One of our illustrations this week is the billiard exhibit of Riley and May in the Canadian Court of the Philadelphia Exhibition, the taste and good workmanship of which have been much admired, and judging by the favourable notices from several of the press correspondents, the Canadian Billiard Table compares favourably with the tables of numerous other makers there exhibited from different parts of the world. Riley and May have been a long time established at Toronto as manufacturers of billiard tables, also importers and dealers in everything appertaining to the noble game of billiards, and are celebrated for the first-class quality of everything they send out, also for introducing novelties and improvements in the billiard line, the latest of which is their patent levelling attachment for billiard tables, and a new style of dining and billiard table which is giving great satisfaction, being arranged to present the correct height either for dining or playing on. When placed in position it can be altered to either purpose in one minute. To those who would have billiard rooms in their dwellings, could they spare the space which the ordinary billiard table requires, the combined dining and billiard table is recommended. Many who heretofore have been denied the pleasure can now play billiards. Without taking more space than the ordinary dining table, it may be used as a dining table, a library table, or a billiard table.—*Canadian Illustrated News.*

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The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. have the honour to announce that the Organs of their manufacture have been unanimously assigned "the FIRST RANK in the SEVERAL REQUISITES of instruments of the class" by the Judges at the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION at Philadelphia, 1876, and are the

Only Instruments of this General Class Awarded this Rank.

This is after the severest competition by the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

They have also received the MEDAL, but, as is well known, medals of equal merit have been awarded all articles deemed worthy of recognition; so that it will be easy for many makers to advertise that they have received "first medals."

The differences in competing articles, and their comparative excellence, are recognized in the Reports of the Judges, from which the following is an extract:—

"**THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.'S exhibit of Reed Organs and Harmoniums shows instruments of the FIRST RANK in the several Requisites of Instruments of the Class, viz.: Smoothness and equal distribution of tone, scope of expression, resonance and singing quality, freedom and quickness in action of keys and bellows, with thoroughness of workmanship, combined with simplicity of action.**" (Signed by all the Judges.)

The Mason & Hamlin Organs are thus declared to rank first, not in one or two respects only, but in the SEVERAL REQUISITES of such instruments, and they are the ONLY ones assigned this rank. This triumph was not unexpected, for the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs have uniformly been awarded the highest honours in competitions in America, there having been scarcely six exceptions in hundreds of competitions. They were awarded highest honours and

FIRST MEDALS

PARIS, 1867; VIENNA, 1873; SANTIAGO, 1875; PHILADELPHIA, 1876;

and have thus been awarded highest honours at every World's Exhibition at which they have been exhibited; being the

ONLY AMERICAN ORGANS

which have ever obtained any award at any competition with best European makers, or in any European World's Exposition.

NEW STYLES, with improvements, exhibited at the Centennial. Elegant new cases in great variety. Prices very lowest consistent with best material and workmanship. Organs sold for cash or instalments, or rented until rent pays. Every Organ warranted to give entire satisfaction to every reasonable purchaser or the money returned. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES sent free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.—154 Tremont Street, Boston; 25 Union Square, New York; 80 and 82 Adams Street, Chicago; 37 Great Marlborough Street, London; 22 Bäcker Strasse, Vienna; 114 Collins Street, Melbourne.

R. S. WILLIAMS,

Wholesale Importer and Dealer in

PIANOFORTES, ORGANS, &c.,

143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

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MAY 9 1903

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